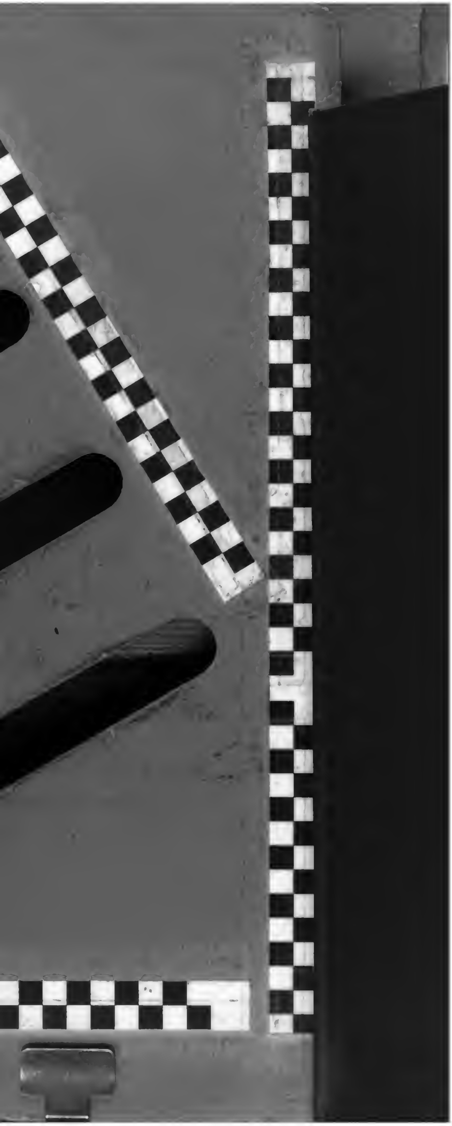

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CHICAGO SUPPLEMENT.

GRACELAND.

Mr. Robinson, in his book entitled *The Parks and Gardens of Paris*, says that the Americans are the only people who bury their dead decently and beautifully.

To Mr. Strauch the beauty of modern cemeteries is largely due. The Western cities are especially fortunate from the fact that they were brought more directly under Mr. Strauch's influence, and perhaps this influence is shown in no place more fully than at Graceland Cemetery in Chicago. This cemetery is of especial interest to lovers of trees and park-like effects, on account of its showing what can be done in a few years on land originally destitute of trees and natural beauty. The banks of the lakes have been quite largely planted with native trees and shrubs that have been brought from the outlying country districts. The red dog-wood has proven itself particularly useful, giving charming effects of color in winter as well as in summer. A great variety of trees have been planted, ranging in size from the smallest seedling to an elm reaching sixty feet in height, and with branches spreading the same distance. This tree is nearly two and one-half feet in diameter, and was moved in an upright position, together with another elm six feet in circumference. We have yet to hear of a larger tree-moving operation than this. The chapel and receiving tomb in Graceland should be visited by all who are interested in buildings of this character. The former is what is known as a conservatory chapel, and although the idea of using decorative plants in cemetery chapels is not new, we believe that it has nowhere been carried out so successfully as at Graceland. In the character of its monuments this cemetery ranks favorably with the many beautiful cemeteries to be found near our larger cities.

GRACELAND CEMETERY.

E. L. CORTHELL,

Office 205 La Salle Street, has been engaged in the construction of railroads, bridges, dikes, and harbor improvements, notably the bridges over the Mississippi River at Hannibal and Louisiana, Mo. He was associated with the late James B. Eads in building the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and he published a history of e jetties, which is recognized as authority on t subject. He was chief engineer on the con of the N. Y., W. S. and B. Ry. between rk and Buffalo. He again joined Mr. his still greater work of a ship-railway the American Isthmus in Mexico. He is il engaged on this work as the chief engineer, d a director of the company.

During a partnership of two years he and Mr. rge S. Morison built the following bridges: Sioux City, over the Missouri River, for the M. and N. Ry.; at Nebraska City, over the ssouri, for the C., B. and Q.; two large bridges regon and Washington; and the Cairo Bridge, e the Ohio, for the Illinois Central. They were engaged in the examination of railway prop e and projects, and a variety of engineering k, as professional engineers, Mr. Corthell giving special attention to harbor and waterway improvements. He is now chief engineer of the Merchants' Bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis. He has for two years acted as consulting engineer of the C., M. and N., and the A., T. and S. F. railroads, in enlarging their terminals in this city. He is chief engineer of the jetties at the mouth of the Brazos River, Texas. He has examined and made plans for the harbor improvements at Tampico, Mexico, for the Mexican Central Railroad. He has been engaged in making surveys, plans, and estimates for a terminal railway and bridge over the Mississippi at New Orleans. Also for the inside waterway along the east coast of Florida, from St. Augustine to Biscayne Bay.

Mr. Corthell is vice-president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, president of the Western Society, member of the Philadelphia and Boston societies, of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, of the French Society of Civil Engineers, and is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is now chairman of the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Committee of the World's Fair.

GEO. S. MORISON,

whose New York office is at 35 Wall Street, has his head-quarters in Chicago in the Rookery. He has, as chief engineer, designed and constructed the Plattsmouth, Bismarck, Blair, Rulo, Omaha, Nebraska City, and Sioux City bridges across the Missouri River, and the bridge across the Ohio at Cairo, Illinois. He is now, as chief engineer, constructing the bridge across the Mississippi at Memphis, besides other important works at various places from Oregon to Florida.

SAMUEL G. ARTINGSTALL, C.E.,

Mem. Am. Soc. of C. E., Asso. Mem. I. of C. E., past pres. W. S. of C. E., 20 Rialto Building, has been employed in the engineering department of the city from 1869 until 1888, and for several years, as chief engineer in this capacity, he has designed and had charge of the construction of all bridges and viaducts in the city, and has superintended the construction of the West Side Water-works, the additions to the North Side Works, and designed the extension of the works, including the tunnel now being built four miles under Lake Michigan, with inlet cribs, etc., and is still connected with this work. He is engaged in general engineering practice, and is now rebuilding and lowering Washington Street Tunnel, and building the tunnel under the river near Van Buren Street which will pass under a number of large and important buildings, and is one of the most difficult pieces of work now in progress in the city. Is engineer for tunnel five thousand feet long under Lake Michigan, in Lake View. He is also building several bridges and viaducts in this city and elsewhere.

THE FITZ SIMONS & CONNELL CO.

Charles Fitz Simons, President of the contracting corporation of Fitz Simons & Connell, comes from the Empire State of New York. In 1866, shortly after the war, he was associated with the engineering and constructing firm of Ledlie, Corse & Co. Upon the retirement of this firm, which completed a large number of the bridges on the Union Pacific Railroad, the Fitz Simons & Connell Co. took up the same line of business, and has, in a satisfactory manner, constructed many of our most difficult public works, among which may be mentioned the Fullerton Avenue Conduit, the protection to the Water-works Crib, the Shore Inlet Crib, some three thousand feet of the Lincoln Park Breakwater, also the substructure for all of our double track bridges built thus far. They are at present engaged on the outer four-mile crib, one of the largest, if not the very largest, works of its kind in the world. The rebuilding of the La Salle Street Tunnel is another of the difficult and extensive works this company is engaged on, in addition to their regular operations in dredging and dock-building.

JOHN A. COLE, C.E.,

69 Ashland Block, Municipal and Sanitary Engineering. A student in the office of Thomas Doane, C. E., of Boston, 1857-60; afterward, for two years, in hydraulic work in Massachusetts. During the war directed the expenditure of over three millions of dollars in the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James as General Field Agent, U. S. C. C. Located in Chicago in 1872. Has constructed and designed systems of sewerage and water-works in many cities in the United States and Canada. Has made a large number of reports, as expert, upon properties of corporations, gas-works, water-works, city railways, etc., aggregating many millions of dollars, within the past two years.

BENEZETTE WILLIAMS.

The works most affecting the health and comfort of the general public which it devolves upon engineers to execute are those belonging to hydraulic engineering, inclusive of sewerage and water supply. In this branch, Benezette Williams, 171 La Salle Street, is widely and favorably known. He began his professional career with a training among the best offered by the engineering schools of the country, and after serving in a subordinate capacity for some years, held in turn the office of Engineer of Sewerage and City Engineer of Chicago, and has since designed and executed many systems of sewerage and water-works throughout the country, including those of Pullman.

He was also a member of the Commission which recommended the drainage project, which has been embodied in an act creating the Chicago Sanitary District, and is now engaged to design and construct water-works for Seattle, Washington.

He is a member, and past president, of the Western Society of Engineers, and is Chairman of the Association of Engineering Societies.

M. E. SCHMIDT.

The phenomenal growth of Chicago has induced this well-known civil engineer to establish himself quite recently at 1138 the Rookery Building. In attending to the engineering and contracting for all classes of public works in this city and other parts of the United States, Mr. Schmidt will be associated with the best talent that can be procured, and give special attention to exposition matters, drainage, rapid transit, the construction and examination of railways, and the improvement of rivers and harbors. He will also investigate projects in Mexico, Central and South America. Mr. Schmidt was chief assistant engineer of Captain Eads's famous jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi, and has since constructed in Mexico one of the most difficult railways on the American continent.

WADE & PURDY,

Civil and Mechanical Engineers, are making a specialty of iron and steel construction in buildings. Mr. Wade has designed and erected several large ones in Milwaukee and Kansas City. Mr. Purdy was formerly connected with Eastern mills and shops. They designed the iron-work for Rand & McNally's and Caxton buildings, Chicago, also designed the power plant of Denver Tram-way Company. Both are members of Western Society of Engineers, and of American Society of Civil Engineers. They designed and built the Union Avenue station for the Kansas City Cable Company, have large experience in their line, and have bright prospects at this time for extensive contracts. Mr. Purdy was formerly City Engineer of Eau Claire, Wis., and for some years connected with C., M., and St. P. Railway.

GENERAL WM. SOOY SMITH.

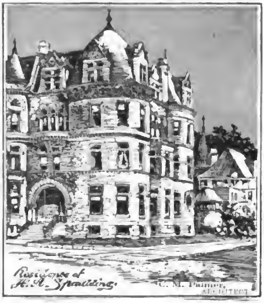
One of the most experienced and distinguished is General Wm. Sooy Smith; office, 632 Rookery. Born at Tarlton, Ohio, in 1830, he was graduated at the Ohio University, and afterward at West Point. He came to Chicago in 1854, and at once became engaged in designing and constructing many bold and difficult engineering works, such as great bridges, tunnels, light-houses, and all kinds of hazardous under-water work. He has invented and successfully applied many new and valuable processes and devices for doing such works, and he and his son are now introducing the freezing process for consolidating quicksand and other soft materials, making it practicable to work in these materials as easily and safely as if they were solid rock. *He built the first bridge of steel, and proved its superiority over all other materials for bridge building.* In the fulness of his professional reputation, he is still engaged in carrying out many great undertakings and works with unabated energy.

E. LEE HEIDENREICH & CO.,

99-101 Metropolitan Block, Chicago. This enterprising firm of Consulting Engineers and Contractors make the planning and erection of grain elevators their specialty, and comprise the only concern in Chicago building farmers' or railway station elevators (of capacities from 10,000 bushels upwards). They not only confine themselves to elevators in this country, but have furnished plans and special machinery for elevators in foreign countries, especially Russia. Among elevators built by the firm this season are: for Duane & Co., and Chas. Patrick, at Macomb, Ill., S. W. Allerton, at Galesville, Ill., all of 25,000 bushels, Heidenreich system; and for W. C. Fuhrer & Co., Mount Vernon, Ind., a 75,000 bushels cleaning-elevator. They are now building a 200,000 bushels cleaning house for Chas. Counselman & Co., Chicago, and another of 75,000 bushels for the Rock Island road at Kansas City, Mo.

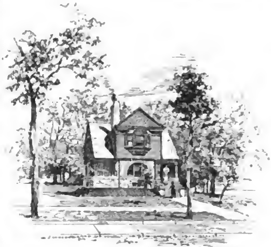
CHARLES L. STROBEL,

205 La Salle Street, is chief engineer of the Keystone Bridge Company, one of the oldest and largest bridge-building establishments in the country, and consulting engineer of Carnegie, Phipps & Co. (Ld.), and of Carnegie Bros. & Co. (Ld.). The former of these two firms are the leading manufacturers of iron and steel constructional material, and the latter are the well-known manufacturers of steel rails. All three are Pittsburg concerns, and the importance of Chicago is well illustrated by the fact that these large establishments have their principal engineering representative a resident of the latter city. Mr. Strobel is a past director of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, and other engineer societies.



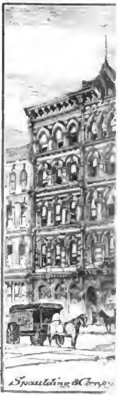
Residence of H. A. Spaulding.

C. M. Palmer, Architect.

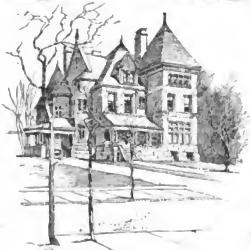


Residence of J. L. Cochran. Edgewater.

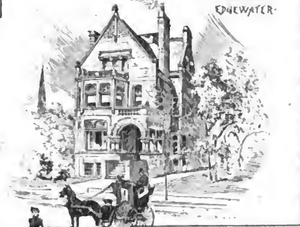
Residence of C. G. Hammerer



Spaulding & Comp

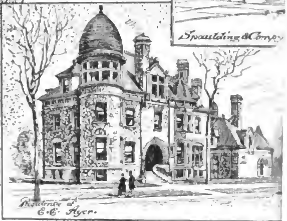


Residence of J. G. McWilliams.

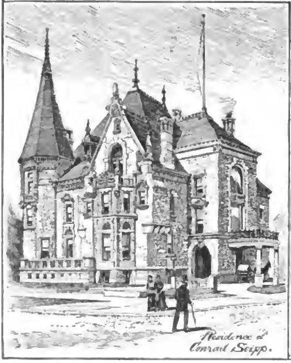


Residence of Wm. A. Giles.

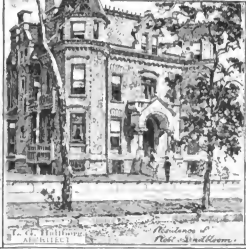
Architect W. W. Clay.



Residence of E. C. Ayer.

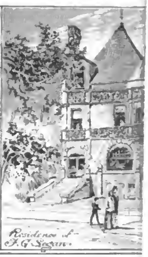


Residence of Conrad Seipp.



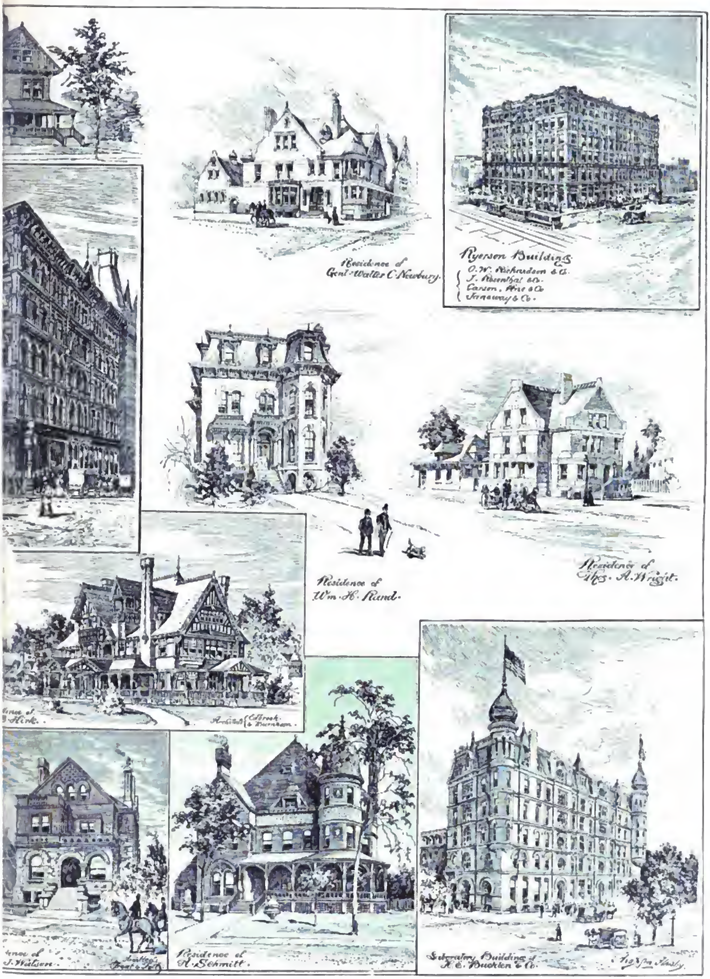
L. G. Hallberg, Architect

Residence of Robt. Lindbloom.



Residence of F. G. Logan.

SOME PROMINENT RESIDEN


Residence of
Genl. Walter C. Newbury.
Ryerson Buildings.
O. W. Richardson & Co.
J. Rosenthal & Co.
Carson, Pirie & Co
Janeway & Co.
Residence of
Wm. H. Rand.
Residence of
Thos. A. Wright.
ence of
Hink.
Architects Edbrook & Burnham.
ence of
J. Watson.
Architects Treat & Foltz
Residence of
A. Schmitt.
Laboratory Building of
H. E. Bucklen & Co.
Hughson Hawley

SINESS BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

THE GREELEY-CARLSON COMPANY,

Room 834, Opera House Block, is widely known as city and county surveyors. The foundation of their business was laid in 1851 by Mr. Samuel S. Greeley. In 1862 the firm of S. S. Greeley & Co. was organized, who were succeeded in 1881 by Greeley, Carlson & Co., and in March, 1887, the Greeley-Carlson Co. was incorporated, with the following officers: pres., Samuel S. Greeley; vice-pres., Frederick Greeley; treas., Gustaf H. Carlson; sec'y, Sylvester K. Howard. This company make a specialty of land work, and execute the largest percentage of all the work performed in this line in the city. Special reference should be made to their work in the erection of the new Board of Trade building, the Home Insurance building, the new Chicago Auditorium building, the Palmer House, and the Grand Pacific Hotel. They have also recently published an atlas of Chicago, showing every lot, block, street, alley, railroad, and dock within the city limits, and giving full dimensions and position, and have also for sale their valuable atlases and maps of Hyde Park, Evanston, Lake, and other suburban towns. Mr. S. S. Greeley was born in the city of Boston, and came to Chicago thirty-five years ago. He has had a practical experience of forty years as a surveyor, is a member of the Northwestern Society of Engineers, and pre-eminent in his profession in this section of the country

GEORGE A. FULLER,

Room 1123 Rookery Building, one of the largest contractors and builders in the city. During the past seven years Mr. Fuller has built some of the largest and most perfect of Chicago's large buildings. The Tacoma, the Caxton, the Pontiac, the Rand & McNally, and the Monadnock are of his construction, and have cost an outlay of three and a half millions of dollars. One of his largest and most unique creations is the Monadnock, which is of steel construction, seventeen stories in height, requiring about six thousand tons of steel, and which will be the largest office building in the world.

E. F. GOBEL,

Mason, Builder, and General Contractor, 179 Washington Street, makes a specialty of Government work, and is engaged on the Custom-house in Minneapolis and the Chicago Post-office.

CONRAD SEIPP BREWING CO.

On five acres of land at the foot of Twenty-seventh Street, overlooking Lake Michigan, is located the plant of the Conrad Seipp Brewing Co., incorporated in 1876—Conrad Seipp, President; William C. Seipp, Vice-president; T. J. Lefens, Secretary, and L. A. Orb, Manager, and Superintendent of the West Side Brewery, located at Paulina and Augusta streets. These two form one of the largest and most perfectly appointed plants in the country, brewing during 1889 over three hundred thousand barrels of beer.

The Conrad Seipp Salvator Export has more than a national reputation, and for a light beer none is equal to their Extra Pale Pilsener. During the past year the company has placed on the market a new brand, called Muenchner Hof Brau, which has become popular throughout the West.

The company employs 300 hands in the breweries, malt-houses, and elevators.

THE WACKER & BIRK BREWING CO.,

from Nos. 161 to 181 N. Desplaines Street, is one of the largest in Chicago.

Away back in 1854 there arrived in Chicago from Germany Mr. Jacob Birk, who had become a master of the art of brewing in the father-land. Associating himself with Mr Frederick Wacker, the firm of Wacker & Birk was established, and their brand of beer soon became widely known. In 1882 the business had outgrown all its old bounds, and it was decided to incorporate it as a company under the laws of the State of Illinois, the incorporators being Mr. Frederick Wacker, who has since died, Mr. Jacob Birk, and Mr. Charles H. Wacker.

Mr. Charles H. Wacker is a native Chicagoan, being born in this city some thirty three years ago. From year to year since 1882 new buildings have been added to the plant. The elevators have a frontage of 150 feet on Indiana Street, and the malt-houses a frontage of 330 feet on N. Jefferson Street. From the twenty-five thousand barrels of beer sold in 1882, the output has run up to ninety thousand barrels in the past year.

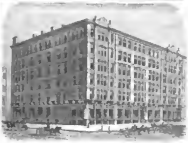
A. BOOTH PACKING COMPANY.

"The largest shippers by express in the world." —*Chicago Herald.*

"Largest packers of oysters, fish, and canned goods in America."—*New York World.*

This world-famed establishment was started in Chicago in 1859 by Mr. Alfred Booth, with a capital of a very few dollars and with the aid of a single assistant, while to-day it has twenty-one branch houses, extending from Baltimore to Astoria, Oregon, and from Duluth to New Orleans; has in its employ five thousand men, in addition to those engaged in manning its fleet of boats on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, Gulf of Mexico, and Lakes Michigan and Superior, employing a capital of over a million dollars. The immense oyster and shrimp packing-houses at New Orleans, with the extensive salmon canneries on the Columbia River, Oregon, and the mammoth oyster, fruit, and vegetable packing-houses in Baltimore, verify the newspaper expressions quoted above. The sales of the "Oval" brand of fresh oysters packed by this company exceed those of any other five brands in the United States; and equally in demand are its celebrated "Oval" brand of peaches, pears, salmon, shrimp, and Cove oysters, the "Black Diamond" brand of salmon and Cove oysters, and the "Old Honesty" brand of Cove oysters.

C. M. HENDERSON & CO.
NEW FACTORY AT DIXON ILL.



C. M. HENDERSON & CO.,

Extensive boot and shoe manufacturers. The above cut represents one of their three Western factories and their distributing warehouse and salesroom in Chicago. They have achieved a wonderful record on their "Red School-house" shoe for children; their $2.50 shoe for ladies, and a men's custom-made fine calf shoe, to retail at $3.00, in connection with other meritorious lines manufactured by them.

LOCKWOOD & KIMBALL

Make a specialty of American and English enamelled brick, which is in such demand, not only for ornamental purposes, but for the building of courts of large buildings.

The yards and warehouses are at Twenty-fifth Street, on the Lake, and directly on the line of the Illinois Central, Michigan Central, and Baltimore and Ohio railways, thus having direct connection with all sections of the country.

This firm was established in 1864, and represents the largest of pressed brick manufacturers, including the hydraulic pressed brick companies of St. Louis, Collinsville, and Findlay, Ohio, of whose output they make a specialty, and of which they have sold ten millions in the past few months.

THE COLD BLAST FEATHER CO

Very few know, when they lay their head on the soft downy pillow at night, that they are indebted for the luxury to the Cold Blast Feather Co. of Chicago, whose plant extends from 56 to 66 West Van Buren Street, which is one of the largest in America. The Cold Blast Feather Co. are manufacturers and dealers in all bedding supplies from excelsior to eider-down.

The company was established in 1882, and incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois in 1884, with Louis H. Everts, President, and Edward A. Everts, Secretary and Treasurer.

ELLIOTT MAHON & CO.

Prominent among the dealers in Chicago real estate is the firm of Elliott Mahon & Co., whose office is Room 42, 130 Dearborn Street. This firm offers to investors a choice line of mortgage loans bearing 6% interest. They make a specialty of placing non-resident money, and acting as trustees of the investment.

NELSON MORRIS & COMPANY.

In the issue of November 9th, 1889, the canned beef product of the above house was incorrectly stated, and should have read: "The canned beef product of the firm, of which 7,343,000 cans, each weighing from four to ten pounds, was the record last year, is shipped everywhere, and this year will reach approximately 1,000,000 cans a month," etc.

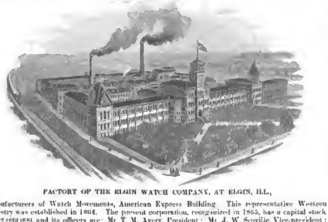
THE CHICAGO ARC LIGHT AND POWER CO.

President, R. E. Sonny; Vice-president, Columbus R. Cummings; Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Wilmerding. Capital, $1,000,000

This company is operating over 2000 horse-power of electrical machinery, furnishing 1900 commercial arc-lights, 1000 incandescents, and about 125 horse-power to electric motors. It is distinguished for being the first electric light company to cope with and to solve the difficult problem of carrying high tension currents underground. It is operating successfully over fifty circuits, at a potential of 2500 volts, some as much as seven miles in length and underground throughout. The three Compound Condensing Williams Engines, of 500 horse power each, at its Market Street Station have made the reputation of their designer, and are considered to be unsurpassed for electric-light work. A novel feature is the use of rope instead of belting throughout the station for the transmission of power, manilla being used on the large engines, and rawhide from the driving pulleys to the dynamos. The company uses and controls the conduits of the Chicago Sectional Electric Underground Co., containing nearly a hundred miles of duct, distributing from these main conduits by means of laterals to the excavated space under sidewalks. The electrical equipment is composed principally of Thomson-Houston apparatus, though the Ball, the Western Electric, and the Schuyler systems are also represented. It is an evidence of the growth and increase in Chicago's business that this company has within the past three months added 300 arc-lamps on its circuits in the commercial districts.

SPAULDING & CO.,

corner of State and Madison streets, Chicago, can now claim the largest and most thoroughly equipped jewelry house in America. Spaulding & Co., of Paris and New York, are now of Chicago, and their new home is second to none in the world. Gems, with not alone worth but historic interest; the rarest of bronzes; the creations of Jurgensen and Patek, Phillippe & Co.; Royal Worcester, Dresden, Sevres, Doulton, and Crown Derby Porcelains, are displayed in profusion, making this the rarest display in the West.



FACTORY OF THE ELGIN WATCH COMPANY, AT ELGIN, ILL.,

Manufacturers of Watch Movements, American Express Building. This representative Western industry was established in 1864. The present corporation, reorganized in 1865, has a capital stock of $2,000,000, and its officers are: Mr. T. M. Avery, President; Mr. J. W. Scoville, Vice-president; Mr. William G. Prall, Secretary; Mr. George Hunter, Superintendent of Works. The celebrated trade-mark goods of this company are the "B. W. Raymond," "H. H. Taylor," and the "G. M. Wheeler" movements. All other movements bear the name of the "Elgin National Watch Company." The Chicago general agency occupies an elegant suite of rooms, where President Avery and Mr John M. Cutter, the General Agent, make their head-quarters. The company started out on a capital stock of $100,000, and the business has grown so rapidly as to distance all competitors. They sell only to the wholesale trade, and do an annual business of $3,000,000. Their works cover a superficial area of 175,000 feet, with a frontage of 552 feet, and a depth of 427 feet; employ 2700 hands, and turn out 2000 complete watch movements in forty-five different styles daily. The buildings are fitted up with every modern appliance and with finer machinery than any watch factory in the world, while its tools and general mechanism are wholly unsurpassed.

WILLIAM DEERING & CO.

The son of the pioneer who swung the cradle and scythe now drives his team afield, and with one of the reliable Deering binders or mowers accomplishes in a few hours what it would have taken his hardy ancestor days or even weeks to perform.

A few years ago binding grain by hand seemed to be a necessary feature of harvesting. To-day it is almost a primitive custom—a subject for the poet or painter. No greater revolution ever took place in farming than was effected when William Deering & Co. brought out the first successful twine binder. As they had been the first to introduce and popularize the hand-binding of grain on tables, and afterward the automatic binding of grain with wire, so in 1880 their twine self-binder was welcomed as the greatest triumph in the annals of harvesting machinery. In 1888 the substitution of steel for wood in this machine created a new departure in harvester building, and but strengthened the already admitted position of William Deering & Co. as the leaders in the manufacture of binders as well as of mowers, reapers, and binder twine.

A large measure of this firm's success is due to the fact that they make their own knives, castings, bolts, rivets, etc., and use only the best material procurable. They likewise own and operate a large twine factory, and in this respect stand alone among binder concerns. Of malleable and gray iron castings alone over 16,000 tons are annually produced by them and used in their machines. Less than thirty years ago the works consisted of a small two-story frame building located in an obscure Illinois town. From the date of their removal to Chicago, in 1880, they have been yearly spreading over a wider area until the buildings and lumber yards embraced in the present plant occupy fully forty acres of ground, and constitute the best equipped establishment of its kind in the world, employing 3000 workmen. Over 4000 agents are kept busy selling and distributing Deering machines in every quarter of the globe.

HALLOWELL-BODWELL GRANITE CO.'S.

The late Governor Bodwell, of Maine, president of the above-named companies, observing the rapid growth of Chicago, foreseeing the undoubted certainty of a great building era there, and believing that granite as a building material would not only find favor with Western architects and owners, but would ultimately be in demand, established an office in this city some seven years ago, under the management of Mr. George F Bodwell. The naming of the following structures erected by these firms in their material is proof that the people of Chicago have taken a stand on a par with those of Eastern cities in the selection of material for their finest buildings, and shows the energy and enterprise of the above-named firms. Their first contract was for the new Board of Trade Building. other office buildings followed this, viz., the Pullman, Counselman, Gaff, Home Insurance, and the Auditorium, Chicago; the Northwestern Mutual Life, Milwaukee; the Batavian Bank, La Crosse, Wis.; Iowa Loan and Trust Building, Des Moines, Iowa, and the Le Clede Bank, St. Louis, Mo.

The residence of Harlow N. Higinbotham, Esq., designed by Burling & Whitehouse, is constructed outside entirely of the Hallowell white granite, finely dressed and ornately carved, the clear, even white color of the stone harmonizing with the quiet dignity of the design. A little north of this, in process of erection, is a residence for R. T. Crane, Esq., of this same granite, Charles S. Frost, architect. One of the handsomest houses on the Lake Shore drive is that belonging to Major S. E. Barrett. W. L. B. Jenny, architect, desiring a light material for the exterior, regardless of cost, both the owner and architect gave the subject thorough investigation, and selected the Hallowell white granite.

P. F. PETTIBONE & CO.

(Successors to Brown, Pettibone & Co.), Wholesale and Retail Stationers, Printers, and Blank-book Manufacturers. Established in 1881 by men of long business experience in the stationery trade, the business soon attained a prominent position, and has experienced a steady and healthy growth. It occupies the four-story and basement double front building 80 and 82 Adams Street. The large and well-lighted salesroom on the first floor is well stocked with staple counting-house stationery. On the upper floors are the manufacturing departments, the chief of which are the printing-office and blank-book bindery. They give special attention to city demands, and are glad to open accounts with small as well as large consumers. "All stationery and printing supplies for operating or advertising a business" fairly defines the character and scope of their trade. They have a large trade with banks throughout the West, and an extensive trade in records, blanks, etc., with county and other public offices. They are the only Chicago manufacturers of the celebrated Philadelphia Flexible Back Blank-books.

CHICAGO UNION LIME WORKS.

For the past twenty-five years Mr. F. E. Spooner has been Agent and Manager of the Chicago Union Lime Works, whose quarries and works are located at Lincoln and Nineteenth streets, occupying eighteen acres of ground. This is one of the largest plants in the country, and its products of lime and crushed stone are standard goods and universally known. The business was established in 1859, and is owned by T. W. Phinney. The company's output of lime per month is fifty thousand barrels.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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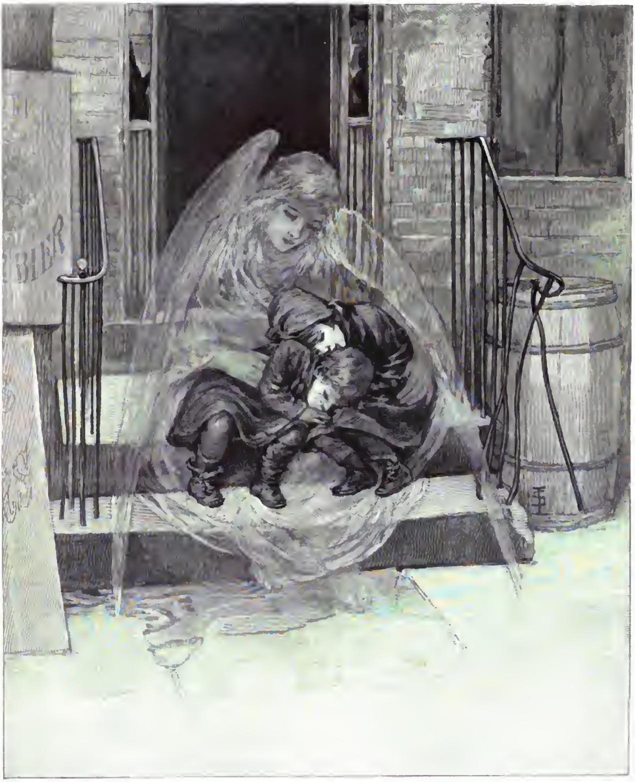

"UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE."—Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.—[See Page 11.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY.

INTERESTING PAPERS.

A RUSSIAN GENERAL
Contributes an exhaustive paper on "The Russian Army," illustrated from sixteen drawings by T. de Thulstrup.
HOWARD PYLE
Writes and illustrates "Jamaica, New and Old" (first paper).
ANDREW LANG AND JOSEPH PENNELL
Contribute, the one a description, the other illustrations, of "St. Andrews."

THE STORIES.

LAFCADIO HEARN
Begins a short serial, "Youma." Illustrated by Howard Pyle.
ELIZABETH STODDARD
Tells the story of "Polly Dossett's Rule."
KATHARINE S. MACQUOID
Tells the story of an inexplicable ghost. Illustrated by H. M. Paget.
M. E. M. DAVIS
Tells a story of the New South, entitled "The Centre Figger."
HON. CHARLES GAYARRE
Contributes "Barthelemy de Macarty's Revenge," a true romance.

OTHER INTERESTING PAPERS.

A WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.
By Anna C. Brackett. With illustration. A practical paper on riding for exercise, fresh air, and health.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHINESE.
A study in the peculiarities of Celestial speech. By John Heard, Jun.
TWO PHASES OF AMERICAN ART.
By Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie. With six illustrations from rare paintings.
THE SMYRNA FIG HARVEST.
With eleven illustrations by Tristram Ellis.

POEMS.

TRUST. A Sonnet. May Riley Smith.—NON SINE LACRYMIS. Henry Bernard Carpenter.—AT HEART. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

GEORGE DU MAURIER
Contributes a characteristic full-page drawing, "Mother's Darlings."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.................. George William Curtis.
EDITOR'S STUDY.................. William Dean Howells.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.................. Charles Dudley Warner.

LITERARY NOTES. By Laurence Hutton.

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No. 1724.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

Cover and Supplement.

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UNCLE SAM'S NEW-YEAR.

IT is a happy new-year which dawns upon the country. It is at peace with all the world and with itself. It has just celebrated the completion of the first century of its constitutional government, and within that century it has removed the only serious menace of its continued prosperity. In doing that it has demonstrated the amazing flexibility and resistless force of popular institutions, and it has revealed the invincible moral power of the sentiment of nationality in a union of homogeneous States. The second century, which now opens before it, offers undoubtedly questions of scope as vast as those which it has encountered. But also there is the evident disposition to acknowledge their importance and carefully to consider their solution.

The danger of a republic, or the political rule of the majority, is the repression of moral courage. When the majority necessarily and lawfully prevails there is a disposition to regard the voice of the majority as the voice of right—*vox populi, vox Dei*—which is a fatal misapprehension. It is the man who can resist a majority who leads the world forward. The Americans of fifty years ago who were despised, rejected, hunted, mobbed, and ridiculed by the majority, are now seen to have been especially patriotic, and the chief authors of the national union and happiness of to-day. The disappearance of the main source of domestic dissension during the large part of the century which now ends, has produced a spirit which greatly facilitates the discussion and settlement of all other questions. Tariffs, trusts, corporations, taxation—these, and such as these, are ultimately social problems the wise consideration and disposition of which depend largely upon free schools, free suffrage, and free immigration. These introduce the forces that will settle every question and revise every tradition, and the proper comprehension of them is the first duty of every intelligent citizen.

In the immediate future of the next twelvemonth there is no prospect of great political excitement or disturbance. In Congress the administration majority is so small that radical changes in legislation cannot be anticipated. There will be an election for a new Congress; but it is improbable that the unbroken traditions of such elections will be deranged by any of the extraordinary propositions now pending in Congress. Unwise centralization of power is one of the tendencies to be strenuously avoided. Its partisan abuse would be inevitable and exceedingly dangerous to the public peace. Political opinion in the United States is in a more healthful condition upon this New-Year's Day than for many a year. The determined demand for ballot reform, and for reform in the civil service—in other words, for greater honesty in politics—is a significant and refreshing fact, over which every good citizen of whatever party sympathy may heartily rejoice. Americans are good natured and very busy and not easily alarmed, but when abuses and tendencies are so evident as to be startling and to require correction, the national good sense rises to the rescue. Upon the whole, Uncle Sam, as he sagaciously considers the situation and the prospect, may hopefully wish himself a Happy New-Year.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE PRESIDENT.

An elaborate demand for fair play for the President accounts for the general complaint of his party friends by the fact that during the ten months since his inauguration the President has been the victim night and day, at every moment, and without pity, of a furious horde of "party workers" clamoring for "recognition," that is, for the spoils of place. The President has been obliged, therefore, says his advocate, to surrender all his time and attention to this clamor, to suffer the other proper and really important duties of his office and the public welfare to shift for themselves, while he listens to endless deputations and the criminations and recriminations of factions and local politicians and Senators and Representatives to decide whether A or B or C shall be appointed postmaster at Pumpkin Corners. This is confessedly the business to which the persecuted President has given the first ten months of his term, and according to the article, as there are about five hundred persistent and anxious inquirers and endless bores for one petty office, the decision when it comes makes new trouble and jealousy and wrath and disaffection, and the situation is worse than ever.

This amusing and familiar and disgusting fact is gravely put forward as a plea for the President. It begs the country and his party friends to consider his dreadful situation, and to be very patient and forbearing, and to hope and pray that before his term expires he may be permitted a little time to discover the situation of public affairs and attend to some of the important trusts confided to him. A more ludicrous plea was never offered, nor a more unnecessary. The President himself has already proclaimed a simple disposition of the whole difficulty. The President's party invited votes for him by the declaration that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments," and the President himself announced that "fitness and not party service should be the essential test in appointment," that "fidelity and efficiency should be the only sure tenure of office," and that "only the interest of the public service should suggest removals from office."

The President, therefore, has only to act in accordance with the party platform and his own declarations. If he should "stick," as Mr. Sumner advised Mr. Stanton, the ten men whom the article describes as pressing the case of each of fifty applicants for a small consulate would go about their business until they could show that on public grounds the incumbent ought to be removed. Meanwhile, the article in question is a conclusive argument for "the further extension of the reformed system established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable," as the platform of the administration wisely and well expresses it. We have no doubt that the President would regard the summary clean sweep of the five hundred bores out of the White House as the fairest possible play for himself.

THE TWO AMERICAS.

If there be any expectation that the American sentiment, the fact that the countries represented are all American, will affect the action of the Pan-American Congress in Washington, it is undoubtedly doomed to disappointment. South America is very much more remote and foreign to us than Europe, and South American states have much less relation of every kind with us, are much less known to us and in sympathy with us, than many European states. They are republics in name. But a South American republic has very little in common with the North American Union, while in race, language, religion, character, and customs the South American states are wholly different from the North American. Our commercial system has alienated South American trade; and as Mr. Albert G. Browne points out in a recent article, it is not at all probable that South America, as a whole, enjoys our quiet assumption of supreme domination of the Western hemisphere.

The South American states, as he shows, represent the Spanish power, which was the first to begin American settlement, but which has been entirely supplanted in importance upon the continent by the English-speaking race. It is very doubtful whether there is any particular South American gratitude toward us for our apparent purpose of control upon the Isthmus, while our recognition of the Spanish revolutionary contests with the mother country were moves in a general political game. Mr. Browne, who has been in the countries of which he speaks, gives a severe summary of their condition:

> "Five-sixths of their own population remain ignorant of letters and incapable of intelligent suffrage, with agriculture positively deteriorated from the times of the conquest, without manufactures, with little transportation save by the natural watercourses, with manual labor despised, and with the Church still so dominant in politics that in a majority of the Latin republics the free public exercise of any but the official religion is prohibited by their constitutions."

Of the ruling classes of Spanish America, which in no Latin country of this hemisphere, except possibly the Argentine Republic, constitute more than a tenth of the population, while the other nine-tenths are hewers of wood and drawers of water, Mr. Browne says that we do not comprehend their training, sagacity, and pride. He speaks of

> "their thorough Machiavellian study of the arts of statesmanship, their monopoly of all the sources of wealth depending on governmental action, the elegance of their social accomplishments, the genuine (though sometimes semi-barbaric) luxury of their social life, the perfection of their knowledge of the world through foreign education and travel, their contempt (not unmixed with terror) of the vulgarity of our Northern democracy, their capacity for command, and their hard-hearted willingness to subsist by the sweat of the brows of inferiors."

The Indian inhabitants of most of these countries are still the majority, and the half-breeds outnumber largely the whites of unmixed blood. These are details which are generally unfamiliar to those who cherish a feeling that American republics, because they are American, must have a secret and intimate affinity. Has this ever been the case? Yet what was to prevent it, if essentially and actually there was a bond of union? The causes which have separated us are those which separate all races and nationalities, and which constitute the chief present peril of this country, namely, a miscellaneous, unassimilated population. If commercial relations with our southern neighbors can be adjusted by the Congress with greatee reciprocal advantages, it will be a subject of general congratulation. But no kind or degree of political alliance or entanglement is more desirable with South America than with European states.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

"There are more children who attend no school in our State [New York] now than in 1874, when the State first adopted the principle that attendance must be compulsory if necessary." So says Mr. Draper, Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, in a striking and forcible paper in the Troy *Times*. No man has ever devoted himself more intelligently and effectively to the interest of the school system of New York than Mr. Draper, or more plainly shown by his administration the great importance of his office to the welfare of the State. He truly says that in New York we are facing greater dangers than any other State, because of the enormous immigration that arrives and remains here.

The present compulsory law is practically of no avail. Only in two or three of the larger cities in the State, where there have been active interest, intelligence, and courage upon the subject, and where the necessity has been pressing, with authority and means to enforce the law, has it produced good results. But the same necessity is constantly increasing. The State pays many millions of dollars annually for the schools. In doing this it provides for its own benefit, but it also guarantees certain rights to its children. It ought to make that guarantee effective, and secure the result contemplated by its vast expenditure. This principle has been theoretically acknowledged by our legislation. But the chief officer of the State in the Department of Education now informs us that not only is not the principle enforced by the execution of the law, but that the necessity of its execution is greater and more urgent than ever before.

His recommendations to secure efficiency in such legislation are simple and practicable:

> "1. The law must specify the ages between which and months of the year within which all children must be in some school, either public or private, of suitable character, unless excused therefrom for sufficient reasons by official authority.
>
> "2. Parents and guardians must be made responsible for sending children to school, and must be punished sufficiently to insure compliance with the requirements of the statute.
>
> "3. Special institutions must be provided for thoroughly vicious and incorrigible cases which cannot safely be received into the ordinary schools.
>
> "4. The law must set up the machinery for securing and keeping continuously a perfect census of children of school age in each city or district, and it must provide and pay officers to look up and account for each child, and to execute all the provisions of the statute."

If interference with "the family" be apprehended, it must be remembered that the community most properly interferes to prevent abuse of children under that plea. It deprives parents of the care of children whom they neglect, maltreat, or abandon. For its own welfare it will not permit children to become burdens upon the State or perils to it. It will not allow drunken and vicious parents to outrage their children; and it has resolved, for its own sake and that of the child, that children shall not be deprived of their right to education. If neglect of the education which is freely provided be tolerated, the immediate result may not be the ruin of the republic, but that such neglect will hasten the development of evils which can be successfully encountered only with overpowering force and enormous expense is undeniable. Whether the new Legislature can spare time from politics for legislation is uncertain, but if it can, it could do the State no better service than the passage of a law such as the superintendent suggests.

THE INTERREGNUM IN BRAZIL.

Last week the news from Brazil seemed, as we said, to indicate a smooth present course for the revolution. But the sky darkened suddenly. The army was reported to be discontented, and the adhesion of Bahia, one of the provinces, to the new order was said to be doubtful. At the same time the elections were called not until September, and the grant to Dom Pedro was revoked, while the late Minister of Brazil in Belgium resigned his office to the late Emperor, not to the provisional government. All this was not promising, and it made the demand in the Senate for the immediate recognition of the republic untimely. In accordance with our traditions we have entered into friendly relations with the actual government. But to go farther, and in any other way to recognize the republic, might be to throw the moral weight of this government against the wishes of the people of Brazil. For the banishment of an emperor by an army, and the proclamation of a republic and of a provisional government by the generals, do not of themselves create a republic.

When the revolution occurred, followed by the accounts of the situation, upon which we commented last week, the complete acquiescence of the country seemed to be assured. And this will apparently prove to be the fact. The conviction that monarchy would die with Dom Pedro may have been as universal as has been represented, and the provisional government may hold by common assent until the change is ratified by the popular vote. Mr. Gibson writes to the *Times*, on the 30th of November, that a fortnight had passed since the departure of the Emperor without the slightest show of resistance in any of the twenty provinces, while the leader in one province whose attitude was doubtful was under arrest. All this is very significant and promising for the republican experiment for which the sentiment of the country is said to have been long ripening.

The event in Brazil, and, indeed, the general course of affairs upon this continent, was curiously forecast by a son of Madame de Staël, who, in 1825, wrote to George Ticknor, of Boston: "Yours is, indeed, a noble and blessed country, and the whole of America —when she gets rid of the Brazilian Emperor, which is only an unnecessary piece of ridicule—will present an unexampled scene of grandeur, wealth, and reason. But, for God's sake! keep your eyes open upon your slave States." Our principle in regard to recognition of a new government under the circumstances which exist in Brazil is definite and familiar. A government which with the expressed approval of the country is discharging unquestioned the duties of government is to be recognized. But mere acquiescence in a military government which has seized the power of the state cannot be assumed to be legitimate national approval.

ELECTION INVESTIGATIONS BY THE COURTS.

Mr. Lodge, chairman of the Committee of the House on National Elections, says that it is considering two subjects of especial importance, one is the investigation of contested Congressional election cases by the courts, and the other is ballot reform. The first of these would be a very salutary measure. The House, of course, cannot divest itself of its authority to decide, but the courts would investigate much more impartially than the House, which, as Mr. Lodge remarks, is never so partisan as when it assumes the judicial attitude upon a contested election. He also remarks that the only argument likely to be urged against the plan suggested is that it takes from the party majority the opportunity of making a purely partisan decision, as it would have to show good reason for reversing the recommendation of the court. But this argument would surely plague its inventor, and could not be wisely pressed.

The great advantage of the scheme, beside the more impartial decision, would be the immense saving of time for urgent and important business, the avoidance of mere partisan struggles, and the reduction of the number of contests. It is one of those greatly improved methods which have been tested elsewhere and found to be admirably effective. But although the argument against it might be futile, the adverse vote might be large, because it seems to affect the chances of party dominance. It is, however, an excellent test of the patriotic intelligence and good sense of the House, and Mr. Lodge's report will be awaited with interest.

In regard to ballot reform, after speaking of the excellent results of the new law in the States where it has been tried, Mr. Lodge says that the province of Congress in respect to such a law is of course limited, but where its own members are elected it ought to throw around the ballot-box the safeguards which the States may refuse. Like all wise legislation, however, the advisability of so great an innovation as Congressional interference in elections must depend upon careful consideration of all the facts.

A NEW PERIL OF THE STREETS.

"The name of a street," as the *World* truly says, "is a historic record." If Broadway, or the Bowery, or Maiden Lane, or Wall Street, should be deprived of its old and familiar name, a very great wrong would be done to public sentiment and to historic association. So to change the town name of Lexington, or Concord, or Saratoga, or Yorktown, would be as stupid and intolerable an act as to change the name of Mount Vernon or of Bunker Hill.

But the New York Board of Aldermen has recently deliberately changed the memorial name of one of the old streets of the city by transforming Howard Street into Harry Howard Street. John Howard, for whom the *World* says that the street was named, was an illustrious human benefactor, and it is a public service to commemorate his name in a manner to recall him to the public mind. Mr. Harry Howard was an excellent head of the old volunteer fire department in this city, but we venture to say he would not wish to see his name commemorated at such cost.

This kind of vandalism, if unchecked, would be most unfortunate. Franklin Square, for instance, is one of the interesting historic spots of the city. Here was Washington's first residence as President, and here George Clinton occupied the old Walton House, whence Citizen Genet took the old Governor's daughter as his bride; and the square was named in honor of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. The Board of Aldermen is capable of transforming it into John L. Sullivan or David B. Hill Square, and the worst of it is that it has the power to do it.

GOOD-NATURED UNCLE SAM.

Our amiable and learned visitor, Miss Edwards, does not speak of the condition and discomforts of New York so severely as our own citizens. "There are so many dangers," she says, "and the state of the highways is such, as to make it incomprehensible to English people that enterprising Americans would long endure it." The difference lies in temperament. John Bull is a resolute growler and grumbler, and Uncle Sam is good-natured. It used to be said that the thirteenth man in every omnibus in London was indignantly reported in the next morning's *Times*. But in New York all the passengers would stand from the Battery to Central Park without a murmur.

Judged locally in the city of New York, popular government would seem to be a failure. At least such municipal discomfort, disorder, inconvenience, and dirt could be found in no other city at such an enormous price. The patience with which the city permitted man after man to be cruelly and wantonly burnt and shocked to death by the carelessness of electric-light companies or the ignorance of the Electric Board would have given fiery print to a whole broadside of invective against effete despotisms, if they had quietly tolerated such a massacre. The theory of popular government is that a community will select its best and most capable citizens for its representative governors. *Vide* City Hall *passim*.

The adventures of a New York tax-payer in search of the benefits of taxation would be a pleasant book for the holiday season, except that truthfully it would end abruptly in the author's destruction by an explosion at a man-hole, or by touching an electric wire, or by submersion in any of the street swamps, or by hunger in a street railroad block, or by any other of the innumerable municipal perils which beset the metropolitan wayfarer. The stories which we read of the neatness and comfort of some great foreign cities are like accounts of the New Jerusalem. But if anybody should take the responsibility of telling such stories, he must expect to be spurned as a recreant American, corrupted by the gauds of monarchy and the wiles of a heartless and dissolute aristocracy. Better the streets of New York where discomfort is, than well-ordered highways where no aldermen are.

LAW AND ORDER.

Within the last twelve years an organization has arisen, and has spread widely throughout the United States and Canada, known as the Law and Order League. Its achievements in great cities like Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati are remarkable and interesting, and naturally stimulate and encourage similar movements elsewhere. The practical object of the League is very simple. It is merely the enforcement of existing laws. It does not aim at legislation, but promotes wise legislation by exposing the necessary result of unwise laws, holding, with General Grant, that the best way to secure the repeal of a bad law is rigorously to enforce it.

The laws which are most frequently evaded and abused are the liquor laws, and consequently much of the energy and effort of the Law and Order League has been directed to a prompt and exact observance of liquor laws. While some friends of temperance devote themselves to insisting upon prohibitory laws, the Law and Order League has addressed itself to the enforcement of the laws which already prohibit sales one day in seven, and six hours in twenty-four, and sales to minors, intoxicated persons, and habitual drunkards. The good results accomplished in this way are prodigious.

There are more than a thousand such leagues in the United States and Canada, which are now united in a national association, which has held seven annual meetings, and will hold its eighth in Toronto on the 22d of February, 1890. The advantage of the organization is obvious. It is really the organized moral and law-abiding sentiment of a community ready to co-operate with honest officers of the law, and a standing warning to officers of another kind. Any official violation or neglect of law which a citizen might not care individually to bring into court, the League is ready to prosecute. The consciousness of that fact naturally stimulates official fidelity and efficiency, while the public spirit which organizes the League exercises a healthful influence upon the nomination and election of competent and fitting local officers.

HENRY W. GRADY.

The representatives of the old South and of the new South have died together. Jefferson Davis was born near the beginning of the century, and Henry W. Grady when it was half spent, and at the time when the passage of the fugitive slave law had brought the sectional controversy to a fiery climax. Mr. Grady was little known to the country until his speech at the New England dinner three years ago. It was an impassioned plea for sympathy and consideration for those who, amid the ruins of a political, social, and industrial system, the general wreck of fortunes, and the complete disaster of exhausting war, were seeking to adjust themselves to wholly new conditions, some of them without precedent in history.

The tone of the speech was serious and friendly. The orator was evidently a gallant and ardent man of earnest convictions bent upon winning the confidence of those to whom he spoke, who welcomed his words with acclamations of pleasure and assent. As the editor of one of the chief papers in Georgia, Mr. Grady has continued the effort to show that the unwillingness to admit even in theory the political equality of all citizens does not imply any want of patriotism or of acquiescence in the fundamental American principle. Within a few days, in Boston, he had repeated in a glowing strain the same general plea, presenting striking statistics to show that the whites "treat the negro fairly," but agreeing that the problem of the two races could be solved only by time and by the Southern whites. He reported progress, and asked for patience.

Mr. Grady's death removes a strong individual force from the discussion and advancement of the settlement of a great question. The "problem" which absorbed his thoughts is one of the most difficult in human society. But the point in it which he least considered is one of the most vital. The question, he held—and it is the natural view of his part of the country—must be settled by those who are most concerned. But who are they? Are they not the people, not of Georgia or of Mississippi, but of the United States? Is this fact sufficiently considered? No reasonable man in this part of the country supposes that national supervision of Congressional elections will correct or do anything but inflame the situation. But if intelligent and patriotic white citizens assume the necessary and permanent political suppression of colored citizens, and a consequent illegal advantage in the government, do they also assume the universal acquiescence of the country? The cordial reception of Mr. Grady in New York and New England, and the sincere and even affectionate sorrow at his death, reveal the humane and fraternal spirit in which the problem which he presented can be effectively solved.

PERSONAL.

Few people know that the poet Whittier is color-blind, and has been so for years. He has just passed his eighty-second birthday, and seems to be in fairly good health. The weaknesses of age are upon him, however, and he rarely writes for more than half an hour at a time.

—As the widow of a Mexican war veteran, Mrs. Jefferson Davis is said to be eligible for a pension if she desires to ask for it. A decision given in a similar case by the Pension Department less than three years ago established a precedent.

—Neither the Pope nor those of the dignitaries who are nearest to him in the Vatican can speak or read the English language.

—Stephen Preston, the Haytian Minister, who has recently been recalled by his government, has been for years the dean of the diplomatic corps at Washington, a position accorded to the foreign representative who has been longest in service.

—The controversy as to which of two houses in Bonn was the birthplace of Beethoven having been settled, the building to which the honor was accorded is to be made a museum for the preservation of interesting and instructive relics of the great composer. To secure the funds needed for the purpose, concerts are now being given in this and other countries.

—Miss Mary Louise Baldwin, a young colored teacher, has been appointed Principal of the Agassiz Public School at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Miss Baldwin is highly educated, and has had several years' training in different grades of the school to whose head she is now promoted.

—The "b'gosh!" of Josh Whitcomb, of *Old Homestead* fame, must have been peculiarly emphatic when he heard the other day that his father, eighty-three years old, had remarried. The bridegroom is Rufus Thompson, of West Swanzey, New Hampshire, and the bride before her marriage was Mrs. Sarah A. Walker, of Westminster West, Vermont. Mrs. Thompson is seventy-five years old.

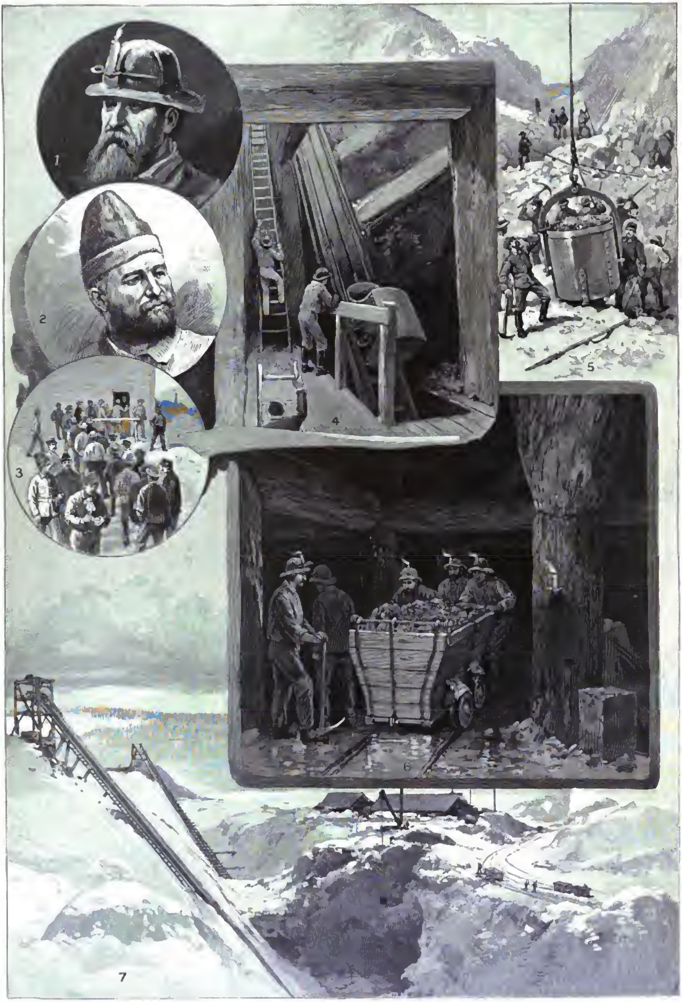
—Mrs. Laura Johnson, of Lexington, Kentucky, a colored woman, thirty-eight years old, has been installed as White House cook at Washington.

—President Seelye, of Amherst College, who is in Europe for his health, has been taking baths at Aix-les-Bains, with good results. He writes quite hopefully of his case.

—Benjamin H. Day, the founder of the New York *Sun*, died in this city the other day. When he started the paper the carriers refused to handle it because it was sold for a cent, so Mr. Day hired boys to do the work, and so created the newsboy.

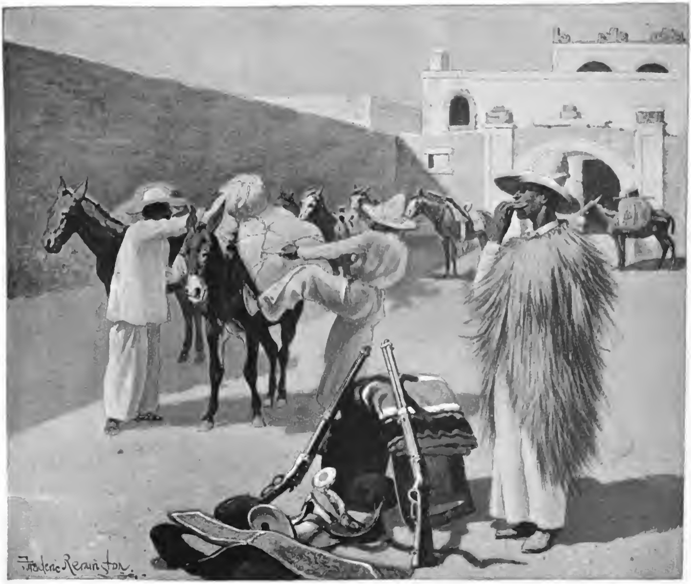
—General Lew Wallace has invented a steel cross-tie, with which he expects to revolutionize railroad building.

—Never probably has the cross of the Legion of Honor been more worthily bestowed than in the case of Marie Thérèse, a French Sister of Mercy, who has just received it from the Governor of Tonquin. She was wounded in the trenches at Balaklava when she was but twenty years old, and since then she has been injured again and again on battle-fields in Mexico, Syria, and China while engaged in the ambulance service of her country. Once she picked up a grenade that had fallen among wounded soldiers, and carried it to a distance, saving her patients, but suffering severely herself from the explosion of the missile.



A MICHIGAN IRON MINE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 7.]

1. Miner in Mining Costume. 2. Woodsman. 3. Pay-Day at the Mine. 4. Down the Incline Shaft. 5. At work in the Open Pit—"Hoist up!" 6. Ore Car and Trammers Underground. 7. Surface of Mine—Open Pit and Incline Shafts.



"WE PACKED OUR MULES IN THE CORRAL OF THE HOTEL."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

VI.—THE ENGINEER AND THE LOST-FREIGHT MAN.

THAT the weight of a strange destiny was pressing upon us, neither Fray Antonio nor I for a moment doubted. It was something more than chance, we believed, that had brought us together, and that thereafter, by such extraordinary means, had put into our hands, in places far asunder, yet at almost precisely the same moment, these two ancient papers; either of which, alone, would have been meaningless; but the two of which, together, pointed clearly the way to a discovery so wonderful that the like of it was not to be found in all the history of the world.

At the moment that I co[illegible]ided how great an adventure was before me, and what hono[illegible]ame I was like to get out of it, I determined that I would keep the whole matter secret from my fellow-archæologists until I could tell them, not what I intended doing, but what I actually had done—for I had no desire to divide with any one the honors that fairly would be mine when I published to the world the result of my investigation of this hidden community that had survived, uncontaminated, from prehistoric times. Having this strong desire within me, it was with great pleasure that I acceded to Fray Antonio's request that our project of discovery should not be published abroad. His motive for secrecy, as I presently perceived, was bred of the one single strain of human weakness that ever I found in him. Even as I was determined that no other archæologist should share with me the honor of discovering this primitive community, so was Fray Antonio determined that to him alone should belong the glory of carrying into that region of dense heathen darkness the radiant splendor of the Christian faith. If this were sin on his part, it certainly was a sin that he shared with many saints long since in Paradise. Even the blessed Saint Francis himself, when, at the Council of Mats, he portioned out among his followers the heathen world that they might preach everywhere Christianity, reserved for himself Syria and Egypt, in the hope that in one or the other of these countries he might crown his labors by suffering a glorious martyrdom. And perhaps in this matter Fray Antonio was not unmindful of the example set him by the great founder of the order to which he belonged.

But while we were thus firmly decided to keep to ourselves the honors that so great an archæological discovery and so great a Christian conquest must bring to us severally, we perceived that it would not be the part of prudence to essay our adventure without any companions at all. Some portion of the country through which we were to pass we knew to be frequented by very dangerous tribes of Indians, against the assaults of which two lonely men—neither of whom had any knowledge whatever of the art of war—could make but a poor stand. And even should we escape the wild Indians, we knew that we might get into many evil straits in which our lives might be ended, yet through which a larger company might pass in safety. And for my own part I must confess that I had a strong desire to have with me some of my own countrymen. For the gallantry of the Mexicans, which gallantry has been proved a thousand times, I have the highest respect; yet is it a natural feeling among Anglo-Saxons that when it comes to facing dangers in which death looms largely, and especially when it comes to a few men against a company of savages, and standing back to back and fighting to the very last, Anglo-Saxon hearts are found to be the staunchest, and Anglo-Saxon backs to be the stoutest which can be thus ranged together. But in our own case I did not at all see whence such an Anglo-Saxon contingent was to be obtained.

We had been talking over this matter of a fighting force one afternoon in Fray Antonio's sacristy—where our many colloquies were held, for we moved with a thoughtful deliberation in setting agoing our adventure—and we had come almost to the determination of organizing a little force of Otomí Indians, and calling upon two brave young gentlemen of Fray Antonio's acquaintance to join us as lieutenants. Although I was willing to adopt this plan, since no other was open to us, I was far from fancying it, both for the reason which I have already named, and also for the reason—and this Fray Antonio admitted was not without foundation in probability—that our young allies would be more than likely, by their indiscreet disclosures, to make our purpose fully known. Therefore, it was in no very pleasant frame of mind, our conference being ended, that I returned to my hotel.

As I entered the hotel court-yard I heard the sound of Pablo's mouth-organ, and with this much laughter and some talk in English; and as I fairly caught sight of the merrymakers, I heard said, in most execrable Spanish, "Here's a *medio* for another tune, my boy; and if you'll make the donkey dance again to it I'll give you a *real*."

That I might see what was going forward without interrupting it, I stopped behind one of the stone pillars that upheld the gallery; and for all that my mind was in no mood for laughter just then, I could not but fall to laughing at what I saw.

Over on the far side of the court-yard, with Pablo and El Sabio, were two men whose type was so unmistakable that I should have known them for Americans had I met them in the moon. One was a tall, wiry fellow, with a vast reach of arm, and a depth of chest and width of shoulders which showed what powerful engines those long arms of his were when he set them in motion. His face was nearly covered by a heavy black beard, and his projecting forehead and his resolute black eyes under it gave him a look of great energy and force. The other was short and thick-set, with a big round head stockily upheld on a thick neck, and with a good-humored face, which, being clean-shaven, was chiefly notable for the breadth and the squareness of the jaws. He had merry blue eyes, and his crown—he was holding his battered Derby hat in his hand—was as bare as a billiard ball. Below timber-line, as he himself expressed it, he had a brush of close-cut sandy-red hair. I had encountered both of these men when I first came to Morelia, and during two or three weeks I had seen a good deal of them, for we had met daily at our meals; and the more that I had seen of them the better was I disposed to like them. The tall man was Rayburn, a civil engineer in charge of construction on the advanced line of the new railway; the other was Young, the lost freight agent of the railroad company—whose duty, for which his keen quickness peculiarly well fitted him, was that of looking up freight which had gone astray in transit. Both of these men had lived long in rough and dangerous regions, and both—as I then instinctively believed, and as I came later to know fully—were as true and as stanch and as brave as ever men could be.

What they were laughing at, there in the court-yard, was an extraordinary performance in which the performers were Pablo and El Sabio. With a grin all over the parts of his face not engaged in the operation of his mouth-organ, Pablo was rendering on that instrument a highly Mexicanized version of one of the airs from *Pinafore* that he had just acquired from hearing Young whistle it. To this music, with a most pained yet determined expression, the Wise One was lifting his feet and swaying his body and nodding his head in a sort of accompaniment, his movements being directed by the waving of Pablo's disengaged hand. The long ears of this unfortunate little donkey wagged in remonstrance against the unreasonable motions demanded of his unlucky legs, and every now and then he would twitch viciously his fuzzy scrap of a tail; but his master was inexorable, and it was not until Pablo's own desire to laugh became so strong that he no longer could play the mouth-organ that El Sabio was given rest. As he ended his dancing I must say that there was on El Sabio's face as fine an expression of contempt as the face of a donkey ever wore.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1722.

"Hello, Professor," Young called out as he caught sight of me, "have you given up antiquities and gone into the circus business? This outfit that you've got here will make your fortune when you get it back into the States. If you don't want to run it yourself, I'll run it for you on the shares. And I guess Rayburn 'll be glad to go along as clown. He'd make a good clown, Rayburn would. You see, we're both of us out of work, and both looking for a job."

"What do you mean by being out of work?" I asked, when I had shaken hands with them. "What's become of the railroad?"

"Oh, the railroad's got into one of its periodical bust-ups," Young answered. "A row among the bondholders, and construction stopped, and working expenses reduced, and pretty much all hands bounced, from the president down. I guess Rayburn and I can stand the racket, though, if the company can. I've been wantin' to get out of this d——d Greaser country for a good while, and I guess now I've got my chance. I must say, though, I wish it had come a little less sudden, for I haven't anything in particular in sight over in God's country, and Rayburn hasn't either. So if you want to start your circus we're ready for you right away. Where did you get that boy-and-donkey outfit from, anyway? They're just daisies, both of 'em, and no mistake!"

"I don't know that you can count on me for a clown, Professor," Rayburn said, "but I might go along as door-keeper, or something of that sort. But I don't believe that Young and I will need to go into the circus business. We are out of work, that's a fact; but the company has done the square thing by us—paid us up in full to the end of next month and fitted us out with passes to St. Louis. We're all right. Young is heading straight for home; but I rather think that I'll take a turn around the country and see what the civilized parts of it look like. Ever since I came down here, nearly, I've been at work in the wilds. I want to see some of the old temples and things too. You can put me up to that, Professor. Where's a good ruin to begin on?"

From the moment that I laid eyes on these two men, as I came into the court-yard, my mind was made up that I would do my best to induce them to join with Fray Antonio and me in our search for the hidden city; and I had listened very gladly to what they told me, for it showed me that I should not have to ask them to abandon profitable work in order to join in our doubtful enterprise. So we talked lightly about the circus and other indifferent matters for a while; and then we had a lively supper together at La Soledad (which always seemed to me a very original name for a restaurant); and then I brought them to my room to smoke their cigars.

It was while they were in the comfortable frame of mind that is begotten of a good meal and subsequent good tobacco—over there in Morelia we smoked the Tepic cigars, which are excellent—that I opened to them the great project that I had in hand. I told them frankly the whole story: of my strange adventure in the Indian village, of the paper and the gold token which the Cacique unwittingly had given me, of the letter that Fray Antonio had found, and of how our joint discoveries set us clearly in the way of finding an Aztec community that certainly had existed unchanged—save for such changes as had been developed within itself—since a time long anterior to the Spanish conquest of Mexico. I dwelt with enthusiasm, and I think forcibly, upon the inestimable gain to the science of archæology that would result from the investigations that we intended to make; and I touched also upon the scientific value that would attach to a careful and accurate description of the effect produced upon this primitive community by Fray Antonio's preaching. For this would be, as I pointed out, the first occasion in the history of the world when a record would be made, from the stand-point of the unprejudiced ethnologist, of the reception accorded by a heathen people to the doctrine of Christianity. In a word, I presented the case most glowingly—so glowingly, in fact, that my own heart was quite fired by it—and ended by urging them earnestly to join us in a work that promised so greatly to increase the sum of human knowledge touching the most interesting subjects that can be presented to the consideration of the human mind. And I am pained to state that I discovered, when I finished my appeal, that Young was sound asleep!

Rayburn did not go to sleep, and he did take a certain amount of interest in what I said; but I was discouraged by his very obvious failure to respond to my enthusiasm.

"You see, Professor," he said, "the fact of the matter is that I can't spare the time. I might take a month or two; but you seem to think that a year is the least time in which any substantial results can be accomplished. I can't give a year, or anything like a year, to what, so far as I am concerned, will be sheer idleness. I've got a mother and sister at home on Cape Cod who depend on me for a living, and I must get to work again. You see, there is glory enough in all this, and glory that I should like to have a share in; but glory is a luxury that I can't afford. I've got to go to work at something that has money in it."

The sound of Rayburn's voice had the effect on Young of waking him up. He listened, in a sleepily approving way, to Rayburn's practical comment, and then, giving a prodigious yawn, added, on his own account: "Yes, that's about the size of it. We're neither of us here for our health, Professor; what we're after is spot cash. If there was any money in your scheme I'd take a hand in it quick enough; but as there isn't—Well, not this evening, Professor; some other evening."

"No money in it!" I answered. "Why, haven't I told you that there is stored in this hidden city the greatest treasure that ever was brought into one place since the world began?"

"No, I'll be d——d if you have!" Young replied, with great energy and promptness. "Not a word—unless it was while I was asleep. What's he said about a treasure, Rayburn? I'm awake now, and I'll keep awake if there's anything like that to be talked about."

"You certainly haven't said anything about a treasure so far, Professor," Rayburn said. "I'd like to hear about it myself. If there is a treasure-hunting expedition mixed up with this scientific expedition of yours, that puts a new face on the whole matter. I can't afford the luxury of scientific investigation pure and simple; but if there is money in it too, that is quite another thing. So tell us about your prospect, Professor, and if the surface indications are good you can count on me to go in."

I confess that I was a trifle disappointed upon finding how eagerly these young men sought information in regard to a matter that I considered so unimportant that I had forgotten even to mention it. But I reflected that, after all, the motive by which they were induced to join in our adventure was immaterial; while our need for the strength that their joining in it would give us was so pressing that upon gaining them for allies very likely depended our eventual success. Being moved by which considerations, I dilated upon the magnitude of the hidden treasure with such vehemence that presently their eyes were flashing and the blood had so mounted into their brains that their very foreheads were ruddy, and their breath came short. And I must confess that my own pulses beat quicker and harder as I talked on. Of this treasure I had not before thought at all, being so thoroughly taken up with the scientific side of the discovery that I hoped to accomplish; but now I was moved profoundly by thoughts of what I could do for the advancement of science had I practically limitless wealth at my command. And especially was I thrilled by the thought of the magnificent form in which my own magnificent discoveries could be given to the world. Compared with my *Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America*, Lord Kingsborough's great work, both in form and in substance, would sink into hopeless insignificance. And in all that I said of the vastness of the hidden treasure I felt certain that I was keeping well within the bounds of truth. For I had the positive assurance that in the Aztec treasure-house in that hidden valley the ransom of a nation was stored.

"Will you go with us?" I asked, when I had brought my glowing description to an end.

"Well, I should smile, Professor," was Young's characteristic answer.

"You can count me in now, and no mistake!" said Rayburn, and added, "By Jove, Palgrave, I mean to take a part of my share and buy the whole of Cape Cod!"

And so the make-up of our party was decided upon. Fray Antonio joined it for the love of God; I joined it for the love of science; and Young and Rayburn joined it for the love of gold. In regard to the boy Pablo, he could not, strictly, be said to have joined it at all. He simply went along.

VII.—THE KING'S SYMBOL.

Fray Antonio was well pleased when I told him of the stout contingent that I had secured. And when he had seen Rayburn and Young, and had talked with them—though his talk with Young did not amount to much, for Young's Spanish was abominable, he was as thoroughly satisfied as I was that for our purposes we could not possibly have found two better men.

In the course of this conference we made short work of our preparations for departure. Rayburn's experience in fitting out engineering parties had given him precisely the knowledge required for putting our own little party promptly and effectively in the field; and in this matter, and in all practical matters connected with the expedition, he took the lead. He and Young already possessed the regulation frontier outfit of arms—a Winchester rifle and a big revolver—which they increased by another big revolver apiece; and I armed myself, similarly, with a pair of revolvers and a Winchester—concerning the use that I should make of which, in case need for using them arose, I had very grave doubts indeed. Fray Antonio declined to carry any arms at all; and after he had accidentally discharged one of my pistols, which he had picked up to examine, so that the ball went singing by my ear and actually cut through the brim of Young's hat, there was a general disposition to admit that the less this godly man had to do with carnal weapons the safer would it be for all the rest of us. Young's hat was a battered Derby, and about as unsuitable a hat for wear in Mexico as possibly could be found. But for some unknown reason he was very much attached to that hat, and he was so wroth over having a hole shot through it in that unprovoked sort of way that he manifested a decided coolness toward Fray Antonio for several days.

In the matter of armament, the happiest member of our party was Pablo. He was a handy boy, and when he had demonstrated his ability to manage a revolver by doing some very creditable shooting with mine (at a mark that I had stuck up in the corral in order that I might gain ease in the use of this unknown weapon), I delighted him inexpressibly by buying him a pistol for his very own. I think that Pablo, upon becoming the possessor of that revolver, at once grew two inches taller. The way that he strutted as he wore it, and his eager thrusting forward of his left hip, so that this gallant piece of warlike furniture might be the most conspicuous part of him, were a joy to witness. For a time his mouth-organ was entirely neglected; and coming quietly into the corral one day, I found him engaged in exhibiting the revolver to El Sabio, who regarded it with a slightly bored expression that I do not think Pablo took in good part.

Rayburn decided that our expedition could be made more effectively with a small force than with a large one. He argued that unless we took into the Indian country a really powerful body of men, we would be safer with a very few—for a few of us would feel keenly the necessity of keeping constantly on guard, could be more easily managed and held together in running away; and in case a fight was forced upon us we would fight more steadily because each of us would know surely that he could rely upon the support of all the rest. Which reasoning we perceived to be so sound that we promptly accepted it.

Rayburn added to our company, therefore, only three men: two Otomi Indians of whom Fray Antonio gave a good account, and Dennis Kearney, who had served as axeman on the recently disbanded engineering corps. He was a merry soul, this Dennis, with a stock of Irish melodies in his head that would have made the fortune of an old-time minstrel. He and Pablo took to each other at once—though, since neither of them spoke a word of the other's language, music was their only channel of communication—and Pablo presently presented us with a rendering on his mouth-organ, from a strictly Mexican stand-point, of "Rory O'More" that quite took our breaths away. While Pablo played, Dennis would stand by with his head cocked on one side, and with an air of attention as closely critical as that which El Sabio himself exhibited; and when Pablo went wrong, as he invariably did in his attempted bravura passages, Dennis would stop him with a wave of his hand, and an "Aisy now, me darlint! That's good enough Mexican, but it ain't good Irish at all, at all," and then would show him what good Irish was by singing "Rory O'More" in a fashion which made the old stone arches ring with a volume of music that could have given odds to an entire brass band. Poor Dennis! Only the other day I heard an organ-grinder grinding forth "Rory O'More," and the memory of the last time I heard Dennis sing that song, and of what heroic stuff that merry-hearted rough fellow then showed himself to be made, came suddenly over me, and there was a choking in my throat, and my eyes were full of tears.

Well, it was a good thing—or a bad thing, as you please to put it—that we could not see far into the future that morning when we packed our mules in the corral of the hotel, and set out upon the march that was to lead us through such perilous passages before we reached its end.

That I might fill to the brim the cup of Pablo's happiness—for my conscience pricked me a little that I suffered him to go with us—I had bought him the rain-coat of palm leaves for which his heart so long had pined. What with this and his revolver, and the delight of going upon a journey (for he had very fully developed that love of travel which is so strong in his race), his wits seemed to be completely addled with joy. He insisted upon putting on his absurd rain-coat at once; and he did so many foolish things that even El Sabio looked at him reproachfully—this was when he tried to place on that small donkey's back some of the heavy pack-stuff destined for the back of one of the big mules—and we got along much better with his room, as he presently enabled us to do, than we did with his company. When the time for starting came, we had quite a hunt for him; and we might not have found him at all had we not been guided by the sound of music to the sequestered spot to which he had retired in order to give vent to his pent-up feelings by playing on his mouth-organ "Pop goes the weasel"—an air that Young had been whistling that morning, and that had mightily taken Pablo's fancy.

We made rather an imposing cavalcade as we filed forth from the great gate of the hotel, and took our way along the Calle Nacional, the principal street of the city, toward the Garita del Poniente. Fray Antonio and I rode first; then came Rayburn and Young, followed by Dennis Kearney; then the two pack-mules, beside which walked the two Otomi Indians; and closing the procession came Pablo, wearing his rain-coat, with his revolver strapped outside of it, and riding El Sabio with a dignity that would have done honor to the Viceroy himself. Pablo certainly was in the nature of an anti-climax; but I would not have told him so for the world. Fray Antonio wore the habit of his Order, this privilege having been specially granted to him by the Governor of the state as a safeguard for all his expeditions among the Indians. It was understood, indeed, that he now was going forth on one of his missionary visits among the mountain tribes, and simply rode with us as far as our ways should lie together, for greater security. I had announced that I was going among the Indians again in order to increase my knowledge of their manners and customs; and Rayburn—to whom the rest of the party was supposed to belong—had stated that he was taking the field in order to make a new reconnoissance along the line of the projected railway. It was in order to maintain these several fictions that we went out by the western gate, and that we continued for two days our march westward before turning to our true course.

Of our progress during the ensuing fortnight it is not necessary that I should speak, for beyond the ordinary incidents of travel no adventures befell us. During this period we went forward steadily and rapidly, and at the end of it we had covered more than three hundred miles, and had come close to where—supposing our rendering of the Aztec map to be correct, and that we had rightly collated it with the dead monk's letter—the mission of Santa Maria had stood three centuries and a half before. There was no possibility that any trace of this mission would be found; but every rock that we came to was most eagerly scrutinized, for on any one of them might we find the King's symbol engraved.

For two or three days we had been travelling through a region very wild and desolate. Far away, along the western horizon, rose a range of mountains whose bare peaks cut a jagged line along the sky. The country between us and these far-away mountains was made up of many parallel ranges of rocky hills, which ranges were separated by broad, shallow valleys, where cactus and sage-brush covered the dry ground thickly, and the only trees that broke this dreary monotony were pita-palms—the most dismal thing in all created nature to which the name of a tree ever has been given by man. There was no trail, and travelling through this tangle of briers was very difficult. All of Rayburn's skill, which long practice had developed to a high degree, was required to enable us to pick a way through so thorny a wilderness. At times the Indians with their machetes, and Dennis with his axe, had to cut a path for us; and, despite all our care, our own hands were cut and torn, and the legs of our poor beasts were red with blood.

The deadly dryness of this arid waste added to our discomfort. A strong dry wind blew steadily from the north, building up out of the fine dust which was over all the surface of the baked ground little whirlwinds—*remolinos*, as the Mexicans call them—which went dancing down the valleys as though they were ghostly things; and occasionally, when one of these struck us, we were covered with a prickly dust that fairly burned our skins. What water we got was to be had only by digging in the *arroyos* which traversed the centre of each valley longitudinally; and although this water always was muddy, and had a strongly alkaline taste, it is the only thing that I remember with pleasure in all that weary land. Of animal life there was nothing to be seen, save a plenty of rattlesnakes, and a few great buzzards which wheeled above us from time to time as though with the intention of keeping track of us until we should fall down and die of thirst and weariness, and they should be able to feast upon us at their ease.

At the end of the third day of this dreary travelling we had come close to the great western range of mountains, and our camp that night was made in the mouth of a little valley that opened from among the foot-hills. The night before, we had made a dry camp, and for the whole of the twenty-four hours we had had but a pint of water apiece. Pablo, I am sure, had given half of his own scant allowance to El Sabio. The other animals—it was all that we could do for them—had only their dusty mouths and nostrils wiped out with a wet sponge. They were pitiable objects, with their bleeding legs, their haggard eyes, their outhanging tongues, and their quivering flanks. As Fray Antonio unsaddled his horse I saw that in his eyes were tears; but the rest of us, I fear, were too thoughtful of our own misery to feel much sorrow for the misery of our beasts.

I suppose that a man must suffer the lack of it, as we then did, in order to know how precious a thing water is. And to give some notion of its preciousness to those who not only are free at any time to drink their fill of it, but even can fill bath-tubs with it, and feel the joy of it on their bare bodies whenever they are so minded, I will say that when a little digging gave us that night as much water as we wanted our joy was far greater than it would have been had we there found the hidden city of which we were in search.

Our well was sunk in the broad sandy bottom of the *arroyo*, in the midst of a narrow and delectably grassy valley between two foot-hills. And the abundance and the sweetness of the water, as well as the presence of grass, showed us that here a little way up this valley there must be an open stream. We drank, and our beasts drank, until all of our skins were nigh to bursting; and the abundance of water was so great that we even could wash the dust at last from our parched faces and necks and arms; and much like raw beef our skins looked when our washing was ended, and the stinging of them was as though we had been whipped with nettles. It was our intention now to leave the plains and to march along the edge of the foot-hills, parallel with the main range, otherwise we should not have ventured thus to wash ourselves. In a region where alkali dust is in the air, washing is to be shunned; for, each time that the skin is cleaned, the new deposit of dust takes a deeper biting hold.

It was rather that we might escape the misery of further travel on the arid plains than because we had any strong hopes of thus finding the way of which we were in search that we had decided to change our line of march. Young had begun openly to express his contempt for the Aztec map; and in the hearts of all of us had sprung up some doubts as to its trustworthiness as a guide. After all, it was not in the least a map in the true meaning of the word; and that it should show us rightly our way depended not only upon our having interpreted correctly its curious symbolism, but also upon the correctness of the interpretation that Mexican archæologists had given to the map of the first Aztec migration—of which map, as we believed, our map was a reserved and secret part. If either interpretation was wrong, then we might be hundreds of miles distant from the region in which the way marked by gravings on the rock of the King's symbol should be sought.

Four or five hours of daylight still remained to us after we had dug our well, and with the delicious water flowing into it had satisfied our thirst. But we had no intention of going further that day. We had no need to hobble the animals, for they could be trusted to stay near the water-hole while they feasted on the grass, and we needed food and rest quite as much as they did. Young and Dennis together got us up a famous meal, and when it was ended we lighted our pipes and held a sort of council of war. That we might talk the more freely, in both English and Spanish, we drew away a little from where the two Otomi Indians and Pablo were stretched out upon the grass together; and we bade Dennis take a look around the shoulder of the first hill, so that we might know something of what our way would be like when we started in the morning; for we were not as yet ready that the minor members of the expedition should know the purpose that we had in mind. We had decided that when, by the finding of the course indicated by the gravings of the King's symbol, our quest fairly had a beginning, being no longer a matter of mere hope and conjecture, we then would give Dennis and Pablo, and the two Indians, some notion of what we intended doing, with the option of deciding for themselves whether or not they would have a part in it. And the thought never once occurred to us that circumstances might arise of such a nature that neither they nor we would have any choice in the matter at all.

As we consulted together we had spread out before us a map of Mexico, and with this the map that the Cacique had given me, and a copy of the map showing the great Aztec march. Yet the more that we counselled the less could we come to any reasonable conclusion as to what was best for us to do. As nearly as we could tell from the strange guides that we needs must be led by, we had beaten thoroughly the region where once the mission of Santa Marta was, and not a trace of the gravings on the rocks had we found. To go over that region again, searching still more minutely, was too great an undertaking even to be thought of; and yet the only alternative to this painful course seemed to be that we should abandon our search altogether; in short, we were completely at sea.

"What *I* think," said Young, "is that that old dead monk, and that old dead Cacique, have set up a job on us. They're both of 'em lyin' like fiddlers; that's what's the matter with *them*. There ain't any hidden city, or hidden treasure, or hidden d——d anything; it's all a fraud from beginnin' to end. I vote to pull up stakes an' go home."

A cool refreshing wind was beginning to sweep down to us from the mountains, but it was blowing only in puffs as yet, for the night would not be upon us for several hours. Borne faintly and fitfully upon this uncertain wind came to us the strains of "Rory O'More," with which melody, as we inferred, Dennis was beguiling his solitude while he explored the route that we were to take the next day. Pablo, sitting comfortably on the grass, his back propped against the back of El Sabio, also caught the sound, and straightway began to play an accompaniment on his mouth-organ to Dennis's distant singing. The strains gradually grew louder, showing that Dennis was returning; but when they stopped suddenly we thought that he had only tired of the sound of his own voice, or, perhaps, did not think anything about the matter at all.

But when a sound of hurried, irregular steps came down the wind to us, we all were on our feet in a moment and had our arms ready, for it was evident that Dennis was running from something; and the danger was likely to be a serious one, for running was not at all in Dennis's line. We wondered why he did not call out; but the explanation of his silence was plain enough, ten seconds later, as he came around the shoulder of the hill, staggered in among us, and fell on the grass at our feet, with the blood streaming from his mouth and nostrils, and an arrow clear through his breast.

"Indians!" he gasped, with an effort that brought a torrent of blood spurting from his mouth; and he added, faintly, "But I've bate 'em, th' divils, in their hopes of a surprise!"

That triumphant utterance was the last that Dennis Kearney made on earth. As he spoke, a fresh outburst of blood came from his nostrils and mouth, a quiver went over him—and then he was dead. I don't believe that many men would have done what Dennis did: run a good quarter of a mile with an arrow through his lungs, and then die exulting because he had succeeded in warning the camp.

Rayburn had the situation instantly in hand. "Get the packs and saddles on quick!" he cried. "The Indians 'll come around that hill and try to scoop us here in the open. They won't close in; they'll keep off, and just lie around for a week till we're played out, and then they'll step in and finish us; they'll do that, likely enough, anyway. But our one chance is to get to a place up the valley here, where they can tackle us only from in front. There's water up there, so we'll be all right, and we may be able to shoot enough of them to make the rest give it up, or they'll close in, and we'll have the comfort of getting the whole thing ended without any useless fooling over it."

All the while that he spoke he was working away, and so were we all, at saddling and packing, and luckily the animals, although the water and the food and the rest had put new strength into them, still were too tired to give us the trouble that animals give at such times when they are fresh. In a surprisingly short time we were ready to start; and yet not a sign had we had, save the warning that Dennis had brought us, that there was an Indian within a hundred miles of us. Indeed, but for his dead body on the ground beside our camp fire we might have imagined that our scare was only a bad dream. That it was a very bad reality was shown just as the last pack went on, when one of our Otomi Indians gave a howl as an arrow went through his leg, and I felt a sharp little nip on my forehead where an arrow just grazed it, and there was that queer, faint whirring sound in the air that only a flight of a good many arrows together will produce.

Rayburn took the body of poor Dennis before him on his own horse; he'd be d——d if the Indians should get Dennis yet, he said; and away we went up the sandy bed of the *arroyo*, driving the mules before us, and the Otomi Indians pelting along on a dead run. The Indian who had been hit coolly broke the arrow off short, and then pulled it out through the wound.

Suddenly we saw Young, who was riding a little ahead of the rest of us, half pull up his horse and look earnestly at a great shoulder of rock that jutted out from the mountain-side. "There's your King's symbol, and be d——d to it!" he shouted; and added, "What's the good of a King's symbol when we're all goin' to lose our hair?"

He was under full headway again in a moment. As we shot past the rock we all turned to look; and there, sure enough, was the long-sought-for sign.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MICHIGAN IRON MINE.

SCARCELY have the deer and rabbit found their accustomed trails through the carpet of the first snowfall, before the woods of northern Michigan begin to echo with the stroke of woodsmen's axe and the clink of miner's pick. A ride of twelve hours from Chicago will bring us to the heart of the mining regions of the Upper Peninsula, and a single night's journey places before us a more sudden and complete transformation of scenery than was ever accomplished behind stage curtain. Leaving the Union Depot at Chicago by midnight on the Milwaukee and Northern train, the traveller may next morning peer drowsily through the windows of his berth upon a white wilderness of pine and hemlock stretching unceasingly toward the horizon. By noon he may wander along the ore piles at Iron Mountain, or gaze upon the vast open pits of the old reliable mines at Ishpeming, or be far on his way toward the newly opened districts of the Gogebic range.

The coming of winter is eagerly looked for by the explorer for mineral wealth, for with the first snowfall the trackless woods are open to travel, and forests which none but the Indian and the government surveyor can penetrate in summer are easy of access. The possibility that ore may underlie this or that section of land is usually first suggested by the "cruiser" or explorer for some of the land and lumber companies which have almost monopolized the Upper Peninsula. To a man accustomed to read the signs of the woods, the earth around a burrow or the gravel in the roots of a windfallen tree is full of meaning. Perhaps scattered fragments of ore may be found on the surface of the ground, and by such tokens the owner of the land is induced to try his luck in the search for ore.

A crew of woodsmen and miners is soon engaged, and a tote road is cut from the nearest town to the proposed site of the exploration. Log houses, roofed with bark, are put up for the men; the ground is cleared around the spot where the test pit is to be sunk, and in a few days the clink of the pick and the scrape of the shovel are heard in the woods, and the curious squirrels waken to wonder what new order of things this may be that has broken their winter siesta. Blue smoke curls languidly through the pine tops from the cabin where the Canadian "cookie" sings over the cooking stove; hoarse shouts of "Hoist oop!" come from below-ground, and the windlass answers complainingly as stalwart Cornishmen strain at the handles, hoisting gravel and clay from the shaft that pushes deeper and deeper beneath the grass roots.

After a few weeks of work, sinking through gravel, the ledge is struck, and if the rock seems to indicate the neighborhood of ore, the work of opening a mine begins in real earnest. The rock is pierced with drill and hammer, and charges of dynamite or giant powder inserted in the holes, up the ladders the men scramble and wait, while below one of their number lights the fuse. In a few seconds he too emerges panting, and from behind logs and other coigns of vantage the men listen till the blast booms below, and splintered rock and gravel rattle on the cabin roofs. As the upturned edges of the rocks are cut across, their character changes. Gray slate gives place to red slate, and jasper to soapstone; till one day, as the miners gather to examine the rock thrown out by a blast, one of their number picks a soft blue fragment from the debris, and a shout goes up to surface: "Boy, up there! Tell Jimmy to run into town and tell the boss we've struck ore in the breast of the crosscut."

Come back again in a couple of years to where the test pit struck ore, and you will find the scene totally changed. Instead of woods, an open clearing surrounds you. Skeleton trestles stretch their legs beside railroad tracks; locomotives whistle and ore cars rattle over the rails where a few years before the bear and beaver enjoyed sole right of eminent domain. There yawns a vast open pit with cavernous sides, from which cranes are hoisting ore buckets as fast as ore can be shovelled in by the laborers below. Up an inclined railway from out the open pit, labors slowly, like some subterranean turtle, a skip, heavy-laden with ore. It reaches the top of the incline, butts its head into a scaffold, reverses its centre of gravity, and rattles its load into the ore cars on the track below.

Yonder, at the mouth of the shaft, stands the captain of the mine, with smoking oil lamp stuck in hat ready to go below, a sturdy, gray-bearded Cornishman, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes as he notes our evident curiosity. To him we state our desire, and gain a cordial assent to our request to visit the underground workings. In a few minutes, clad like the captain in ungainly oilskin coat and trousers like sections of stove-pipe, we step into the skip, and the blue daylight fades rapidly behind us as we rattle and plunge into the Cimmerian darkness of the shaft. Past dripping timbers and ladderways we glide, with no small misgivings as to the strength of the rope that forms our sole communication with the world above. The skip slackens speed, and bumps at last upon the bottom of the shaft, and we stumble along the crosscut in the captain's wake toward the main drift on the fifth level. Here plunges toward us, from the inner darkness, a rumbling something with a gleam of lights behind it. At the captain's warning signal we step to one side to let pass the ore car which is pushed by grimy trammers toward the shaft. It passes and is gone in darkness, and we hear the rattle of ore dumped into the skip to be hoisted to the stock piles above.

"This," explains the captain, "is the main drift, on the fifth level, five hundred feet underground. Here is a room, or stope, as we call it, from which ore is being mined. All along the level these rooms are cut out in the ore, and between every room a mass of ore is left for a pillar to support the mine. These logs here are timbers, used in each room to support the ore overhead as it is removed from below."

We are in a chamber about twenty feet wide and forty feet long; stout pine logs, crossed by other beams overhead, stand at regular intervals eight feet apart, forming skeleton cubes, or "sets," as the captain terms them, reaching one above the other as high as our lamps will throw light above us. Each of these timbers, we are told, is placed exactly underneath a corresponding timber in the room above, so that when the ore on this level is removed, and the last set of timber placed into position, the whole mine is filled with this timber framework.

"If you wish to see the men at work," says the captain, "you can follow me up into the room." So we scramble, as best we may, after him, up devious ladderways, among the forest of timber, till we emerge on a platform of small pine logs placed across the sets. Above and around us the blue ore, with here and there a crystalline white seam of lime, glistens in the light of our lamps. Here work the miners; one bending on his knee holds a drill in the ore, turning and turning it between the strokes of a heavy hammer that his comrade swings with rhythmic regularity. To one side another loosens with a pick the ore shattered by a previous blast, and allows it to fall between the timbers into chutes on the level below. In one corner of the room the timber men are chopping and sawing on pine logs, as they place another set of timbers in a part of the room which the miners have stripped of ore as high as they can reach. Next week the pine platform will be shifted eight feet higher, on top of the next set of timbers, and so the mine is gradually worked out from each level to the level above.

To one side hangs a rope, and glancing up is discernible an opening in the roof, down which a ladder protrudes into sight. In answer to our question the captain tells us that this is a "winze," or small untimbered shaft leading from the level above, for the double purpose of ventilating the room, and allowing timbers to be sent down and built into "sets" as fast as the ore is removed. After satisfying our curiosity as to the manner in which the ore is broken out, we manage, by some unusual gymnastic exercise on our part, to reach the ladder in the winze, and climb up to the room above.

Here are the same rooms and pillars as on the level we have left, and along the drifts ore cars are pushed heavily toward the shaft, and whirled easily back to the chutes to be refilled.

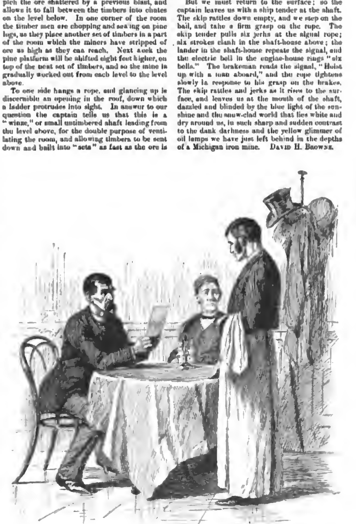
We pass the incline shaft and catch a glimpse of daylight overhead. Here the same skip we noticed above is waiting on the level to be refilled by the trammers. From below we can hear the ringing of drills as the miners work at sinking the shaft.

One of the greatest bugbears in shaft-sinking, we learn from the captain, is quicksand, which often covers the ledge of ore. Months of weary labor and thousands of dollars may be spent, and still the quicksand oozes through the timbers, and not a foot of progress can be made. Thanks, however, to the invention of a German physician, the dreaded quicksand can now be removed as easily as so much gravel or bowlder clay.

In the city of Iron Mountain the Chapin Mine determined last winter to sink a shaft through quicksand to a body of ore which had hitherto been inaccessible. To accomplish this, the new Poetsch process, as it is called, from its inventor, was resorted to. Around a circle of thirty feet in diameter a series of twenty-six large iron pipes was driven down through clay and sand to the ledge, 110 feet below. A smaller pipe was then led to the bottom of each, and by means of huge ice-machines a continuous stream of freezing mixture at a temperature of seventeen degrees below zero was led up and down the pipes till the whole circle was frozen across, and the treacherous quicksand required to be blasted and broken, like the hardest granite.

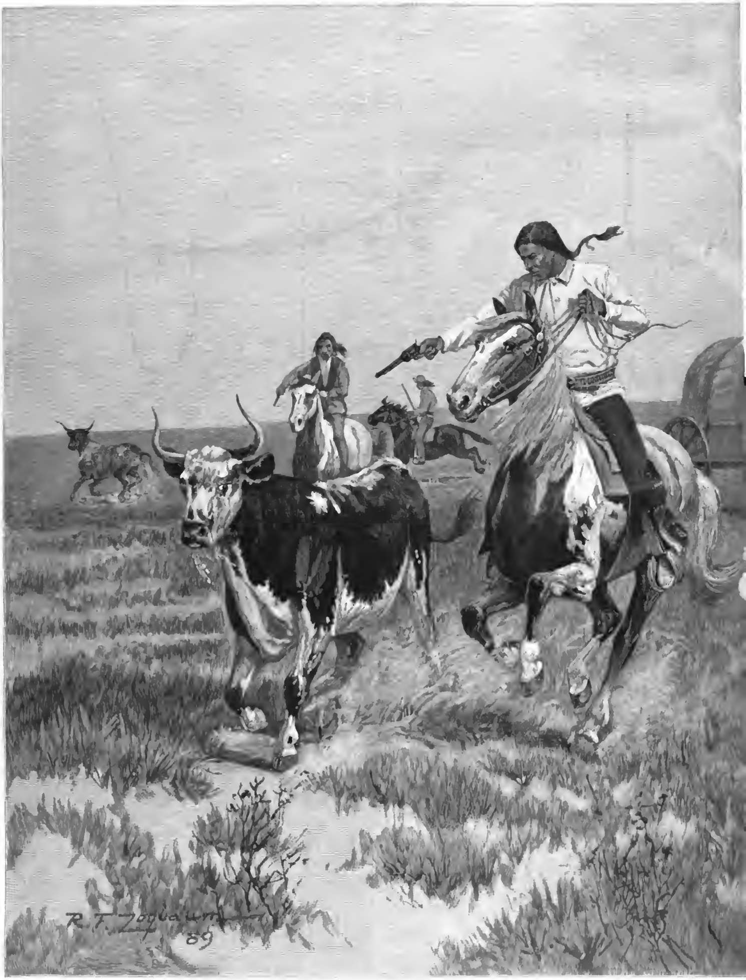
On our way back to the shaft down which we came we pass a crosscut in which a deafening hammering announces that a power drill is at work. A pile of rock almost hides from us the end of the crosscut, where two miners have charge of the drill. The motive power is compressed air, and by its expansion such intense cold is produced that, even in summer, the escape valve is always covered with ice. A vicious-looking and decidedly dangerous machine this is, which, braced firmly on three legs, is stabbing incessantly at the splintered rock before it. One man, from a tin pail, dashes water constantly in the hole which is being drilled, while another, with his hand on valve and screw, forces at each stroke the drill a little deeper into the rock.

But we must return to the surface; so the captain leaves us with a skip tender at the shaft. The skip rattles down empty, and we step on the bail, and take a firm grasp on the rope. The skip tender pulls six jerks at the signal rope; six strokes clank in the shaft-house above; the lander in the shaft-house repeats the signal, and the electric bell in the engine-house rings "six bells." The brakeman reads the signal, "Hoist up with a man aboard," and the rope tightens slowly in response to his grasp on the brakes. The skip rattles and jerks as it rises to the surface, and leaves us at the mouth of the shaft, dazzled and blinded by the blue light of the sunshine and the snow-clad world that lies white and dry around us, in such sharp and sudden contrast to the dank darkness and the yellow glimmer of oil lamps we have just left behind in the depths of a Michigan iron mine. DAVID H. BROWNE.



UNKIND.

SMITH *in Paris*. "Garçon, parley vous Français?"
GARÇON. "Not ze American kind, monsieur."


R. F. Zogbaum
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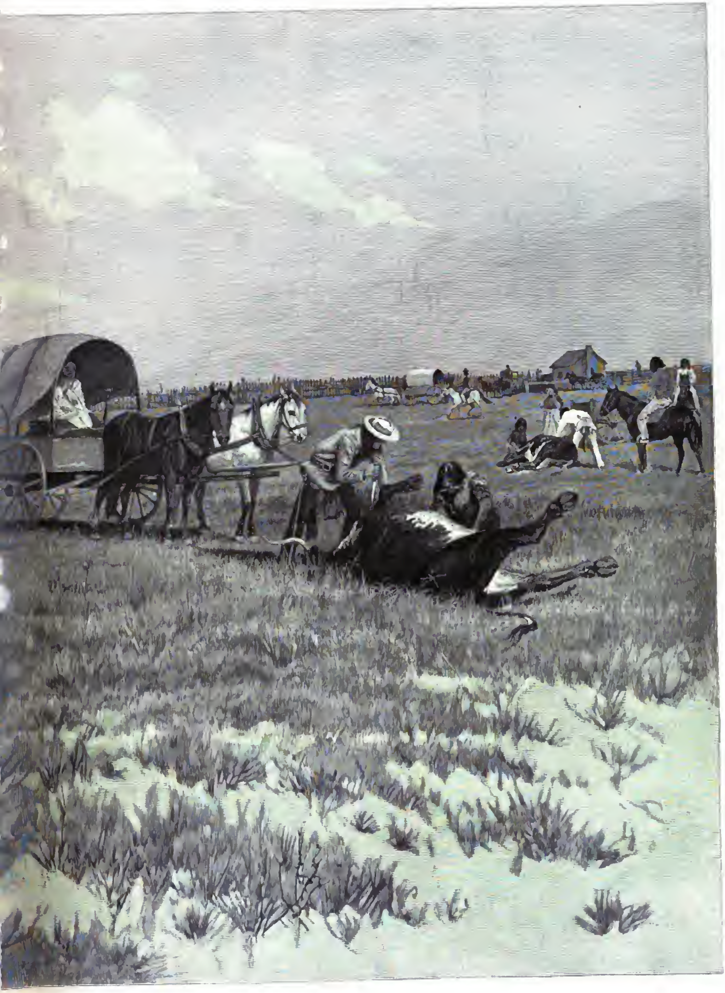
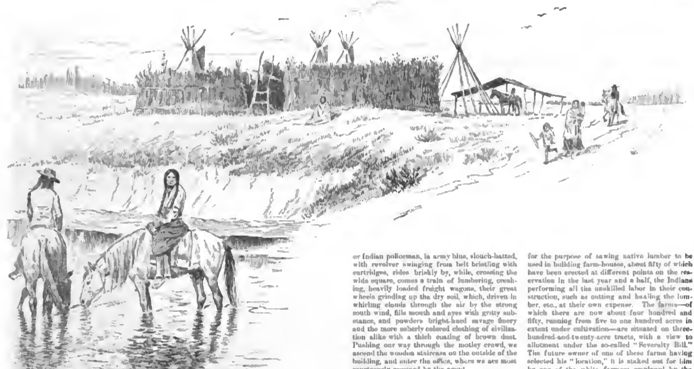
A BEEF ISSUE IN THE INDIAN TERRIT



Y.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 10.]



ON THE ROAD TO THE AGENCY.

LIFE AT AN INDIAN AGENCY.

THE treatment of the original inhabitants of the territories over which the government of the United States has extended its sway during the last twenty-five years has been—and still continues to be—one of the most difficult problems ever encountered in the development of any great nation. Marching eastward from the Pacific and westward from the turbid waters of the Missouri, stretching in two thin blue threads from the "British line" to the Mexican frontier, our gallant little army has steadily closed in on the savages, "rounding up" the scattered tribes and gathering them in upon the immense reservations of land set apart for their use. The government has established agencies to represent it with the various tribes with which it has made treaties, and it is the object of this paper simply to describe the life at one of these agencies.

The reservation allotted to the Southern Cheyennes and Arapahoes is situated in the Indian Territory, south of the so-called "Cherokee Strip" and west of the famous promised land of the "Boomers," the Oklahoma country, and, according to General Sheridan's report to the President in 1885, contains within its limits 4,297,771 acres, "excellent for grazing, and most of the land susceptible of the highest cultivation." Extensive tracts of timber—scrub-oak, cotton-wood, pecan, and walnut—line the streams and the sides of many of the cañons, and cover wide sections of rolling prairie country; game—such as wild turkey, prairie-chicken, quail, and deer—abounds. The enrolment taken during General Sheridan's visit showed a total of 2169 Cheyennes and 1300 Arapahoes, distributed in "bands" over the reservation.

Near the military post of Fort Reno, and on the North Fork of the Canadian, lies the collection of government buildings forming the agency for these Indians, and known to the post-office officials and marked down on the maps under the name of Darlington. Here the agent resides, and here—in a great brick building fronting a wide unpaved plaza or square, on the various sides of which stand the stores of the Indian traders, a hotel, and the livery and stage stables, whence the stage line carries the mail and passengers to the railroad, thirty miles away—is situated the main office or agency for the two tribes mentioned. On some streets branching off from a park of rather ragged and forlorn appearance, in which a few trees raise their crooked branches into the air, are placed the residences of the employés, the schools, and the saw-mill, the blacksmith, wagon, and tin shops.

Driving out from Fort Reno, we rattle over the prairie past the camp of the Indian scouts, their lodges pitched in military order on a little rise overlooking the plain toward the agency; past the cavalry horses on herd, scaring up great flocks of blackbirds, and causing the little prairie-dogs to pop into their burrows with shrill barks of anger and alarm; past some camps of redskins who have come in to draw their rations, their wagons standing near by, and their tough little horses "lariated" out to graze; through great thickets of sunflowers, past Indians on horseback, squaws and papooses in wagons, to the wooden bridge over the river, where some more Indians, tall, wild-looking, handsome fellows, are watering their horses, their figures reflected in the clear shallow stream. We move slowly over the not too firm-looking structure, and then more rapidly on [illegible] over the wide dusty road, skirted by the [illegible] frame houses forming the residences of the [illegible] and some of the employés, until, swinging to the right, we draw up at the door of the huge brick commissary building. Groups of shaggy, wiry ponies are tied to wagons, or held by waiting squaws, whose lords pass in and out of the wide doorway, or stand about in little knots chatting and smoking; now and then a mounted "buck" or Indian policeman, in army blue, slouch-hatted, with revolver swinging from belt bristling with cartridges, rides briskly by, while, crossing the wide square, comes a train of lumbering, creaking, heavily loaded freight wagons, their great wheels grinding up the dry soil, which, driven in whirling clouds through the air by the strong south wind, fills mouth and eyes with gritty substance, and powders bright-hued savage finery and the more soberly colored clothing of civilization alike with a thick coating of brown dust. Pushing our way through the motley crowd, we ascend the wooden staircase on the outside of the building, and enter the office, where we are most courteously received by the agent.

We have ample time to look about us here, for it is Monday, the busiest day of the week, and while the agent is engaged in listening to the various recitals of his tawny charges and in answering their questions, we sit back in the easy-chair by the side of his desk and leisurely "take in" the scene before us. A number of the Indians have evidently come in for a "talk," for they are crowded into the room, some seated on the chairs lining the walls, some lounging, blankets drawn in graceful folds about them, in the doorways. A few are clad in their picturesque native dress, but almost all of them wear some articles of civilized clothing, and as seen through the blue clouds of cigarette smoke they present an interesting picture, with their wild but expressive and intelligent faces, each in its setting of long, black, straight hair, their bright eyes, and graceful gestures as they converse together in low guttural tones. Among them are some of the leading men of the Cheyennes, but a short time ago the fiercest and most formidable of the hostile tribes.[*] Many of their most daring warriors and skilful soldiers, however, finally overawed by the strong arm of the government, and realizing the hopelessness of further armed resistance against their white conquerors, are now the most eager to learn how to travel "on the white man's road," and are rapidly proving themselves apt pupils. Some of them are quite well-to-do, owning horses and wagons bought and paid for by themselves, and following the occupation of "freighters," hauling all the supplies for the agencies from the railroads, and receiving the same rates of payment for the work as the white men engaged in the same business. Although under the treaty made with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes $40,000 in clothing is distributed annually among them, and supplies of food (rations) are issued to each head of a family at regular intervals, every effort is being made to render the Indians self-supporting, and although the attempt to induce them to abandon their nomadic mode of life still meets with considerable opposition, every encouragement is given to those among them who have been persuaded to adopt some peaceful occupation as a means of gaining their livelihood. Two saw-mills are kept running for the purpose of sawing native lumber to be used in building farm-houses, about fifty of which have been erected at different points on the reservation in the last year and a half, the Indians performing all the unskilled labor in their construction, such as cutting and hauling the lumber, etc., at their own expense. The farms—of which there are now about four hundred and fifty, running from five to one hundred acres in extent under cultivation—are situated on three-hundred-and-twenty-acre tracts, with a view to allotment under the so-called "Severalty Bill." The future owner of one of these farms having selected his "location," it is staked out for him by one of the white farmers employed by the government as instructors, who encloses ten acres with a wire fence, the Indian cutting and setting out a sufficient number of posts for the purpose. The ground is then broken at the expense of the government; the necessary farming implements, seeds, etc., are furnished gratuitously to the embryo agriculturist, who, under the instruction of his white teachers, is left to work out his own salvation by the sweat of his brow.

Wild, untutored, unaccustomed to restraint, and suspicious by nature as the Indians are, the position of the government's agent is a difficult one, requiring great patience, tact, and careful judgment on the part of the official filling it. He is often called upon for advice even in matters concerning the family affairs of individuals, must listen to their complaints, and endeavor to see that all are treated with equal justice in their dealings with the "Great Father," whose representative he is. He must superintend and hold to account the sub-agents and employés, attend to the handling of the supplies intended for the use of the Indians, the issuing of rations, the wants of the schools, the enforcement of obedience to the local laws and rules of the reservation through the Indian police, and is responsible for the proper conduct of the whole of the complicated business of the agency. The employés at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agency comprise a chief clerk and two assistants in the office at Darlington, two engineers for running two saw-mills, two carpenters, two blacksmiths, a wagon-maker, and five farmers engaged as instructors, and a large number of Indians, apprentices, drivers, herders, etc. The police force, divided into detachments at different stations, numbers thirty rank and file and three officers—a captain and two lieutenants—all full-blooded Indians, owning their horses and under regular pay, the officers receiving ten and the privates eight dollars monthly, and is composed of representatives of both tribes. The uniform, two suits of which are furnished annually by the government to each member of the force, is similar in cut and color to that worn by United States troops, and consists of a dark blue blouse, light blue trousers, and soft felt hat with a ribbon bearing the word "Police" in silvered letters. Officers and men are armed with revolvers, and are faithful and efficient, Mr. Williams, the agent, assuring us that they have never yet failed to make an arrest during his administration.

There are five sub-agencies at different points

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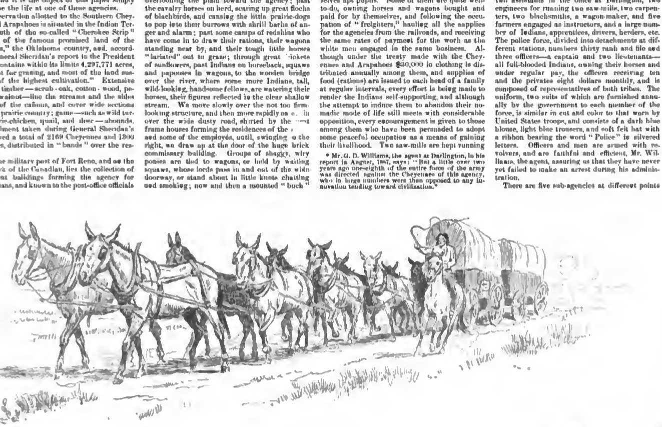
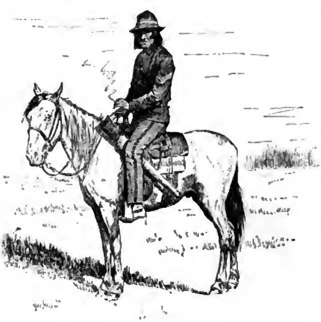
[*] Mr. G. D. Williams, the agent at Darlington, in his report in August, 1887, says: "But a little over two years ago one-eighth of the entire force of the army was directed against the Cheyennes of this agency, who in large numbers were then opposed to any innovation tending toward civilization."



INDIAN FREIGHTERS.



A POLICEMAN.

on the reservation, each under a sub-agent, at the largest of which, Cantonment, an abandoned military post, one thousand savages are rationed. Four schools for Indian children, two of which are mission schools and two of which are maintained at the expense of the government, furnish education to three hundred and twenty red-skinned youngsters of both sexes, whose well-washed faces and clean clothing, their excellent discipline and apparent docility, as they sit behind the straightly aligned rows of desks in their schoolrooms, are in strong contrast to the bands of half-clad, painted, unkempt, and unmistakably unwashed little savages we have passed on our way over from the "post." But for an occasional untamed glitter of their bright black eyes and flash of white teeth in relief against the dusky hue of their faces, as they stand singing Sunday-school hymns for all the world like white children, it is hard to realize that any one among them had been born and attained the school age under the influence of savage life. The dormitories, refectories, kitchens, etc., are scrupulously clean, and the schools can bear favorable comparison with similar institutions in more populous and enlightened communities.

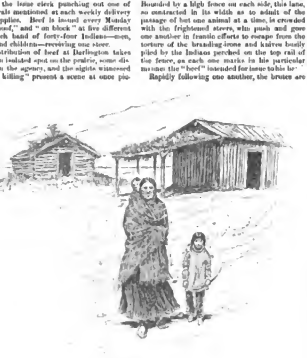
As already mentioned, a fixed sum is expended annually for clothing, etc., according to a treaty made with these tribes; and in addition to this, regular supplies or rations of food are distributed every seven days. This weekly ration consists of twenty-one pounds of beef, three and a half pounds of flour, half a pound of sugar, three-eighths of a pound of coffee, and a certain quantity of beans, salt, baking-powder, soap, etc., for each individual Indian. Heads of families are provided with tickets—running for thirteen weeks, and on which numerals representing each week are printed—which on presentation at the agency entitle the holders to their share of the groceries, the issue clerk punching out one of the numerals mentioned at each weekly delivery of the supplies. Beef is issued every Monday "on the hoof," and "on block" at five different points, each band of forty-four Indians—men, women, and children—receiving one steer.

The distribution of beef at Darlington takes place at an isolated spot on the prairie, some distance from the agency, and the sights witnessed at a "big killing" present a scene at once picturesque and exciting, if somewhat revolting to the finer sensibilities in some of its details. Long before the hour appointed for the slaughter of the animals and the distribution of the meat, bands of savages take up the march for the rendezvous from all points of the adjacent country. Wagons—sometimes of the newest and most approved patterns, at others the veriest rattletraps to be found on four wheels, filled with squaws and drawn by all kinds of teams, from the piebald, wall-eyed, pink-nosed ponies, to the patient and more or less broken-down mules, occasionally both horses and mules hitched to the same outfit—are crowded around the rough "corral" or fenced-in space on the prairie where the cattle are herded together, and over which, far up in the clear air, ragged-winged buzzards are circling. Mounted Indians gallop up, some armed with revolvers, others with carbines, and perched high up on the backs of their horses, ready for the exciting sport of pursuing and slaughtering the wild-eyed, long-horned Texan steers, that move restlessly about the narrow limits of the corral, bellowing nervously as if in dread anticipation of their doom. A fire is burning near by in which the branding-irons are being heated, and policemen and scouts, herders and agency officials, move about in the rapidly increasing crowd, busily preparing for the work of selecting and turning over the beeves designed for slaughter to the waiting Indian butchers. Descending from the "ambulance" in which we have driven over from the "post," accompanying the young officer detailed to be present at the "issue," we approach a rough log cabin, built close up to the fence, in which are placed the scales for weighing each steer as it is driven into the long narrow space connecting the corral with the gates out of which the brutes are liberated, only to fall victims to the eager savages awaiting them on the prairie. Bounded by a high fence on each side, this lane, so contracted in its width as to admit of the passage of but one animal at a time, is crowded with the frightened steers, who push and gore one another in frantic efforts to escape from the torture of the branding-irons and knives busily plied by the Indians perched on the top rail of the fence, as each one marks in his particular manner the "beef" intended for issue to his be-

Rapidly following one another, the brutes are released one by one through the gate opened at intervals by a nimble policeman, who frequently has to exert all his agility to escape the angry sideward thrust of their horns as the cattle rush through the narrow opening. Some of them dash frantically out over the plain, bellowing furiously and throwing up the dirt and dust with the sharp points of their cloven hoofs; others stop for a moment bewildered, foaming at the mouth and snorting with fear and rage, and then gallop away. Indians mount rapidly and start after, revolver or carbine in hand, and a regular hunt in all directions over the rolling prairie in front of us begins, as the maddened brutes vainly endeavor to escape from their ruthless pursuers. Jumping into the ambulance, we too drive out to get a nearer view, and we must confess that our participation in a sort of "Wild West" hunt in a "spring-wagon," instead of on horseback, is a decidedly novel experience to us, particularly as the Indians are none too expert as marksmen and are apt to shoot wildly, while an excited Texan steer has no respect for government ambulances or "special artists." However, our object is to "git thar," to use an apt Western expression, and to procure a good opportunity for making our notes and sketches, so, under the circumstances, our means of transportation is the best we could have desired.

Under the pitiless shots of the butcher the victim falls to the ground, and before its limbs have ceased to move in the convulsions of death, the hunter has dismounted, and the long, keen-bladed knife is plunged to the hilt in the still quivering body of the dying brute. With a yell the Indian signals to the squaws, who, urging their horses on, come rapidly out in their wagons from the corral, to begin the work of flaying and butchering. They swarm around the carcass with savage eagerness, and the tidbits, such as the heart, liver, etc., are quickly cut out, and sometimes devoured on the spot. Every portion of the "beef"—entrails and all—is used for food, and soon the wagons, loaded with huge lumps of still warm meat, drops of blood oozing through the cracks in their floors, move away from the scene of slaughter, and the buzzards flock down to gather up such stray bits—scanty fare indeed—as may have been left on the ground.

RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.



A FARM-HOUSE.

"UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE."

THE spirit of the kindly season is abroad, its genial influence brightening many hearts and lives, its cheery radiance penetrating gloom and darkness, its hearty greeting ringing out above the din and clamor of earth's many voices, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year!"

Alas for the homes where Christmas joys are never known! for the hearts which New-Year's cheer has never lightened! A glimpse of this darker side of life, from whose miseries even childhood is not exempt, is shown in our opening illustration. Two little waifs, homeless and weary, are nestled together upon the steps of a city tenement, seeking, it may be, to forget in sleep the restless cravings of hunger, and unconscious of the gentle spirit enshrouding their ragged forms, yearning to bestow upon them the aid which, without man's co-operation, it is powerless to grant. But the Christ-Child has not lived in vain, and recognizing through Him the claim of a universal brotherhood, we may look abroad at this joyous season, realizing that the artist's creative fancy typifies a great truth—that the brooding spirit of charity is ever near at hand, seeking from us that active sympathy and earnest effort which may comfort the sorrowing, feed the hungry, clothe the destitute, and give shelter and protection to the homeless and desolate.

Christmas-tide is passing, but the yule-log still smoulders, the Christmas garlands are yet green and fragrant, and the echoing strains of Christmas carols linger on the frosty air. May the spirit of Christmas shed its parting blessing on our hearts and lives, quickening them to truest service for our brother's welfare—a service for whose acceptance we have the assurance of Him who "spake as never man spake," with perfect knowledge and entire truth, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

FOREBODINGS.

MR. HELWICK's delineation of the young Irish girl in the picture on page 13 makes us feel his subject, for despondency and foreboding are expressed not only in the drooping head, the downcast face, but in every curve of the figure. Of what is she thinking as she sits with her empty "cleeve," or basket, thrown beside her, as if its usefulness as well as her own was over forever. Her eyes seem fixed on the old couple toiling in the distance, with so sad an expression in their depths that somehow it is borne in on us that she is contemplating a departure from her native land, and all she has ever known of home. Possibly they have fallen on evil days, the crops may have failed, so that they cannot pay the rent for the "bit of land," and are threatened with eviction at no very distant day from the little cabin in the background, where her young life has been spent up to this sorrowful moment. Perhaps she is solving the problem by determining to seek in the far Western country, whither so many of her young companions have already gone, her fortune, or at least a sufficient share of this world's goods to keep the old parents' thatched roof over their heads for the few remaining years of life.

The love of the soil is so strong in the heart of every true son or daughter of Erin that it is no alluring prospect to this poor child of nature to think of saying, in the words of her native poet Tom Moore:

> "Farewell to the land where in childhood I've wander'd,"

to feel that if she leaves the old father and mother it is probably forever. The heart of the child in the breast of the woman throbs with pain as she thinks of merry days past, of the rambles through brake and brier, searching for blackberries and wild flowers, and compares them with dreary days to come in the New World, where it will be toil "from early morn till dewy eve," and no "bit of fun" to lighten the sense of it. All the merry Irish customs, and the gatherings at wake, wedding, or christening, where the boys and girls spent the nights in innocent fun and frolic, dancing the hours away to the stirring sound of the country fiddler's (or piper's) jigs, reels, or hornpipes, are passing through her mind as she wonders how she will ever endure her life without those "little diversions" to lighten her labor. Who can tell if there is not some one nearer and dearer yet than either father or mother, whom the thought of parting from is the worst pang of all?

THE COPYIST IN THE LOUVRE.

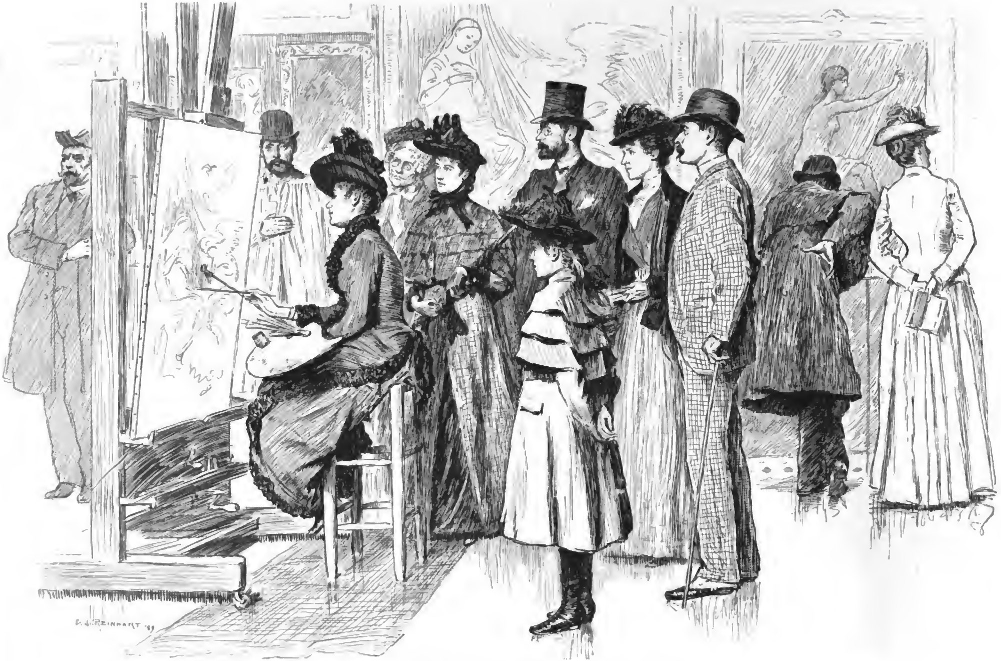
MR. REINHART's sketch represents a young woman, belonging to the artistic colony of Americans in Paris, intent on her work of copying a picture at the Louvre. Absorbed in her labors, she is utterly indifferent to the visitors at the gallery who may be looking over her shoulder. At the Louvre copying always goes on. At the École du Louvre easels platforms can be hired for a very small sum of the guardians. Certain pictures are special favorites, and permission to copy them must be obtained some months in advance. Copies may be divided into two general classes. For one kind the trade picture is the product. It is variable in quality; generally inferior, in an art sense. The color is imitative, the design followed, perhaps, with Chinese accuracy, but the sentiment of the work is not there. The true artist, the real one, copies the picture of some great master, and follows it out not only with his eyes and hands, but with his heart and soul. If he scrutinizes the subtle effects produced by the brush of the great artist of the past, he tries all he can to follow the exact mechanical applications of that brush. He subordinates himself to the difficult task before him. He is willing to lose his own individuality, and to merge himself in another's personality.

In France the calling of a copyist is by no means considered a derogatory one. Pupils of the École des Beaux Arts who have sufficient ability to win a first prize, go to Rome, and continue their studies there at the expense of the government. As a return for this art education they are obliged to produce some work of their own, and as often as not copies of celebrated pictures are made, and sent by them to Paris. These works are placed on exhibition every year in Paris, and if deemed worthy, remain in the école. By means of these copies there may be found in Paris a complete study of the development of art.

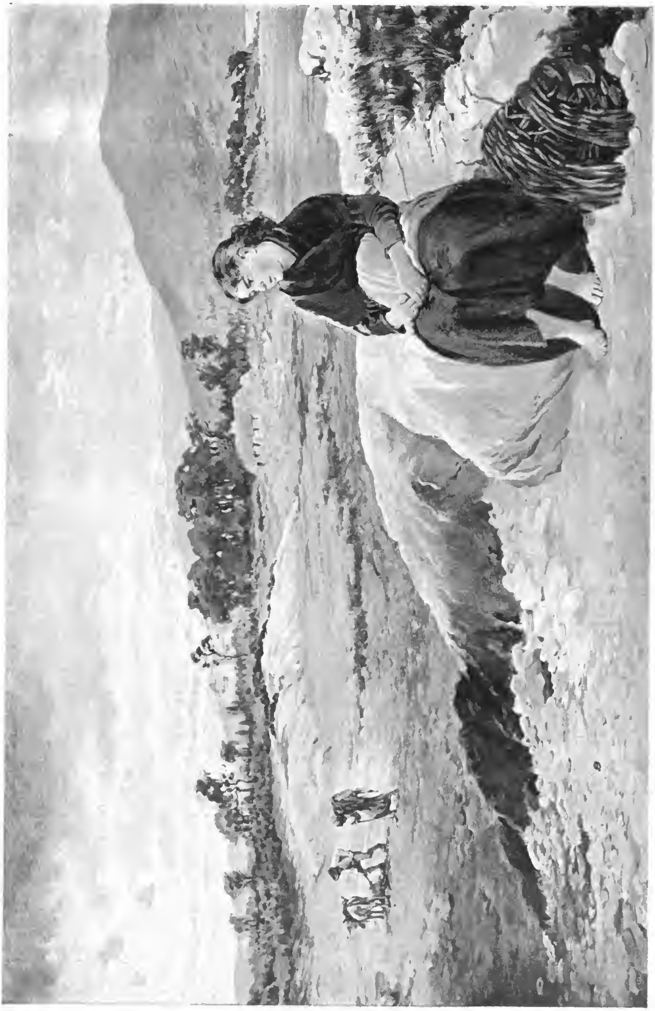
It is to be regretted that we as Americans are so little inclined to accept really good copies of old masters, and on that account offer such slight encouragement to our own artists. This is positive, that for much less than one-fourth of the money spent for pretended, or at best worn-out and valueless pictures, purported to be the works of old masters, good copies of great and well-known works could be obtained. American artists now working out their difficult careers in the various cities of Europe should find encouragement in the production of good and faithful copies. It need not be stated that a picture faithfully studied and copied is the best corrective for a loose way of painting, which our own people are prone to adopt. The necessity does not exist that only the painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries should be copied. There is an abundance of works of art of a nearer period which afford ample material for study. As pertinent to the copying of modern pictures and their effectiveness, reference may be made to Couture's "La Décadence Romaine," now at the Yale Art School, so faithfully copied by M. Jacquesson de la Chevreuse.

Just as a collection of casts after the antique becomes a public instructor, so must a gallery of good copies of the old masters serve the same excellent purpose. The merit of an original painting is insignificant if it be badly composed and indifferently painted. The copy of a great master if carefully worked out, though its force and beauty be borrowed, still exerts its influence, one which no other interpretation can give.

Directing more particularly our attention to Mr. Reinhart's sketch, the young lady who paints is an American, and she is surrounded in major part by Americans. That young person may have been born in Kansas, and have first shown talent in her sketches in school. She may have been highly lauded for her work, found a patron, and, adopting art as a vocation, is now steadily engaged at copying a picture in the Louvre. She may in time become the Angelica Kauffman or the Madame le Brun or the Rosa Bonheur of our future. She knows that to be imitative does not in the least shackle the true art impulse. To grind the colors, so she and all of us have read, was the work of many a 'prentice hand in the past, but that in time, little by little, imperceptibly, as it were, came that divine inspiration which made the unknown workman or work-woman the rival of the great artist. There may be heredity in art, but, after all, patient toil, long-sustained effort, "that infinite capacity of taking pains," alone tend toward the formation of genius.


C. S. REINHART '89

AMERICANS ABROAD—THE COPYIST IN THE LOUVRE.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 11.]



FOREBODINGS.—Drawn by Howard Helmick.—[See Page 11.]

"THAT WAGON OF OURS."

BY M. G. McCLELLAND.

I HAD been in the place about two years when it happened. It was a good place—with Cartwright & Co., dealers in wagons and agricultural implements. My employers were straightforward men, and treated their clerks with consideration, but, from the start, I made up my mind that I wouldn't permanently stick to the business. The fact is, my father and grandfather had both been doctors, and the love of healing was in the blood, so a doctor I was determined to be just as soon as I could save money enough for college expenses. There was nobody dependent on me, and when a fellow has his eye set singly on one goal he is capable of a good many personal sacrifices to speed the running. At the time I speak of I had five hundred dollars in bank, and was beginning to think—to use a bit of slang—that I would "get there" after a while.

One day, just about dinner-time, a mighty alert and masterful fellow, with a red mustache and eyes like a hawk, came into our place, and wanted to look at a wagon. We showed what we had in stock, and he poked and tapped and asked questions about hubs and axles as knowing as a farmer. Next day he came again, and he and Mr. Cartwright worked to terms for a good two-horse wagon, about the best we had in stock. The fellow was as smart as a steel-trap—which farmers usually are not—and I couldn't help enjoying the neatness with which he fetched our "boss" down to the lowest possible notch. It was funny, for Cartwright was accounted a shrewd hand at a bargain.

The wagon was to go to a young woman in the country, or, at all events, to a single woman, for the address the fellow gave me started with "Miss." The rest of it got mixed, through my carelessness, they said afterward, and came out differently from what was intended. I certainly set down the address as it sounded to me, and the afternoon of the day on which it was bought I started the wagon on its travels.

When a week had passed, in bounced the red-mustached fellow again, in a terrible temper, wanting to know "why in thunder that wagon had never been shipped."

Mr. Cartwright called me up, as I generally attended to the shipment of goods, and for a minute or two we had it backward and forward pretty lively. The wagon had not put in an appearance at the place where it was due, and the lady, after waiting and hoping for a season, had written to inquire the cause of the delay. The fellow with the red mustache at first was mad enough to lay for gore, but he cooled down after a bit, and we proceeded to locate the blunder. In about two minutes we found it. He had told me to send that wagon of ours to "Miss M. N. C. Vernon, Tarleton," and I had misunderstood him clear through, and shipped the thing to "Miss Mensie Vane, Tatters."

When I read this precious address out, Cartwright, who is a jovial man, laughed right out, and so did the other fellow, in spite of being aggravated.

"Where the devil is 'Tatters,' Mr. Jones?" my employer demanded.

"God knows!" I piously responded, feeling pretty sure that the matter was beyond human ken.

"You'd better pray for a revelation double-quick, then," Mr. Cartwright briskly announced. "That wagon of ours cost sixty-five dollars, and if you don't track it up and reship it inside of a fortnight, you'll have it to pay for. I can't have my goods, or my credit either, go to 'Tatters' through another man's blundering."

The pun was execrable, but it enabled Cartwright to end his sentence in a pleasanter tone than he had commenced it. There is something genial in a pun, and the worse it is the better humor it puts the man in who makes it.

For the next few days I had about as much wagon on hand as if I were conducting an emigrant train in the good old days of wagon supremacy. I breakfasted, dined, and supped with my mind hitched to that infernal vehicle, dragging it, or rather being dragged by it, from mountains to seaboard and back again. It was my daily thought, my nightly dream. I gridironed the State with telegrams. I haunted the depots and cross-examined the train-men until they could have gnashed their teeth with impatience at my persecution of them. At last I got hold of the conductor of the freight train which had carried the abominable thing away. From him I learned that the wagon had gone from one end of his route to the other, and found no stopping place, and that he, supposing that "Tatters" must be on some other line, had left it in the Central Depot to be transferred. He regarded me steadfastly as he made this statement, and remarked at its close that *he* had never heard of any place called "Tatters" in his born days. Was I positive that there was any such place in Virginia?

Of course I was not positive, and I told him so. Indeed, doubts as to whether there were such a place in America, or in the world, constantly obtruded themselves. For nearly ten days this "Tatters" had defied my best efforts at discovery, and it might, and in all probability would, remain a *terra incognita* to the end of time.

"That's a bad show for your wagon," the conductor observed.

And I agreed with him.

That fellow with the red mustache was nearly the death of me. If I heard the word *wagon* repeated once I heard it, on an average, fifty times a day, until I longed fiercely to expunge it from all spoken languages. Should the thing ever be recovered, I felt that the first use to which it might legitimately be put would be that of hauling me to an asylum. I was sorry for that young woman in the country too, waiting for her wagon, like the chorus in the old song. I knew, of course, that if that vehicle should not turn up, I would have to pay for it. The blunder had been of my making and must be of my mending. But I couldn't be satisfied to let the matter rest that way. Sixty-five dollars is a good lump of money to be docked from a clerk's salary; and besides, it looked ridiculous that so big a thing as a two-horse wagon could not be traced.

Matters were in this fix when an old chum of mine, a man I had not seen for months, came to town. He had been for years a drummer for a big dry-goods house, but had recently been taken into partnership and detailed to establish a branch house in a neighboring city. He was accounted the most thoroughly well-posted man on all matters of locality in his profession, and, indeed, was wont to boast that there was not a village in the State, comprising more than a chicken-coop and an empty tomato-can, in which he had not traded. From this friend I learned that there was a place called "Tatters," away in the mountains, almost on the borders of West Virginia.

There had been a sort of boom in West Virginia iron ore, and the D. and W. Railway had run a branch line across the mountains to tap the mining region. The new line had penetrated the heart of a wilderness, neglected since stage-coaching days, when an old turnpike had crossed into the transmontane by a gap, in which stood the village of Tatters. The settlement had dwindled to a cross-roads store, a blacksmith's shop, and half a dozen houses, and had not been deemed by the railway people of sufficient importance to justify a station and a regular agent. The trains would stop if they were flagged, or if they had goods or passengers to deliver, which did not often happen. Such local business as the company might acquire was intrusted to the village store-keeper, who also took charge of the infrequent freight.

This man, Sam Tatters by name, the drummer described as being a very square fellow; rather unsophisticated, as was natural, but shrewd in trade, and very honest and accommodating. Whether or not he had dealings with the "moonshiners" who infested the mountains thereaway my friend could not say, but he admitted that the bar was good for so sequestered a spot, and the liquor innocent of adulteration.

That the name which Sam shared with his village should have originated "Tatters" seemed unlikely; but cognomens are plastic things, and, in rustic mouths, capable of variation and even of reconstruction.

The more I thought about it, the more probable it seemed that to this place that wagon of ours had wandered. The drummer to whom I related the misadventure was of my opinion, and the more because this mountain branch of the D. and W. was part of the same system as the trunk line on which the wagon had started. Telegraphic communication with Tatters was impossible, and my friend suspected that the store-keeper was no scribe, since "high larnin'" was not a prerequisite to cross-roads store-keeping. The speediest way to reclaim our property, therefore, seemed to be to go after it.

In this view of the situation my employer concurred, and we arranged that he should give me the necessary time off for the management of the affair, and that I should pay my own and the wagon's expenses. This was satisfactory enough, and I departed on my mission in good spirits.

To a man who has been cooped up in town for more months than he can reckon on his fingers, a breath of the open is a pleasant thing, even though it come to him through a car window. The lift of the country mountainward, the variation and ever-increasing beauty of the outlook, the blue of the sky, ribboned, toward evening, with clouds shaded from softest gray to delicate pink, like mother-of-pearl; even the fields of broom-sedge and scrub-pine, the brier patches and tangles of sumach and sassafras bushes, bound together with ropes of Virginia creeper and wild grape-vine, took on the beauty and allurement of the unaccustomed. I watched it pass in ever-varying panorama in a beatified state of enjoyment, which prevented even that tarnation wagon from rolling in on my memory and spoiling everything.

The journey occupied a good many hours, and it was somewhat over the edge of dark when we reached the village of Tatters. The train slowed up, deposited me on what looked to be the side of a ditch, and swept away with a wild toot-toot of exultation. There was no moon, and coming from the lighted car into the dimness of starlight blinded me, so that I stood and peered about, blinking like an owl abroad in daytime, but from a different cause. The ditch might be dry enough for passage, or it might not; the chance was even either way; and as my eyes grew accustomed to the dusk I fancied I could distinguish phantom-like poles and switches, which I took to be cat-tails and willow scrub. With the vision of a bog before my eyes I shunned unprecedented methods, and poked about for an authorized plank or crossing log. While thus engaged a voice from the other side of the ditch shouted out, "Hoo-roo!" with a volume and suddenness that caused me to jump aside and wellnigh tumble into the danger I was seeking to avoid.

This Southern style of halloo, with its long-drawn cadence, was familiar to me; so I answered in kind, and proceeded in the direction of the voice. Presently a moving substance, distinguishable from the general dusk by its greater density, appeared on the village side of the ditch, and held parley.

"Did the train put off anybody?"

"Yes."

"What sort?"

"A man."

There was a chuckling laugh, and then the voice went on:

"That war a fool question, warn't it? Arter I'd heard you holler, too. Your notes war keen as a kildee's, but ther war a man ring to 'em. What are you arter, anyhow, stranger, comin' in this time o' night?"

This I explained was the fault of the corporation, not of the individual. I further intimated that my first desire was to cross the ditch dry-shod, and after that to procure lodging for the night.

The explanation appeared satisfactory, and my interlocutor passed from inquiry to direction. There was only a thread of water at the bottom of the ditch, he said, but there was a plank across it farther along. I might journey toward that, or expedite the transit by a "squar' jump" from where I stood. The latter mode commended itself, and I crossed my Rubicon at once. The mountaineer, who had moved aside to give me landing room, chuckled again.

"You jump as keen as a catamount, stranger," he commented. "I e'en-er-most dodged double whenst your wind struck me. Look like ther darkness had bunched together an' flung forred."

At his invitation I followed him along a narrow path, which, after a few yards, merged into a country road. He had a store close by, he informed me, and would accommodate me for the night, since "thar warn't no bo'din'-houses nor yet no hotels in ther gap."

"You are Mr. Tatters—Mr. Sam Tatters, I suppose." The observation savored of assertion, and was intended to help the acquaintance on to a sound basis.

"I reckon so." Then, with more assurance: "Yes, thet's me. How come you to ketch on to my name, seein' you be strange to these parts?"

I hastened to mention my own name and that of my friend the drummer, and by the time we had reached the store we had grown quite sociable and chummy. The building was a log structure, weather-boarded, and divided into a long room with shelves and counters containing the usual assortment of miscellaneous merchandise, and a smaller room at the back, in which were the proprietor's bed and a little railed-in space which served as a bar. There was a table in the middle of the room, already laid for supper, and in the great fireplace burned a noble fire of oak and hickory. As we entered, a negro woman came in also, through an outer door, with a dish of broiled birds and a pot of smoking coffee. In compliance with my host's request, I took off my overcoat and made myself comfortable in the ingle nook. It was October still, but the nights were chill, and, in the mountains, cold enough for frost. After supper we drew to the fire, and the negro woman cleared off the table, lighted a dingy kerosene lamp, and departed. My host was a bachelor, he explained, and reduced to hired female attendance. He preferred his old corn-cob pipe to the cigar I offered him, and, for a time, we smoked in the ruminant silence which accompanies rustic consumption of tobacco after a full meal. To ears habituated to noise, the silence outside appeared almost unnatural; there was no wind astir, so that even the sound of its murmur among the trees was absent. My hearing, involuntarily strained for the relief of sound, grew preternaturally acute, and after a little I could distinguish the barking of dogs at a great distance. The expression of my face must have indicated intensity, for Tatters noticed it, and inclined his own ear, inquiring if I heard anything.

"Only dogs barking, away in the mountains somewhere," I made answer.

A slow smile wrinkled the corners of my companion's eyes and softened the curve of his lips. His face gained by the change of expression. It was a rugged face at best, with the aspect of having been roughed out but never finished; but the eyes were kindly, and there was a look about it which inspired confidence. To drop into the vernacular, he looked a man to tie to.

"Them's Ted Holly's dogs," he observed. "He mostly travels with two or three to heel, an' that thar big spotted hound o' his'n have got a ring to his music what's unmistakable. Ted's comin' over ther mountain to see his sweetheart. She don't live more'n a mile from here. Thar weddin's sot for Thu'sd'y week. Mensie have give in to marry him sence that thar wagon come an' helped 'em out'n ther mire some."

My attention was at once arrested, and the subject which had dominated my thoughts for days, held in abeyance for the nonce by physical comfort, trundled briskly to the front again. The name "Mensie" in connection with a wagon suggested discovery, and also complications. I hadn't conceived of the possibility of a woman being ticketed with a name so senseless until the initials given me by the man with the red mustache had jumbled into it. Here was a coincidence worth investigating. Before bursting into questions, however, I proceeded to put the matter in shape by briefly stating my business at home, and recapitulating the blunder which had necessitated my visit to this region. The attention with which my statement was received and the interest aroused by it might have been flattering could I have believed either evoked by anything personal. But my audience had no thought of me in the matter. His mind was filled with other images, and his expression was perplexed and decidedly regretful.

"What sort o' wagon did you say 'twas?" he queried when my tale was done.

I redescribed it. He nodded twice or thrice, and beat with his pipe against his knee, as though making an inward comparison and checking off items.

"Did it come here?"

The question really appeared superfluous. I was convinced that it had.

Tatters avoided a direct reply at first, and went over my description.

"Two-hors' wagon, mighty strong and serviceable, ironed heavy for rough travellin'; painted green, with red wheels, an' a red line around ther aidges o' ther body. Had a patent brake too, an' a spring seat, an' things conformable. An' a kyard tacked on ther rump end o' ther tongue, marked to 'Miss Mensie Vane, Tatters.' That's so! Yes, siree! thar ain't no crawlin' round them facts. It's a pity too! Blamed if it ain't!"

I couldn't see it in that light. To me it was a matter of jubilation. My soul had been vexed within me because of that wagon, and my joy in its recovery was proportionately great. As delicately as I could I intimated that, to me, outside regret seemed superfluous. Then I demanded information as to the whereabouts of the property.

Tatters met my glance with a meditative sort of smile.

"Ride easy," he said. "'Tain't far off, an' you can't do nothin' with it to-night. It's safe enough, an' 'tain't dirtied none to hurt, I reckon. It come here week afore last; but sorter late—long about Friday or Satday. That's been mo' mistakes about that wagon en what you made. Yourn led off an' t'others follered suit. That's how come I'm so tarnation bothered."

A vision of our nice new vehicle mud-splattered and dingy arose before my mind's eye. There had been heavy rains the previous week, and for badness mountain roads are proverbial. From the store-keeper's words I inferred that our wagon had been given opportunity to become acquainted with them. The impudence of some fellow's coolly hitching up and pranking about the country with our property, injuring and befouling it, made me hot all over. In a few forcible words I gave Mr. Tatters to understand that, as freight agent for the place, I intended to hold him responsible for damages. He had no business to let the property out of his keeping.

"I dun'no' how come I hadn't," Tatters retorted, nettled in his turn. "Ther blamed thing war 'rected to 'Miss Mensie Vane,' plain as an axe helve, warn't it? An' Miss Mensie Vane lives just round ther shoulder o' the mountain, an' I sont her word ther wagon was here for her, an' she come over an' paid charges an' toted it off. If that warn't a straightforred transaction, I dun'no' one when I see it."

The way he put it certainly gave it that appearance. Here were complications with a vengeance, and a promising prospect for more delay and annoyance. It was bootless showing temper to Tatters, however, since he was, apparently, in no wise in fault. The better part of wisdom would be to possess myself of particulars, so that I might thereby regulate my future movements.

The story elicited was this:

About a mile distant, through the gap, there lived a family by the name of Vane, indigenous to the soil, and tracing occupancy of a sterile little hill-side farm back to the days of pioneering. By natural disintegration, brought about by thriftlessness in some of the race and enterprise in others, the family in those parts had dwindled to an oldish man, maimed during the war, and gradually reduced to sightlessness by cataract on both eyes; a single daughter of eighteen, his youngest and sole remaining child, and a brood of grandchildren of tender years, the progeny of a son and daughter-in-law, both deceased. This John Vane appeared a very Murad for ill fortune. He was a weakly man in constitution, and never avid of exertion, and he had married a woman of mournful temperament. John was one of twins, and the rural superstition runs that should one of a pair of twins prove exceptionally successful, the average will be maintained by the other one's being unlucky. Jim Vane, the fortunate twin, had remained in lower Virginia after the declaration of peace, and settled in the tide-water region, where he had done very well for himself.

In his old home, this was known by hearsay, for, as years went by, the brothers had drifted more and more apart. They were both averse to that which they denominated "ramblin'," and being uneducated men, were debarred from intercourse by letter. They "sont word" to one another from time to time, and once Jim had come home on a visit. But that had been before his marriage, and John had never returned the civility, being tied at home by many cares and little stamina to grapple with them.

His daughter Mensie seemed to be cast in a different mould; doubtless one of those reappearances of the best in a race which usually presages a turn of the tide. From Tatters's account she was a handsome, high-spirited girl, with plenty of sense, plenty of pluck, and a loving heart of her own, to all of which the neighbors were willing to testify. After the death of her "slack-twisted" mother, a couple of years before, she had taken the family in charge and upheld them to the best of her ability.

That Mensie had a lover goes almost without telling, for, if a woman be tender-hearted and loyal to her own, some man is sure to find it out and seek to appropriate the treasure. Ted Holly, the "likeliest fellow" in the district, according to Sam Tatters, had watched the girl at her gallant task, and conceived the notion that it would be a pleasant thing to help her.

But Ted was as poor as a broom-sedge field, such patrimony as might have accrued to him having been converted into liquor and poured down the throat of a vagabond father long ere he attained to manhood. He owned a horse, however, and a stalwart pair of arms, all of which he placed at his sweetheart's disposal. Mensie engaged herself right willingly, for she loved him well; but for that very reason she steadily refused to accede to his proposal to marry him straight out of hand. The man who should wed with her must assume the burden of her family, she said, and there were so many of them. She could not bring her mind to it all at once. After a while the children would be larger and could help themselves a little. They had better wait awhile.

Among their scanty possessions the Vanes owned a colt, now three years old and being broken by Ted to harness. Its dam had died soon after its birth, and Mensie had reared it on a bottle, like a foundling infant. It was a sturdy, well-grown brute, and with Ted's sorrel formed as good a team as a man need want to shake his lines over. If only they could get a wagon now, Ted said, and Mensie would consent to marry him, their fortunes would begin to mend.

For with the opening of the ore banks across in West Virginia there had come a fine opportunity for making money. With a wagon and his good team, Ted figured out, he could make enough in a week, hauling ore for the company, to support the family for a month. There would be no necessity to wait until nature should lift the children into self-support. Ted could take care of them all as easy as rolling off a log.

He hesitated about going in debt for the coveted vehicle; first, because he knew no man who would trust him for the purchase-money, and then because he had observed that debts were prone to grow and devour a man's substance. His sweetheart dreaded debt, moreover, and held it a sorry foundation whereon to establish wedded happiness.

Then, just as their longing reached high-water mark, and the business opportunity seemed fairly to thrust itself upon them, this wagon of ours had come blundering along, marked with Mensie's name, and apparently intended for no other human being. Sam Tatters, who of course knew all about their plans and longings, being fond of them both, and moreover the repository for local gossip, was overjoyed at Mensie's luck. He sped a messenger in haste to summon the girl to behold this wonder, for he had no mind to deliver the wagon to any one else, and so lose the sight of her face when she should read the label. But Mensie had no grain of faith in a happening so unprecedented. It was one of Sam Tatters's foolish *jokes*, she said, for Sam was proverbial for jesting. She stuck to her spinning, therefore, and sent Ted Holly, who chanced to be on a visit to her, down to tell Sam that she was too wary a bird to be trapped with chaff. Holly, in no very credulous frame of mind himself, stepped along to the village with the message, and there to his wonderment beheld in Sam's store-yard a strong new wagon, as handsome as clean iron and paint could make it. He spelled out his sweetheart's name on the card fastened to the tongue, and then, with scarcely a word to Sam, leaped over the fence at the corner nearest the road and sped back through the Gap to fetch Mensie and the horses.

"He jumped up ther hill-side like a hopper-grass," Sam narrated, "an' I don't b'leeve he tetched ground more'n every six foot, or such a matter. It's a steep hill-side too, an' rough as the devil. Ted didn't keer, though. Lord bless you! he never knowed whether 'twas gravels or velvet under his boots, he was in such a swivet. In a little while here he come back ag'in, an' Mensie with him. She was trimblin' all over like a wind-shook saplin' for joy. An' whenst she seed that thar wagon standin' thar as natu'l as preachin', an' read her name on ther tongue, an' 'lowed for certain 'twas hern, the tears come right up in her pretty eyes, an' she laid her head down on the nighest hind wheel an' cried like a baby, an' maybe said her pray'rs over it too, like women will when anything goes all over 'em. An' right then an' thar she told Ted he mout git the license as quick as he had a mind to, bekase this here wagon was agwine to haul the whole bilin' n' 'em out the ditch."

Tatters paused in his story, and gazed into the fire. I followed his example, and there was silence for a moment.

"They'd fetched the chil'en along, too; all seven o' 'em, stuck on the horses from neck to tail. Them leetle creeters dodged about like pa'tridges, so pleased to have a frolic an' ride home in the new wagon. I lent Ted some harness to help out with his'n, an' helped him hitch up. Most all ther folks had come out to see 'em start off, an' to pass jedgment on the wagon, an' rej'ice with Mensie over her luck. She's mightily thought of by the naybors, Mensie is. Whenst they started off, Ted holdin' ther lines as proud as a candidate what have poled a majority, an' Mensie settin' up beside him so pretty an' satisfied, an' that coopful o' chil'en stored in behind, I 'lowed 'twas e'en-ee-bout the happiest wagon-load I'd seed for a month o' Sundays."

He sighed as he smiled. It seemed dreadful that this joy must be turned to mourning. I felt like a brute, but tried to harden my heart. After all, it was not *my* wagon.

"Did none of you suspect that there might be some mistake?" I questioned. "Whom did you suppose had sent the wagon?"

"Well, you see, thar was Mensie's Uncle Jim down the country. He is well off, an' we all know'd it. Ted an' I sorter figured out that the wagon come from Jim. I reckon 'twas his being John's twin made us pitch on him so straight. It looked natu'l for *twins* to help one another, an' seem like they ought to *feel* the right way to do it. Then, too, one of the neighborhood fellows had gone down to the low country a month befo' to see some kinfolks of his own, an' we 'lowed he mout have run across Jim an' told him about Ted and Mensie. Everybody know'd what thar desire was. It looked sensible to think Jim sent it."

"Did his niece think so?"

"Who—Mensie? I dun'no' what she thought at fust. I don't b'leeve she thought nothin'. She was so broke all to pieces by the thing comin' to her so sudden, jest in ther nick o' time, you may say, that she couldn't do much but rej'ice an' cry an' say her pray'rs over it. I axed her if she didn't reckon her uncle Jim sent it, an' she just looked at me out'n them pretty eyes o' her'n an' made answer, right easy, like a person speaks in church, 'Maybe so; but I hadn't thought o' that. It looked to me like 'twar God A'mighty sent it.'"

My eyes sought the fire again, and I am not ashamed to confess that they saw double. The more I contemplated the job I had in hand the less I liked it, and the more inclined I felt to dodge it altogether. It seemed downright cruelty to take the girl's wagon from her. In my heart I regretted that Tatters was not still the *terra incognita* it had once appeared.

The fire had burned down to a bed of coals. Sam rose and laid fresh wood on it, and then passed into the outer room. I could hear him open and close a drawer, and shuffle about among the goods as though he were looking for something. Presently he came back and reseated himself beside the fireplace.

"It do look a pity to disapp'int her, now don't it?" he queried—"'specially arter the thing had her name on it so plumb. I dun'no' how you come to run up agin that name nohow. 'Tain't a common one, I reckon."

Certainly *I* had never heard it until I made that blunder in the address.

Sam pondered: "She 'lowed God A'mighty had took notice 'special," he mused. "Ef things turn out dif'ent 'twill feel 'most like He'd gone back on her, an' a notion like that would hurt a woman. They git a sight o' comfort out'n the idea that Providence have got a contract to look out for 'em an' stands to fill it reg'lar." He lapsed into silence; then, with an abrupt change of voice and expression, turned to me with the question, "How much is the blamed thing wuth anyhow?"

"Sixty-five dollars was what it had sold for," I told him.

He reached down into his coat pocket and produced a small shot-bag, which he emptied on the table in front of him. It contained the month's accumulation of his cash drawer, in small notes and fractional currency. He counted it, replaced it in the bag, and pushed it over toward me.

"Thar's thirty," he announced, "an' I'll send you the balance inside o' six months. The stock in t'other room will kiver it ten times over. I'll give you a lien on it to-morrow, seein' you don't know much about me. Is it a bargain?"

I stared at him. This summary disposal of the business flustered me. I explained that the wagon was not my property, nor even that of the firm I represented; that it belonged to a young woman down the country, who had paid her money and been kept out of her goods for a matter of six weeks.

"The firm won't keer," urged Tatters; "they'll be makin' by the trade. I'll take this stray wagon an' pay for it, an' they kin send t'other young woman another one. You all have got plenty, I reckon, as good as this, an' better. The young woman ain't never seed this one nohow. A wagon is all she's arter, an' so she gits a good one, an' her money's wuth, she'll be satisfied. The *firm* will be rej'iced—sellin' two wagons 'stid o' one. Why, I shouldn't wonder if they put you on the road reg'lar arter this to drum for 'em." He laughed delightedly, and thrust the money over nearer to me.

Then his expression changed again.

"Ther thought o' that pore gal's satisfaction gittin' sp'iled gripes me," he affirmed; "it's hard luck to ketch holt o' happiness an' then have to turn loose. It's wusser 'n if you hadn't never got in sight o' it. I'll fix up 'long o' Ted 'bout my money if you'll humor me. You kin look to me for your'n."

Sentiment is contagious, so of course he had his way. In truth I had no wish to arrange the matter otherwise. I knew I could make it all right with the firm by planking up the sixty-five dollars, and I did not mind making up the deficit and waiting on Sam Tatters. I knew I could trust him. As for the young lady, there were most excellent wagons in stock as good as this one, which could be shipped to her as soon as I got back.

My confidence in Sam was not misplaced, for before the expiration of the six months agreed upon the balance of the purchase-money was paid over. It came down by express in another shot-bag, and was accompanied by a note from Tatters stating that Ted and Mensie had been married the week following my visit, and were well and happy, with good prospects of success in the hauling business. He and Ted had fixed up matters satisfactorily between them, but had agreed to keep the practical part of the matter a secret from Mensie. It pleased her so to call the wagon "a gift o' God."

And after all, perhaps, it had been.

M. G. McClelland.

RONDEAU.

The greater grief is still to know
That though the newer seasons burn,
The sweeter past will ne'er return;
That morn, with roses all ablow,
Must lose its dew in noontide's glow.

Shall love ne'er stay, but ever grow
Into a past, and ever slow
Through chaplets fresh to souls that yearn
The greater grief?

O sweet the song in moonrise glow!
The lingering till the moon hangs low;
The first faint signs by which we learn
The night to day begins to turn.
Ah, these were sweet, did we ne'er know
The greater grief!

R. T. Strouts.

THE AMERICAN MILITARY ATTACHE.

For the first time in our history the government has let loose upon the military countries of the Old World about a dozen United States officers, all of them paid to discover as many professional secrets as possible, and report them to the War Department in Washington. A few of these amateur diplomats have seen as much as a whole company of troops together at a time; most of them are graduates of West Point.

We may assume that these gentlemen were selected by the head of our army because of the special fitness each possessed to ingratiate himself in the affections of the country whose military establishment he was to investigate. Such information here, and particularly in Germany, Russia, France, Austria, and Italy, is given as a matter of favor, and the one who gets the most information is the man who impresses most agreeably the authorities in charge. The Englishman who comes to inspect our torpedo establishments at Willet's Point or Newport may hear and see a great deal if he is the right man, and on the other hand may return home with little more than a view of the buildings if the officers in charge fail to interest themselves in him.

Of course international courtesy demands that when a foreign officer applies through his legation for permission to see the usual sights, such as the arsenals, the war schools, the naval stations, etc., the government grants it to him, and he is furnished with an attendant who shows him about. But this attendant shows him no more than he shows any civilian, although the military visitor may be received with more ceremony. The valuable information which a United States officer may be expected to gather while abroad is the result not of being led about like a tourist through government buildings alone, but of having familiar intercourse with military specialists; and to succeed in this our representative must be in a position to meet foreign officers on their own ground, must not merely try to catechise them after the manner of a "reporter," but so interest them in discussion that the information sought for shall issue spontaneously and freely.

Commander Chadwick, of the *Yorktown*, while naval attaché in London was of very great service to our Naval Department by the large quantity of precious information he supplied during the planning and building of our new war ships. He knew his trade thoroughly before going abroad, was familiar with foreign languages, and had a rank in the navy that commanded respect amongst his professional colleagues, if that were not made superfluous by his reputation for scientific ability. No doubt the success with which Commander Chadwick served his country inspired our War Department early in the spring of 1889 to attempt the same thing on their own account; but not having taken the precaution to secure the advice of any competent person beforehand, they have succeeded in doing as much mischief as good to the reputation of our army in general, and West Point in particular. The dozen young men originally let loose upon Europe were accredited to no particular country, nor were their fields of investigation in all cases clearly defined; they simply had orders to travel about, keep their eyes open, and pick up what they could. They might all happen on the same day to inspect the same arsenal, or on twelve successive days, or might ignore it altogether. No country was bound to recognize them, as they came accredited to no particular country, and Captain Zalinski, who happened to rove in Germany about the time of the grand manœuvres and the largest trials of smokeless powder, could not even get official recognition for the purpose of seeing them as a United States officer. And if this happened in the case of a military inventor so well known abroad as Zalinski, what must the mortification have been in the case of others of less name?

The absurdity of the government's action in regard to our officers began to appear very soon, and in spite of the fact that our minister in London, Mr. Lincoln, had, as Secretary of War, declared military attachés to be unrepublican, and therefore impossible for us, we concluded to attach some of these rovers to different legations, and call them by the odious name of attaché. To Germany, the most military of countries, where we needed the man of longest experience, of highest rank, and greatest military knowledge, we sent one whose only experience of war since leaving West Point was in the blasting that accompanies engineering works. He did not know how to ride, and was regarded by his classmates at West Point as a phenomenon by reason of the facility with which he and his horse had been known to part company. As the most conspicuous work of a military attaché is on horseback, in company with the representatives of other countries, it is of course well that our country be represented by one who can stick to a moderate animal. I had the mortification in Germany of seeing for the first time in my life a West Point graduate pitched on all-fours over his horse's ears; then, later, to see the same officer holding himself on horseback by means of the animal's mane, and a pair of glittering but gory spurs; and finally to see German soldiers, by order of a German officer, unstrap these same spurs from this United States officer in the presence of the military representatives of the rest of the world. Nor did our representative venture to wear spurs again during the following week of manœuvres. This same representative did not know enough of either French or German to converse easily with any of his colleagues, except the English one, and had he possessed this fluency he would have been but little better off, for his rank and attainments made him as much of an outsider in the midst of those with whom he was thrown as a law student would be in a committee of judges.

Germans, who look to our army with respect, and who study the careers of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Lee, Schofield, and our other great leaders with a critical attention beyond anything dreamed of in our service, expected, and not without reason, that America would send them as military representative some one who had seen one civil war; if that were impossible, then some one who had seen fighting amongst the Indians; if that, even, were impossible, then at least some one who had commanded troops, if only a company or two. Instead of that, we pick our representative from the engineers, a force that knows no more of the army as a fighting force than a stoker does of handling an iron-clad. We sent a major to London, a captain to Vienna, but to Berlin we could only spare an engineer officer!

Our action, too, compared unfavorably with that of other powers, and gave Germany reason to think that we looked upon her less favorably as a military power than the rest of the world. I will only mention the States represented at the grand manœuvres, with the rank of their military representative, adding by-the-way that they were almost without exception men of distinction as soldiers. Bavaria, major-general; England, colonel; Saxony, colonel; Austria, colonel; Russia, colonel; Spain, colonel; Chili, lieutenant-colonel; Würtemberg, major; Argentine Republic, major; France, major; Italy, major; Japan, major; Sweden and Norway, major.

No nation that sent a single representative ventured to send one as low even as a captain, and it was left for us to bring up the tail of the procession, a long way behind Japan, Argentine, and Chili, nations that have no more reason than we for being represented at all.

Since the grand manœuvres of 1889 the United States lieutenant has been relieved on account of ill health, and another engineer officer, with the rank of captain, sent to Berlin in his place. We assume that he knows German and French fluently; that he can keep his seat in the saddle; that he has tact in securing information from unwilling witnesses; and is familiar with foreign military organization and resources. At West Point he is credited with having gained his military knowledge principally in superintending the erection of houses and other innocent structures for the government. This seems incredible, for if it be true he cannot be as well equipped for discussing war implements as a man who has handled such implements in actual fight. German officers are, as a rule, highly cultivated students of the art of war, and such of them even as have not seen service will still discuss battles of our civil war with a precision of detail that would astonish the best-read member of the West Point mess. They want us to send them a soldier, a fighting man, some one like Captain Burke, a genuine Indian fighter, whose experiences are valuable, and with whom it would be a pleasure to compare notes. Men of like character would command respect amongst the best soldiers of Europe, but to send an engineer who is not a fighter—why not send a paymaster or surgeon?

While speaking of what a military attaché should be and should not be, we had almost overlooked the several shivering "roving commissioners" who are "doing" Europe as well as they can, and receiving the cold shoulder everywhere. The granting of roving commissions to our officers is, as a rule, absurd if not mischievous, and should only be done in very rare cases, when the government makes it clear that the information sought is of such a nature that the ordinary attaché cannot treat of it. As a rule, it may be argued that if our regularly appointed military attaché cannot get the information desired, he had better be superseded by one that can. Last summer, for instance, Lieutenant Sanford was our military attaché in Berlin, while at the same time Captain Zalinski was, in a manner, poaching upon his preserves by industriously visiting the military establishments which his junior colleague either had visited or was about to visit. I know of five officers at least who have been treading on one another's heels about Europe last summer, each interfering more or less with the others' work, and, needless to say, incurring unnecessary expense for our government.

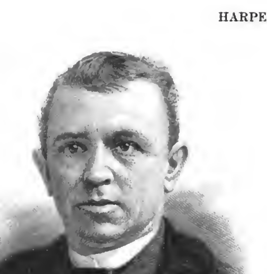
No army in the world has a corps of officers who, in proportion to numbers, has shown more courage in the field or greater scientific ability than ours. We have men admirably fitted to represent this army at any court of Europe, not only by their fluency in modern language, but by their rank as soldiers. Frank Vinton Green, who represented our army in the Russo-Turkish war, and whose report is a model military document, has left behind him in St. Petersburg most pleasing memories of a gallant and talented American officer. The fact that he went there as an engineer, and only a lieutenant at that, made his early efforts the less pleasant, to be sure, and any less able man would have fared poorly at that court. But with proper rank, and from the proper arm of the service, why cannot our War Department look up more men of that kind—they can find them if they look well—and they surely do not wish to be blinded by favoritism.

Poultney Bigelow.

HENRY WOODFEN GRADY.

Mr. Grady, whose untimely death occurred December 23d, was in many respects the man whom the South could least afford to lose. More than any other Southerner he had the attention and sympathy of the North. He had become the messenger of his people, and his eloquent assurances of their patriotism and loyalty, fortified as they were by a general faith in his own honesty and sincerity, were of incalculable effect in stimulating the growth of trust and affection between the two sections of the country.

Mr. Grady made two notable speeches in the North, one in 1886, at the annual dinner of the New England Society in New York, and the other recently at a dinner of the Merchants' Club of Boston. The last was a most striking appeal to the North against proposed oppressions of Southern whites under the mistaken notion that the blacks are to be thereby helped into power. It seems now as if it were a voice from the grave, for Mr. Grady was suffering from the cold which resulted in his death when he started from his home in Atlanta. It was contrary to the advice and urging of his family that he made the journey. His illness increased as he went on, but he seemed to feel particularly impressed with the thought that he had a message to deliver in Bos-



THE LATE HENRY W. GRADY, OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

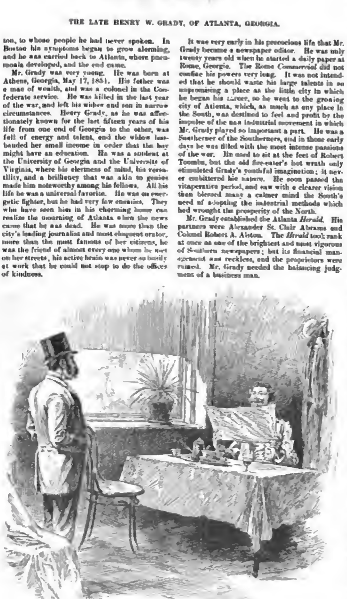
ton, to whose people he had never spoken. In Boston his symptoms began to grow alarming, and he was carried back to Atlanta, where pneumonia developed, and the end came.

Mr. Grady was very young. He was born at Athens, Georgia, May 17, 1851. His father was a man of wealth, and was a colonel in the Confederate service. He was killed in the last year of the war, and left his widow and son in narrow circumstances. Henry Grady, as he was affectionately known for the last fifteen years of his life from one end of Georgia to the other, was full of energy and talent, and the widow husbanded her small income in order that the boy might have an education. He was a student at the University of Georgia and the University of Virginia, where his alertness of mind, his versatility, and a brilliancy that was akin to genius made him noteworthy among his fellows. All his life he was a universal favorite. He was an energetic fighter, but he had very few enemies. They who have seen him in his charming home can realize the mourning of Atlanta when the news came that he was dead. He was more than the city's leading journalist and most eloquent orator, more than the most famous of her citizens, he was the friend of almost every one whom he met on her streets, his active brain was never so busily at work that he could not stop to do the offices of kindness.

It was very early in his precocious life that Mr. Grady became a newspaper editor. He was only twenty years old when he started a daily paper at Rome, Georgia. The Rome *Commercial* did not confine his powers very long. It was not intended that he should waste his large talents in so unpromising a place as the little city in which he began his career, so he went to the growing city of Atlanta, which, as much as any place in the South, was destined to feel and profit by the impulse of the new industrial movement in which Mr. Grady played so important a part. He was a Southerner of the Southerners, and in those early days he was filled with the most intense passions of the war. He used to sit at the feet of Robert Toombs, but the old fire-eater's hot wrath only stimulated Grady's youthful imagination; it never embittered his nature. He soon passed the vituperative period, and saw with a clearer vision than blessed many a calmer mind the South's need of adopting the industrial methods which had wrought the prosperity of the North.

Mr. Grady established the Atlanta *Herald*. His partners were Alexander St. Clair Abrams and Colonel Robert A. Alston. The *Herald* took rank at once as one of the brightest and most vigorous of Southern newspapers; but its financial management was reckless, and the proprietors were ruined. Mr. Grady needed the balancing judgment of a business man.

He then, in 1876, became the Southern correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and his letters made a strong impression. He wrote also for other Northern newspapers, notably for the war series that appeared in the Philadelphia *Times* in 1880 and 1881. In 1876 he watched the count of the electoral vote in Florida, and made an affidavit that Tilden was elected. He followed up the matter in Washington, and in the spring of 1877 published the confessions of fraud made to him by Dennis, McLin, and Cox. In 1880 Mr. Grady bought an interest in the Atlanta *Constitution*. The property has greatly increased in value under his editorship. It has been a strong, vigorous local paper, and its treatment of national questions has been effective. It is a curious commentary on Southern journalism that at the time when prohibition or license was the issue in Atlanta politics, Mr. Grady wrote "dry" editorials for his newspaper, while Mr. Howell, the other editor, wrote "wet" editorials in the same issue, each signing his article.



ANOTHER IDIOTIC QUESTION ANSWERED

"Hello, Jones! You back from Paris?"
"No, not yet. I'm at present dining on the Boulevard. Won't you sit down and take a bite?"

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW IN WALL STREET.

The year just ending has been one of much disappointment in Wall Street. The general business of the country has been active, furnishing large and profitable employment to the great railroad systems; and indeed in the closing weeks of the year the movement of merchandise is so unusual that cars cannot be furnished to handle it promptly. The freight business of the railroads differs from their passenger traffic; sentiment and pleasure have extremely little to do with it, and its activity at remunerative rates is accepted as the best immediate evidence that general trade is in a good condition. Yet the market for railroad stocks has been, speaking generally, a disappointment, and it is only in exceptional cases that prices are higher than they were a year ago; so that Wall Street has again had the distinction of being one of the few discontented places in the country.

The causes of this state of things in the financial centre of the country are constantly under discussion, and while there is common consent as to some of them, others are regarded as serious or unimportant by different groups of men engaged in financial business. Thus it is generally agreed that the retention in the Treasury of large amounts of idle money is a serious cause of depression in financial matters, whether the money so withheld from use is Treasury surplus or only the redemption fund contributed by national banks surrendering circulation. But we do not find the same agreement as to the system which produces the surplus, or as to the law which locks up in the Treasury the lawful money destined to redeem bank-notes which may remain in circulation long after they are "surrendered" by the banks. Nor does it seem to be realized how large these amounts are, and what a difference their retention in the Treasury makes to the lending power of the banks, and therefore to the borrowing facilities of every branch of legitimate business. The Treasury reports an available balance of 25 millions, that being the present excess of its cash assets over its cash liabilities, and among its liabilities are 69 millions of lawful money paid in by national banks to surrender that amount of circulation. Of its assets, the Treasury has 35 millions on deposit with national banks, and this is all that is at the service of the public which has contributed both surplus and redemption fund. Enough weight is not generally given to the cumulative effect of the laws which have brought about this abstraction of lawful money from the daily uses of trade. The effect has probably been more depressing this year, because the moderate amount of railroad building has been chiefly by way of addition to systems already established, and, generally speaking, of a cautious character. The evil effects of unsuitable laws can only be remedied by better legislation, though the Secretary of the Treasury has power to palliate them by purchases of bonds and by judicious deposits in the banks. But business will suffer until the laws are improved.

Of the unfavorable influences which belong to trade itself, Wall Street is inclined to rate first the speculation in "Trust certificates," the Sugar Trust, Lead Trust, Cotton Oil Trust, and Chicago Gas, to be precise, because those that were introduced later aroused no enthusiasm whatever. The four Trusts named had great popularity for a time, and a subsequent collapse which cut their prices in two. Something about them hit the popular fancy exactly, and the stock-market was congratulated on the addition of these stocks to the list of active speculations. But their course was soon run, and now they are dull and depressed, with immense losses counted against them by hundreds of operators. Yet in some form or other these industrial stocks will remain with us, and their number will be increased when present legal difficulties are settled. The Cotton Oil Trust has abandoned the "Trust" form, and reorganized as a regular company, and similar action is expected in time from other trusts. With more responsible management, and with proper official reports to the Stock Exchange and the stockholders, these companies will take their proper position, and after that the remembrances of this year's losses will pass away. Manufacturing concerns on a great scale, their profit is a manufacturer's profit, and people will be able to take an interest in them as understandingly as in railroad stocks. But their performances this year have certainly contributed largely to the disappointments of Wall Street.

For more than half the year the whole railroad market was disturbed by fears about the fate of the Atchison system, with its 7000 miles of road. Bankruptcy and long litigation were finally averted by a wise and bold scheme of reorganization, which met with unprecedented favor from bondholders and stockholders, and this fortunate result has been followed by the increase in earnings that was hoped for. Missouri Pacific was also a standing cause of anxiety, and that trouble seems at last to be removed by an agreement recently effected between that company and the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas. Not until this agreement was reached did the managers of the Missouri Pacific give any information as to the business of their road. They allowed damaging reports to circulate for months without explaining or refuting. Their object once gained, they issued a satisfactory report of the year's business, and announced that they had cleared off the floating debt by the use of securities already in the company's treasury. But Missouri Pacific has certainly contributed much to make 1889 a year of disappointment. One other instance must be cited, and that is the anthracite coal trade, which shows a decided falling off in both tonnage and prices. The coal roads are important at the Stock Exchange, and their stock, though well sustained, have been very commonly regarded as a menace to the stability of the market. Continued mild weather has hurt them, for their product is largely for domestic use. The customary winter weather would soon restore these properties to favor.

With all these depressing influences, however, Wall Street is hopeful of better things, and not unreasonably. With few exceptions the trade of the country is doing well; the railroads have done well, are doing well at present, and appear to have plenty of traffic assured for months to come. These conditions will tell. It may be said that they tell already in the prices of first-class bonds and of certain stocks. But that is a question of investment. These conditions should also tell upon the price of stocks and bonds which have their definite rank yet to take. When will this occur? No one can fix the day, but Wall Street will be bold enough to do so when it can see the coming end of our present monetary stringency. No one apparently expects this before the January disbursements are well distributed. But, at any rate, there is a pretty general belief that 1890 will not be so disappointing as 1889 has been.

Henry J. Macdonald.

New York, Thursday evening, *December 26, 1889.*

THE GRAVE GETS TIRED YAWNING,

Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime, never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyment, the zest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic, or "pick me up" to give a fillip to digestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folks would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently reinforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, and neuralgia.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Nicholson's Liquid Bread, an absolutely pure extract of malt, is rapidly gaining in favor as a table beverage. It is not only delightful, but nutritious.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
For the complexion and skin. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

Beecham's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

Use Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer, of exquisite flavor.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

When the blood is impure, thick, and sluggish, or thin and impoverished, there can be no health. With these conditions, all the functions of the body are impaired, and the result is a variety of dangerous complications. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—[*Adv.*]

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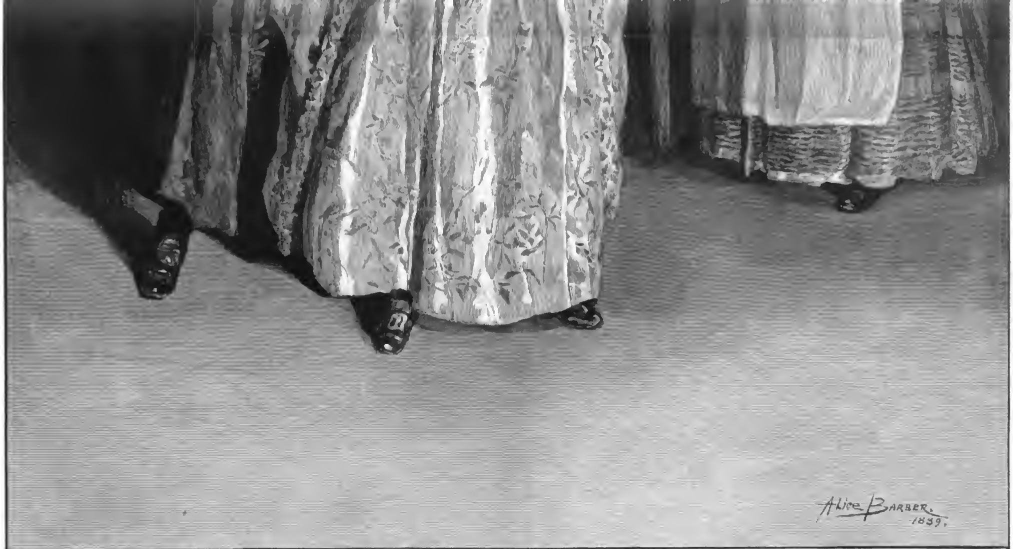
Alice Barber. 1899.

THE FIRST FOOT

"The first foot's entering ſtep,
That sudden on the floor is welcome heard,
Ere blushing maids have braided up their hair;
The laugh, the hearty kiss, the good NEW YEAR,
Pronounced with honest warmth.

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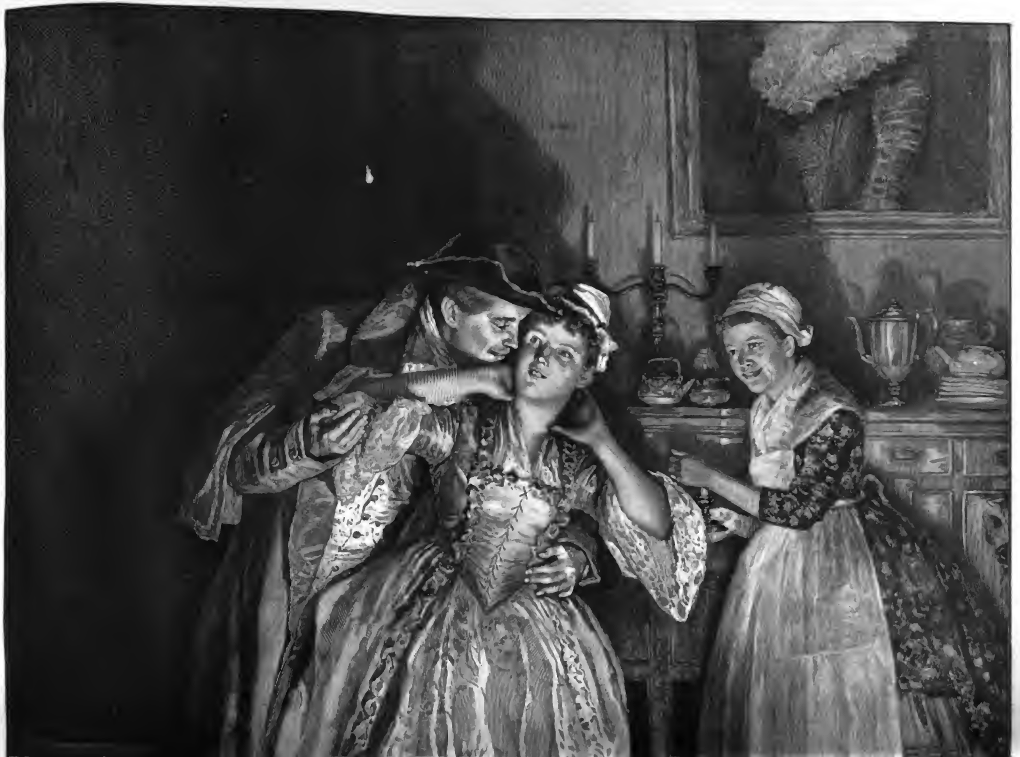

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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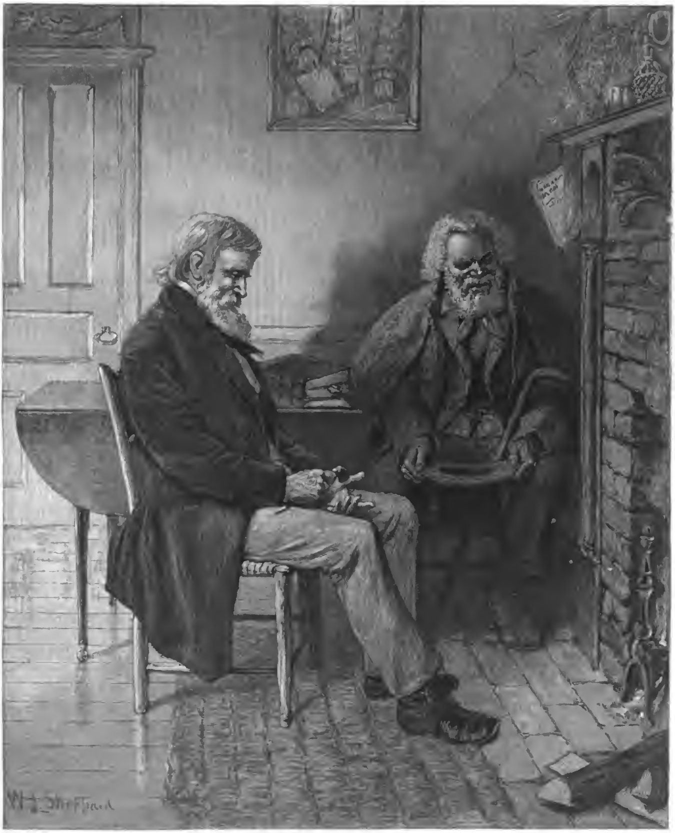

OLD MASTER AND OLD MAN—A NEW-YEAR'S TALK OVER OLD YEARS GONE.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 23.]

STANLEY'S STORY OF EMIN'S RESCUE.

THE STORY OF EMIN'S RESCUE AS TOLD IN STANLEY'S LETTERS. Published by Mr. STANLEY'S Permission. Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. With Map of the Route and Three Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, 50 Cents. (*Just Published.*)

Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY'S letters, as here arranged, and supplemented by letters from the late Major BARTTELOT, Mr. JEPHSON, LUPTON BEY, EMIN PASHA, and the Mahdi's General, give a brief and connected account of what has been, in some respects, the most remarkable expedition that ever entered Africa. Sir WILLIAM MACKINNON, Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, kindly placed at the disposal of the publishers material that has not hitherto been given to the public. It will be distinctly understood that this volume will not trench in any way upon Mr. STANLEY'S larger work, which cannot be published for several months.

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A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A CORRESPONDENT in Virginia asks in good faith and with entire courtesy:

> "Do the great mass of Republicans desire to see the negroes of the South made the social equals of their white brothers of the South? Do they desire to see the negroes of the South make and execute the laws, who 'from the beginning' have evinced no aptitude for such things and made no advancement in civilization, or is it the unscrupulous politicians of the Republican party who would sacrifice their white brothers of the South in order to maintain place and power?"

These are questions of the highest importance, which are now asked with great feeling, and which we will endeavor briefly and plainly to answer in the friendly spirit which our correspondent kindly attributes to HARPER'S WEEKLY. And, first, there are no Republicans known to us who wish to see the social relations of the Southern States determined by any other considerations than those of mutual inclination, which determine them in the Northern States and elsewhere. There is no difference upon that point. But the political question is of another kind. Under the Constitution all colored persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to its jurisdiction are citizens of the State in which they reside. But when the right of suffrage is abridged or denied in any State to any of its male inhabitants properly qualified, the basis of representation in Congress and in the electoral college is to be proportionately reduced; and the right to vote is not to be denied or abridged by any State on account of color.

The Republicans allege that the whites in the Southern States say universally and frankly that while colored citizens shall be personally well treated and educated, and encouraged in habits of industry or thrift, they shall not be allowed, even if they are the majority in any community, to control the local government or to fill important offices; that is to say, if citizens of the United States, and legally qualified voters in a State, by a majority vote in any district of that State, elect a representative in Congress or a Presidential elector, he shall not be declared elected nor suffered to take his seat; but that the candidate of the minority shall discharge the duties of the office. This, the Republicans say, is a plain and undenied subversion of the fundamental principle of the government, which is the rule of the legal majority, and a palpable violation of the constitutional intent. They assert that such subversion cannot be fairly held to involve the interest of a State or of a district alone, because it may give the control of Congress and the Presidency to persons who confessedly have not been legally elected. Consequently it is no answer to the complaint to say that the question is solely one for the consideration of the State, like the election of a justice of the peace or the mayor of a city. As the view of Southern white citizens which we have described is adopted and justified, even by such advanced friends of a "new South" and of national good understanding as the late Mr. H. W. GRADY and the leading journals, the Republicans say it must be accepted as the settled purpose of the more intelligent and prosperous Southern citizens, who thus, without professed hostility to the Union or government, do really propose a radical revolution by practically annulling the fundamental principle of the government, thereby securing a false and unconstitutional representation.

To the specific question of our correspondent the Republicans would answer that they have no more desire to see the negroes control public affairs in Southern States than to see the ignorant foreign-born voters control them in the Northern States. They declare that they wish only to see the Constitution respected and the legal majority govern. They do not concede that the assertion that the negroes are an inferior race, wholly incompetent for political responsibility, and sure in practically assuming it to subvert civilized government, is a valid argument for defiance of the Constitution, and for the permanent disregard of fundamental legal rights involving injustice to the rights of other States and of the people at large. The Constitution knows nothing of superior and inferior races, and the assertion that the colored people are not fitted for political equality, Republicans hold to be but another form of the old allegation that they were not fitted for personal liberty. This we understand to be the Republican contention, and in stating it we answer the question of our correspondent. It is a contention worthy of the most serious and dispassionate consideration by him and all who think with him. The Republican view is doubtless proclaimed by demagogues and party hucksters, but it is also held by the great mass of the party. The course which the party majority in Congress apparently proposes to take we do not now consider. Our present purpose is simply to answer our correspondent.

OUR NEXT NORTHERN NEIGHBOR.

WHILE the Pan, or more properly the partially Pan-American Conference is considering our relations with South and Central America, a committee of the Senate is investigating our relations with Canada, which is the only cognate community with the United States upon the continent. The committee has already collected much information, and in this city the hearing opened the question of annexation. The chairman, Senator HOAR, said that it was the unanimous conviction of the committee, and it is undoubtedly that of the country, that overtures to that result must proceed from Canada. Mr. ERASTUS WIMAN warmly urged commercial union as the present simple and feasible policy for good neighborhood and mutual advantage. Political union he thought might come; but at present, while Canada is undoubtedly ready for commercial, she is not ripe for political union.

This view was controverted by Mr. GLEN, who had been for ten years a member of the Dominion Parliament, and who thought that the country would gladly unite politically with the United States. Mr. GLEN opposed commercial union. But it did not appear from his remarks why, with a community ready to unite with us politically, commercial union would not be an excellent preliminary movement, as disposing those to complete union who now hesitate.

By the necessity of the case our relations with Canada must be more intimate than with any other country, and they must be more carefully adjusted in order to avoid trouble. So long as the Canadian political relation with England is loose and independent as at present, there would seem to be less need of haste. But if the scheme of imperial federation should be consummated, the connection with England would be confirmed and strengthened, and the foreign political leaning of the country determined. Canada would then become a commercial rival, as Mr. WIMAN argued, sustained by British interest and power, and our neighborhood would be a source of constant anxiety. With such a neighbor and under existing conditions commercial union would seem to offer a friendly solution of possible trouble. Certainly it would promote friendly regard with a people conterminous with us, of the same general stock, the same language and traditions, and like our fathers emigrants from "the old home."

MR. SPEAKER HUSTED.

IN the New York Legislature Mr. HUSTED has "broken the record" in the number of times that he has been elected Speaker, and this year he enters without contest upon a term which no predecessor has attained. This distinction is due primarily to his great parliamentary knowledge and skill, to his large public information and experience, to his readiness in debate, and his political tact and affability. The secret springs of legislative action are often very obscure. Important measures demanded by public opinion and promised by party conventions advance prosperously to a certain point just short of becoming laws, and from that point there seems to be no power adequate to move them, and the final compliments pass between the grateful House and the blushing Speaker before the important measure is reached, and the Legislature adjourns leaving the measure on the melancholy calendar of lost legislation. This situation is the legislative doldrums which the friends of good laws always fear.

A skilful and intrepid Speaker can do very much to promote or to defeat legislation. He is the most important officer in Congress, and one of the most important in the national or State government. Speaker REED, for instance, might have appointed a committee upon civil service reform which would have reported in accordance with the wishes of Representative HOUCK and Senator FARWELL, instead of a committee which Commissioner ROOSEVELT highly praises as sure to treat the subject in a friendly manner. The Speaker can thus largely mould legislation. Speaker HUSTED in a hundred ways can promote the passage of the ballot reform law. Indeed, it may be said truthfully that he can either cause its passage or its defeat, and its passage would certainly be the chief triumph that his party could achieve at this session. The issue upon this subject is fairly made with the Governor. He will not sign any effective bill, but he would gladly sign, undoubtedly, a bill which would not secure reform. Amendments in the Legislature, therefore, which would fatally weaken the bill would be a palpable connivance with the Governor.

The conditions of an effective law are as plain and familiar as those of a law in other days to exclude slavery from a Territory. No Republican in the country could have been bamboozled about such a law, and nobody in the Legislature need be bamboozled about a ballot reform law. Certainly the people will not be. The conditions which have been proved in actual trial to be effective in Massachusetts and elsewhere are those which would be effective in New York, and those are the conditions which are essential in the law. If the Governor should veto it, let him take the undivided responsibility. There is no need of helping him by emasculating the bill. It is upon the Speaker that public attention will be concentrated, and if the Speaker could signalize his unprecedented occupancy of the chair in a more memorable way to the advantage of the State than by aiding the passage of this law, that way has not been yet mentioned.

THE REPUBLIC AT COURT.

OUR minister in Portugal and the officers of our squadron in the Tagus walked in the procession at the recent coronation of the King of that country, and some exception has been taken, as if the citizens of a republic ought not to countenance any royal or monarchical ceremonies. But this is putting too fine a point upon a very simple matter. We observe that President CARNOT, of the French Republic, sent very warm congratulations to the young King—a proceeding which signified that while France prefers a republic, she respects the right of Portugal to prefer a monarchy. If we send a minister of the first rank to the Czar of Russia, who is a despot, we certainly expect him to behave like a gentleman in recognizing the forms and ceremonies of an imperial court which we recognize, and we do not intend by such well-bred conformity to approve Siberia or an autocracy, as when England and other free countries sent ministers to the United States before the war, they did not mean to approve human slavery.

If the people of Portugal preferred a republic, they would establish a republic. A King of Portugal today is not a tyrant and oppressor, who imposes himself upon a country by force of arms. Like the late FREDERICK the Good of Germany, he may be as earnestly devoted to the welfare of the people as the editor of the reddest republican newspaper. What is true of Portugal is equally true of England. That country prefers a monarchical form of government. That is to say, the English people think a permanent executive and a house of hereditary peers desirable, under the circumstances, as a part of the pageant of their government. But the real government is vested in a committee of the House of Commons, which is elected by the people, and the government changes when it loses a majority of the representatives of the people. If English public sentiment should change, the form of government would be changed. It would be very rash to say that liberty is less jealously protected in England than in America because there is a Queen instead of a President, or that Parliament is not as sensitive and accurate a representative of the opinion of the country as Congress.

Kings generally, except in Africa and Russia, are now political ceremonies, which continue because the people wish them to continue. But if republicans should treat them as wicked conquerors and suppressors of popular liberty, they would be rather ridiculous. In Brazil, so far as can be gathered from the accounts which seem to be most authentic, the people have acquiesced in the revolution rather than desired it; and they have acquiesced because a change was anticipated, although there was no general sense of oppression or wrong which produced insurrection. There was no personal ill-will to Dom PEDRO. But if he had been a President instead of an Emperor, it is not certain that he could have done more than he did for the public welfare. The provisional government which calls itself a republic,

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but which has not been formally accepted by the country, suppressed with the army a movement against its authority, just as a King would have done.

MR. GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY-ONE.

Mr. Gladstone completed his eightieth year amid general congratulations. His career is certainly remarkable, and even now a certain youthful ardor is more observable in him than in former years. Many years ago **Louis Blanc** said of him that his mind was so judicial, causing him to see so strongly the reason of the opposing view, that he could never be a great leader. The quality that **Louis Blanc** remarked, the instinct for fair play and justice even in politics, which prompted the sneer among those of a different kind that he was "a prig," is unquestionably characteristic of Mr. **Gladstone**. Lord **Beaconsfield** laughed at him for changing his opinions upon certain points. But Mr. **Gladstone** quietly replied that he should be sorry to have made no progress in forty years. No public man of his generation, indeed, illustrates more fully Mr. **Emerson**'s description of himself—an endless experimenter with no past at his back. If he cared to speculate upon the verdict of history on his course, he might recall Sir **Robert Peel**, who broke with his party, but not with "good fame."

Among the tributes to Mr. **Gladstone** upon his birthday is an autograph album from America, in which we observe that Mr. **Depew** states that he occupies a place in American esteem never occupied by any foreigner except **Lafayette**. We are inclined to think that the hold of **John Bright** upon the American heart of his time was stronger. There is a certain alloy of politics in the profession of feeling for Mr. **Gladstone** which did not taint that for Mr. **Bright**. During the crucial contest in this country **John Bright** withstood powerful opinion in his own country, including that of Mr. **Gladstone**, and with eloquence and force unequalled since **Burke** asserted and defended the essential American principle of liberty and union. Neither **Burke** nor **Chatham** in the Revolution was a friend to America more true and sympathetic than **Bright** in later days, and it is not pleasant to remember that some of those who now most vociferously praise **Gladstone** refused a word of respectful regret for **John Bright**.

It seems almost too much to expect that time will permit Mr. **Gladstone**'s return to official power. But even the fatal hand of time cannot steal his true glory, the example of great powers consecrated to the highest patriotism, and unabated intellectual vigor and freshness of feeling at threescore and twenty-one. Every man of the English race may well be proud of so sturdy and commanding an illustration of the higher and characteristic qualities of the English stock.

AN OBSTRUCTIVE DUTY.

The Committee on Ways and Means in Washington gave a hearing during the holidays to a committee of the National Free Art League. The committee is composed of well-known artists, who asked that the thirty per cent. duty now levied upon works of art be removed, because it is a protection which does not protect, and against which those who are supposed to be protected protest. To an inquiry sent to every artist, art institution, and art teacher in the country whose address could be procured, 1435 answers were received, of which 1345 desired the total abolition of the duty, and only seven favored the retention of the present rate.

The duty places American artists in the humiliating position of needing protection against other artists in a competition of talent and skill, while at the same time it limits their opportunities of study by obstructing the entry of foreign pictures. There is not a more indefensible tax in the tariff. Except upon the theory that protection is a sacred principle, and that everything brought into the country ought to be taxed, there is no excuse for retaining a duty which, by the practically unanimous declaration of the protected class, is an injury to it.

THE WEATHER AND THE INFLUENZA.

The weather and the influenza were the main topics of holiday conversation. The green Christmas was never more charmingly illustrated, so far as the soft and brilliant day was concerned, and the persistence of mild weather until New-Year's Day was regarded as evidence of the assertion which was attributed to various scientific authorities, and probably was uttered by none—that the Gulf Stream is drawing nearer to the coast. Such a movement would carry "the world" to Newport in the winter, for the gentle salubrity of the sea-air on Rhode Island has been long ascribed to the closer neighborhood of the Gulf Stream than at any other point upon the coast.

The other topic, the grippe, may be said to speak for itself. Nothing is more striking and mysterious than the sudden diffusion of such a malady over the globe, and the dazed speculations of professional wisdom in regard to its nature and conditions. In England Mr. **Smalley** writes that the prevailing trouble was thought to be only a pronounced epidemic of the ordinary "cold," and not the disorder which was prostrating St. Petersburg and Paris. It is called by the name made familiar in Paris some years ago, and is apparently an affection of the same kind, while here its victims insist that it is very different from a cold or a common influenza.

It would be a curious study to determine how much the general health is affected by the universal publicity and startling details given in the press to the symptoms and spread of the illness. If the general symptoms of cold in the head, headache, and high temperature and sneezing, indicate the presence of the Russian invader, as there is always an abundance of such symptoms at this season, the extent of the new malady would naturally seem to be very great. Happily thus far there has been nothing very alarming, however disagreeable and annoying the visitor may be. But if there be a connection between the green Christmas and the influenza, the dandelions and even roses with which Christmas was crowned in this neighborhood will be gladly relinquished to Jack Frost on condition that he excludes the Russian tyrant of the hour.

ELECTRICAL EXECUTION.

The General Term of the Supreme Court of New York in its fifth department affirms the constitutionality of the electrical execution law, and the question will now be carried to the Court of Appeals. The opinion of the General Term, written by Judge **Dwight**, is conclusive, and the final decision cannot be called doubtful. The plea of cruel and unusual punishment disappears before the fact that while hanging is undeniably cruel, execution by electricity is instantaneous, painless, and less revolting to the spectator than the present system. If it be unusual, it is only so in the sense of all improved methods; and if the word unusual should be interpreted as in the argument against the new method, no improvement could be adopted. It is now, however, well understood that the effort to set aside the law as unconstitutional upon the grounds alleged is a movement of an electrical light company, and does not spring from concern for the Constitution or for human suffering. It is well, however, that both the constitutionality of the law and its humanity should be amply vindicated before the change is consummated.

PATRONAGE AND DIRT.

The Mayor's recommendation that Mr. **Coleman**, the chief of the Street-cleaning Department in the city of New York, should be removed, and Mr. **Coleman**'s resignation, are the latest incidents in the desperate endeavor of the city to secure clean streets. Thus far the problem is altogether too much for official competency. But under private contract and supervision streets are kept clean. The explanation of this fact is largely evident in Mr. **Coleman**'s letter, which shows the usual trouble in all public official efficiency—the wretched squabbling over patronage. It is ludicrous to see party politics and political factional quarrels appearing in the business of street cleaning. Yet it is useful as showing the costly absurdity of the proceeding. It is not the Commissioner of Street Cleaning, it is the system under which he is compelled to work, which makes the streets of New York dirtier than those of any other great city in the world, and comparable only to those of Constantinople.

CHANCELLOR PIERSON.

The late Chancellor of the University of New York was a familiar public figure, and his sudden death surprised and grieved a large circle of friends, whom his hearty geniality and courtesy held in the pleasantest personal relations. He had the honest and sturdy respect for letters which is felt by a man who has bravely made his own way; and although his life was mainly that of active business, his taste for intellectual pursuits and his respect for scholars remained always unchanged. He had a deep sense of the dignity of the official headship of the system of higher education in New York which he held for some time before his death, and he discharged its duties with unremitting zeal and uprightness. The affable hospitality of his home maintained the traditions of his office, which is one of the oldest in the State, and it was during his incumbency that the law was passed defining more clearly the duties of the University, and opening to it the opportunity of increased efficiency in its various functions. In all such progressive movements the Chancellor was actively interested. Mr. **Pierson** carried into all public relations and duties the generous ardor of his nature, and he falls in the fulness of his powers, and to the last moment devoted with unabated energy to his duties. His portrait will be found upon another page.

BROWNING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Robert Browning lies in Westminster Abbey, beside **Chaucer**, to whom in blitheness of spirit **Landor** compared him, and in Venice the municipality have ordered a memorial plate to be placed on the Palazzo Rezzonico, where he died. In Florence there is already a tablet upon Casa Guidi, where he and his wife lived, and the name of Casa Guidi she gave to English literature. These tributes from Italy are very fitting, because no poet has more sympathetically and profoundly interpreted medieval and modern Italy than **Browning**. It was, indeed, his second country, although even there his strong and virile English heart, with deep English longing, sang:

> "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there!"

Italy has always fascinated English poets. **Milton**, **Byron**, **Shelley**, **Browning**, are all names which the pilgrim to Italy will at once recall. The romantic feeling of the last English generation for Italy was so adequately and admirably expressed by **Byron**, that almost every famous name and object in the country recalls a Byronic line. **Browning**'s appreciation and interpretation are more subtle and dramatic, and those who remember the days of the Italian contest with Austrian dominion can comprehend the power and tragic pathos of such poems as the "Italian in England."

The tributes paid to the poet by Italy are very significant and touching. Holland always honored **Motley** for telling her splendid story so worthily, nor suffered the fact that he was a foreigner to abate the grateful ardor of her admiration. So with Italy and **Browning**. The country with "the fatal gift of beauty for a dower" cherished no bumptious jealousy that the truest modern interpreter of her life was not an Italian. The fact has a large moral. No Italian would show himself to be a better patriot if he should insist that Italy had poets good enough for her, and that she had better reserve her honors for her own children. Generosity is as precious an element of love of country as of love of kindred and friends:

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

STANLEY'S LETTERS.

A **very** interesting little volume is just issued by the **Harpers**, containing the letters written by **Henry M. Stanley** to the committee organized for the relief of **Emin** Pasha and to various friends, together with letters between different parts of the expedition. The work is in fact a kind of brief and rapid summary of the route and fortunes of **Stanley**'s great march, but it is of course entirely independent of the work of description and detail which he will prepare for publication.

The simple statement of the dangers, disasters, and death which this brave expedition encountered is very impressive. The most acute and trying difficulties are mentioned quietly and without rhetoric, although occasionally the writer gives glimpses of the singular beauty of the region that he traverses. A very interesting fact is the glamour and enchantment of equatorial Soudan both upon **Emin** and his people. They did not know whether they wished to come away or to remain. The old tradition of the indolent charm of the lotus is recalled by this curious languor and hesitation in the lands around the very sources of the Nile, upon whose banks the lotus grew. The book has all the fascination of a story of wild adventure, which is even more charming from the entire want of literary exaggeration.

PERSONAL.

Robert T. Lincoln, United States Minister to England, has spent little of his time during the past two months in London, the serious illness of his son **Abraham** at Versailles, France, calling him there. An operation on a carbuncle came near ending fatally for the boy, and the slowness of his recovery is very discouraging.

—Among the new Congressmen is **Posey Green Lester**, of Virginia, a Baptist minister, who has preached in a dozen or more different States, and has also edited a hymn-book.

—Mr. **Robert Thorne**, M.A., who for some years was in charge of the scientific department of St. Paul's Cathedral School, has prepared a volume of *Fugitive Facts* which contains much interesting data, usually left out of the cyclopædias. The progress in the uses of electricity, which has been noted from time to time by the **Weekly**, is here presented in a concise form, and the book is one of value to those who seek for information out of the ordinary run.

—A more remarkable man than the late **MacMurrough Kavanagh**, of Carlow, Ireland, was in many respects never sat in the British House of Commons. Although nature had deprived him of arms and legs, he was a strong and entertaining orator, and never spoke to empty benches. An exception to the rule that members must address the House standing was made in his favor, and other courtesies were extended to the man whose intelligence, noble face, and conscientious attention to his duties made him a popular and valued member. Mr. **Kavanagh** came of an old and wealthy family, and had a beautiful wife and a large number of children, none of whom were in any way deformed. His physical defects were so well supplemented that he rode fearlessly, drove a four-in-hand coach, wrote beautifully, and acquired considerable fame as an amateur artist.

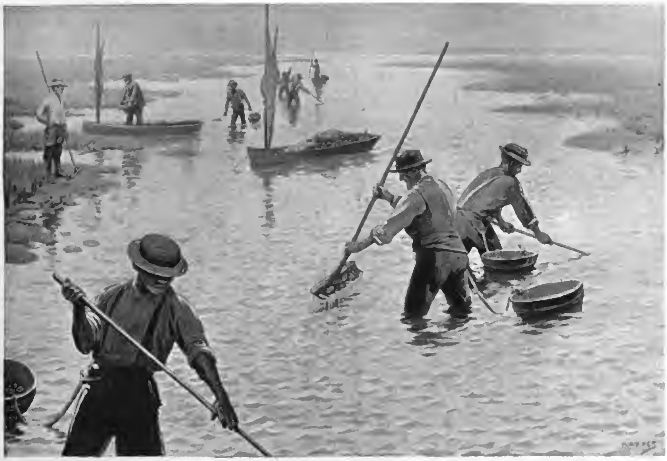
—Among the curiosities of humanity may safely be included the wealthy Mrs. Dr. **Henry Hiller**, of Wilmington, Massachusetts. About a year ago her husband died and was buried in a $20,000 casket, which rests in a $5000 temporary tomb at Wilmington. Now Mrs. **Hiller** is building a $100,000 mausoleum at Winchester, Massachusetts, where she hopes ultimately to be buried with her husband in elaborately carved sarcophagi which will cost $50,000 apiece. Her own casket will cost a similar amount, and the value placed on her burial robe, which is of rare silk and lace, with silver hooks and eyes, is $22,000. In the elaborate carvings on the tomb and sarcophagi are represented characters from the Bible, Shakespeare, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, etc., while many inscriptions are used. By the expenditure of about half a million, Mrs. **Hiller** hopes to overcome the usual repulsiveness of burial. Mrs. **Hiller** has been a great traveller, and is a woman of wide and varied culture. She has had twenty-three children, fourteen of them twins, but none of them survive.

—Some of the leading politicians and society men in Boston, among them ex-Mayor **William E. Russell**, of Cambridge, [illegible] **Butler**, **William F. Weld**, **A. W. Longfellow**, and **Francis Peabody**, belong to a club known as the India Wharf Rats. The members are expected to know how to cook, and they have given a number of successful dinners which are supposed to have been prepared entirely by themselves.

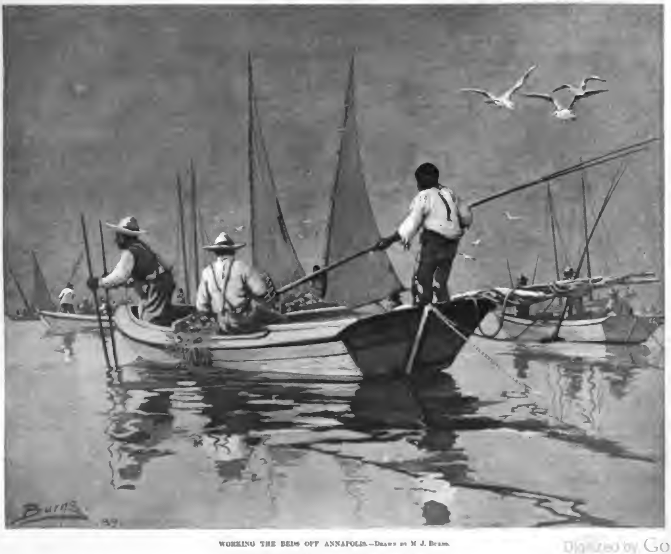
—One morning in last September, Mr. **Spurgeon**, the London preacher, warned his congregation that his health was giving way, and said he felt that he might not be with them long. He was suffering severe pain then from gout in the knee, and is now threatened with a serious throat ailment.

—The late ex-Empress of Brazil had been married to Dom Pedro for forty-six years, and her death is a heavy blow to her husband, the strong affection of the aged couple for each other being most touching. The Empress had been in a delicate state of health for many years, and had suffered much from deafness. She was a princess of the royal house of Naples.

—It was long ago said of Mr. **George W. Childs**, the publisher of the *Public Ledger*, that he was the two "Cheeryble Brothers" rolled into one; but probably a more appropriate name for him would be the Santa Claus of the newspaper world. On this last Christmas Day Mr. **Childs**, it is said, gave presents amounting to many thousands of dollars in hard cash to the editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, and other employés of the *Ledger*. When it is considered that the salaries and wages paid by Mr. **Childs** are as large as the largest paid by other Philadelphia publishers, it will be recognized that any one associated with him in his work has cause to be satisfied with his employer. It is said by his employés however, that they have even greater cause for satisfaction with him because of his daily consideration for them than for his Christmas bounty. It is represented to be pretty much of the same admirable sort as that of Mr. **Fezziwig** for his employés, which was so warmly described by Scrooge. "He has the power," said old Jacob Marley's partner, "to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks, in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune." That is said to describe with wondrous accuracy Mr. **Childs**'s relations with his employés, who say he is a man who honors Christmas in his heart, and keeps it always.

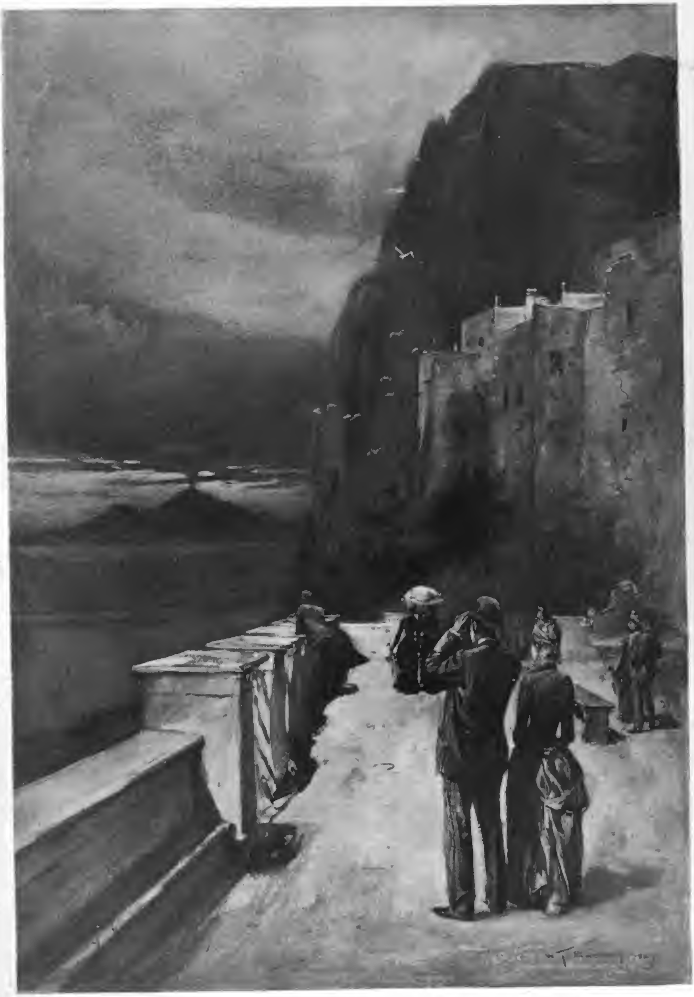


RAKING IN SHALLOW WATER.—Drawn by Alfred Kappes.



WORKING THE BEDS OFF ANNAPOLIS.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

OYSTERING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.—[See Page 22.]



VESUVIUS, FROM THE ISLAND OF CAPRI.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 23.]

THEIR EXPERIENCE IN A FLAT.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

I.

They had looked at houses large and houses small. They had ascended into garrets, they had descended into the uttermost parts of cellars. They had inspected basement stairs, waste-pipes, sewer traps, sinks, ranges, coal-holes, furnaces, butlers' pantries, kitchen dressers, china and clothes closets, and all the other uninteresting corners that are supposed to demand an attentive and jealous care, whose presence characterizes a good manager, and whose absence indicates "no sort of a house-keeper." And with every fresh domicile thus examined their backs and legs grew wearier, and their spirits more depressed. The prospect was not cheering to a woman who had until now never kept house except in a country town, where everything was above-ground.

"We did not have to cook in a cellar and take our meals in a foot-tub, dubbed by courtesy a basement dining-room, when we lived *there*," said Mrs. Goodenough, mournfully, to her husband, as they descended the front steps of the sixth two-story and basement brown-stone or brick mansion they had visited that morning.

And just then the idea struck her, and she stood still in the middle of the pavement, and cried, "Oh, Jim, let's take a flat!"

Why this plan had not suggested itself to one of them before, neither could say, but certain it was that although they had discussed their prospective home in the city from every other point of view, they had never, until this moment, thought of living in any way but that which had been theirs in their country-town home—namely, in a house by themselves. But they found none like the nest that had been their first abiding-place, and Mrs. Goodenough was secretly sure she could never be happy in one of the up-and-down little boxes over which she had been dragging her aching limbs for three days. Nothing but steep stairs and long narrow parlors that looked like steam-boat saloons; and then there was always one stuffy middle room upstairs, where no light entered except through the front or back chamber. She mentally included them all in one sweeping condemnation. But a flat! *That*, at least, would have no living rooms underground!

Jim looked rather grave at the suggestion. He was not only country-bred but country-born, and did not have the innate love for the bustle and roar of the streets, the longing to be in the midst of the active and throbbing forms of life, that were in his wife a relic of a girlhood passed in the greatest of American cities. He rather shrank from becoming too deeply involved in town customs just at the start, and clung to the simpler modes made dear to him by long association.

"I don't know," he said, slowly, after a little space of serious thought. Jim always liked to think about things before he did them, while his wife usually did them first and thought about them afterward. "I have always heard that flats did away with all privacy," he continued; "that the rooms open into one another, and that they are not very pleasant for people with young children. I did hope," half hesitating, "that we might have our own front door and door-bell, and a little piece of ground where the babies—"

"Ground in the *city*, Jim? You must be dreaming that we are made of money. What ground have we seen attached to any of those—those *chicken-coops* we have been studying ever since Tuesday? And as for door-bells, you have those in a flat, I'm sure—electric ones, too!"

"Just as you please, dear. You will be in the house more than I, and you are the person most to be consulted. But," making a last faltering stand, "I always thought you abhorred the idea of living in the same house with two or three other families."

"James!" Mrs. Goodenough almost screamed. "Do you suppose we mean to go into a tenement? An apartment-house is more than respectable; it's—it's *swell*. Lots of the richest people live in them. It's not anything like taking the second or third floor of a house with three door-bells, one above the other, on the front door-post!"

Thus decided, back they went to the real-estate office. The agent, who must have been heartily weary of their repeated appearances, although he gallantly strove to conceal the fact, brightened visibly when they made known their decision.

"Flats? why, plenty of them! Just look at this list," pointing to a framed schedule hanging on the wall. Upon its surface it bore a goodly record of flats to let, their locality, size, number of rooms, and rate of rent.

With that propensity to frugality, as marked in many women of to-day as it was in Mrs. Gilpin half-way down the last century, Mrs. Goodenough glanced at the figures at the ends of the printed lines. They were a good deal higher than she had expected to find them. But her attention was drawn from them to the agent, who was glibly rehearsing the manifold advantages of flats.

"They are far better than houses, for small families," he affirmed. "All on one floor, no running up and down stairs whenever you want to give an order or see what the cook is about. No cellar to look after, no halls to clean, no stairs to brush, no snow to clear off, no sidewalks to sweep. The janitor takes care of all that. Housekeeping is a mere trifle, and the care of your home a pastime."

Mrs. Goodenough listened eagerly, although inwardly rather incredulous as to the possibility that the care of a house could ever be the simple business thus described. She had kept house for three years, much of the time with indifferent servants, and had, perhaps, become a trifle pessimistic. Still the general outlook seemed so attractive, as glowingly depicted by the agent, that she caught herself wondering why, if all this were true, the entire population had not already quitted their separate domiciles, and made one wild rush for flats.

Furnished with a list of eligible apartment-houses, the two young people started out on a fresh round, curiosity and interest overcoming fatigue. They had not far to go to the first flat—an imposing building on the corner of a business street. A be-buttoned boy threw open the door for the seeking pair, and bowed them to the elevator. Up, up, up—five, six, seven stories.

"Oh, Jim, I should never dare live here," faltered Mrs. Goodenough. "*What* would we do in case of fire?"

The bell-boy caught her whisper.

"The house is fire-proof, madam," he said, condescendingly, "and is provided with fire-escapes besides."

"I don't care!" she retorted, illogically. "I should never feel comfortable here if there were six fire-escapes at each window."

The bell-boy smiled superciliously, but deigned to display the handsomely furnished rooms, and pointed out the beauty of the view from this elevation. None the less, the little woman held firm to her refusal to take the apartment—a determination strengthened by learning on consultation of the agent's list that the rent was high in proportion to the altitude of the building.

"Jenny, where do people who live in flats dry their clothes?" queried Jim, as they again stood on the sidewalk, the question evidently suggested by a passing Celestial with a laundry parcel under his arm.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Jenny, thoughtfully; "there must be some yard or other place where it can be done. It can't be possible that all the people who live in flats send all their things to laundries. If that were the case it would measurably mitigate the horrors of Chinese cheap labor, I should think."

The next flat inspected was on the second floor. The main entrance was gruesome; the black and white marble of the floor, the gray of the walls, broken only by a little black stencilling here and there, gave the house the appearance of having gone into half-mourning, and was decidedly depressing. They climbed the dimly lighted stairs—there was no elevator here—and were ushered by the colored janitor into a fair-sized, very bare-looking room with two windows. Their cicerone waved his hand complacently:

"This is de parlor, sah! De hall room openin' from is may be used as a liberry. De apartment back of it may be used as a sittin'-room," indicating an eight by fourteen apartment, insufficiently lighted from the parlor. "There is no dark rooms in de flat."

"But what do you call that?" asked Mrs. Goodenough, pausing on the threshold of the chamber back of the sitting-room. "I consider this decidedly dark."

"Oh no, madam," patronizingly indulgent of her misapprehension. "This window," raising the small sash with an air as of opening a wide passage for sun and breeze, "gives d'reckly on de open air. There are a passage three foot wide between this house an' de nex'."

Sure enough, by craning one's neck a glimpse of the sky could be obtained through the narrow fissure that separated the house in which they stood from the towering brick wall of the next building. The two other diminutive bedrooms were "lighted" and ventilated in similar fashion. This decidedly would not do.

It is hardly worth while to describe at further length the trials to which the two young country-people were subjected in finding a flat to suit them. One had a dirty entrance, another had a distinct smell of sewer gas that told a tale of defective drainage, a third had no private hall, and a fourth lacked one room of the necessary number; and in every one there was a smell of cookery, a haunting of the halls by the ghosts of dead, but not altogether gone, dinners; or if gone, "not forgotten," as Jim said.

They went back to their boarding-house at night wearied and worried almost beyond endurance. They started out again early the next morning on their depressing round, but it was after mid-day before they found a flat that seemed in any degree to fill the measure of their expectations. It was up two long flights of stairs, but after the worse climbing they had done they did not complain of this. Then a great advantage—the house was nearly new. The stairs were easy, and the main entrance pleasant. The rooms were really *all* light. There was a square apartment, for a sitting-room or library, with two windows; two more brightened the parlor. The two bed-chambers had each a large window opening on the free air; there was a very pleasant dining-room, a small kitchen, and back of that a tiny chamber for a servant. The long private hall widened just outside of the dining-room door, affording a place for a refrigerator; and the window in the wee bath-room and that in the hall were the only ones that opened upon a court. And a tremendous advantage, emphasized by the landlord—the whole house was heated by steam. There would be no stoves to buy, no furnace to look after.

This final consideration helped to reconcile the young people to the fact that the rent was just twelve dollars a month more than they had meant to pay when they made their plans for house-hunting. But they consoled themselves with the thought that if they had had to buy stoves and coal, and hire a man to take charge of the fires, they would be at a much heavier expense, especially when they reflected that the services of the janitor included the care of stairs, steps, sidewalk, and main hall.

And so they took it. There were two or three disadvantages that in the first flush of excitement they overlooked or failed to appreciate, that came back to Mrs. Goodenough after the lease was signed, and gave her sundry twinges of discomfort. In the first place, there were almost no closets. Two large presses and one tall narrow cupboard were all the space allotted for the hanging of clothing. There were a china closet and a kitchen pantry besides, that was all. Then the only register in the house was in the front sitting-room, and how the whole suite of rooms was to be heated from that was a serious question. And there was no trunk-room, and the kitchen was very small. Still, the young house-keeper shut her eyes to all deficiencies, saying sternly to herself, "It is too late to worry now, the whole thing is settled," and resolutely brought forward all of the Mark Tapley in her nature, determined to make the best of things.

Woman-like, she could not be happy until she had definitely settled in her own mind just how each room of her new abode should be arranged. The family was not very large, but judgment had to be displayed in disposing of its members. The front sitting-room, the little woman decided, must be used as a nursery for the children and a sleeping room for the baby and her nurse. This apartment must also serve as Mrs. Goodenough's dressing room, for the chamber back of the parlor, that she had selected for herself and her husband, was too small to admit other furniture than the bed, the baby's crib, Mr. Goodenough's bureau, and a chair or two. The bedroom behind that was to be reserved for a guest-chamber, while the cook would of course occupy the little cubicle back of the kitchen.

So far so good, and Jenny immediately fell to making tremendous mental calculations as to how she could cut over carpets, refit mattings, and place furniture so that there would have to be comparatively few additions made to the stock of domestic goods and chattels the young householders already possessed.

It was golden October weather, and the two worked early and late getting the flat to rights. The landlord was persuaded to stain some of the floors for a width of two or three feet around the sides of the rooms, so that rugs could be laid down and the cutting of carpets avoided. A woman was hired to sweep and clean, and Mrs. Goodenough tried hard to show Christian philosophy when she found that her handmaiden *pro tem.* had scrubbed off most of the coating of stain while it was yet moist. To be sure, they were obliged to have the staining done over again at their own expense; but then accidents will happen in the best-regulated flats, and they had too much else to think about to waste time in grumbling over this *contretemps*.

They tacked down mattings, put up curtain poles and shade fixtures, hung portières, arranged draperies, and worked like beavers all day, stopping only long enough at noon to lunch frugally off of sandwiches or sardines and crackers, or some equally light refreshment. Their fingers were bruised and blistered, their muscles and joints strained and sore, but they persevered, cheered by the thought that the end would crown the means. In the main, affairs ran smoothly. The first serious hitch came when they found that by the exercise of no powers of compression within their capabilities could they force their kitchen utensils into the small pantry intended for their accommodation. Mrs. Goodenough had always prided herself upon the number and variety of labor-saving implements she possessed, but she now, for the first time, found this wealth a burden. The diminutive pot closet could not furnish space for more than half of her saucepans, soup-pots, double boilers, frying-pans, broilers, and Scotch kettles. She put up a long shelf over the set tubs. She drove uncounted nails and inserted screw-hooks *ad libitum*, but all in vain. The barrels and boxes continued to disgorge bowls, butter-paddles, pots, potato-beetles, sieves, strainers, kettles, colanders, egg-beaters, salad-baskets, iron spoons, wooden spoons, split spoons, toasters, funnels, dripping-pans, bread-pans, gem-pans, biscuit tins, cake tins, cake-cutters, cake-turners, muffin-rings, jelly-moulds, pudding moulds, waffle irons, pint measures, quart measures, tin cups, dippers, steamers, dredging-boxes, sugar-buckets, spice-boxes, rolling-pins, skewers, larding-needles, dish-pans, and bread-boards. The griddle, the meat-chopper, and the clothes-boiler completed the motley assemblage, and were the last touch required to reduce their owner to despair. A desperate remedy must be applied, and the only one that presented itself to her mind was to resign the guest-chamber, put the cook in there, and convert the apartment hitherto designed for her use into a store-room. So, leaving the pile of house-furnishing goods in the middle of the floor, they proceeded to make the necessary changes. Luckily, the furniture for the guest-chamber was still unpurchased, and it did not take long to pull up the matting from the floor of the store-room that was to be, and to transfer the cot, bureau, wash-stand, and chair to the larger apartment. An old set of book-shelves held some of the too numerous utensils; a long shelf, hastily put up by the carpenter, served as a resting-place for others, and everything that could be hung was suspended from nails and hooks. The clothes-basket, clothes-horse, and ironing-board also went here; and space was made for a deal table which Jenny designed should serve as a place for the making of cake, pastry, etc.

No other salient difficulty presented itself, although many were the minor tribulations encountered. The china closet was so small that they were forced to buy a dresser to hold their glass and porcelain. The clothes-press in their bedroom obstinately refused to contain all of their not extensive wardrobes, and Jenny was obliged to put up hooks for her dresses wherever she could—an expedient that proved decidedly embarrassing one day when a hasty sweeping aside of a portière revealed to a caller a tea gown hanging close against the folding doors, on the side next to the parlor. Jim was obliged to find a place of storage for numerous small tables and extra chairs, a bureau, a wash-stand, and a sofa, and sold a spare bed at a sacrifice that they might buy in its place a folding-bed to be put in the nursery. There was no space in there for a crib, so a hammock was used for the baby, who roomed with the nurse. This, owing to the small size of the chamber, had to be swung from the window-casing at one side of the room to the door-post on the other, thus placing an obstacle in the way that must be crawled under by any one desiring to cross the room while the baby was asleep.

Still, in spite of all this they had a merry time getting to rights. Jenny had a true woman's passion for snipping and stitching and contriving, and she threw herself with enthusiasm into the business of rejuvenating old belongings. The carpet that had covered the hall floor in their former home was ripped, beaten, and made over into a square rug for the dining-room. Stair carpeting was laid down the long hall, a strip of stained floor being left visible on each side. The old mattings were turned, and sponged off with salt and water, that they might do duty in the bedrooms; while the supply of small rugs, that had seemed insufficient when scattered over a whole house, became generous in number and proportion when arranged in a flat. For the apartment which was to be combined library, study, and parlor Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough went to the extravagance of purchasing a large imported Oriental rug, stifling the consciences that rebuked the rather reckless expenditure with the eagerly offered assurance to one another that the best is always the cheapest. To do the rug justice, it verified the aphorism by wearing capitally; but as much could not be said for the curtains. These also possessed the merit of costliness, and looked extremely pretty for the first few weeks after they went up. But, alas, it was not long before dust and light did their work, and reduced the delicate robin's-egg hue of the dainty hangings to a dirty neutral shade.

The new tenants had been allowed to use their own taste in the tinting of the walls, and they selected a soft terra-cotta, that supplied an admirable background for pictures. Of these they had a goodly store; and when the engravings and etchings were hung, their cabinets for bric-à-brac in place, the sconces, plaques, and bits of drapery all arranged, the parlor took on at once a cozy, *lived-in* look that was very charming.

This apartment was its owners' delight, for here they felt they were duly rewarded for their labors. The bedchambers were small, and did not lend themselves readily to decoration; and the sitting-room, which Mrs. Goodenough had promised herself should be a model of home comfort, was doomed to be a disappointment. Events speedily proved that this apartment was to be the *omnium gatherum* of the family belongings. There is always one such in every home, a sort of domestic maelstrom, into which are drawn the ornaments and furniture that are the drift-wood of the household. And as in this flat there were few closets and no lumber-room, the nursery seemed to be the only place in which to hang clothes-bags, laundry-bags, and shoe-bags, or in which to keep the children's toys, books, etc. A set of book-shelves that would go nowhere else was placed directly across the closed fireplace, and concealed by curtains that hung from the broad mantel shelf above. It was the struggle of poor Jenny's life to keep that room in a condition even approximating tidiness, but her efforts generally proved futile, because there was no place to put the articles she picked up. They could at best only be stacked in a corner in an unpicturesque pile.

The dining-room was very pleasant, with its two windows, through which shone the morning sunlight. Scrim curtains, that could not be injured by any amount of glare, hung at the windows; a stationary sideboard let into one side of the room held the ice pitcher and some large pieces of china. In the recess left on one side of that buffet was the china closet proper, which, after the purchase of the dresser, was appropriated for preserves, jellies, and pickles. At the other side of the stationary buffet was an arched doorway leading into the servant's room. The door into this was kept locked, and the embrasure converted into an apology for a closet by aid of a curtain hung before it. In this nook stood a couple of chairs for which there was not space outside, and it also served as a convenient receptacle into which to hurriedly thrust the odds and ends the babies had left lying about. These were always perceived at the last minute, of course, when dinner had been announced and there was no time for any more orderly disposition of the litter. In this, as in the other rooms, pictures and brackets were hung. The sideboard held a pretty array of choice china and glass; dainty cups swung above their saucers from small hooks screwed into the back of the over-mantel; and there was the same home-like look here that pervaded the drawing-room. The whole flat was as clean as wax, and in complete order, on the bright day when they finally moved in, babies, baggage, and all.

II.

It was the last of October when the Goodenoughs found themselves snugly settled in their new home. The weather up to this time had been exceptionally warm and pleasant, and they had been obliged to take on faith their landlord's assertion that the steam-heating apparatus in the basement would make the whole house so comfortable that there would be no need of additional fires. For the sake of the look of home cheer it imparted, they had put up an old-fashioned brass-mounted Franklin in the parlor, and they really revelled in anticipation of the pretty ingle-side picture they would have when the blazing fire of logs would be reflected from the polished surfaces of the antique brass andirons, fender, and fire-irons. Still, they wished to reserve this pleasure as a luxury, not to practise it as a necessity.

In spite of the numerous arguments Mrs. Goodenough had heard in favor of the superior economy of flats over whole houses, she and her husband had found that the difference of expense in furnishing was not marked. To be sure, they had not had to buy a stair carpet, and the shades in the front windows had been put up by the landlord. But there were plenty of other windows, and these the shades that had been used in their country home obstinately refused to fit. Then, the new parlor rug and draperies, the hall carpet, the carpenter's work, and a dozen minor items had altogether gone well beyond the sum the two had set aside for "moving expenses," and had even ingulfed the "margin" which long and painful experience had taught them always to allow in any estimates of which they could not be absolutely positive. So Jenny was quite prepared to conduct her house-keeping on as moderate a scale as possible, retrenching all unnecessary luxuries until the deficit that looked at them with such an ugly face had been entirely made up.

What she was not prepared for was to find that within the month they would have to buy a stove and renew the supply of fuel they had flattered themselves would last all winter. One of the sudden changes of weather for which the Eastern climate is almost proverbial had sent the mercury well toward the bottom of the tube, brought ice on the puddles, and set house-keepers to hunting out the thickest wraps and heaviest bedclothing. Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough excused the slight stream of heat that came through their one register by the plea that a furnace never does its best the first time it is burned, and promptly lighted their wood fire, not sorry, perhaps, for the excuse. It smoked; cold chimneys always do, said they, and stood it as best they might, with tearful eyes and reddened faces, long enough for any self-respecting chimney to have become heated seven times. They thrust blazing newspapers up the flue, they piled on kindling with lavish hands, they worked the bellows until their arms and backs ached, and finally, when patience had ceased to be a virtue, they sent for a stove-man.

He made a careful examination of the fireplace, and pronounced that the only thing to benefit it was a "hood" of cast-iron, fitted across the too-open face of the Franklin. This was put in (at a cost of $2.25 for materials and labor), and with renewed hopes they "lighted up" again, only to find that matters were made worse, if that were possible, by the disfiguring addition. Time and memory failed them in the endeavor to keep count of how many times that stove-man was sent for to "look at" the fireplace and prescribe for it. But the bill had swelled to formidable proportions before the oracle finally announced that "there wasn't nothing as *could* be done with that air stove, for the draught wasn't no good in that chimney, anyhow."

Meanwhile the cold weather lasted, the furnace fire still continued depressed, and the family alternated their fits of shivering with entreaties to the landlord to do something and maledictions upon his head because he would do nothing. The stove-man inspected the furnace, and pronounced that it was doing its best, but that it was too small for the house. The only days upon which it seemed fairly adequate to its task were the mild ones, and then it sent forth a volume of heat that almost roasted them out. The cold weather invariably seemed to discourage it to such an extent that all it could do was to be low and sulk.

At last matters came to a climax. Jenny had opposed the purchase of a coal stove, pleading its ugliness, its expense, and the extra care it would involve. But when the baby was threatened with croup, Jim walked himself off with no word to any one, and sent home a gas stove.

"It costs less than doctors' and druggists' bills," he said, decidedly. And what a comfort it was! how much room it took up! and what a blot it was upon the pretty parlor! They couldn't have lived without it; but it was very hard to live with it. Meanwhile they had fared no better in the dining-room, so far as heat was concerned. That, they had been told, would be amply warmed by the range fire—an assertion that was verified when summer came. But during the winter, in spite of their enduring all the smells of the cooking in order to get the benefit of the heat from the kitchen, they found this totally inadequate except upon the blandest days. One gas stove was all the family finances could stand, so Mr. Goodenough bought a little air-tight wood stove, and they knew comfort until the bill came in. The extra price they had paid for rent in the firm persuasion that there would be no fuel bills except for the coal burned in the range, and the little amount of wood the Franklin would consume, was dissipated, with many other of their illusions concerning flats.

Before they had been in their new quarters a week they had learned that they would have to submit to a constant trial, which, although it might be termed vicarious in that it was occasioned by the sins of others, yet had no atoning results in any direction. This discomfort was caused by the odors of other people's meals, which, willy-nilly, they were obliged to inhale; to reverse the apostolic saying, "who burnt and they were offended not?" When they came home to dinner, by the time they reached their apartment on the third floor they had passed through the successive vaporous strata of corned-beef and cabbage from the basement, boiled codfish from the first étage, and onions from the second. Mrs. Goodenough's memory tablets were indelibly engraved with the recollection of the mortification that filled her soul one day when she opened her drawing-room door to usher out a couple of very distinguished callers, and had her nostrils and theirs filled by the rush of "a perfect simoom" of fried onions which had made its way up the elevator shaft.

There was, of course, no mode of alleviating the infliction. In this land of the free one can hardly dictate the bills of fare to be adopted by her neighbors in a flat. When will the man or woman arise who will gain fame and fortune by inventing a kitchen deodorizer for the especial benefit of people living in apartments and in houses with basement kitchens? The makeshifts to which the close quarters obliged the Goodenoughs to resort were funny enough in the retrospect, although they were anything but droll in the happening. They had to double their belongings up in the most astonishing fashion, and occasionally things got dreadfully mixed. Jenny used to say, despairingly, that she looked forward to finding the frying-pan on the parlor sofa, and her clean collars in the refrigerator, and bore constantly in mind that amusing account of a flat where every piece of furniture was something else than what it pretended to be. Usually she timed her preparations for an outing so that her wraps were laid in readiness some minutes before she was to start. But once she made a miscalculation, and was surprised by the too prompt arrival of a rather fastidious bachelor friend of her husband's who was to accompany them to the theatre. She made a virtue of necessity and carried it off as a joke when she had to ask the guest to rise from the sofa that she might get from under it the box containing her fur cloak, and apologize as she took her best bonnet from the drawer of the antique spider-legged parlor table.

That was a mere circumstance, however, to the shame and confusion of countenance she experienced when another friend of Jim's stopped at the flat early one morning on his way to the office, and found the party costume she had worn the evening before gracefully disposed over chairs in the parlor; while her fan, jewelry, gloves, lace handkerchief, and various similar trifles adorned the mantel and the top of the Franklin. In fact, she was almost always obliged to use the parlor as a dressing-room in the evening, the presence of one baby in the nursery and another in the bedchamber shutting her off from either of these retreats, while the bath-room was so small that if she took an elaborate *tournure* in there with her, she was unable to close the door upon it. It was enough to make one tremble to think of the consequences that would have ensued had she been guilty of the rashness of putting on a beruffled or befrilled gown while actually in the bath-room. She and the gown could never have come out except piecemeal.

Among Mrs. Goodenough's purchases later in the winter was a wardrobe—an essential, if she would not have her best dresses ruined. This she crammed into the nursery, which was already full to overflowing, and then had the pleasure of ducking under the hammock to get a gown whenever she wanted to change her costume during the baby's nap or after his bedtime. Her hair-pins and the meshes of that dreadful hammock had such an affinity for each other that they could never pass without an embrace. Many a time did she crawl across the floor on her hands and knees to avoid the risk of having to take her hair down and rearrange it after the disastrous results that would have followed had she endeavored to reach her goal on her feet instead of on all-fours. When she attempted to take clothing out of the tall closet in her chamber she was in almost as bad a plight. The triple tier of drawers that supported the clothes-press raised it so high that to reach the hooks supporting the dresses she had to scale the heights by means of a hassock and a chair. Precariously balanced on the edge of the latter, in imminent danger of falling and breaking her neck, she would clutch wildly at her prey, which generally hung just beyond her reach. Whenever she descended safe and victorious from her perilous quest, she would draw a long breath of thankfulness that she still preserved her bones intact.

And oh, the noises! Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough were both addicted to rather late hours, and, in consequence, "loved a morning doze." The denizens of the flat above them apparently believed in uncarpeted floors, and although the ceilings were supposed to be deadened, the work had been so imperfectly done that it failed utterly to soften the sounds that began overhead by 6 A.M. A small boy with heavy shoes was usually heard at play half an hour later. His favorite diversion seemed to consist in throwing a wooden ball from one end of the room to the other, then jumping from the cricket upon which he had evidently been perched and running to regain his toy. This pleasing pastime he would continue by the hour at a time. By seven o'clock a melodeon in the same flat would be started with Gospel hymns, of course, and this lasted until one was tempted to turn heathen and fly to the isles of the sea in self-preservation. When the "music," as *Cape Cod Folks* had taught them to call this instrument of torture, was going overhead, while a piano was being practised in the flat below, and a would-be violinist was scraping away in another apartment on the same story, the Goodenoughs felt that their cup of confusion was full.

There were other equally charming features connected with life in a flat which should not be overlooked. One of them arose from the close proximity of the parlor to the nursery. This was the dread of certain callers with loud or high-pitched voices who might happen in during the babies' naps, or worse still, in the evenings. Practice had given the father and mother of the interesting infants the habit of speaking in as subdued tones as would be used in a chamber of sickness, but outsiders could hardly be expected to cultivate this practice, nor did the host and hostess feel inclined to request it. Sometimes the callers would ask, apprehensively, "if any one were ill," and the statement that the babies were easily awakened generally seemed to cast a damper over the enjoyment of the company. It is impossible to be very jovial for any length of time in a forced undertone, and Mrs. Goodenough began to fear that they would lose most of their cheerfully disposed friends if this mode of living were continued much longer.

Apart from these annoyances there were household worries. When a couple of friends were invited to dinner, or when there was an extra course or two, the makeshifts to which the waitress was put in the disposition of the additional dishes forcibly reminded the entertainers of the banquet David Copperfield gave to his friends in his chambers, when the "young gal" who had been engaged by Mrs. Crupp to wash the dishes "carefully paved the pantry floor with plates." The Goodenoughs' maid was reduced to almost similar straits, for as there was no butler's pantry, all the dishes that had been used were carried into the kitchen, and the little space offered by the table and the top of the set tubs was soon covered. Mrs. Goodenough had a broad shelf put up across the window, but even that was not equal to holding all the clean and soiled crockery in service at a lunch or dinner party. That so much of the pretty ware escaped unbroken was a mysterious blessing for which Jenny was deeply thankful.

On washing days the family lived in the steam that, do what they might, would find its way from the tiny kitchen into the dining-room, and it never ceased to be a wonder to them that between the ironing-board and the laden clothes-horse the cook ever managed to cook the dinner on ironing day. And Mrs. Goodenough never could get used to having to pilot her friends past the refrigerator and the flour barrel to get them into the dining-room. Finally, a brilliant thought suggested itself; she had a framework put up, on which she could hang curtains to conceal these homely objects and the shelf above them, and she felt more at ease. With the exception of their musical predilections, the neighbors were, in the main, inoffensive. Still, in every family, no matter how united, there must be occasional differences of opinion, and it is not always the pleasantest thing in the world to be forced into the position of an unwilling eavesdropper to the conjugal disputes in the flat below-stairs or next door. Equally disagreeable is it to be obliged to assist by one's sense of hearing at the spanking the mother of the large family on the first floor is bestowing upon her youngest hope. Yet what can be done when one elevator and one air-shaft connect each one of eight flats with the others?

The arbitrary rules common to flat-houses likewise chafed not a little the young people who had been accustomed to the freedom of their own cottage. Jenny resented having forbidden her the privilege of consulting the grocer's boy or marketman in the privacy of her kitchen, and being forced instead to descend three flights of stairs to a chilly basement. Yet she relished even less the alternative of shouting her orders down the elevator shaft for the delectation of all the curious listeners within ear-shot. One may have nothing to conceal, and yet shrink from publicly announcing her daily menu. As little did she like the regulation that forbade opening the front-door by means of the electric spring until the candidate for admission had screamed her name up the speaking-tube to the maid who answered the call of the bell. The only advantage possessed by this system was the protection it accorded against peddlers, beggars, and book agents. And how both husband and wife longed for a scrap of ground they could call their own, even if it were but the tiny yard that is the only free bit of earth connected with most city houses! What a nuisance it was when a rainy Monday compelled the indefinite postponement of the hanging out of the wet clothes, unless some other tenant could be persuaded to let them have part of the roof on "her day" for drying!

One of the most unpleasant features of living over another family was manifested upon a certain memorable occasion, when Mrs. Goodenough's maid had gone to bed on Sunday night leaving the Monday's wash soaking in the set tubs in the kitchen. By some oversight she neglected the trifling precaution of turning off the water. The mass of wet clothes pressed against the netting covering the waste-pipe, and prevented the escape of the water by that exit. Between five and six the next morning a vigorous knocking at the door aroused Mr. Goodenough to find the janitor half dressed and wholly indignant.

"The water from your pipes has flooded all the other floors," he announced, seriously.

There was an immediate rush to the kitchen by mistress and maids, where they found a flooded floor, an empty boiler, and a stream of cold water flowing from the hot water faucet into the tubs. Luckily, the damage turned out to be less serious than it had appeared at first; but even then it was quite bad enough.

They never did get used to having the lights in the hall put out and the front doors closed by nine forty-five. It was bad enough to have to let themselves into the house and stumble up to their third floor through Egyptian darkness; but even that was not so bad as to usher a caller out at the eminently respectable hour of half past ten, and to feel that unless one of them stood at the head of the stairs to light the guest on his downward way, he would probably break his neck and leave his entertainers morally responsible for his destruction before he reached the front door.

But space and leisure fail one who attempts to recount all the trials the two underwent. They had dreadful suspicions of the janitor's honesty in the matter of coal and kindling wood. Fuel never lasted as long as they thought it should. The electric bells were constantly getting out of order; the stairs were dark; the rugs had to be carried to the roof every time they needed a shaking. The meats and groceries were delivered at the wrong floors, or on the wrong side of the house. They grew tired of climbing so many stairs, and the first floor had fried onions and boiled cod on every day in the week except those on which they had cabbage, and on Sunday they had all three. It was that which decided them finally. They had lived in their flat for eighteen months, and for sixteen they had been glancing with more or less interest at every house they passed in their walks that bore the legend, *To Let*, and when a little frame cottage presented itself—a bit old-fashioned, perhaps, but in which one could at least go upstairs to bed, and down-stairs to breakfast—the Goodenoughs shook the dust of flats off their feet forever, and fled to the refuge which offered them a front and a back door all their own.

SENATOR SANDERS.

On the last day of the old year the Republican caucus of the Montana Legislature nominated Colonel Wilbur Fisk Sanders as United States Senator, and he was elected the following day by the Republican Legislature. As his title will be passed upon by a committee on elections a majority of whose members are Republicans, it is fair to assume that its validity will be recognized.

Colonel Sanders is one of the most picturesque figures of the new Northwest. He was born in Cattaraugus County, New York, in 1834, and in 1854 began his legal education under his uncle, Sidney Edgerton, of Akron, Ohio, one of the most prominent lawyers of the Western Reserve. He married Miss Harriet P. Fenn in 1858. He served in the army until 1863, when he retired on account of broken health, and went to Idaho, whither his uncle had preceded him as Governor of the Territory. The next year the Territory was divided, and Mr. Edgerton became Governor of Montana, and young Sanders settled in Virginia City. He soon became prominent as a lawyer, and was chosen Prosecuting Attorney. In this office he distinguished himself by his ability and absolute fearlessness. In 1868 he removed to Helena, Montana. Montana in those days was infested with "road agents," and it was due to him, in no small degree, that the famous "Vigilantes" succeeded in restoring the reign of law and order in the Territory. He brought the notorious Slade to justice, and it was on his motion, when there was some hesitation about the carrying out of the sentence imposed by the improvised court of the Vigilantes, that the murderer George Ives was "forthwith hung."

Colonel Sanders is a pronounced partisan, and in his political speeches he often refers to his Democratic opponents as "the left wing of Price's army." He will be a hearty supporter of a Federal election bill, and in general of all "bloody shirt" legislation. He is one of the readiest impromptu talkers in the country, and many stories are told of his marvellous power of extempore eloquence. He is equally at home before a Vigilance Committee, a board of railway directors, a Browning Society, or a political mass-meeting. Colonel Sanders has been a recognized leader of the Republican party in Montana for twenty-five years. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1872, '74, '76, and '78. Several times he has been the candidate for Territorial Delegate to Congress, but has failed to overcome the Democratic majority. His nomination for Senator by the Republicans was almost a foregone conclusion. He is the foremost man in his party in Montana, and is likely to make his mark in the Senate at Washington.

CHANCELLOR HENRY R. PIERSON, LL.D.

Chancellor Pierson, who died at Albany on January 1st, was an exemplary type of that sturdy and solid worth which appeals to the esteem of all classes of the community. During his long life of usefulness he had filled many positions of the highest trust and importance, and so filled them as to be a model for his fellows. He fell a victim to an attack of capillary bronchitis, induced from the prevalent influenza. He had been ill for only eight days, and till within a very brief period before his death his condition had not been esteemed dangerous.

Chancellor Pierson was born at Charleston, Montgomery County, New York, on June 13, 1819, of sturdy farmer stock. All his early years were spent in rustic pursuits, and the exercise obtained in out-door life probably contributed largely to the sturdy physique which characterized him. Farm life, however, did not prevent him from giving time to the cultivation of that love of books to which his tastes led him. He had already acquired a marked degree of self-education when he left home at the age of twenty-one to teach school at Salem, New York, with the idea of earning money for the discharge of his college expenses. He was enabled to enter Union College in 1843 in the Sophomore class, and graduated with honors in 1846. In his class were several men who afterward became notable, such as John M. Gregory, Governor John T. Hoffman, and Howard Potter. After a brief period of law study in Cherry Valley, the young man entered the office of Judge Gilbert M. Speir, in New York city, and was admitted to the bar in 1848. He at once formed a law partnership with Hon. Abijah Mann, which lasted for many years, and made the firm one of the best known in New York. The attention of Mr. Pierson, however, was quickly turned to railway matters, for which he seemed to have a special talent. He resided in Brooklyn from 1849 to 1869, and during that period served as President of the Board of Education, and likewise of the Board of Aldermen, in both of which offices he secured the warm approval of his fellow-citizens. He was also elected a State Senator for his district in 1866, and served with great usefulness. He had retired from legal practice in 1860, and became President of the Brooklyn City Railroad. This position he held for nine years, till he was persuaded to go West to assume the functions of financial agent of the Chicago and North-

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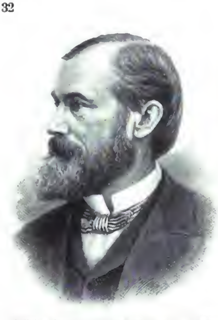
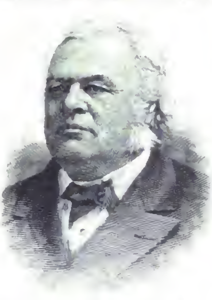


COLONEL WILBUR F. SANDERS, SENATOR-ELECT FROM THE STATE OF MONTANA.—[See Page 31.]

western Railroad. He speedily discovered such ability that he was made Vice-president of the company, and filled that office for two years. Mr. Pierson then returned East to assume the duties of managing director of the New York Central road, and thenceforward made his home at Albany. Two years later, in 1873, he was elected to the Assembly, where he held the chairmanship of two of the most important committees—Cities and Railways. As a man of business he did not, however, confine his attention to railway management, but instituted a successful banking establishment, with which he remained permanently identified.

He had always been warmly interested in questions of education. In 1870 he had been elected a trustee of Union College, of the Albany Medical College, and of the Dudley Observatory. The Legislature in 1872 made him a Regent of the University of the State of New York, in which position he succeeded Erastus Corning. He was appointed to the Vice-Chancellorship in 1878, when Erastus C. Benedict became Chancellor; and when Mr. Benedict's death in 1881 made a vacancy in the Chancellorship, Mr. Pierson was at once promoted to this important and responsible place, which he has since filled with great ability and judgment.

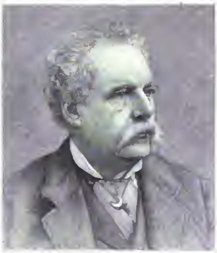
Chancellor Pierson was a man of fine physique and impressive personal aspect. The singular geniality of temperament which softened his dominant qualities of energy and force made him as warmly beloved by his friends as he was universally esteemed. His early experiences in farming life left him strongly attached to rustic pursuits, and during the closing years of his life he was much interested in carrying on practical and experimental farming on the fine country estate near Albany which he possessed. He was a fine type of executive energy united with cultivated and vigorous intellectual qualities, and a man of great public capacity. He received the degree of LL.D. in 1874.



THE LATE HENRY R. PIERSON, CHANCELLOR OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Sterry, Albany.—[See Page 31.]

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

Mr. G. H. Boker, honorably known as poet, dramatist, and diplomat, died on January 2d, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, at his residence in Philadelphia, of a throat affection, from which he had been suffering for several years. He had been confined to his bed for nearly a month, and the fatal termination of his illness was unexpected, as he had rallied only a few days before his death in a way to promise convalescence. Mr. Boker, born in 1823, belonged to a wealthy Philadelphia family, and inherited the easy and graceful culture which stamped his literary work. His ancestry, originally French, was also partly Dutch by removal to Holland, and finally became located in England. The family then became identified with the Quaker sect, and on coming to America, settled naturally in Philadelphia. His father was a noted financier, and he himself became the heir of an ample fortune at an early age. He was graduated at Princeton College in 1842, in the same class with Theodore L. Cuyler, John P. Stockton, Senator Colquit, and Charles Godfrey Leland. He finished his studies at the age of nineteen, and wedding shortly after a Miss Riggs, he went abroad for prolonged travel. His literary tastes, which had been pronounced in college, rapidly ripened into productive work, and in 1848 his first volume of poems, *The Lesson of Life*, was given to the public. The following year came a tragedy, *Calaynos*, based on a Spanish story, which was very favorably received, and it was also a play of acting merit, as it was put on the stage in both England and America. There followed within a few years *Anne Boleyn*, *Leonor De Guzman*, and *Francesca Da Rimini*. The latter-named drama, originally produced, at the Broadway Theatre in New York, in 1855, with E. L. Davenport as Lanciotto, was very successfully revived in 1883 modified by the author, and it by Lawrence Barrett, in a form became a permanent feature of the actor's repertory. Other plays written by Mr. Boker, though never acted, were *The Betrothal* and *The Widow's Marriage*. His books of collected poems, in addition to *The Lesson of Life*, were *Plays and Poems* (1856); *Poems of the War* (1864); *Street Lyrics* and *Königsmark and Other Poems* (1869); and *The Book of the Dead* (1882).



THE LATE GEORGE H. BOKER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Boker from the outset of the civil war was an ardent patriot and a prominent member of the Republican party. In association with Morton, McMichael, and a few others, he founded the Union League Club in 1862, and this soon became a power in war politics. He was such an uncompromising Unionist that he was drawn into more than one bitter feud, and it was said that his life was several times threatened by political enemies. His diplomatic career began in 1872, when President Grant gazetted him as minister to Turkey; here Mr. Boker displayed at once brilliant aptitudes for his new profession. He interested himself in securing certain needed reforms in the jurisdiction of native courts in Turkey and Egypt over foreigners, and valuable decorations and gifts were urged on him by the Sultan and the Khedive, honors which he was obliged to decline. Thence he was promoted, with the most flattering testimonials from the State Department at Washington, to the St. Petersburg mission, and in this new field he acquitted himself with such tact and ability as to win the warmest esteem of the Emperor and his chancellors. It was through Mr. Boker's negotiations that Russia, Turkey, and Egypt took part in the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876, and that the Czar announced himself so emphatically on the side of the United States at the time of the *Virginius* trouble. He was in the diplomatic service for six years, and it was said that Alexander and his Chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff, made a personal request that he should not be removed.

After Mr. Boker's withdrawal from diplomacy he ceased to be connected with public life, and occupied himself with social and literary interests. His culture and polish as a man of the world made him a notable figure, and the impression he produced was heightened by a noble physique and carriage. His poetic faculty, which is his title to literary remembrance, vibrated with no lofty and original strain, but flowed with an easy and affluent grace, marked by extreme finish, and not without occasional outbursts of a genuine fire, which give him honorable rank among the *dii minores* of American verse. Some of his shorter poems, such as "Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan," "The Ivory Carver," "The Podesta's Daughter," and "A Dirge for a Soldier," rose at once to a popularity which has remained permanent.

THE MONEY MARKET ONCE MORE.

Those who are concerned in the financial business centring in New York for which the common and convenient name is Wall Street, will admit that the money market of the end of December and beginning of January deserves a chapter to itself. People at a distance, if engaged in business so as to know by experience the difference between tight and easy money, will be interested to know how matters went in New York round the turn of the year, and probably congratulate themselves on being elsewhere and differently occupied. Preparations for January disbursements were larger than usual, and the gathering together by a very large number of corporations of the money needed to pay their coupons on the first business day of January caused, as usual, some curtailment of facilities among borrowers. The banks themselves, in spite of their slender reserves, were obliged to increase their loans, and in general they did all that could reasonably have been expected of them in that respect. The rates for call loans became irregular; some institutions taking a pride in not raising their charge above 6 per cent. interest, while others, acting with the freedom of private lenders, took all they could get—25 per cent. or more. The Treasury had upward of eight millions of interest to pay at the beginning of January, and this amount was of vastly more importance to the market than any similar sum from corporations, because it was to come out of the Treasury vaults, and be so much clear addition to the money afloat. The importance of getting this money out in advance of the due date, and while the necessary preparations for ordinary payments of interest were on foot, was urged upon the Treasury. On Saturday night, December 28th, notice was sent out from the Treasury that checks for over seven millions of interest had just been mailed, and that quite possibly by Monday or Tuesday the Secretary might order them cashed at once, as a convenience to holders, but not with any reference to supposed stringency in the money market. This affectation of indifference to notorious facts was brushed away on Monday morning, December 30th, and by noon of that day the Assistant Treasurer at New York was instructed to cash the January interest checks and coupons as soon as presented. The relief was given as late as it could well be, and was given grudgingly. The comments current on Secretary Windom's action and its manner would not look well in print; but it would have been worth his while as a public officer to hear them. When business was resumed yesterday, after the New-Year's holiday, rates were anywhere from 10 to 40 per cent.; the highest rate being late in the day, and ascribed to manipulation of its own loans by one of the national banks. This afternoon money fell to 4 per cent., and closed easy at that figure or less, though most of the day's business had been at 12 to 15 per cent. It is not certain that this return to ease will last, though it seems that there is an increased disposition to promote ease in money, and this is important when bank reserves, as now, are slender.

The market for call loans in New York is very important; the loans are made on pledge of good stocks and bonds current at the Stock Exchange, and of market value 20 per cent. or more in excess of the money borrowed. They constitute the means of meeting the fluctuating demands from day to day of the financial houses and their thousands of clients all over the country. It is as legitimate a branch of the money market as that for commercial discounts, or that for time loans on pledge of collateral security. It cannot be evaded by taking time loans instead, for the reason that the amounts involved vary too greatly to permit of the substitution of that kind of borrowing. And it is an unfortunate feature of it that most of the borrowing has to be done in the service of clients who will not pay more than the legal rate of interest, which is 6 per cent. It is lawful in New York to agree upon any rate of interest for demand loans of $5000 or upward, but this is so recent that the client still plants himself upon the legal rate; and, besides, there is no official rate to which reference can be made. The latter defect may perhaps be remedied, but not until the banks agree upon a uniform rate for first class call loans, announced day by day.

What, then, can be done to improve the present state of things? Improvement is certainly needed, as the rates just quoted are penal, though these and worse are familiar to every one of long experience in New York. The main thing is to get out of the Treasury the money which lies there in excess of sound business requirements. The purchase of bonds and the deposit of Treasury money in national banks are the two resources of the Secretary; but the offerings of bonds have been trifling for several days past, and Mr. Windom has pronounced against deposits in national banks with as much emphasis as if he had never read the Currency Act of 1864, which authorizes them. It would be a great relief if the fund in the Treasury for the redemption of surrendered bank-notes, now sixty-nine millions, could be rapidly reduced. All the details of the surrender of bank-notes are known to the Currency Bureau, and this knowledge, one would suppose, could be turned to account in hastening their redemption, and consequently the liberation of the impounded lawful money, if only the official mind could be convinced of the importance of time in this respect. The money market will do the best it can with the funds in its own control; let the Treasury yield up its idle hoard, and nothing more can be asked. But Mr. Windom must administer the Treasury with full use of his lawful powers of relief, or he will find that a large reduction of taxation is more vital to himself than even to the rest of us.

Henry J. Macdonald.

New York, Friday evening, January 3, 1890.

POOR HUMANITY!

The common lot is one of sorrow say—at least—the pessimists, they who look at the worst side. Certainly what would otherwise be a bright existence is often shadowed by some ailment that overhangs it like a pall, obscuring perpetually the radiance that else would light the path. Such an ailment, and a very common one, is nervousness, or, in other words, weakness of the nervous system, a condition only irremediable where inefficient or improper means are taken to relieve it. The concurrent experience of nervous people who have persistently used Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, that it conquers entirely supersensitiveness of the nerves, as well as diseases—so called—which are invited and sustained by their chronic weakness. As the nerves gain stamina from the great tonic the trouble disappears. Use the Bitters for malaria, rheumatism, biliousness, and kidney troubles.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A SPECIFIC FOR THROAT DISEASES.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Nocumann's Liquid Bread is a pure malt extract, containing less than 3 per cent. of alcohol. It meets the popular want, and is for sale by all druggists. Its rapid and constantly increasing sale proves that its merit is appreciated.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP

Whitens the hands, softens the skin. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

Beecham's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

We recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

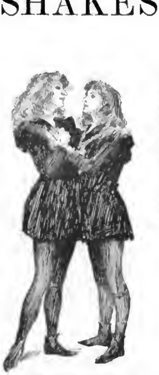
USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

The weakness and debility which result from illness may be speedily overcome by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This is a safe, but powerful tonic, assists digestion, regulates the liver and kidneys, and cleanses the blood of all germs of disease.—[*Adv.*]

SHAKESPEARE IN NEW YORK.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

WITH SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY ALBERT E. STERNER.



MAY HAINES AND ISA BOWMAN AS THE TWO PRINCES.

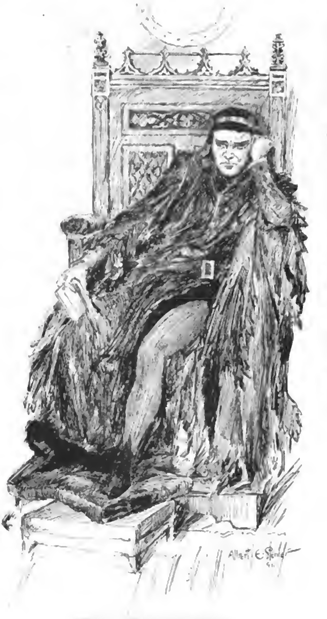
THE stage in New York city has seldom made such an interesting manifestation as it makes at present of the resources of dramatic and scenic art as applied to the works of Shakespeare. *As You Like It* has been produced at Daly's Theatre, with Miss Ada Rehan as Rosalind. *Richard the Third* has been produced at Palmer's Theatre, with Mr. Mansfield as Gloster. *Twelfth Night* has been produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with Miss Marie Wainwright as Viola. In each case the effort has been made to give the play not only a correct and impressive stage setting, but an intellectual, sympathetic, and adequate interpretation. These three presentations of Shakespeare came simultaneously, and have progressed side by side, and all of them have prospered. The successful result of this form of theatrical enterprise is a denotement equally of potential artistic achievement and of popular appreciation.

The audience for the best things in art has always been a small audience. Milton described it as fit though few. It may be doubted whether the public ever attends a Shakespearian performance, or any performance, in the first instance, for the sake of its artistic merit. An extraneous allurement of some sort must first exist to awaken public interest. When once the attention of the community is obtained, the artistic charm may suffice to hold it. Mr. Mansfield was a long time in building up his personal reputation; in diffusing knowledge of the fact that he is an exceptional actor; in convincing the people that whatever he undertakes to do will be done in a unique manner—a manner marked by distinctive and piquant attributes—and therefore will be worthy of regard. He was a public performer for many years before he gained his first great success with the remarkable embodiment of Chevrial in *A Parisian Romance*. He supplemented that with his ghastly, terrible, pathetic, and darkly imaginative impersonation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and with that achievement his preparatory work was complete. The community might not, and probably would not, have cared to see Shakespeare's tragedy of *Richard the Third*. It is a boisterous and repulsive play, and it has never been popular. Certainly no considerable "business" has ever been done with it except for brief periods, with Edmund Kean, G. F. Cooke, and the elder and younger Booth; but no sooner did Mr. Mansfield announce himself as Gloster than the public mind became excited with an eager desire to see him play it. He first acted the part in London, at the Globe Theatre, about a year ago, and subsequently returning to America, which is his home, he began his present theatrical season with it last October, in Boston. Mr. Mansfield, it should be said, has had his career on the English as well as on the American stage. He was born in Heligoland, and is the son of the once famous vocalist Madame Rudersdorf. But practically he is an American, and his rank is with American actors.

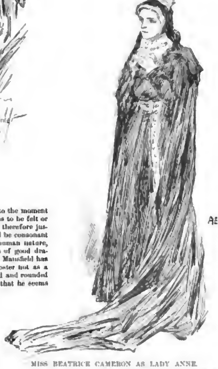
In choosing his characters for the stage, Mr. Mansfield has hitherto acted upon a principle which eventually he will be constrained to abandon. He has ignored the element of human sympathy. The types of human nature that he has chosen to depict are, in the main, obnoxious types. No actor has ever yet succeeded in holding a high and permanent place in the regard of mankind through the assumption of monsters. An actor may momentarily startle and thrill the human heart in such characters as Iago, Iachimo, Ludovico, Pescara, and Sir Giles Overreach, but he cannot permanently hold it in them. If his fame is to be universal, genuine, and continuous, he must inspire affection as well as admiration. It is not a question of desert; it is a question of radical law. Edwin Booth's great fame, for example, was not gained in Iago—of which part his embodiment is peerless—but in Hamlet and Richelieu and King Lear. Jefferson's consummate victory was won not with coarse, eccentric comicalities, such as Shingle and Batkins and Paul Pry, but with the poetical and lovable character of Rip Van Winkle. An actor who possesses them will always be admired for his genius and his artistic capacity; but the extent, continuity, and growth of his success, making him an integral part of the vital experience of his time, depend on his assumption of characters that are sympathetic. The late John Gilbert gave a marvellous performance of Caliban; but this community knew and admired and loved him, not for his Caliban, but for his Dornton, Sir Peter Teazle, and Jesse Rural. Henry Irving gives a great embodiment of Louis XI.; but his place in the hearts of this generation was gained by his performances of Mathias, Lesurques, Hamlet, and Dr. Primrose. Mr. Mansfield has now gained the public eye and the public confidence. No other young actor stands in a more auspicious attitude toward the tragic stage and the society by which it is valued and sustained. But Mr. Mansfield will surely find that he cannot successfully restrict himself to the representation of demons.

His choice of Shakespeare's Gloster, however, viewed in the light of his peculiar and exceptional treatment of that character, was a step in the right direction. He seems to have recognized instinctively the need that exists of presenting this character not simply as hateful, but also as pitiable. He does not obscure or soften its enormity; but he has tried by a strong accentuation of Richard's remorse, and by a vigorous and pathetic portrayal of the struggle between good and evil in this man's soul, to make him, to a certain extent, an object of compassion. His work is meant to be the portraiture of a man, and not of a malignant reptile. It may be that this ideal is somewhat inharmonious with Shakespeare's conception. But *Richard the Third* is not one of Shakespeare's most definite tragedies. Its style is diffuse and vagrant. It makes a wild jumble of historic events. It distorts facts and builds largely on rumors and surmises. It does not express the poet's conception of Richard's character with absolute and incessant distinctness. It makes Richard describe himself in such terms that if he were taken at his word, and depicted according to his own description, he would appear as a hideous combination of Quasimodo and Quilp. Its greatest dramatic effect is dependent on the operation of remorse in the soul of a murderer, and yet it leaves even the most studious of its readers completely in the dark as to the moment when the remorse of Gloster begins to be felt or to affect his conduct. The actor is therefore justified in forming an ideal that shall be consonant with a sound general theory of human nature, and that can be made productive of good dramatic effects. This is all that Mr. Mansfield has ventured to do. He presents Gloster not as a character that is entirely developed and rounded (as it must, however, be admitted that he seems to be in Shakespeare), but as a character that is being developed; and he makes Gloster's mental and spiritual perturbation almost coincident with his commission of the crimes that mark his course. This is the distinctive novelty of Mr. Mansfield's embodiment. He has arranged the piece, in five acts, partly according to the original, and partly according to the plan that was adopted by Cibber. His book is not so good a one—because not so faithful to Shakespeare, and not so conservative of the pivotal effects and splendid passages of the original piece—as that which was made by Edwin Booth about fourteen years ago; yet it is a good book, scholar-like and practical. He introduces Gloster at the age of nineteen, in the year 1471; and thereafter he intimates lapses of time, denoting their effect by certain changes in Gloster's aspect and demeanor, and presents him later, at thirty and thirty-three. By this means he is enabled to aim attention not only to Gloster's deeds, but to the emotions that commingle and contend in his soul.

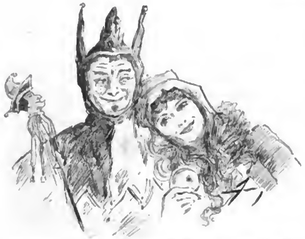
No previous actor has done this, in the whole long history of Shakespeare's play, the invariable custom having been to make the character all alacrity, expedition, infernal self-poise, and deadly will, until the ghost scene on the night before Bosworth Field, and then suddenly to display it in agony and collapse. Edmund Kean, to be sure, introduced the weird and blood-curdling effect of dark presentiments in the king's mood just before the tent scene, and Edwin Booth, by a subtle and magnificent stroke of genius, indicated the beginning of Richard's discomfiture as coincident with his audit of his mother's curse (in the fourth scene of Act IV. in the original piece). But the stage custom has been the presentation of a concrete character, finished and continually in rapid action, and not a character unfolding itself, with the concomitants of physical alteration, under the pressure of experience. The stage Richard of the past was a specious hypocrite, a sardonic scoffer, and a resolute, cruel, and "sudden" brute. His cool and glittering malice and his smiling treachery were almost comical, but he never became interesting as a man till just before the end of his career. Mr. Mansfield, without ceasing to present him as a hypocrite, a scoffer, and a miscreant, has tried to present him all the way through as a man. There may not be positive and absolute authority for this in the original text of Shakespeare, yet it ought to be remembered that the drift of that text is not definite. Besides, the justification of an actor's method must be sought in the effect it produces. Mr. Mansfield's treatment of the part abates its impetuosity during the earlier scenes, and this is a defective result; but during the later scenes—in fact, from an early point in the progress of the story—it insures for his embodiment of this haunted murderer the human interest that might naturally follow a man who is haggard in suffering no less than nimble in crime. The performance is somewhat deficient in superficial animation. This Richard does not "bustle," and is not sufficiently the man of whom it is so significantly said that "ills by him but thought are half performed." But the performance is deeply and darkly freighted with the portraiture of introspection, and with the thrilling and informing aspects of a human experience at once terrible and pathetic. Mr. Mansfield has contrived a scene in the throne-room just after the king is apprised that his nephews have been murdered which is at once weird, grim, and touching in its portrayal of the lonely anguish of victorious crime, and which, alike in its plan and



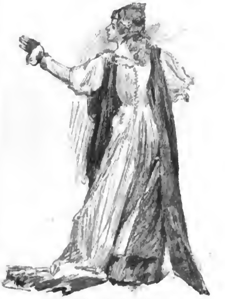
RICHARD MANSFIELD AS RICHARD III.



MISS BEATRICE CAMERON AS LADY ANNE.

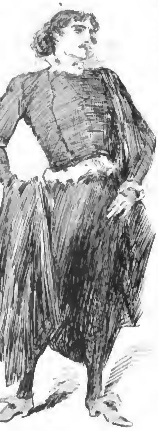


JAMES LEWIS AS TOUCHSTONE, AND MISS ISABELLE IRVING AS AUDREY.



ADA REHAN AS ROSALIND.—*Act I.*

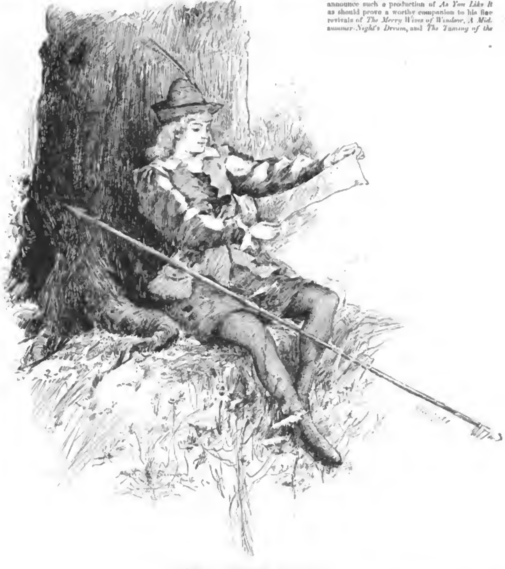
its details, is worthy of an actor of the most subtle insight and the finest executive power. The subsequent dream scene, wherein the king lies asleep, writhing in agony, while the dim ghosts of his victims drift upon the misty air through the tents of his midnight camp, comes as the natural sequence of this convulsive visitation of terror and remorse, when in the darkening hall of state a single ray of sunset light pierces through the tall Gothic window and smites the monarch's hand with the malediction of innocent blood. The frenzied awakening, likewise, when, as played by Mr. Mansfield, Richard for one horrible moment mistakes the literal figure of Catesby for yet another spectre, is likewise in the direct sequence of this exposition.



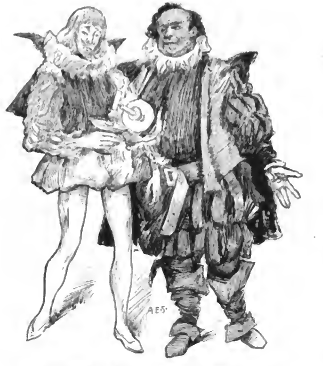
JOHN DREW AS ORLANDO.

Mr. Mansfield has not hesitated to borrow from a more authentic history of Richard's life than that which is intertwined with Shakespeare's tragedy certain side-lights with which to illumine his image of the slandered king. His great sigh of sorrow when saying that Queen Anne is dead is meant to denote the bereavement of love. But this is not warranted in Shakespeare. The play cannot be squared with history. There is not the slightest evidence, for example, to prove that Henry the Sixth was slain by Richard. There is not the slightest evidence to prove that Clarence—who indeed was tried and condemned by his peers—did not die a natural death when he expired in the Tower. And whatever may have been the fate of the sons of Edward, it was not the Duke of Gloster, but his enemy the Duke of Buckingham, who seems to have been at the bottom of it. The mother of those boys, it is not denied, subsequently placed herself in Richard's power—coming out of sanctuary, wherein she might safely have remained—and agreed to the marriage of her daughter with his son, who died in boyhood. And as to Anne Neville, it is certain that Richard loved her dearly, and that the immediate cause of her demise was grief for the death of their child. It is useless, however, to go into this branch of the subject. Shakespeare has followed Sir Thomas More in blackening for all time the character of this prince, and Shakespeare's portrait will never be invalidated. Besides it is Shakespeare's Richard and not the Richard of impartial history that Mr. Mansfield has undertaken to interpret, and his road accordingly lies more or less between hedges. He has aroused a wide-spread interest and stimulated lively discussion, and this is not confined to the circles of Shakespearian scholarship. The production is eminently one that was intended for the people. It contains fourteen scenes, no one of which is over-long, and these are set in eleven stage pictures of great beauty, painted by William Telbin, Bruce Smith, and E. G. Banks. The opening scene, in which no words are spoken, is a picturesque and spirited view of the Tower of London, gorgeous in brilliant morning sunshine, with its gay standards streaming in the fresh summer breeze, while a richly diversified procession, escorting Elizabeth, queen of Edward IV., enters beneath its grim embattled gate. Throughout the piece English architecture of the fifteenth century is copied with great fidelity. The wooing of Lady Anne is shown to occur in a sweetly pastoral bit of the road toward Chertsey, the city of London, with old St. Paul's spire, being dimly visible in the distance. The state chambers are massive and opulent, and a profound effect of haunted gloom and grisly menace has been created in the composition and color of the camp scene and the battle-field. Mr. Mansfield ends the piece with a combat based on the spirited narrative of Hume. The principal features of the cast are Lady Anne by Miss Beatrice Cameron, Queen Elizabeth by Miss Ada Dyas, the Duchess of York by Madame Ponisi, the Duke of Buckingham by Mr. D. H. Harkins, Lord Hastings by Mr. Druce, the Prince of Wales by Miss May Haines, and the Earl of Richmond by Mr. Atkins Lawrence. Miss Cameron's performance is especially thoughtful, fervid, and sincere.

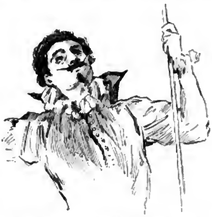
Against the one Shakespeare tragedy stand the two Shakespeare comedies. In his production of *As You Like It* Mr. Daly undertakes a peculiarly bold venture. This is not the first time that this sagacious and energetic manager has brought out *As You Like It*, for it was he who introduced the beautiful Mrs. Scott-Siddons to the American stage as Rosalind twenty years ago, and it was under his management that Mrs. Clara Jennings and Miss Fanny Davenport severally first appeared here in that character. But *As You Like It* has been frequently performed within the last twenty years, and it is not as fresh a piece for the public as several other Shakespeare comedies are that might be named. Furthermore, because of its delicate, dream-like character, its poetical atmosphere, and its evanescent beauty, it is a piece that never could be counted on as certain to please the people. Mr. Daly, however, had this strong allurement to offer—that he could present Miss Ada Rehan as Rosalind, and that he could announce such a production of *As You Like It* as should prove a worthy companion to his fine revivals of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and *The Taming of the*



ADA REHAN AS ROSALIND.—*Act III, Scene I.*



WILLIAM P. OWEN AS SIR TOBY BELCH, AND PERCY BROOKE AS SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.



BARTON HILL AS MALVOLIO, *TWELFTH NIGHT.*

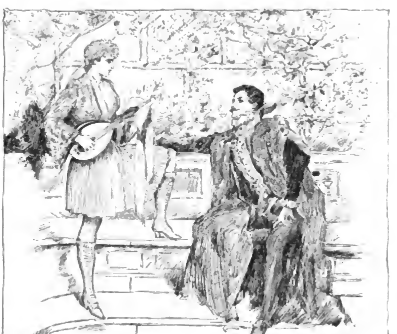
Shrew. His proclamation proved amply efficacious. The desire to see Miss Rehan as Rosalind was general and eager, and once seen his presentation of this delicious pastoral play was found to be invested with altogether exceptional attributes of novel charm, and therefore a spectacle to be witnessed as often as possible. For the first time in its history this piece has been dressed in one invariable garb of spring. The spectator sees no color that is not soft, tender, and pleasing; hears no sound that is not glad; and apprehends nothing but jollity. No mournful sentiment of exile is permitted to tinge those free and airy forest scenes with even a fleeting shadow of regret. No "melancholy Jaques," substituting ponderous solemnity for quizzical cynicism, is allowed to drench the happy foresters of Arden with the oratorical sonority of a funeral sermon. Even the old English melodies that are interspersed through the piece are slightly quickened so that they may not strike the chord of sadness. Since the object of the play, howsoever intertwined with a purpose of whimsical pleasantry, is the exposition of righteous and fortunate love, since the current of it ripples along in a silver rivulet of mirth, and since the culmination of it is absolute happiness, nothing in the stage investiture or treatment of it should be even momentarily chilled with sorrow. This is the ground-plan of the revival, and this plan has been perfectly accomplished. Not a single false note occurs, unless it be the epilogue—which does not sound like Shakespeare—which was written for a boy to speak, and which is but a paltry tag to such a lovely play. Certain rank lines usually spoken by Touchstone are omitted. That ancient blemish "The Cuckoo Song," which was foisted upon this piece in Garrick's time, has been removed, while all the music for which Shakespeare provided is retained. The two pages appear and sing for Touchstone "There was a Lover and his Lass." The passages descriptive of Jaques and the "poor sequestered stag" are restored to the First Lord, and are spoken in their proper place. An actor and not merely a gymnast is cast for Charles the Wrestler. Much new and felicitous stage business is interpolated. The second act is ended with the song of the winter wind. And by a skilful blending of set pieces with panorama the effect is secured of boundless extent and opulent luxuriance in the breezy clearings and sun-dappled glades of the fanciful forest of Arden.

With the single exception of Lady Macbeth, no woman in Shakespeare is so much in controversy as Rosalind. The character is thought to be almost unattainable, and for an actress to attempt Rosalind who has never yet played the part is deemed an act of temerity. An ideal that is lofty, but at the same time is vague, seems to possess the Shakespeare scholar, accompanied by the profound conviction that it never can be fulfilled. Only a few actresses have obtained ample recognition as Rosalind, chief among them being Mrs. Pritchard, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Dancer, Dora Jordan, Louisa Nesbitt, Helen Faucit, Ellen Tree, Mrs Barrow, Rose Coghlan, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Mrs. Langtry, Miss Litton, and Mary Anderson. Others have attempted it, but with no appreciable advantage of result. There are obvious difficulties in the way of giving a fine performance of Rosalind; and yet the character is not obscure. Shakespeare built the comedy of *As You Like It* upon the basis of a romance, partly in prose and partly in verse, by his contemporary, Thomas Lodge (it was published in 1592, dedicated to the Lord of Hunsdon), called, "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacy: Found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra: Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes nursed up with their Father in England." In that book he found the story that he has told in his play, elevating it, and adding to it the characters of Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, and Sir Oliver Mar-text. That story of a wild girl frolicking in the woods suggested to his imagination the image of the unconventional woman whom all free-minded men adore. The charm of Rosalind is her gypsy charm. She is young, handsome, pure, merry, and noble, and beneath a sparkling outside of nimble wit, smiling levity, and amiably satirical banter she veils a passionate temperament, sensitive to every fine impulse and every lovely influence. The reason why she is not more often embodied in a competent and enthralling manner is that her enchanting quality is something that cannot be assumed—it must be possessed; it must exist in the fibre of the individual, and its expression will then be spontaneous. Art can accomplish much, but it cannot supply the inherent captivation that constitutes the puissance of Rosalind. Miss Ada Rehan has made a brilliant hit in the part, first, because she possesses this quality, and, secondly, because the method of her art is the fluent method of natural grace. She does not try to be anything more than a woman. She does not grope after abstract meanings. She dashes into the woodland frolic in a mood of gleeful happiness; and the image of buoyant womanhood that she embodies is sweetly reckless, because absolutely innocent as well as ardently impetuous. The performance is marked by incessant movement and sparkle, and yet it does not become monotonous or insincere, because it is so continuously fraught with suggestiveness of the pure, wholesome, simple, happy, and bounteous nature that is beneath it. Those courtship passages in the forest, wherein the boy plays the woman, drag wearily when the Rosalind is not the actual woman of Shakespeare's dream. In Miss Rehan's hands they run with the sparkle of the brook in spring-time. Her spirit is in the personation, and her spirit brims over with its affluence equally of feeling and of frolic. Rosalind is not one of the cold experimental women who stop short with wishing to be loved; she is herself a lover, and the crowning ecstasy of her beautiful life comes in that golden hour when at length she is sure of Orlando's fidelity. Few emotions that women feel are of a more sacred character than this one that must be experienced and conveyed by the representative of Shakespeare's favorite heroine. Miss Rehan has obtained a great and lasting success in her art because she rises naturally to the height of this character and sustains herself easily at that poise. The excellence of the impersonation will of course be disputed at first; but this is only another sign of its merit. Such a work cannot be injured by the shafts of detraction. It passes into the history of the stage, and it will abide there.

The popularity of *As You Like It* at Daly's Theatre has been enhanced by the associate performances of Orlando by Mr. John Drew, Jaques by Mr. George Clarke, Adam by Mr. Charles Fisher, Touchstone by Mr. James Lewis, the exiled Duke by Mr. Charles Wheatleigh, Sylvius by Mr. Frederick Bond, and Celia by Miss Henrietta Crossman. The idea of Jaques as a blasé man, a dreamer, and a cynical moralist who is done with the world except to rail at it, was perfectly conveyed by Mr. Clarke, whose audience had the luxury of hearing that fine speech on the seven ages of man spoken as if in a half-unconscious mood of thinking aloud, and not with the pomp and flourish of declamation. Celia also is rightly and effectively acted by Miss Crossman. It is in Celia, and not in Rosalind, that Shakespeare has, according to the text of the original, given the slightly carnal touch of physical exuberance. She is fine, but she is not of the fine strain of Rosalind. When Garrick revived this piece she was cast to Kitty Clive, whose strong point certainly was not sentiment. Celia needs force, mischief, and animal piquancy. Miss Crossman expresses perfectly well her tantalizing disposition and her satirical gayety of mood. The dry humor of James Lewis is harmonious with Touchstone, and this fine comedian, as thoughtful as he is droll, has given a true image of the wag in motley who uses his folly as a stalking-horse, and shoots from behind it the arrows of his wisdom. Mr. Drew's impersonation of Orlando will be remembered as a form of grace and sentiment, picturesque in moving and impetuous in spirit, and carried with the easy skill of a trained comedian. The musical part of this revival is delicious.

In his comedy of *Twelfth Night* Shakespeare takes a stronger grasp upon common life than he does in *As You Like It*. The scene is no longer the forest of Arden; it is the city and the court. The poetic ideal of sweet, tender, and melancholy loveliness in woman could not, indeed, be more amply and beautifully expressed than it is in the character of Viola; but the predominant types of human nature in this comedy are humorous types, and these are wonderfully rich and strong. When Adelaide Neilson was alive to play Viola, her exceptional temperament—in which passion and glee contended like the cloud and sunshine of an April day—enabled her to animate the scenes of sentiment with an enthralling charm such as no puissance of humor could eclipse. While she was on the stage she riveted every gaze, and when she was absent from it her audience thought of her and wished for her return. This peculiar power has not been manifested in this part by any other representative of it, and it is not possessed by Miss Marie Wainwright, who plays it now. The embodiment of Viola that is given by this pleasing actress commends itself to sympathy and admiration by physical beauty, by demure grace of demeanor, by a certain mock dignity and coy reserve, and by lingering sweetness of speech. Yet somehow the child-like simplicity of manner does not create a perfect illusion, although it is well assumed and well sustained. But altogether the practical result is that in Miss Marie Wainwright's revival of *Twelfth Night*, the humorous scenes—the scenes which implicate Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, the Clown, and Malvolio—come into the front of the picture and remain there. Sir Toby Belch, formidable though festive, is made the very genius of rosy revel by Mr. William Owen, an actor whose personality and whose artistic faculty and resource convey a cheering intimation that the old-fashioned unctuousness of humor has not yet wholly vanished from the stage. Malvolio is depicted as equally a pitiable and a ludicrous type of self-love, and therefore is depicted right. Mr. Barton Hill makes him a man of austere character, scrupulous outward propriety, wedded to formal routine, and in dead earnest.

Unusual care has been taken in the embellishment of *Twelfth Night*, and Miss Wainwright will offer it to the public view in many cities throughout the United States. Mr. Mansfield's magnificent production of *Richard the Third* is also to be shown in other cities; and when Mr. Daly takes his dramatic company to Europe, as he intends to do next summer, it is probable that he will present *As You Like It* in London. These three simultaneous Shakespeare revivals in New York are manifestly such as justify a thoughtful consideration of their spirit and influence. Movements of this kind in the dramatic field contemplate the gratification of a high order of public taste and minister to the instruction as well as the recreation of the people. They ought to meet with encouragement, since in their progress the good time may arrive when the true function of the stage will be more widely appreciated than it is in this period, and when intelligent beings will be ashamed to say that they go to the theatre simply to be amused.



MARIE WAINWRIGHT AS VIOLA, AND FREDERIC ROSS AS THE DUKE.

SHOPPING IN LONDON.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE charm that ladies find in shopping exists for them in London quite as much as in Paris or in New York, but the conditions are almost wholly different. The shops of London are in the main the little stores that we had in New York before the war. There are a few large shopping stores, such as Whiteley's and the Army and Navy stores, the Civil Service Co-operative stores, and two or three other and smaller ones, but London has no such stores as New York either in extent or number or attractiveness. In fact, one comes back to New York with the certain conviction that it is the shoppers' paradise. The fascination for American ladies who shop in London lies in the bewildering displays in the shop windows. The rule that obtains in the great stores of New York is exactly reversed in the small shops of London. Here some large shopping stores display absolutely nothing to passers-by, and those large stores whose windows are dressed show only the latest novelties or most tempting bargains. But in London everything is heaped in the shop windows.

There is nothing in America to liken to a typical London shop window. It is heaped or hung or packed with the most extraordinary number and variety of objects. Some windows are fitted with hanging shelves that mount from the bottom to the top of the enclosure, and all are loaded with goods, while racks or lines of hooks at the sides of the window fill those spaces also. As a rule, the price is plainly marked on a ticket on each article. These remarkable exhibitions convey the idea that since there is such a variety exposed, the line of goods in the store must be absolutely complete and bewildering. The shopper soon learns better. Usually there is nothing on the shelves or in the show-cases of which a sample is not to be seen in the window. To illustrate this, suppose you wished to buy scissors, or a silver pencil, or a lady's "Albert"—as they call a lady's fob chain. You would go into the shop that displayed the greatest variety of the article you wanted. Ten to one, when you went in and asked to see what they had in that line, the clerk would reach into the window and take out the very board or box or string of things that attracted your attention in the street. He would have no others to show you.

But there are great shopping stores there, and it is the mission of this chapter to describe the greatest of them all, that of William Whiteley, "the Universal Provider." It is often called "the largest store in the world," and so it is in more than one way. Accurately speaking, it may not be unique in size, but it is absolutely unparalleled in the variety of enterprises that its proprietor conducts. They said to me in Whiteley's that we had at least one equally great shopping establishment in America; and whether it was due to their modesty or their ignorance, they left it to me to discover that neither in America nor anywhere else is there any commercial establishment that approaches that store in the multitude of businesses, often widely separated in character, that is carried on under its roofs.

Whiteley undertakes to care for British army officers in whatsoever part of the world they may be quartered, sending them furniture, bedding, table-ware, servants, clothing, or food if they want it. What he does for them he also does for any one else who orders it. It is part of his business to supply everything required for a ball, be it in England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland. It is left to him to wax the floors, send the street awnings, music, servants, cooks, food, table-ware, crash, orders of dancing, carriages, hair-dressers—everything. He fits out picnic parties, hunting parties, dinner parties, sailing or fishing parties in the same way. If you wish to give a theatrical entertainment in any part of the three kingdoms, all the worry you need give yourself is that which is attendant upon ordering what you want and paying for it; all the rest Whiteley will do. He rents or sends out marionettes, magic lanterns, and Punch and Judy shows, and the men to operate them, concert troupes, vocalists, orchestras and bands, conjurers, ventriloquists, and negro minstrels, performing dogs, cats, monkeys, and mice, equilibrists, and lecturers. You may order a lecture by an Oxford graduate if you wish. That item is down in his list. He sells fireworks. He keeps for hire as well as sale such paraphernalia for all sorts of routs and festivities, as lanterns, trophies, platforms, marquees, tents, tables, chairs, awnings, and flags. I suspect that when living entertainers are ordered, Mr. Whiteley sends out and gets them, but it amounts to the same thing as if he boarded and lodged them in his store.

He fits out persons for voyages to and residence in Africa, South America, New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and the United States. For the latter country he puts up "revolvers, a revolver belt and pouches, a hunting knife, and a portable bath." Our little boys who read dime novels and run away to fight Indians afterward should order their outfits from Whiteley if possible.

Every one knows what Bath-chairs are, though we do not make use of them in America. They are exaggerated baby carriages that are pulled instead of being pushed, and in which aged persons, invalids, fops of both sexes, and lazy folks can be trundled about in city and in country. Whiteley keeps them for sale or for hire. He also provides men to pull them. He maintains a bank of deposit for his employés and the public. Five per cent. interest is paid to depositors, and seven days' notice is required for the withdrawal of an account. The bank is in the same section of his store as his office and counting-house, and here also he carries on the businesses of an intelligence office for the hiring out of servants, an agency for the renting of houses, an insurance office, a coal office, a money exchange, and an auction department. The lost property and general information bureaus of the great store are also here.

Whiteley will move your furniture for you, or he will rent you and your wife the clothing and dresses you may need to make yourself presentable at your rich uncle's house in the country, or at a ball, a wedding, a christening, or a funeral.

I asked if it was a fact that one could order a husband or a wife at Whiteley's, and was told that both had more than once been provided for eccentric customers.

"It will not seem so strange when you know how it is done," said the gentleman I addressed. "We get letters from women who want husbands, and from men who want wives. We put the couples into communication with one another, and marriages sometimes result, that is all."

Whiteley sells a great many of the parts that go to make up a house. For instance, he keeps on hand sills, doors, mantels, chimney-pieces, stained glass, hangings, all interior wood-work, baths, sinks, every appurtenance of plumbing, balusters, elevators, furnaces, iron fences, wood floors, complete stable fittings, wall-paper, lamps, gasaliers, and a thousand other requisites for a city or country house. He even advertises to build the garden walls of masonry, which, in England, are used as we use fences in our cities.

You may go confidently to Whiteley's to order your walls papered, to buy pictures, or to have them mounted or framed, to have the plumbing in your house or store attended to, to order dyeing or scouring, to get your dinner, or to have your photograph taken.

He keeps a railway and tourist office, and hair-dressing and barber shops for ladies and gentlemen, and there is direct and close communication between his store and the post and telegraph offices. He does all his own printing, and, by-the-way, his catalogue is a book of about 2600 pages of fine print and necessary illustrations. The only periodical publication in London that exceeds it in size is the London Directory.

Mr. Whiteley employs five thousand persons in the busiest season of the year, and three-quarters as many constantly. He finds that it pays to board and lodge the unmarried ones, and two thousand of his employés live upon his premises. These are lodged in thirty-six houses and a dormitory, the sexes being separated at night. All are prompted to provide recreation for themselves in such ways as are suggested by the fact that a so-called "institute" is maintained by them. There they hear music and lectures, and may read and study. They give an annual garden party and a concert or two every year, and thus make the institute self-supporting. They have organized cricket, rowing, cycling, tennis, and dramatic clubs. For their annual games it used to be necessary to rent grounds, but this year a field has been purchased for them, and they hold their yearly sports together. This is what they eat in one day:

Fresh meat	1300 lbs
Bacon and ham	100 "
Flour	1 sack
Bread	800 loaves
Butter	150 lbs
Eggs	300
Tea	60 lbs
Coffee	30 "
Leaf-sugar	100 "
Moist sugar	50 "
Cheese	30 "
Currants	20 lbs
Rice	30 "
Fish	80 "
Poultry	10 "
Ale	100 gallons
Porter	24 "
Milk	25 "
Potatoes	10 sacks
Greens	20 bushels
Parsnips	2 "

But despite all these respect-inspiring, almost incredible details, Whiteley's is a disappointing place to an American. This Colossus among shop-keepers has neither the American nor French genius and instinct for display. He belittles his business quite as much as some American store-keepers exaggerate the true extent of their operations. Our great shopping stores in New York are copied after the leading Paris stores, such as the Bon Marché and Au Printemps and the Louvre. These are vast businesses carried on in grand and sometimes palatial buildings constructed especially for them, and especially to impress the beholder. But "Whiteley, the Universal Provider," as he calls himself, has a mere aggregation of shops, that make it seem as if what Topsy says of herself in Mrs. Stowe's novel is just as true concerning his business, both have "just growed."

You go to Whiteley's from Charing Cross, the centre of London, by a long journey—as long as from Madison Square to Harlem. The great shopping bazar is in a district of London called Bayswater—a residence district like Harlem, and provided, as Harlem is, with a distinct business and shopping centre of its own. The best way to go is on top of a 'bus, for your route takes you through the busiest and most fashionable shopping streets, so that you see nearly all the world-famous stores before you come to Bayswater. But for a visitor to London the same advice always holds good. No matter where you want to go, or of which sex you are, take the top of a 'bus, unless you are in a hurry.

The first appurtenance of Whiteley's that you see is a flag waving from a mast 150 feet high above his Queen's Road buildings. In another instant you discover that the block of shops before you on the street you are riding in (Westbourne Grove it is called) all bear the name Whiteley over their doors on golden signs. Each shop displays in its window the sort of goods sold within. Each shop, or store, as we would say, has a separate doorway on the street, but a passageway running through them all midway between the front and back walls connects them. These stores have counters on either side, with the goods in show-cases and on shelves along the walls. Nearly all have tables between the counters, and nearly all are far too small for the business transacted in them. The ceilings are very low, and usually valuable space is taken up by stairways leading to other stores on the second story. These upper and lower floors are, in the main, utilized systematically. If the lower ground-floor shop contains men's clothing, the one above is certain to contain boys' clothing. If the lower room is the millinery store, the upper one will be the milliners' work-room, and so on. These separate shops result in one great gain to the public—customers are served expeditiously. The clerk who sells you anything at once wraps it up, and as there is a cashier tucked away in a little closet in each shop, money is quickly changed, and sent to and fro either by cash messengers or the clerks. But the system is not to the advantage of the proprietor, for no one is impressed by what he or she sees of the business; no one can take it all in at a glance either outside or within, as is the case with similar stores in Paris, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. Then, again, in Whiteley's there is too much crowding, too great use of artificial light, and too pressing a need for better ventilation.

Some of the shops are not to be included in this criticism, however, for they are superb. You come upon them, in a tour of the premises, with astonishment and delight. Such is the candy store, and the store for the sale of cut flowers, plants, and floral designs is a fine one. The latter contains an aquarium and fountain where are kept for sale water-plants, frogs, goldfish, and the like. Close by is the zoological store, filled with dogs, rabbits, cats, parrots, pigeons, squirrels, and I don't know what else. Here you may order an elephant or a tiger with a certainty of getting either, and promptly. The grocery store is a very large, light, and sweet-odored department. The pretty girls in white caps and aprons behind the counters are especially selected on account of their beauty as well as ability. The goods in the grocery are displayed as if the room were a show-place instead of a store. Near at hand is the butcher's, pork butcher's, and fish dealer's department, and this also is as fine as any store of the sort in America. Marble is conspicuous in its appointments. Here are sold fresh meats, fish, sausages, pork, cold cooked meats, potted meats, vegetables, cheese, and bacon. The display in the furniture shop is worth going far to see. One of the rooms in which furniture is shown measures 300 feet long by 45 feet wide. Whiteley's includes a wine and liquor department, and several factories also.

Whiteley's contains 67 of these departments. It has 15 acres of flooring, exclusive of the dormitories, reading, and recreation rooms, and Institute, which occupy another 5½ acres. The stables and wagon sheds take up another 9½ acres. The proprietor has a farm of 300 acres at Finchley, near London, so that his business requires 330 acres in all. He has taken nearly an entire little street to house his female help apart from the men and boys, who are lodged on his Queen's Road property. It is over the stores on that street that he flaunts his flag from the towering staff that all London knows as well as we New-Yorkers know the shot-tower near the City Hall. The employés' restaurants, packing and shipping departments, boilers and engines, mailing departments, and the great rooms where orders by mail are filled and requests for samples are answered are all in the basements under the stores. The mailing department is a grand institution in itself. Between 4000 and 5000 letters come to it by the first post every day, and the number that come by subsequent posts averages 1500 a day.

The founder and proprietor of this amazing aggregation of industries is a Yorkshire man of fifty-eight years of age, who established himself in Westbourne Grove twenty-six years ago in a little shop, with two clerks and a boy to assist him. As it is always deemed necessary to mention the sum of money with which such a man arrived in the city where he subsequently makes a fortune, the fact in this case should be stated. It is that Mr. Whiteley had forty dollars. He is a short, stocky man, with long reddish side whiskers of the Dundreary pattern, and with a marked absence of neck and generosity of girth. His prominent sharp nose and piercing dark eyes force his face upon the memory. It is said of Mr. Whiteley that he has never received a loan or favor or financial help of any sort, and that even when money has been bequeathed to him he has refused to take it. If his biographers tell the truth he has nothing, and will take nothing that has not accrued from his business.

I noticed that while our party was making a tour of the great aggregation of shops a fair young American member of it once nudged her father as she was passing the display of ready-made linen garments. "I don't understand how the English women can stand it," I heard her say. "All the material that I see made up in the shops is coarse enough to shoot peas through." When our guide heard her complaining that the kid gloves she had purchased in another shop were two sizes too large for her, the man said he thought the reason was that the numbers by which glove sizes are designated had recently been changed, so that all have lower numbers than they used to. "Our English ladies have large hands," he said, "and I suspect the change was made to flatter them." In the shop where ladies' dresses are displayed, there is said to be a variety that embraces everything between a calico wrapper and a gown costing 150 guineas. "What a pity!" the American miss remarked, *sotto voce*. "Just to think that not one garment in the whole lot will fit whoever buys it, and that not one purchaser will ever care whether it does or not, and that nobody would know how to fit a dress if such a thing were demanded."

"Good heavens!" her father exclaimed; "what ever will become of a nation so lost to all that makes up human greatness?"

The young lady plied our guide with questions, and I thought I saw by the queries she put that she was making a desperate effort to judge the great place fairly, but that every reply to every question was settling her deeper and deeper in the conviction that there was little in it to admire. Finally she put one momentous interrogation, on the answer to which it seemed to me her irrevocable decision was to turn for or against the place.

"Where are your bargain counters?" she asked.

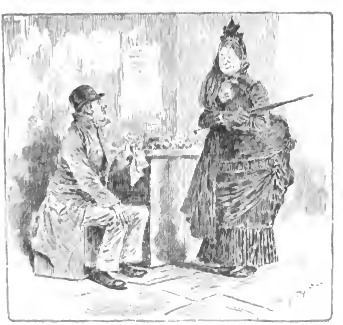
"Bargain counters, miss?" the man repeated. "What are they?"

She explained.

"We have none," said the man. "We have instead what we call 'remnant day.' One day in each week we display what you would call bargains, and the people are aware of it, and rush to see them."

I could see deep into the fair American's mind, and it seemed to me that my mind's ear heard her thought, "If I was doomed to live in London, remnant days would be the only ones on which I would ever come to this place."

Other very great stores in London are the co-operative stores of the army and navy and of the civil service. They are so like the great shopping bazars of this country and Paris that they need not be described here. Their purpose is to sell goods at the lowest market prices to stockholders and members of the branches of the public service after which they are named. The profits are divided among the stockholders, who are greatly envied by the rest of mankind. So firm is the public confidence in the quality and cheapness of all goods sold in these stores that a majority of the members find it impossible to avoid sharing their privileges with their friends. To buy in such a store it is only necessary to use a member's number, and that is merely mentioned to the clerk who waits upon you. The first thing the average American acquainted in London is apt to do is to borrow some one's number, so as to shop in these stores, and it is surprising how easy a thing to do that is.



WEEDS.

"Ye have me sympathy, Mrs. Sullivin."

"Phwat for, Mr. O'Brien?"

"Your beravement. It's in mournin' costume ye air I see."

"Sure an' it's in afthernoon' costoom oim in. It's me night out. Me missus was afther discardin' her wades, an' it wasn't the loikes o' me to refuse sich a garmint, considerin' the missus succeeded in obtainin' a new husbin' a-wearin' of 'em."

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE CONGO BASIN.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SURPRISES AND NEW-FOUND PEOPLES OF THE PAST FIVE YEARS.

BY C. C. ADAMS.

I.

IN the light of our present knowledge of the Congo, the wild speculations and beliefs of earlier decades in this century appear almost grotesque. When Tuckey led his ill-fated party up the cataracts in 1816, geographers told him that if he found the river coming from the northeast, as, in fact, it does, it would strengthen the theory that the Congo was the lower course of the Niger. The best maps fifty years ago depicted the fountains of the Congo among the Mountains of the Moon; and when those elusive summits were sponged from the charts, the shrewdest guesses of the map-makers failed to hit the mark. Livingstone died in the belief that the sources of the great river he traced with such courage and patience in his last feeble days were the fountain-head of the Nile; and some geographers assigned all the great lakes from Bangweolo north to the Nile Basin.

Stanley opened the gateway to the Congo Valley, and introduced an era of geographical sensations and surprises unequalled since the discovery of America; and we can imagine how stupendous was the task before the little band of explorers, when it is said that after Stanley's five years of magnificent effort in the great valley we did not have before us even the skeleton of the geography of this river basin. He had been compelled to give most of his wonderful energy to gaining a foothold, to winning the friendship of hundreds of chiefs, and to planting his stations along 1300 miles of the main river. When his last book was published, four years ago, we hardly knew of the existence of the Mobangi, the longest Congo tributary. We had no idea of the real importance and extent of any other great tributary, nor at what point the largest of them joined the Congo. We knew nothing of the remarkable Batwa dwarfs, who hide away in the dense forests south of the Congo, and we had no idea that in this basin would be found the greatest hot-bed of cannibalism of which the world ever heard.

II.

Then began a series of revelations which astonished the geographers and anthropologists. From the exploration of the Mobangi in 1884 to the mapping of the Aruwimi and Lomami a few weeks ago every mail from the Congo has brought new facts for the maps, and every year has furnished its remarkable surprises. A few brave and hardy explorers have completely upset our earlier notions of Congo hydrography. The river which eleven years ago was not classed among the great rivers we now know is second only to the Amazon in the volume it pours into the sea. Its resistless outflow is not for a moment interrupted by the Atlantic tides, and though they invade it as an undercurrent, at its very mouth fresh water can always be dipped from its yellow surface.

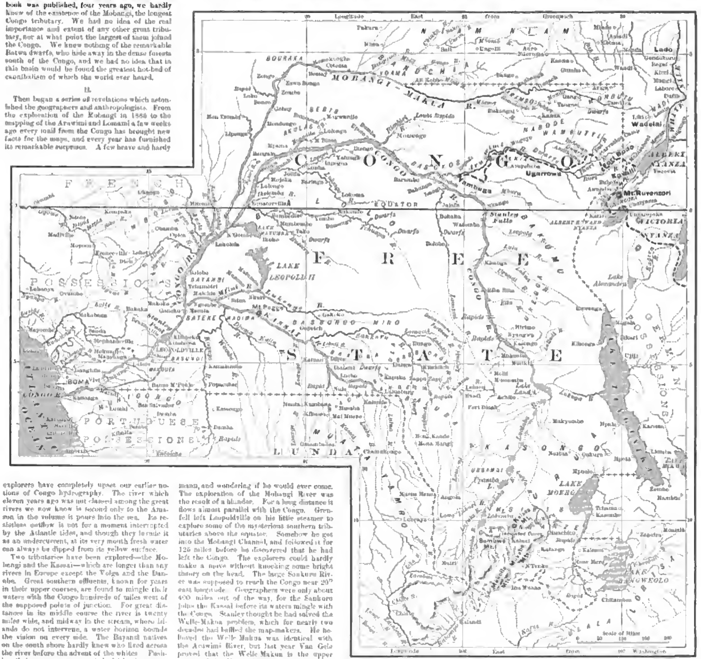
Two tributaries have been explored—the Mobangi and the Kassai—which are longer than any rivers in Europe except the Volga and the Danube. Great southern effluents, known for years in their upper courses, are found to mingle their waters with the Congo hundreds of miles west of the supposed points of junction. For great distances in its middle course the river is twenty miles wide, and midway in the stream, where islands do not intervene, a water horizon bounds the vision on every side. The Bayansi natives on the south shore hardly knew who lived across the river before the advent of the whites. Pushing their way among a myriad of islands, steamers pass without being aware of each other's proximity. The Emin Relief Expedition, with its fleet of steamers, went up the river unobserved by white men on the banks. Stanley was accused of exaggeration when, four years ago, he estimated that there were about 6000 miles of navigable waters above Stanley Pool. We now know that light-draught steamers at Leopoldville have before them unimpeded waterways aggregating over 7000 miles of navigation. No matter if five cataracts at Stanley Falls bar the way to the heart of Africa. Two independent routes have been discovered, one of them almost completely subtending the great northern bend of the Congo, and steamers from Leopoldville have reached points nearly midway between the two oceans.

For five years a half-dozen men, still little known to the world, have been threading the mazes of the Congo water system. All but two of them have been far too busy to record their great work in books. Their absorbing story must be dug out of reports to the government of the Congo Free State or to geographical societies. But the fragmentary records of these men are full of incidents instructive, amusing, and remarkable. When Wissmann launched his canoes on the Lulua affluent of the Kassai, and traced the greatest southern tributary to the Congo, his wonder daily grew as the river bore him westward, ever westward of its supposed course, and for weeks after he had reached the Congo a steamer was tied to the bank 250 miles further up the river, with mails and supplies for Wissmann, and wondering if he would ever come. The exploration of the Mobangi River was the result of a blunder. For a long distance it flows almost parallel with the Congo. Grenfell left Leopoldville on his little steamer to explore some of the mysterious southern tributaries above the equator. Somehow he got into the Mobangi Channel, and followed it for 125 miles before he discovered that he had left the Congo. The explorers could hardly make a move without knocking some bright theory on the head. The large Sankuru River was supposed to reach the Congo near 20° east longitude. Geographers were only about 400 miles out of the way, for the Sankuru joins the Kassai before its waters mingle with the Congo. Stanley thought he had solved the Welle-Makua problem, which for nearly two decades had baffled the map-makers. He believed the Welle Makua was identical with the Aruwimi River, but last year Van Gele proved that the Welle Makua is the upper course of the Mobangi, and reaches the Congo over 500 miles from the place Stanley indicated. Junker believed the Nepoko was the Aruwimi, but it turns out to be merely a tributary of that stream. As late as September, 1888, Stanley thought the Muta Nzige was probably a Congo feeder, but he has now shown it to be one of the fountains of the Nile. Since the map which accompanies this article was completed it has been once revised to include fresh discoveries. The latest Congo map of *Le Mouvement Géographique* was revised five times after it was ready for the press before the public saw it.

III.

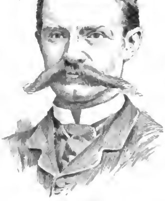
So the additions to geographical information have been an unbroken series of surprises; and the remarkable facts concerning millions of people who are now first revealed to the world are even more interesting and unexpected. The explorers have had a great variety of experience, from amusing to tragical, with these boisterous and sometimes dangerous children of nature. Some of them thought the strange visitors were ghosts, and others that they were cannibals who had come among them simply because black men were plentiful there and good to eat. Tinned meats were looked upon as reserve supplies of human flesh. Good management, tact, a little harmless deceit, or spectacular display has usually sufficed to transform enemies into friends. Wissmann was compelled to fight his way through the country of the Bassongo-Mino cannibals while floating down the Kassai. The fierce Yakama of the Mobangi Makua surrounded Van Gele on an island, and would have utterly destroyed the party had not his guns cleared a way through their myriad of canoes. These deplorable events are the most notable occasions on which blood has been shed during the later era of Congo exploration, until Stanley had to fight his way among the denizens of the great Aruwimi forests. It is the policy of the Congo State to punish all natives who molest white travellers. The Bassongo-Mino cannibals and the natives of the Upper Congo, who have attacked the whites simply because they confounded them with the murderous Arabs, have been taught discretion by the burning of their villages.

Jacques De Brazza worked his way for hundreds of miles through the northern Congo forests with his compass playing the part of a powerful fetich worth going far to see, but terrible in its resentment of evil done the whites. His more famous brother Savorgnan opened the route up the Ogowe River through the formidable Pahouin tribe, who had turned Du Chaillu and all other white men back, by filling the sky one night with an amazing display of rockets, Roman-candles, and whirligigs. Wissmann also found fireworks effective when a chief told him that the passage of a certain river would be the signal for war. The shrieks of a steamer whistle has sent many a hostile little fleet scurrying for shelter. When Dr. Wolf discovered the new route to Central Africa up the Sankuru, a plot to kill the



THE CONGO BASIN FROM THE LAKES TO THE ATLANTIC.

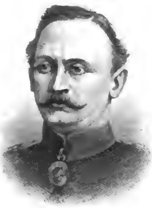
party was hatched by Bassongo-Mino natives, who openly discussed it, not knowing that one of Wolf's men could understand them. "See!" cried the chief, "they have no spears or arrows. We will kill them all, and take their beautiful things." Wolf walked up to the chief, fired a revolver close to his ear, and the savage dropped to the ground with fright, and then begged the white man to go on his way in peace. Grenfell tried blank-cartridges on the Tchuapa River until they ceased to be a virtue. "You shoot with smoke," shouted the hostiles, "and smoke never hurt us yet." A few whizzing bullets, which splashed water over their canoes, gave them other views, and they retired to a respectful distance. Grenfell has never shed a drop of blood in all his long journeys on the steamer *Peace*. When he could not advance without killing the natives, he retired. One day he turned his prow toward a crowd of howling natives who were poising their spears on the shore. He came near enough to throw among them a cloth full of beads, brass wire, and gewgaws, and then withdrew. On another occasion, when his vessel grounded on a sand bar, and a fleet of menacing savages bore down upon him, his wife, with a woman's ready wit, threw among them a double handful of beads, and in their scramble for the treasures the savages forgot to attack until the boat was again in the channel. Grenfell's prudence and humanity paved the way for friendly relations with many a tribe who had received him with threats of destruction. The reputation of being a great wizard has been a convenient resource for many an African traveller. When the Bangala refused to sell food to Coquilhat, and he was in a sad plight, he told them, as they met for a palaver, that unless they became friendly and helpful, he would summon his brothers to his aid. It happened just then, though Coquilhat did not know it, that a steamer was approaching the town, and the natives, looking down the river where his finger pointed, saw the puffing little vessel. For a while after that there was nothing too good for a man who could summon steam-boats by a wave of his hand.



DR. L. WOLF.

IV.

These explorers have found that probably one-third of the people of the Congo Basin, which is supposed to contain about 20,000,000 souls, are cannibals. For 1300 miles up the great river, from Bolobo, above Stanley Pool, to a considerable distance above Nyangwe, nearly all the tribes are cannibals. Some of the largest Congo tributaries, like the Mobangi and the Aruwimi on the north, and the Tchuapa and Lulongo on the south, are thickly peopled with them. They are the dominating tribes in more than one-half of the Congo State, and some very curious discoveries have been made about them. As a rule, they do not eat women. Though some tribes, like the Manyema, say the flesh of a man is much more savory than that of a woman, it is believed the chief reason the fair sex usually escape the cooking pot is because their commercial value is greater, and comparatively few of them are killed in war. Cannibal tribes are often superior in physique, intelligence, and in their arts to the natives who abhor their practices. The largest building yet found in equatorial Africa, the assembly hall of the Monbuttu cannibals, is over fifty feet high and 150 feet long, and its immense roof is supported by five rows of posts made of trunks of trees. The Monbuttu are the most famous cannibals of the Congo Basin. When Schweinfurth visited them they followed the tribes around them simply as game, killed as many of the enemy as they could, smoked the flesh, and bore it away as provisions. Among the curious sights of the Congo Basin are the suspension-bridges, a net-work of stout vines thrown across the streams. They are usually the private property of a chief, who collects toll of the passengers. The finest specimens of these bridges are said to be those made by the Manyema cannibals in the Upper Congo Basin. They are so skilfully made and firmly anchored that they hardly move under the tread of marching people. The best native servants of the Congo State are the Bangala cannibals, who thickly populate the banks of the Congo above the Mobangi. Five thousand of these cannibals, many of whom manned the canoes which gave fearful battle to Stanley, and chased him down the river, crying, "Meat! meat!" are now enrolled among the State militia, and are trained to service as soldiers, boatmen, and station laborers. One of our illustrations shows a squad of cannibals from near the Aruwimi River, in the State uniform, learning the manual of arms at Boma, over 1000 miles from the great plateau where they have hunted men for food.



CAPTAIN WISSMANN.

Tribes that do not indulge in this atrocious practice have the greatest horror of cannibals. Coquilhat's men at Bangala could not repress their disgust when they saw scores of natives walking about nibbling pieces of human flesh, which they held in banana leaves. Von François describes the terror of his fat servant when they reached the cannibal tribes of the Tchuapa River. Nothing could induce him to leave the boat, and he was wisely precautious, for the natives regarded him with greedy eyes, and more than once begged the whites to make them a present of the man as a token of friendship. Knowing the whites abhor the practice, the natives often deny at first that they eat human flesh, but when they can no longer conceal the fact of their indulgence they boldly justify it. The Manyema told one explorer that their neighbors were thieves and ought to be eaten. "They come here," they said, "and steal our bananas, and so we chase and kill and eat them." A small tribe near the Kassai told Kund and Tappenbeck that they were not friends of theirs, for when their friends came to see them, they always brought them a few men to eat. The Bangala were rather bright in some of the answers they made to Coquilhat's words of protest.

"This is horrible," he said to a chief, whom he caught at dinner.

"On the contrary, it is delicious with salt," was the reply.

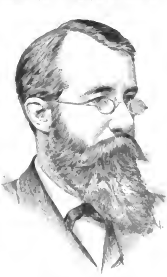
"This is a bad use to put a man to," Coquilhat remarked to another.

"All your talk about man being such a great being," the chief answered, "shows that human flesh is the best sort of food. It is a noble aliment, while the flesh of mere animals is a vile sort of nourishment."

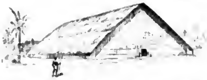
The more intelligent cannibals admit that when they eat men they destroy a source of wealth, but they say they cannot renounce a great pleasure to secure a doubtful gain.

A distinction must be made between those cannibals who only occasionally taste human flesh and those with whom it is an habitual food resource. The Bangala, for instance, believe that the bravery and other qualities of a victim are imparted to those who partake of his flesh.

A white man who long lived among them says he saw only three cannibal feasts in five months. There are many tribes, however, like those along the Aruwimi, with whom human flesh is an article of daily diet if they can get it. It was among these people at the mouth of the Aruwimi that a Houssa soldier in the service of the State had a thrilling experience. He and two others were left at the site of a station the State intended to establish. The natives took his two comrades out in canoes on a pretence of fishing, and from the bushes where he had concealed himself he saw their dead bodies brought back, and all the preparations of the cannibal feast. He was captured and destined to the same fate, but before the preparations were made he managed to escape. For weeks he lived in the woods, subsisting upon roots and a little raw manioc he stole at night from the gardens. He was finally caught again, but being too emaciated for service, he lived on the fat of the land while acquiring the requisite plumpness. He was finally rescued by Arabs, just as he was about to be sacrificed.



THE REV. G. GRENFELL.



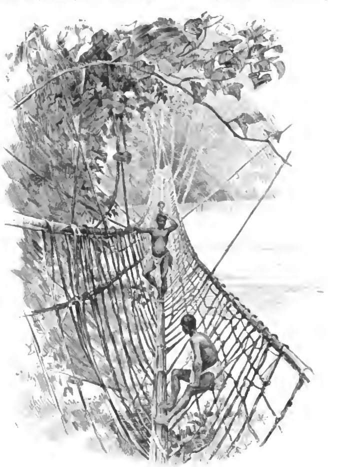
LARGEST NATIVE HOUSE IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Captain Van Gele has told of the densely peopled portion of the Lower Mobangi, where tribes make war for the single purpose of procuring meat. He saw a war expedition of the Banzi which numbered fifty canoes. At the mouth of the Aruwimi River a station has just been established whose garrison includes several hundred Basoko cannibals. It is believed that by decreasing the opportunities for indulging in this practice the men-eaters who are in the service of the State will be gradually weaned from it. The State fully intends to exert its influence as far as possible to prevent cannibalism. It is an encouraging fact that one tribe is known, the Balube, who voluntarily abandoned anthropophagy, and now regard the practice with disgust. Though it will undoubtedly be a very slow process, there is reason to believe that as the influence of white men extends, cannibalism in the Congo Basin will gradually disappear, as it has from many Pacific islands.

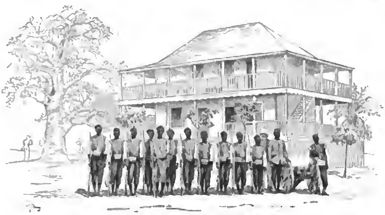
V.

When Stanley traced the Congo to its mouth, he heard at Nyangwe of fierce dwarfs, who were said to live in great forests to the north, and to be most intractable little creatures, fighting like demons with poisoned spears and arrows, eating the bodies of their fallen foes, having no settled abode, but wandering from place to place through the forests. It was thought these stories were greatly exaggerated by Arabs, who wished an excuse for declining to send an escort with Stanley on his way down the river. It was not until 1885 and 1886 that four of our explorers discovered the Batwa dwarfs spread over a great area in that part of the Congo Basin which is directly south of the great northern bend of the river. In one season Grenfell and Von François found them in large numbers in two different river basins over 200 miles apart. Grenfell had previously found them on the Upper Lomami, southwest of Stanley Falls. Between the Lomami and the Congo the Arabs say they have had many a hard fight with them. Further west, on the Bussera and Tchuapa rivers, Grenfell and Von François had a number of unpleasant encounters with them. At the furthest points reached on both these rivers the hostility of the howling little folks prevented further advance. Their arrows, slimy with poison, were showered by hundreds upon the wooden sun roof of the steamer, or dashed against the steel net-work that protected the deck. Looking up the precipitous bluffs above the Tchuapa, the explorers could see the little coffee-brown people clambering where it seemed impossible to maintain a foothold, and they saw them, too, swinging with the agility of monkeys from limb to limb of great trees, creeping far out on branches overhanging the river, and launching their shafts in mid-air at the impertinent strangers who had dared to invade their privacy. Over 275 miles further south Wissmann met them in the country of the Bassonge, and he described the specimens he met as ill-shapen, woebegone bits of humanity, despised by their neighbors, and living in tiny huts. Far west, near the Kassai River, among the Bakuba, Dr. Wolf met them also. They seemed to be timid little souls, quite unlike their fierce brethren who had given such a warm reception to Grenfell and Von François.

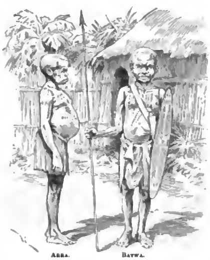
These curious people, as revealed to us by our four explorers, inhabit a region a little larger than the State of Maine. They are lighter in color and not so prognathous as the Akka whom Schweinfurth discovered on the upper waters of the Mubangi-Makua, and of whose fighting qualities Stanley has recently had the most unpleasant experiences. Both the Akka and the Batwa are cannibals. It was an Akka dwarf who told Emin Pasha, when quitting his service, that he was going home because he was tired of beef. The Akka, from four feet to four feet six inches in height, are believed to be the smallest people in the world. The Batwa are a little taller, and, according to the several authorities, they seem to average about four feet six inches in height. In only a few places do they form the exclusive population. They wander around among other peoples whose language they speak, and whom they supply with the products of the chase, for there are no hunters in the great Congo forests like these active little fellows. Eight or more families of them rear their rude huts together on some good hunting-grounds, and when in a few months game becomes scarce, they move on to other fields, and again dig their pits for elephants, buffalo, and hippopotami, which are impaled on sharpened stakes as they break through into the trap. From the boughs of trees also they hurl their spears at creatures going to drink, and, if need be, they follow the wounded animal for days, planting a fresh spear in its flesh whenever op-



A SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.



TURNING CANNIBALS INTO SOLDIERS.



TYPES OF DWARF TRIBES.

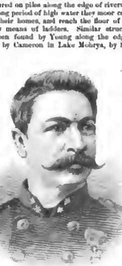
portunity offers. The cunning little fellows seldom lose a weapon. The barbed spear-heads cannot drop from the wound they make. The shaft is only loosely fastened to the joint, and as the animal brushes through the timber it falls to his side, where it dangles from a stout cord attached to the iron spear point. In war they use poisoned arrows, and, unlike most African tribes, they attack their enemy in the night, creeping noiselessly up to set fire to the huts, and then shoot the helpless victims as they rush out. Tribes who have not met them and won their friendship are in deadly fear of the dwarfs. "Don't go near the dwarfs," said the Congo people to Grenfell. "They permit no stranger to enter their country, they shoot with poisoned arrows, and they are the ugliest of mortals, with big heads and bearded chins upon the smallest of bodies." Sure enough, the explorers found that many of them wear thin beards, but they are not particularly ugly, and have no other marked physical peculiarity except their extreme smallness.

When the dwarfs are on the march to new camps they sleep at night on the branches of trees out of the reach of wild beasts. Their surplus meat they take to the nearest chief, exchanging it for vegetables or for brass wire and beads, with which they buy women for wives; and thus they are assimilating with the people among whom they wander, and many of their offspring are larger than their fathers. Anthropologists are speculating upon the origin of these curious people, who were known to the ancient Greeks, and whom Herodotus and Aristotle described. All the linguistic and other evidence that seems worthy of consideration favors the theory that these scattered dwarf families—the Akka north, and the Batwa south of the Congo, the Doko of Abyssinia, the Obongo of the Gaboon, and the Bushmen of South Africa—are the remnants of the aborigines of inner Africa, who were finally scattered far and wide by the incoming of other peoples.

VI.

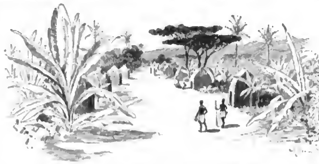
The dwarfs are only one phase of the remarkable discoveries made in this great forest region which fills the entire country south of the big northern bend. No one dreamed three years ago that scattered all through this great district live a people known as the Balolo, believed to number several millions, the most numerous and widely disseminated of all the Congo races—a copper-colored people of superior physique and of higher intelligence than most central African tribes, living in organized communities, and hospitably disposed toward the whites as soon as they learn their friendly purposes. A few weeks ago a little steam-boat had its trial trip on the Thames that is destined for the rivers flowing through the Balolo country, and eight missionaries are on the way to plant their stations on these river-banks.

Hundreds of thousands of the Balolo live in huts reared on piles along the edge of rivers, and in the long period of high water they moor canoes under their homes, and reach the floor of their huts by means of ladders. Similar structures have been found by Young along the edge of Nyassa, by Cameron in Lake Mohrya, by Serpa Pinto and Arnot among the Zambezi head waters, and thus millions of people are reproducing in Africa the type of dwelling common in some parts of Europe during the era of the lake dwellers.



CAPTAIN VAN GELE.

We know little yet of this almost impenetrable forest region, except along the water-courses, as only Kund and Tappenbeck have plunged a little way into its depths; but we know it teems with human life, and the discoveries of Lieutenant Kund and his comrade promise rich rewards for future explorers. While scrambling through the virgin forest north of the Sankuru River, they came one day to a great clearing, where they marched through one of the longest street villages yet found in Africa; well-built huts with gable roofs thickly lined both sides of a street about nine miles long. The street was very neatly kept, all rubbish being removed every morning to pits dug for that purpose. Though these natives had never seen white men before, and did not possess a single article of European manufacture, they were very hospitable. They are among the few African tribes who sleep on beds raised from the ground. Living both by the chase and agriculture, their manioc and banana fields stretching far away behind their dwellings, they impressed the explorers as a happy people, shielded from outside dangers by the vast arboreal wilderness around them, and getting through life very comfortably without the blessings and the evils of civilization.



WISSMANN'S STREET VILLAGE TEN MILES LONG.

On the great savannas just south of this forest belt, Wissmann saw similar street towns, one of them a Beneki village about ten miles long, and containing, he estimated, 20,000 people. At night 5000 of the people visited his camp. When he crossed Africa the second time, he saw the pitiful ruins of this same town, with nothing to indicate that it had once been the peaceful home of thousands, save heaps of ashes, bones bleaching in the grass-grown street, and now and then a human hand nailed to a pole. This picture of desolation marked the eastern limit of the ravages of Arab murderers, the terrible scourge that has made Africa the scene of indescribable misery. Northeast of this place, in the Sankuru Basin, Dr. Wolf saw natives, who had never seen white men, armed with percussion guns, which they handled with skill. Arabs had supplied the guns, and taught their wretched allies how to use them on the slave hunt. It was one of the strange contrasts often met in Africa that not far from these blacks with fine guns in their hands, Wolf saw, on the banks of the Lomami, a most primitive people, housed during high water in rude huts built upon the branches of trees. These tree houses have also been discovered by Grenfell and Van Gele for hundreds of miles up the Mobangi, where they are used as posts of observation or places of retreat in time of attack.

VII.

Out of these forest depths have come some of the greatest geographical surprises. Wolf steamed up the broad Sankuru amid many tribulations, daily plastering his broken engine with clay, and using gun-barrels for steam pipes; but the news he brought home was worth all it cost, for he had found a splendid waterway from Leopoldville—800 miles—to within 130 miles of famous Nyangwe on the Upper Congo. He had solved the great problem of reaching central Africa by a route other than the Congo, blocked as it is by cataracts at Stanley Falls. On this great river, three miles wide at times, with an average depth of nine feet, he met hundreds of enormous canoes, twice as long as his little vessel, manned by eighty boatmen. It was a picturesque sight to see these great boats, with crews on their feet, plying the paddles so effectively that they far outstripped the little steamer. It was here Wolf found that woman is not always down-trodden in Africa. A powerful chief had bade him begone or he would kill him. As Wolf approached the shore, warriors lined it, poising their spears, when suddenly the chief's daughter rushed to the water's edge, commanded the sullen crowd to drop their weapons, and invited the white man ashore, willing, no doubt, to play the rôle of Pocahontas if occasion required. She requited him for the gewgaws he gave her with a boat-load of provisions, and sent him on his way with a cordial invitation to call again.

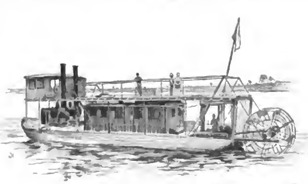
VIII.

Consulting our small scale maps, it is difficult to realize the vast extent of the rivers and territory of the Congo Basin. Look, for instance, at the Lulongo affluent, which meets the Congo a little north of the equator. It is a fourth-rate tributary, and yet, including its branch the Lopori, it is navigable for a distance as great as that between New York city and Detroit. It was only last year that Delcommune discovered the great importance of the Lomami, which he ascended for 585 miles, and which we have every reason to believe is a splendid highway for steamers for at least 800 miles, Cameron and Wissmann having found it broad and deep far south of Delcommune's farthest. In length the Lomami is a third-rate Congo tributary, and yet with its aid steamers have already travelled from Leopoldville to within sixty miles of Nyangwe—a distance greater than that between New York city and Omaha. Delcommune's discovery added another splendid route to central Africa, and when the railroad in the cataract region is completed, as it will be in about four years, there will be a steam route from the sea almost to the borders of Katanga in Msiri's kingdom, whose copper is even now exported to the coasts, and from whence several handfuls of gold nuggets have been brought to Tippu Tib, the natives as yet attaching no value to the metal, and throwing it into rubbish heaps. Katanga is in the heart of Garenganze, the only really powerful native kingdom in the Congo State. It occupies the southeast part of the State's territory, and the half-dozen white men who have been there believe it is the most promising region of inner Africa, because its resources are ample, and, owing to its elevation, white men can live there. It is the only part of the Congo State in which water freezes. No one ever dreamed before Delcommune's journey last year that a water route would be found to the border of Msiri's great country.

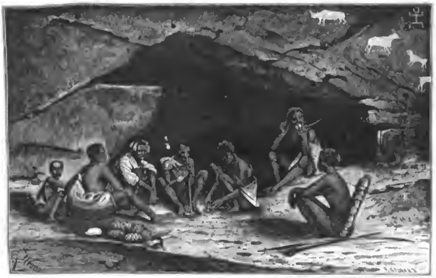
IX.

One of the most remarkable things in central Africa is the inhabited caves in the Sombwe Mountains, Garenganze, where thousands of natives live in a subterranean city. Twenty-six years ago a native of the Upper Nile told Colonel Grant that in Katanga he had seen inhabited tunnels dug through the mountains, and the roof of one cave was so high that from a camel's back he could not touch it with a spear. No one believed the story, but we learned last year that there was some truth in it. Mr. Arnot, the young missionary who tramped 2300 miles in Africa with very meagre resources, says the Sombwe Mountains are dotted here and there with these cavern mouths, and he believes they have an aggregate length of several miles. They are artificial excavations, many of them running parallel with the base of the mountains, with outlets here and there, in front of which are the fields of the cave dwellers. They house their herds and store their grain in the caves, into which they also retreat when an enemy approaches, finding safety in these labyrinthine alleys, for many of the caves are connected by dark passages. Though they are exceedingly timid, Msiri, with all his power, has never been able to extort tribute from them, for his soldiers have not ventured to follow them into their dark retreat. Arnot was not with them long enough to make a thorough study of this numerous people and their remarkable dwellings, but he will make a special report upon them when he again reaches the distant mission field to which he is now returning from England. Though these are supposed to be the most extensive cave dwellings in Africa, other tribes also perpetuate this the earliest type of human habitations. He is a happy Bushman who finds a cave prepared by nature's architect for the uses of his family; and at Elgon, northeast of Victoria Nyanza, a large number of people live with their herds in great artificial caves of whose origin they have no tradition.

If the Berlin Conference had known as much of the Congo Basin as we do to-day, the Free State would not have had its present erratic and illogical southern boundary. It was deemed wise to avoid all complications with the famous Muata Yamvo, whose country, larger than Germany, is in the southwest part of the great basin. In utter ignorance of the fact that the Muata Yamvo's power was falling to pieces, that his tributary chiefs were throwing off the yoke, and enemies were enslaving his people, the Conference excluded from the State's domain these great savannas, including nearly all the waters of the upper Kassai system. Portugal discovered the real condition of affairs, and made haste to declare a protectorate over the Muata Yamvo's country, and the Berlin Conference, although very anxious not to include any powerful king within the limits of the State, managed to embrace the country of Msiri, the most powerful prince in central Africa, who, when the Conference was appropriating his lands on paper, was unknown to the world. Garenganze is a country of grain fields, where, strange to say, the men themselves till the soil, and admit that they dare not face their wives unless they carry home after their day's toil a bundle of wood to feed the fire.



"THE STANLEY" ON THE UPPER CONGO.



CAVE DWELLERS.

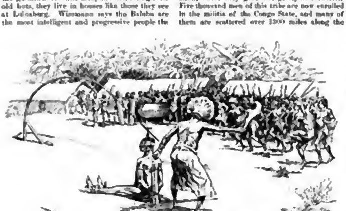
X.

Captain Wissmann would have been greatly commended if he had done nothing more than call attention to Calemba and his people—the Baluba—the remarkable chief of the most progressive tribe yet met in the Congo Basin. The Baluba occupy several hundred square miles on both sides of the Lulua affluent of the Kassai, and Luluaburg, the most southern station of the Free State, is near Calemba's capital. It is not often that explorers feel justified in calling the native rulers of Africa "intelligent and noble-minded" and "magnificent men." But we do not wonder that they sound Calemba's praises when we hear what he has done for his people. Calemba is a prohibitionist, and before he had even heard of the whites he abolished drunkenness by cutting down the palm-trees from whose sap wine was made. He told his people that their fetiches were powerless to help them, and ordered them burned; but though he abolished fetich worship, it is the one blemish upon his record that he introduced the more baleful practice of hemp smoking as a religious ceremony. Eighteen years ago his people studiously kept aloof from all their neighbors, and Calemba's sudden decision to open his country to trade and intercourse plunged the Baluba into one of the strangest of civil wars, the old and conservative men, who were hostile to the innovation, being pitted against the young and progressive element. The old men were beaten, and no longer had a voice in public affairs. Formerly cannibals, the Baluba voluntarily abandoned the practice, which they now regard with horror. Their old men are the most elaborately tattooed of all African peoples, the designs being rather ornamental in effect instead of merely disfiguring, as on the Upper Congo. Many of their young men, however, are not tattooed at all, and the progressive people are putting this relic of barbarism behind them. Once nearly naked, the chiefs now wear cotton clothing, fashioned after the garments of white men, and discarding their old huts, they live in houses like those they see at Luluaburg. Wissmann says the Baluba are the most intelligent and progressive people the whites have met in the Congo Basin. "They ask an explanation," he remarks, "of everything they do not understand. Many of them question us about death, the future world, and the soul. They stand for hours asking the shrewdest questions, and unlike most negro tribes, they have unbounded confidence in the white man. After our explanations, their next question often is, 'How do you know that?'"

Calemba's sister, Sankula, his chief adviser and his lieutenant on every war expedition, is as noteworthy a person as her great brother. Bateman says she is "a woman of great intellectual power and force of character." Calemba and Sankula, with two hundred of their subjects, accompanied Wissmann to Stanley Pool, where Mr. Whitley wrote of the princess, "I have seen her with a single wave of her hand arrest the whole crowd in the maddest whirl of the dance, and impose silence on the assembly as completely as though they were petrified." She has been the faithful friend of the whites. The Baluba respect the property of their white visitors, but they are deceitful, and are given to the exceedingly bad habit of selling even their own wives and daughters, if necessary, to procure the ammunition they covet; and yet, Mr. Bateman says, they are the only tribe among whom he has seen manifestations of mutual affection between husband and wife.

XI.

The next most noteworthy people are certainly the Bangala, whose long street villages line the Congo banks above the equator. Grenfell estimates that these three to five rows of rectilinear gable-roofed huts, stretching away almost uninterruptedly for over twenty miles, contain rather more than 100,000 people. Behind the villages extend large fields of manioc and bananas, and here and there in the streets under great trees are the places of public assembly, where business is done and orators harangue the people; for the Bangala are very fond of speech-making. Nowhere else does the great river present a more animated scene. Skilfully handled canoes, laden with all manner of produce, and paddled by large, muscular fellows, are darting here and there. Women, singing at their paddles, and wearing only a fringe of palm fibres about a foot long, suggesting the costume of ballet-dancers, are off to the islands to gather firewood. Fishermen by the hundred are going to their nets. Funeral convoys, the dead wrapped in palm bark, and the relatives intoning a mournful chant, appear and disappear among the islands; and now and then some great man in his big canoe, and surrounded by his women, draws a crowd of villagers to the bank, where they gaze and gossip and chatter. Five thousand men of this tribe are now enrolled in the militia of the Congo State, and many of them are scattered over 1300 miles along the river from its mouth to Stanley Falls. What a wonderful new chapter has been opened in their history since ten years ago, when they had never heard of the great Congo cataracts, only a few days' journey below them!



HUMAN SACRIFICES AT EQUATOR STATION.

XII.

For great distances along the Congo its mountainous scenery is unbroken by a single evidence of human life. Then will come a long succession of villages, crowded closely together. It is impossible to give any satisfactory estimate of the population of the Congo Basin, but it is believed to be not less than 20,000,000 people. Some explorers are of the opinion that it is double this number. Every traveller who strikes out in a new direction dots the white spaces on the map with scores of villages. The surveys for the Congo Railroad have added over one hundred and sixty villages to the map of the cataract region. Van Gele, who in 1888 proved that the Mobangi is the Welle-Makua River, rising almost within sight of the Nile, says the Mobangi is the most densely peopled part of Africa he has seen. The great Mobangi people, whose territory skirts the Congo for a long way south of the big affluent, are believed to number a million souls. Van Gele counted 105 considerable villages on the Mobangi and its three lower tributaries, and at one town he counted 300 canoes carrying the women to work in the morning. Between the Bayansi and the Bangala on the Congo there is hardly a gap separating the villages. Bolobo has a population of 30,000 souls, public squares, and streets. The largest settlement Wissmann saw in the Lower Congo Basin contained, he believed, 20,000 souls. Wolf, on the Sankuru, saw a town of 4000 people. Bateman says the largest crowd he has seen in Africa was at a market-place where the Lomami joins the Congo. A space as large as Trafalgar Square in London was densely thronged. In Garenganze, Arnot counted forty-three villages in two hours' tramp around the capital Mukuru. On the Upper Tchuapa Von François counted 2300 huts in ninety minutes' steaming up-river. Thus, although large areas are almost destitute of inhabitants, there are many important centres of population, and almost everywhere the explorers have found enough people to amply supply them with food from their fields.

Throughout Van Gele's great journey up the Mobangi he did not open one of the sacks of rice he had brought from the Congo. He had not seen elsewhere such affluence of all sorts of provisions. The Mobangi is the longest Congo tributary, but several lesser affluents are navigable for a longer distance. After ascending the Mobangi nearly as far as from New York city to Buffalo, it is found to be interrupted at Zongo by cataracts, above which it is again navigable; and it is above these cataracts that Van Gele found the densest populations and the greatest abundance of provisions. The gently sloping hills were covered with thousands of huts, sometimes grouped in villages, sometimes forming wide streets, and, again, built in circles, with mounds in the centre, from which the chiefs address the people. The women here are unique in their methods of hair-dressing. They extend their hair by means of braids to a length of five or six feet, and often tie the braids around their arms.

XIII.

Next to cannibalism, the most terrible practice in the Congo Basin is that of human sacrifices on the occasion of the funeral ceremonies of important persons. The richer the family of the deceased person the more numerous are the victims. Many photographs of Upper Congo huts that have reached this country show the ridge-pole adorned with human skulls—ghastly relics of these murderous scenes. The natives cannot understand the horror with which the whites regard this practice. "Surely," they said to Coquilhat, "since you white men are so much richer than we are, you must sacrifice many slaves when your great men die." Because far up the tributaries slaves can be bought much cheaper than on the Congo, canoe parties are sent for hundreds of miles for the sole purpose of buying victims for human sacrifices. As a rule these hapless captives meet their fate without a tremor. They are blindfolded, bound to a stake in a sitting or kneeling posture, and a single blow of the skilful executioner's knife decapitates them. Coquilhat made a picture of one of these terrible scenes at Equator Station, where fourteen strong men met their fate surrounded by a howling mob, whose din was enhanced by a dozen ivory horns and the roar of drums as the knife descended. Though men form the greater number of victims, wives or female slaves are often strangled and thrown into the open grave or buried alive in it. Only once have the whites seen a woman beheaded, and the shrieks of the poor creature were in striking contrast to the dogged and sullen submission to the fate of the other victims. Coquilhat says the men regarded his opposition to the custom with pity or contempt, but some of the women secretly said to him, "It is bad."

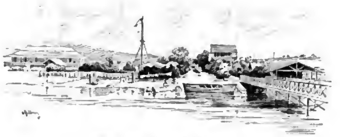
The good day is coming when this terrible custom and other savage enormities will be abolished in the Congo State. King Leopold's government is rooting them out as far as its influence extends. It is placing gun-boats on the upper river and building military stations on the Aruwimi, the Lomami, and the Sankuru to put an end to Arab slave raids and to the practice of buying or capturing human victims for the executioner's knife or the cannibal feast. Nearly a hundred chiefs in the past year have agreed to abolish human sacrifices and to help enforce the regulations of the State for preserving peace and protecting human life.

XIV.

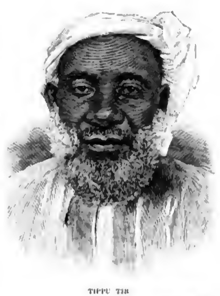
King Leopold's enterprise is without doubt the greatest philanthropic project of the century; and although many years must elapse before its possibilities for civilization and commerce are fully known, the remarkable work of the past few years justifies the hope that the Congo State will achieve a grand and beneficent destiny. We are beginning to understand that a large part of this region is at least as habitable as India, as soon as white men learn to adapt their habits of living to its climatic conditions. The famous traveller Burton said of Boma that it was one of the most insalubrious holes in the world. It is now the capital of the Congo State. In 1888 there was not a death among the thirty to fifty white men who live there, and recently three hundred Europeans were at one time in the settlement, whose total white population when Stanley first saw it was sixteen souls. Owing to excessive rainfall, however, the past season on the Lower Congo has been very unhealthful.

Workmen are now turning the first sod on the railroad around the Congo cataracts whose route is shown on our map. Every dollar needed to build the road has been subscribed, and there is every reason to believe the road will give an enormous impetus to the development of the Upper Congo. Mr. Tisdel, our commercial agent, writes that the demand for cotton goods is at present enormous, but that it will increase ten-

(Continued on page 42.)



THE STEAMER LANDING AT BOMBA.



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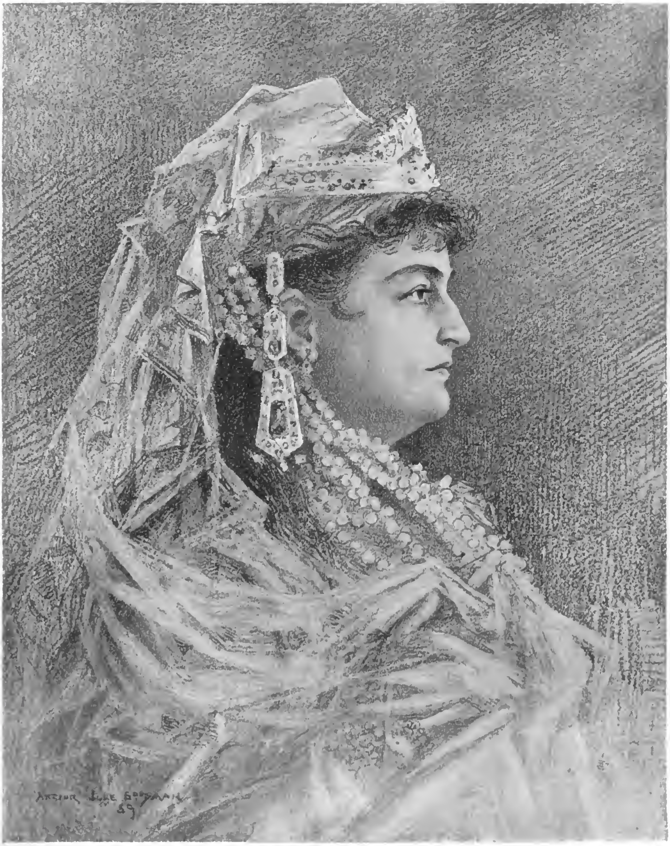

MME. LILLI LEHMANN-KALISCH, IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF GOLDMARK'S OPERA "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA."—Drawn from Life by Arthur J. Goodman.—[See Page [illegible]]

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LARGE-SIZED PEA-NUT POLITICS.

BETWEEN the autumn elections and the meeting of the State Legislatures at the beginning of the year there is always an apparent lull in active politics, although it is supposed that the active politician never rests. During the recent political lull the most active, or at least the most actively discussed, politician was Governor HILL, of New York. The secret of his activity was believed to be his desire of the Presidential nomination of his party in 1892, and his consciousness that he must owe his success less to personal ascendency than to skilful management. In this latter respect his eminence is conceded. Indeed it was the recognition of this kind of ability which interested Mr. TILDEN in young Mr. HILL, and first brought him forward in politics. The Governor has apparently decided that the traditions and character of his party are stronger than any Democratic personality; that the party will certainly sustain the regular nomination; that no candidate will be nominated who is not supported in the Convention by the delegation of his own State; that the electoral vote of New York, if not decisive in the election, should be secured if possible; that he can command the State delegation in the Convention; and that he has already proved his ability to carry the State against great odds in an election.

Discourse and enthusiasm about principles and national policies the Governor evidently regards as sentimental rhetoric, a kind of verbal fireworks and banners and transparencies and lively chorus, which animate a campaign and produce desirable excitement, while the actual work is done by bargains, patronage, careful calculations of interests to be propitiated and prejudices to be flattered. When speeches must be made, generalizations about the true and ancient and time-honored Democracy, the greatness and wisdom of the people, and the wickedness of attempts, under the plea of reform, to deprive ignorance and drunkenness and corruption of their just part in the government, judicious approvals of measures which have been adopted by the party, and of leaders who have held high office, and throughout a plain sympathy, implied rather than expressed, with the reactionary rather than the progressive tendency of the party—all this is obviously held by the Governor to be the safer course. No man in the party, the Governor seems to say, holds a mortgage upon the Presidency; certainly no man who, while holding the office, has been defeated at the polls. Politics are practical. The successful candidate is a man in full sympathy with the spirit and average intelligence and feeling of the party, not a man who stands for what he thinks it ought to be, and who is therefore regarded with jealousy as assuming to be superior to his comrades. I am a Democrat—that is, I am for the saloons and for all the old practices and cries of Democratic politics, and against the new-fangled reforms and airy pretences of public virtue.

This is apparently the view and the purpose of Governor HILL, and his position is not one to be dismissed with a sneer. It is substantially the view of bosses and managers and politicians in all parties, and the practical power of such machine politicians was never greater than now. Democratic orators at tariff reform dinners and Democratic editors in enthusiastic journals will hear of nothing but Mr. CLEVELAND as the candidate. But how many Democrats in New York voted against Governor HILL last year? With the party organization in the State wholly in the hands of the Governor, with all the evidence which a Convention can consider that he and not Mr. CLEVELAND represents the party in the State, would not the Convention hesitate? If the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND should remark significantly that Governor HILL could not and should not carry the State, could not the Governor's friends make the same remark and very much more effectively? The moral of such a situation is that honest and patriotic men should refuse to sustain their party in doubtful or plainly wrong courses, because a party must always pay the penalty of its traditions. A few honest, enlightened, and earnest men, united upon a great and beneficent policy, may organize a new party much more readily than they can wrest an old one to their purpose. This fact was illustrated in the movement of the conscience Whigs and the free-soil Democrats nearly fifty years ago.

PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

THE question of a protective tariff, as Mr. GLADSTONE shows in his recent article, is not one of infinite and complex details only, into which experts alone can hopefully enter, and in which they often merely array assertion against assertion, but it is one which involves great principles of government. Its chief principle is foreign to the American doctrine of liberty, because, as its name implies, it is paternalism. Protection is paternalism applied to trade or commercial intercourse, as the various degrees of despotic administration in other countries are paternalism in the sphere of politics. The public authority which regulates individual freedom in travel, in residence, in public meeting and debate, in speaking, in writing, and in voting, is akin to that which restricts the same freedom in buying and selling. It is indeed an authority which, under the plea of the public good, tends to absorb every function, and instead of exercising only the power which is expressly given to it, assumes that the individual may exercise only such freedom as it may permit. LOUIS NAPOLEON, in the effort to establish his personal rule in France, called himself the savior of society, which is the ancient plea of despotism.

This general view was admirably and forcibly stated at the late dinner of the Tariff Reform League in Boston by Mr. JOHN M. FORBES, who until recently was one of the strongest and most liberal and efficient Republican leaders in New England. But upon the question of protection as in itself a good and wise policy he has parted with the party. He cited the course of events in France under the two empires, which ended in fearful disaster for the French people. Every omnibus wheel and post-horse wore the government badge. The interfering hand of public authority reached everywhere. Overtaxation, extravagance, corruption, jobbery, and all forms of tyranny and injustice, and the general dry-rot under which the Second Empire crumbled, were due to the spirit of paternalism, which Mr. FORBES defines as over-government or an absorbing centralization, as opposed to local government, or LINCOLN'S government "of the people, by the people, for the people." High tariff, posing as protection of the poor laborer, and holding on to a surplus which breeds extravagance, corruption, and jobbery, necessarily tends to a reaction in which the laborer will be the sufferer. Moreover, he argues, it is the precursor of socialism or communism; for if the interests of trade may be properly protected by government at the expense of other interests and industries, those other interests may in turn, and logically, be equally protected by government, until Mr. BELLAMY'S Look Backward will be shown to be merely a Look Forward.

This is the philosophy of protection. It is a form of paternalism, and therefore it is not agreeable to what we may call Americanism, in which Mr. FORBES has great confidence. Whatever may have seemed to American enlightenment and common-sense in a certain degree and under certain circumstances permissible or desirable, yet the tendency to convert a medicine or a stimulant into daily food or drink must be jealously watched. He finds comfort in LINCOLN'S shrewd saying, "You may fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time," and from BURKE'S famous sentence, "The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion." The paternal aspect of protection is well worthy universal attention, apart from the contested details of the tariff schedules.

NEW YORK AT WASHINGTON.

THE New York Committee on the World's Fair decided to make an imposing and, it is hoped, a persuasive appeal to Congress, which will result in the choice of this city as the seat of the Fair. There should seem to be no doubt of this result; but for that very reason there is doubt, because the delay shows that apparently the decision will be made upon other considerations than the merits of the case. New York is the chief city and the great commercial port of the country, and its facilities of access and of accommodation are unsurpassed. The exhibition is to be international, and the name of the city is familiar throughout the world, which regards New York as bearing the same relation to this country that London bears to England and Paris to France, so that the selection of any other place for such a purpose would excite wonder and inquiry and demand explanation, while transshipment and long land carriage of foreign articles designed for exhibition would repel exhibitors.

New York, also, has subscribed the necessary guarantee fund, and the General Committee contains the names of eminent citizens, who are universally known throughout the country, and who attest the active co-operation of the representative citizenship of the city in the great enterprise. There is nevertheless doubt, as is shown emphatically by the fact that an imposing representation at Washington to urge the choice of New York is thought to be desirable. The truth is that, as usual, there are some politics in the affair. Every great public proposition, of whatever character, is instantly scanned with jealousy and suspicion by the chiefs of rival political parties, to estimate its bearings upon party interests. The project of the Fair is seen to be coincident with the return of Tammany Hall to complete supremacy in the city, and as the Fair will take place in the year of a Presidential election, the question presents itself to the political mind, which party will probably secure the larger profit in the enormous patronage and jobbery which accompany such an undertaking!

This, however, is a question which cannot be publicly presented and argued. The speeches are naturally pitched in a high patriotic key, and eloquently advance the conclusive general arguments. If the voting should accord with the weight of argument, an imposing array of citizens would not be necessary to enforce the plea. But New York is not exactly a favorite in Washington. The State and the city are conscious of their importance, and yet, with notable and familiar exceptions, their representation in Congress does not profoundly impress the members with the conviction that size is greatness. There is, in fact, a certain willingness to "take down" the imperial State and the metropolis of America which may affect the voting. But neither the political feeling nor the desire of snubbing ought to affect such a decision as that of Congress upon the place for the World's Fair, and therefore the decision will furnish an excellent illustration of the spirit and wisdom of the national Legislature.

SCHOOLS AND PRISONS.

IN every American community the prisons and the schools are subjects of the first interest, because of the conviction that the more comprehensive and efficient the school system, the less burdensome will be the prisons. We have already remarked that Mr. DRAPER, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and a singularly intelligent and devoted officer, tells us that in this State, while the schools during the last year cost us about $16,000,000, the percentage of attendance was smaller than in any preceding year. He is followed by Mr. LATHROP, the Superintendent of Prisons, who says that the year shows a deplorable disintegration of prison industries, a moral deterioration among the prisoners, with an unprecedented rate of death and insanity, and a greater financial deficit than for thirteen years. He is entirely justified in saying that it is "perhaps the most unsatisfactory and most unfortunate year that has been experienced in our State certainly for a long term of years."

The two reports together present a very disagreeable picture of the present condition of these two most important systems. The Superintendent of Public Instruction recommends a strict and efficient compulsory law. It is a simple and obvious remedy. A State which spends sixteen millions of dollars a year upon free schools should take care, in justice to the people who pay that enormous tax, that the money is spent to the utmost advantage. Lieutenant-Governor JONES is reported to object to the ballot law that it disfranchises the ignorant voter. But with adequate free schools maintained by the State, why should a voter plead that he cannot read? Whose fault is it? And why should the fault be pleaded as an argument against a most desirable law? Why should we all be exposed to the consequences of political corruption because somebody has been too lazy or too careless to learn to read? The law as proposed makes provision for aiding such a voter at the polls, but without weakening the law. To weaken the law to aid him would be a gross public wrong. Having provided the opportunity of education for every citizen of New York, let New York now take care that the opportunity is not neglected but improved. Those who refuse to avail themselves of the provision should pay the penalty. Certainly the laws should not be weakened to conform to their neglect.

The wretched condition of the prisons is due to politics; that is, to the futile attempt to conduct the prisons not upon wise and approved principles of effective management of penal industries, but at the will of demagogues to win votes at the polls. The contract system was abolished because it demoralized the prisoners. It was condemned by the most careful and experienced observers, who held that the prisons were not to be managed solely with the purpose of making them self-supporting, but that the character and reformation of the prisoners must be chiefly regarded. The law of 1888, which practically suspended prison labor so that it might not compete with outside labor, soon brought the prisons into an absolutely intolerable condition, and showed the logical result of a management which was based upon extrinsic considerations. The law which was responsible for this outrage, both upon the prisoners and upon the people at large, was superseded by the act of last year, which aims to employ the prisoners, with carefully adjusted regard to competition with outside labor and to the self-support of the prisons. The results of this law, which are only now appearing, the superintendent finds to be encouraging, and it is very improbable that the demagogues will soon deal another blow at the prisons so disastrous as the law of 1888. But it will be long before the State recovers from the effects of that outrageous legislation.

THE REAL POINT OF ATTACK.

THE opposition to the confirmation of General MORGAN as Indian Commissioner is placed upon its true ground by the Roman Catholic Archbishop IRELAND in a letter to the Philadelphia *Press*. The Archbishop's letter gives a new and significant and national importance to the whole question, which should be well understood. The Archbishop says:

> "The policy of Mr. MORGAN is to discourage and, as soon as possible, eliminate the mission or so-called contract schools among the Indians, and build up exclusively the purely governmental or government schools."

Mr. HERBERT WELSH points out that General MORGAN'S present plan is simply to make the government Indian schools as efficient as possible, and

> "to secure from Congress sufficient appropriations of money to insure the education, through these means, of all Indian children of school age who are not at present provided for either in government schools or in the mission schools of the various religious bodies."

General MORGAN has given during the year more than $350,000 to the Catholic contract mission schools. But his view is the true one, that ultimately, when the government schools are thoroughly established as entirely efficient, government aid to sectarian Indian schools may be wisely discontinued.

Archbishop IRELAND says that purely secular education is not good for Indian children. But the policy of the government of the United States does not favor grants for sectarian schools, while it does not discriminate among religious bodies in the appointment of teachers. This also is the true policy. The opposition to the confirmation of General MORGAN is plainly a sectarian attack upon the public-school system, and his defeat by such an assault would be a very serious public misfortune.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

THE bill introduced in the Senate for the appointment and retirement of General JOHN C. FREMONT as a Major-General in the army recalls a familiar figure of thirty-four years ago. His nomination for the Presidency by the Republican party was a striking illustration of the methods of American politics. The slavery question had become so supreme that it dissolved the Whig party in 1852, and organized the Republican party in 1853, which in 1856 cast 1,341,264 votes for its Presidential candidate against 1,838,169 for BUCHANAN, and 874,534 for FILLMORE.

But the remarkable fact was that a party which suddenly arose upon a moral issue, and which was so powerful as almost to succeed in its first campaign, should have selected for its candidate not one of its many conspicuous and well-known and able leaders, identified with the growth and development of the party and of the strongest antislavery convictions, but a young man of half foreign and Southern birth, known chiefly as an adventurous and daring explorer, and although of antislavery views, of Southern and Southwestern associations and connections. There was, in fact, no very general definite knowledge about him. But he received the nomination over Mr. SEWARD, the accepted Republican chief, and Judge McLEAN, a Western conservative and conciliatory Republican, because of "availability."

The campaign that followed was unprecedented for its intense feeling. On the Republican side, moral enthusiasm took the place of ordinary party spirit. The campaign appeals were addressed to the conscience, the primary sense of right and justice. They were not ingenious arguments for a policy; and Mr. SEWARD, after recovering from his disappointment, showed in most impressive detail the complete ascendency of the slave power in every part of the government. The candidate, FREMONT, who was little seen in public and said nothing, was a figure of romance and a symbol of the great party which was to be "the Pathfinder" of freedom. The more unknown he was, the more freely imagination could represent him as the gallant and noble embodiment of true Americanism. The younger men were perfectly confident of success, but defeat consecrated them only the more closely to the cause until it triumphed. The real FREMONT of those days is now an old man. But the FREMONT for whom those youth spoke and sang and toiled never existed.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio asks why a better plan than that of the separate compartment in the Australian system would not be the sending of the tickets to voters a week in advance for reflection and preparation. Because they would then be "cooked" by the bosses and captains. The law is aimed at corruption and coercion. But the suggestion of our correspondent opens the door to both. It is the voters who do not wish to "reflect and prepare" in a good sense that the law would prevent from being used by traders of every kind and degree. Actual practice has amply proved the advantage of the compartment.

THE AMERICAN WAY.

EVERYBODY in Brooklyn will be glad to hear that Postmaster HENDRIX will be allowed to serve out his term, which ends in June next. The reason is that he is so good and satisfactory an officer. How many Brooklynites will be really glad six months hence, when longer service will have made him by so much a better and more satisfactory officer, to see a new and inexperienced man appointed in his place, who will remove as many of his good and satisfactory subordinates as the law will permit, while the public will necessarily suffer? If this kind of folly occurred under a despotism, we should pity the poor people who were made its victims. But Brooklyn people, although living under a republic, can recall for their consolation the Irishman who was accommodated with a sedan-chair without a bottom, and subsequently remarked that, except for the name of the thing, it was mighty loike walking.

CLEAN NEW YORK.

PEOPLE in all parts of the country will be delighted to know that Mayor GRANT, of New York, says in his annual message that it is the firm purpose of the city government to secure clean streets, and that no excuse will be accepted for dirty thoroughfares. The only exception to be taken to this remark is its tense. We have long enjoyed future clean streets and reforms of many kinds yet to be accomplished. The good New-Year resolutions of the messages of Presidents, Governors, and Mayors are familiar, and in themselves exhilarating. They are, indeed,

> "Ever charming, ever new;
> When will the 'prospect' tire the view?"

But a clean street would be also new and charming.

WHY "CONGRESSMAN"?

THE Constitution of the United States says that all legislative power which it grants shall be vested in a Congress, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives. The two together compose the Congress, and a member of either House is a member of Congress, or, if a very clumsy single word be preferred, a Congressman. But a Representative is no more a member of Congress than a Senator, and therefore no more entitled to the appellation. If a Senator should assume to be distinctively and especially a Congressman, he would be ridiculous. How is it with a Representative who should make the same assumption?

But if he could not justly claim such a name for himself, nobody could properly bestow it upon him. In New York the popular House is called the Assembly, and a member is therefore properly called an Assemblyman. But the popular House of Congress is called the House of Representatives, not Congress, and consequently a Representative is most improperly called by distinction a Congressman. There is nothing gained in definiteness of description, or even in time of pronunciation, by calling a Representative a Congressman. It is just as easy to say "My Representative" as "My Congressman."

The use of the word Congressman for Representative has become so general that it is likely to continue. The plea would be that as a Senator is always called Senator, no confusion arises from calling a Representative a Congressman. But the objection lies in the unnecessary incorrectness. Nothing is gained in definiteness, in picturesqueness, in convenience, or in any other way. It is like saying fust for first, or git for get—simply incorrect.

SPACE WANTED IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE question of rapid transit in the city of New York is one of the deepest interest to millions of men and women in and around the city. Indeed, the interest of women is only numerically less than that of men. The immense business of shopping makes an ample and convenient system of transit in the city indispensable to wives and mothers, who, however, are seldom mentioned in the discussions of the subject. The extreme pressure upon the present accommodations of street travel and the large foreign population of the city are already impairing native American courtesy, and the street and elevated cars are not a good "school of the gentleman."

One of the projects with which the legislative year opens at Albany is a scheme for rapid transit in New York. But the instant it was announced it was enveloped in a cloud of conflicting rumors and assertions involving the usual jobbery and speculation, and raising the question whether the city can obtain any public relief or convenience without a degree and amount of corruption which make it a public misfortune. When such schemes are announced, the prompt denials of many citizens whose names have been associated with them that they have any concern with them whatever, greatly disturb public faith in the accuracy of newspaper statements. The desperate rivalry of enterprising reporters to secure "beats" for their journals may even recall to the reflective reader the gibe of Horace Walpole, "Read me anything but history; for that, I know, is a lie." Mayor GRANT, in his message, says that what the municipal authorities want is the best system of rapid transit at the earliest day. That is the universal want, and it is delightful to know that the Aldermen share the desire. But what those eminent public functionaries and the city members of the Legislature might hold to be "the best system," opens a wide field of speculation.

All that is distinctly known is that if the great body of intelligent and industrious citizens of New York, obstructed and exasperated by the present inadequate resources of transit, desire to secure, through the representatives whom they have elected, the best system of transit in the shortest time and at the smallest cost, they cannot do it. That is the one certain thing. The Equitable Assurance Company can erect a magnificent and convenient building within a year or two in the best manner and at a reasonable cost. The State of New York, after spending sixteen or seventeen millions of dollars during twenty years to build a Capitol, must yet pay some four or five millions to finish it at some indefinite future time. How would it do to include the new Capitol at Albany and the dirty streets of New York in the World's Fair as illustrations of the promptness, cheapness, convenience, and satisfaction with which great public works of all kinds are accomplished in the chief State of the republic?

PERSONAL.

MRS. LUCY HOOPER, whose husband has for many years been Vice-Consul at Paris, has just succeeded in disposing of her play *Helen's Inheritance*. Her daughter, who has studied dramatic art abroad, brought the play to this country, and by her acting of the principal rôle insured the purchase of the drama. Mrs. HOOPER has been long and favorably known as the Parisian correspondent of several American papers, and has also won reputation by her book *Under the Tricolor*.

—MRS. ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON, in her dramatization of Mark Twain's charming book *The Prince and the Pauper*, has adapted the title rôles expressly for ELSIE LESLIE. In this new version of the work both parts are to be taken by the same actor, instead of, as heretofore, requiring two persons to fill them.

—Professor MURRAY, who has recently been chosen to succeed the famous Professor JEBB in the chair of Greek at the Glasgow University, is but twenty-five years old. He has also written a novel, something after the RIDER HAGGARD style, and has gone into politics, espousing the home-rule cause.

—General JAMES LONGSTREET, the Confederate, has lost his wife. She was a daughter of General JOHN GARLAND, of the regular army, and was with her husband in much of his service on the frontier, in Mexico, and during the civil war.

—The Ladies' Hermitage Association has been formed of Southern ladies, to take charge of and preserve The Hermitage, General JACKSON'S former home, about twelve miles from Nashville, Tennessee. The property includes the house and tomb of the General, and twenty-five acres of land, with numerous relics.

—The late HORATIO ALLEN, of Montrose, New Jersey, ran the first locomotive that was ever used in this country. He was sent to England in 1826, by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, to buy the rails and three locomotives for a railroad of sixteen miles, which they wished to build in connection with their mines in the Lackawanna Valley. Having performed his commission and built his road, Mr. ALLEN could find no one to act as engineer on the locomotive he had imported, the task being considered most dangerous; so he took hold of the lever, and ran the engine several miles down the track and back, to prove that it was safe. Mr. ALLEN was graduated at Columbia College and studied law, but left that profession for the more congenial pursuit of civil engineering, in which he gained prominence.

—Major SERPA PINTO, whose conduct of Portuguese affairs in Africa has roused the ire of the British lion, is a native of Portugal, and forty-four years old. He joined the Portuguese army in 1863, and has made himself exceedingly valuable to his country in the general European scramble for dominion in Africa.

—MARY ANDERSON is thirty years old, and has been on the stage fourteen years. She has had numerous offers of marriage, but is still heart free, she tells her intimate friends, and recent reports of her engagement to a New York young man are without foundation.

—Lincoln College (Oxford) has recently bought a picture of JOHN WESLEY, which is either the original or a replica of a picture painted by JAMES WILLIAMS in 1743, when WESLEY was a fellow of Lincoln.

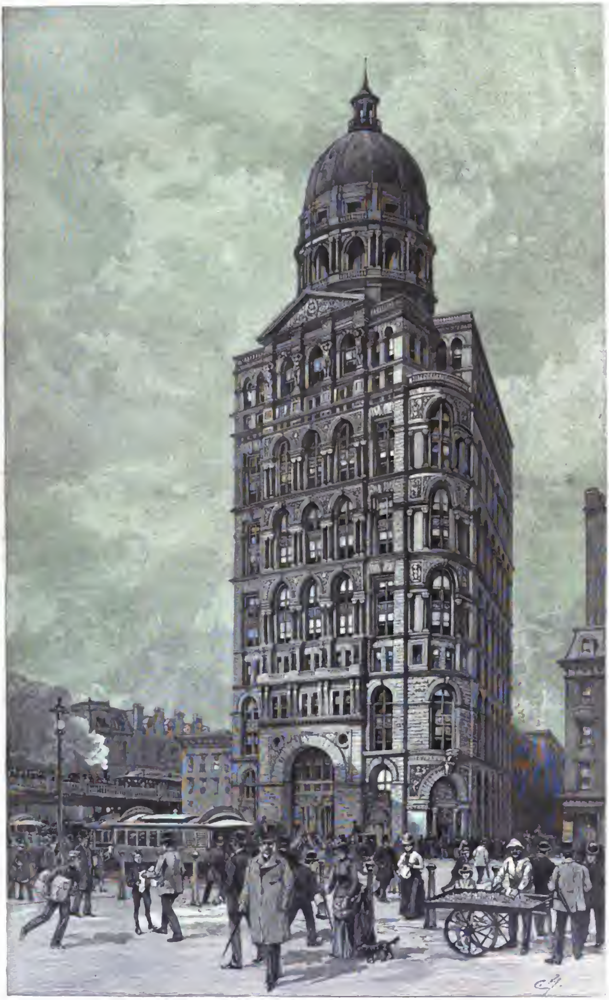
—Notwithstanding the pressure of public cares and the burden of eighty years (which, however, do not seem to sit heavily on his shoulders), Mr. GLADSTONE has found an opportunity to examine and commend HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. In his article in the current number of the *North American Review* Mr. GLADSTONE says of the YOUNG PEOPLE, "It far surpasses all that the enterprise and skill of our publishers have been able to produce." Such a commendation is very gratifying, and the more so because it is entirely spontaneous—a fact which need hardly be stated, in view of the connection in which the words appear.

—The engagement of Miss ELLEN BAYARD, the youngest daughter of the ex-Secretary, to Count LEWENHAUPT, who was a member of the Swedish legation at Washington during her father's term of office, is announced. The count is now studying practical mechanics in this country.

—One of the survivors of the famous charge at Balaklava lives in Hartford, Connecticut. He is JOSEPH HOWE, an ornamental plasterer, and carries the marks of the battle on his face and neck, which were badly cut by pieces of shell. Although HOWE came to this country twenty-five years ago, he has never been made an American citizen.

—CLARK HOWELL, who has been chosen to succeed the late HENRY W. GRADY as managing editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, is twenty-six years old. He has, nevertheless, served two terms in the Georgia Legislature, and has been connected with papers in New York and Philadelphia, besides working on the *Constitution*.

—Rev. HENRY W. SYLE, M.A., the first deaf-mute ever ordained to the ministry in this country, has just died in Philadelphia, where he was rector of All-Souls' Church. He was born in China, his father being a missionary, and completed his education at Yale, after studying for a while at Cambridge, England, and two other European colleges.



THE PULITZER BUILDING, THE NEW HOME OF THE NEW YORK "WORLD."—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 47.]

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE CONGO BASIN.

(Continued from page 40, Supplement.)

fold after the railroad reaches Stanley Pool. No one supposed there would be any trade with the Upper Congo until steam-cars superseded the present expensive system of carriage on the backs of men; but several trading companies have already found it profitable to launch steam-boats at Stanley Pool, and their stations are scattered along a thousand miles of the upper river. Over a half-million dollars' worth of Upper Congo ivory was sold last year at Antwerp. Seven years ago Stanley bought the first tusk of ivory purchased by a white man on the upper river. He paid a few handkerchiefs for it. Tribes have been found who had no notion whatever that ivory had any commercial value. Grenfell says that on the Kasai tusks worth fifty dollars apiece have been bought for two necklaces of black beads, and on the northern tributaries tusks were often offered to Jacques de Brazza for a few cents' worth of gewgaws. It is not its ivory, however, but its capabilities for producing coffee, tobacco, cocoa, and other tropical products that will gradually open a promising future for the Con[illegible]sin.

We know too much about the Congo Valley now to cherish any illusions. It is not an El Dorado. Its climate, save in some of the uplands, is very trying, and its people hate work and have few wants. But the many men who have studied its problems well have not a particle of doubt that the Congo Basin is destined to add largely and permanently to the world's wealth. Strong in this faith, a half-dozen companies have been organized within a year to build the railroad, to erect depots for the sale of merchandise and European food, to breed cattle, to produce palm-oil, to build hotels, and to start plantations. These projects are not merely on paper, but are actually under way. In the philanthropic aspects of the great work we see about two hundred missionaries already toiling in these fields, seeking to evoke the better nature of these untaught millions. A new world has been discovered, and all Christendom will watch with interest the many phases of its slow but certain progress.

The little volume just published by Harper & Brothers,* giving the story of Emin's rescue as told in Mr. Stanley's letters, is particularly timely, including, as it does, all the explorer has yet written of his great discoveries, his thrilling adventures and perils, the fall of Emin's province, and the complete success of the expedition. Mr. J. Scott Keltie, the well-known geographical writer of London, has written an introduction giving a valuable summary of the facts that led to sending Stanley to Emin's rescue, and the Emin Pasha Relief Committee contributes some interesting matter that has not before been made public. A more brilliant epitome of this remarkable trip across Africa could not be written than that which Stanley's own graphic pen has supplied. The brochure will also be noteworthy as containing, with other portraits and a fine map of the route, the only good likeness of Tippu Tib, the famous trader and the richest man in Central Africa, that has yet been published. It is reproduced from a fine photograph of that powerful chief taken last year at Stanley Falls.

* *The Story of Emin's Rescue as Told in Stanley's Letters.* Published by Mr. Stanley's permission. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. With Map of the Route and Three Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, 50 cents.

THE NEW YORK "WORLD."

The success of the *World* newspaper under the management of Mr. Pulitzer is one of the most important business achievements of recent years. It is fitly crowned and attested by the erection of the great building, the picture of which is presented in this issue of Harper's Weekly. The site is the corner of Park Row and Frankfort Street, and the dimensions of the lot are 115 by 136 feet. The architect is Mr. George B. Post, who was also the designer of the *Times* building.

The *World's* new building will tower above the highest of its neighbors. The occupants of the uppermost room in the domed tower will be eighteen stories above the ground floor. The compositors will be in the thirteenth story, under the flat roof. Eleven stories contain 150 large offices. The tower, which is 50 feet in diameter, is to be devoted to the writing force of the newspaper. On one floor will be the city staff; on another, the editorial writers; and on the others, the special writers, department men, weekly edition staff, file room, library, etc. On the flat roof is to be built the art department of the *World*, including a completely furnished photographic gallery. Here also is to be a restaurant for the employés of the paper.

Under the building are great cavernous spaces for the machinery and for the delivery department. A driveway from Frankfort Street will admit wagons for the reception of the papers, which will come up from the press-room on four fast-running pneumatic elevators. The press-room, in the sub-basement, has a capacity of ten quadruple presses, equivalent to forty web presses. The machinery will be driven by a 300 horse-power Corliss engine. The storage room for paper will be in the basement, and will be capable of holding 300 tons of white roll paper. The electric plant, with an energy of 2500 incandescent lamps, will be in the vault under the sidewalk. The boiler room, with 1000 horse-power capacity, is on the bridge side, but located at the bottom of the light well, and entirely outside of the walls of the building.

Six elevators will carry the occupants to the upper stories. Two will go to the thirteenth story, and will be exclusively for the compositors. One elevator, for the editorial staff, will run to the eighteenth story. The other three elevators will be for the use of the occupants of the offices.

The walls on Park Row and Frankfort Street are of red Corsehill Scotch sandstone, with buff terra cotta and polished granite ornamentation. The sandstone rests upon a basement of rock-faced Quincy granite. The entrance arch, 78 feet high to the key and with a noble span of 30 feet, is very impressive. The main front will rise nearly two hundred feet from the curb to the parapet on the thirteenth story. The domed tower rises five stories higher.

The *World* is the oldest Democratic newspaper in New York. Its history reaches back of its present name, for it is the outcome of a variety of ventures and experiments, some of which were moderately successful, one or two of which were brilliant, but all of which were absolutely revolutionized when, on May 10, 1883, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer bought the stock of the Press Publishing Company (the title of the corporation which publishes the *World*), and assumed the management of the paper.

The newspaper on whose foundation the *World* rests was established in 1818. It was named the *National Advocate*, and its editor was Mr. Henry Wheaton. It was Democratic at a time when the Democracy were supporting the war with Great Britain against the strenuous opposition of New England. In 1826 Major M. M. Noah bought the *National Advocate*, and changed its name to the *Enquirer*. Then, years afterward, the paper passed under the control of General James Watson Webb, and was consolidated with the *Morning Courier*. For thirty-two years the New York *Courier and Enquirer* was the leading Democratic organ of the city, and then its Associated Press franchise was bought by the company of gentlemen who established the *World*.

It was in 1860, on June 14th, that the *World* first appeared. It was distinctively a religious newspaper. A year afterward, in July, 1861, the *World* bought the Associated Press privileges of the *Courier and Enquirer*, and a year after that, in 1862—it having been discovered that a religious daily newspaper could not be made successful, at least in the stirring times of war—the paper was sold to a company of distinguished Democrats, chief among whom were Mr. August Belmont and Mr. S. L. M. Barlow. Mr. Manton Marble became the editor-in-chief, and under his management the *World* was a brilliant, vigorous, and influential organ of the party. On December 29, 1869, Mr. Marble became its sole proprietor, paying $100,000 for the one-fourth interest which he did not own before. For seven years Mr. Marble continued to publish and edit the newspaper, and then sold it to a syndicate of capitalists, who were represented by Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, who organized the Press Publishing Company; all the stock of which, as has already been stated, was purchased by Mr. Pulitzer, May 10, 1883.

When Mr. Pulitzer came into possession of the property the fortunes of the newspaper were at a very low ebb. Its average circulation was about 15,000, and its advertising business was inconsiderable.

In his announcement of his purchase of the "entire *World* newspaper property," in the issue of May 11, 1883, Mr. Pulitzer stated his absolute antagonism to the policy of his predecessor; he proclaimed that the paper "from this day on" would be "under different management—different in men, measures, and methods; different in purpose, policy, and principle; different in objects and interest; different in sympathies and convictions; different in head and heart." It was announced that thenceforth the *World* would do battle for the people, and against "all fraud and sham," "public evils and abuses."

What kind of a newspaper Mr. Pulitzer has made of the *World* is familiar knowledge to a vast number of people who dwell in the city of New York and elsewhere. No newspaper has had such an extensive circulation on this or the other side of the water as is claimed for the *World*, and there is a standing advertisement at the head of the editorial columns which states that the circulation books are always open for the inspection of the public.

The policy of the *World* under Mr. Pulitzer's management has been to print an enormous quantity of news, especially of the kind in which there is the most popular interest. It has followed with an eager quest all the complaints of hardships made by the people who have fewest friends. It takes the side of the man who is unjustly accused by those in authority. It assails, with an energy and vigor that are strange to the calm philosophy of most of the newspaper offices of the metropolis, the popular outcries against the "outrages of corporations," the "encroachments of plutocrats on the rights of the people," the "idleness of public servants." It is the friend of the immigrant and the enemy of the Castle Garden system. It has penetrated the mining regions of Pennsylvania, and described what are known in that region as "pluck me" stores. It took a leading part in the war on the "boodle" aldermen. Its boast is that it is always engaged in a war upon vice, public and private, that in this warfare it knows neither party nor friends. It storms against the public thief and the private enemy of virtuous society.

It has not been always a partisan newspaper, for it has more than once opposed the election of Democratic candidates. Its latest conspicuous struggle against the nominee of its party was the war that it made in favor of Mr. De Lancey Nicoll and against Colonel Fellows for the District-Attorneyship of New York. In its principles it is Democratic, but it is sufficiently independent of its party to fight its candidates if it does not consider them worthy to hold public trust. Its democracy, in the largest sense of the word, is more extreme than has been ever expressed or held by a New York daily newspaper of any prominence. It is against royalty and nobility everywhere, and as soon as the birth of a republic is announced, it insists with all its vigor that the new government shall be recognized by the United States. It accepts the shibboleths of the Democratic party. It is for low tariff taxes, for civil service and ballot reform, for economy and simplicity. It does not advocate its belief in long arguments, but states them in short editorials. From one end of it to the other the *World* is made for the many, and is usually to be found against the few. And this is a virtue or a vice, according as one belongs to the many or the few.

Perhaps the *World's* local enterprise which attracted most attention in New York in its time was its raising the funds for building the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. It ought to be stated that Mr. Pulitzer justly regards with most pride the public services which he renders with his newspaper; but the collection of the fund, which had languished for a long time, was a most striking achievement. The *World* took up the work, which had been practically dropped by those to whom it had been intrusted, and in five months raised the needed $100,000.

The corner-stone of the new building was laid on the 10th of October, 1889. The prayer was said by Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle, of the Diocese of Missouri, in place of Bishop Potter, whose duties at the National Convention of his Church prevented him from being present. John A. Cockerill, Mr. Pulitzer's representative, introduced the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, who was the orator of the day. A speech was made by Governor Hill, and a cable despatch from Mr. Pulitzer was read. The four-year-old son of Mr. Pulitzer laid the corner-stone, in which were placed, among the copies of the addresses mentioned and other things, two phonographic cylinders and one graphophone cylinder containing sentiments of the *World* staff. There were letters and telegrams of regret from ex-President Cleveland and other distinguished persons.

The *Evening World* was established in October, 1887, and its success has been more rapid even than that of the morning edition.

MADAME LILLI LEHMANN-KALISCH.

Editor: If the feeling of disappointment with the present and extravagant estimate of the past were not a note that has always been heard in criticism, the people of to-day might find it difficult to persuade themselves, in the face of much writing, that they have ever been privileged to hear a really great singer. Talk with the memory-mongers of the palmy days of Castle Garden and the Astor Place Opera-house, and you will learn that the art of singing died with the sweet-throated persons who burdened the air of those places with melody. But you will not learn that the older people of that halcyon day thought these stars pale and lifeless orbs compared with the luminaries of their youth. Yet this is the way of the world, and has been ever since humanity began to dream of the golden age that is past. In the nature of things personal equation must enter into judgment on the merits of singers. Memory alone perpetuates their achievements, and there is an age in every memory which is gilded by a thousand lovely associations that mock the exercise of simple æsthetic judgment. Analysis can determine and the record preserve the range of a singer's voice, and give a hint of its flexibility and other artificial attributes, but the vital charm of the singer's art eludes analysis and defies recording. A critic in the performance of his duties is compelled to meet with much bad art; but when a respectable entertainment offers nothing to delight him, he would better look to his stomach or his liver. By the same token, when our venerable friends of to-day bewail the fact that song fled this earth when Jenny Lind retired or Sontag died, it is not wholly out of place for one of this generation to inquire, "How old were you when you heard your charmer, and who was

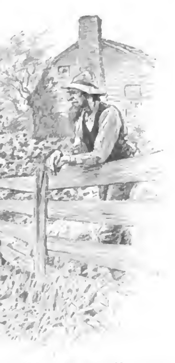
'The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she'

who occupied the adjoining stall?"

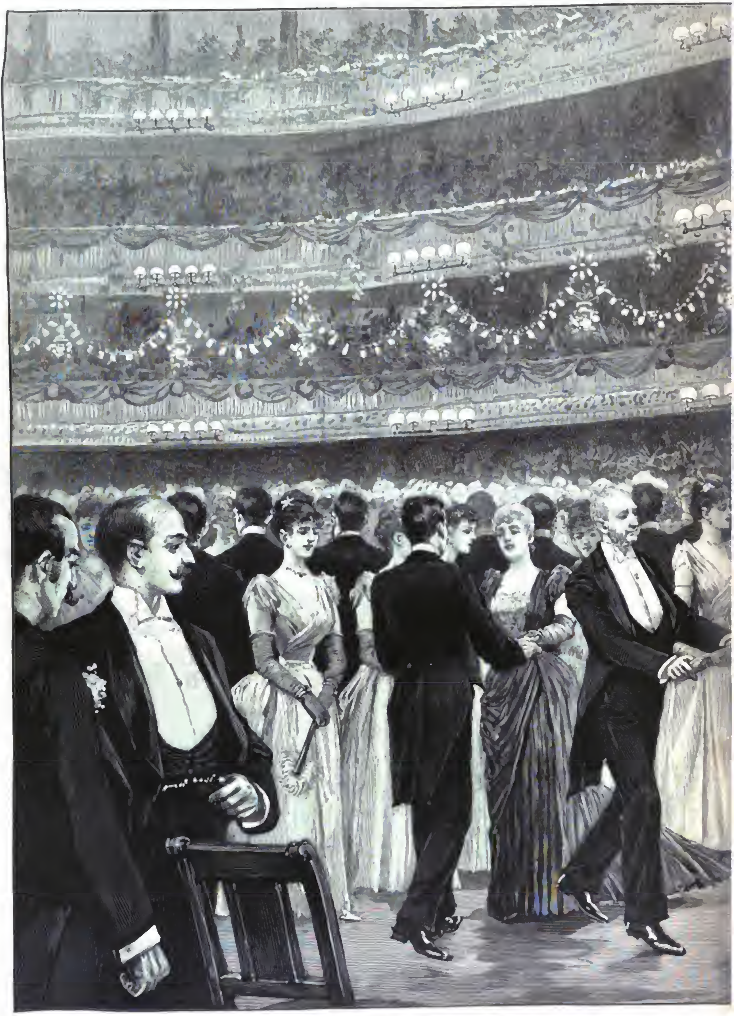
There are a good many persons who think that the Metropolitan Opera-house is now giving artistic domicile not only to the finest dramatic singer alive, but to one who is in very truth a great singer. Of course they mean Madame Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch. Interpreting the adjective in their definition in harmony with the spirit of the tenth decade of the nineteenth century, they might easily establish their contention. Madame Lehmann-Kalisch is not the greatest vocalist or the most sympathetic singer on the stage to-day, but if she has a superior as an acting singer or a singing actor, the fact is not known to the people of New York at least. She is wellnigh matchless in voice and training, quite unique in earnestness and devotion, but her chief significance grows out of the union in her art of the old conceptions of vocalization and the newer conceptions of the province of singing on the operatic stage. She exemplifies the true purpose of music in the lyric drama, which is to intensify the expressive capacity of the text, to supply the emotional element which the spoken word lacks. But while, in harmony with this purpose, she yields to the text all its privileges, she preserves to the music all its rights. Her art, subject as it must be to natural limitations, is a little lacking in notes of womanly tenderness. Sentimentality is utterly foreign to her nature; in place of it she has large sentiment and grandiose passion. For such a character as Elsa she could have no sympathy; but she would delight in publishing the demoniac power of Ortrud. As the wronged Brünnhilde in *Die Götterdämmerung* she is a consuming fire; from the moment she discovers Siegfried's treachery she pervades the tragedy as that devouring element does the final scene of *Die Walküre*; as the loving [illegible] the Valkyrie, transformed into loving woman and brought face to face with the object of her love, she is unreasoning, self-forgetful passion incarnate.

It is a proud reflection that Madame Lehmann-Kalisch developed her full artistic stature in New York. In Germany she was only known as a singer of the florid type, and she had [illegible] to wrench herself away from the Court Theatre in Berlin, in order to emancipate herself from its conventions, and enter into the estate for which nature designed her, and toward which her own lofty conception of the dignity of art directed her. "After one has sung princesses for twenty years, one gets weary," said she, when justifying her secession from the Berlin Court Theatre. She had sung there fifteen years, and had held the appointment of court singer for ten years. Before then she had been employed in Dantzic and Leipsic, and had participated in the first representations of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* at the Bayreuth Festival of 1876. She was born in Würzburg, and is a child of the theatre, her father being a tenor, her mother the dramatic soprano, Marie Loew, in early life prima donna at Cassel, and afterward harpist at the opera in Prague. With her sister Marie, now at the Vienna opera, she was educated by her mother, of whose abilities she justly speaks with great admiration. She has been the principal soprano at the Metropolitan Opera-house since the fall of 1885, and is now at the zenith of her powers.

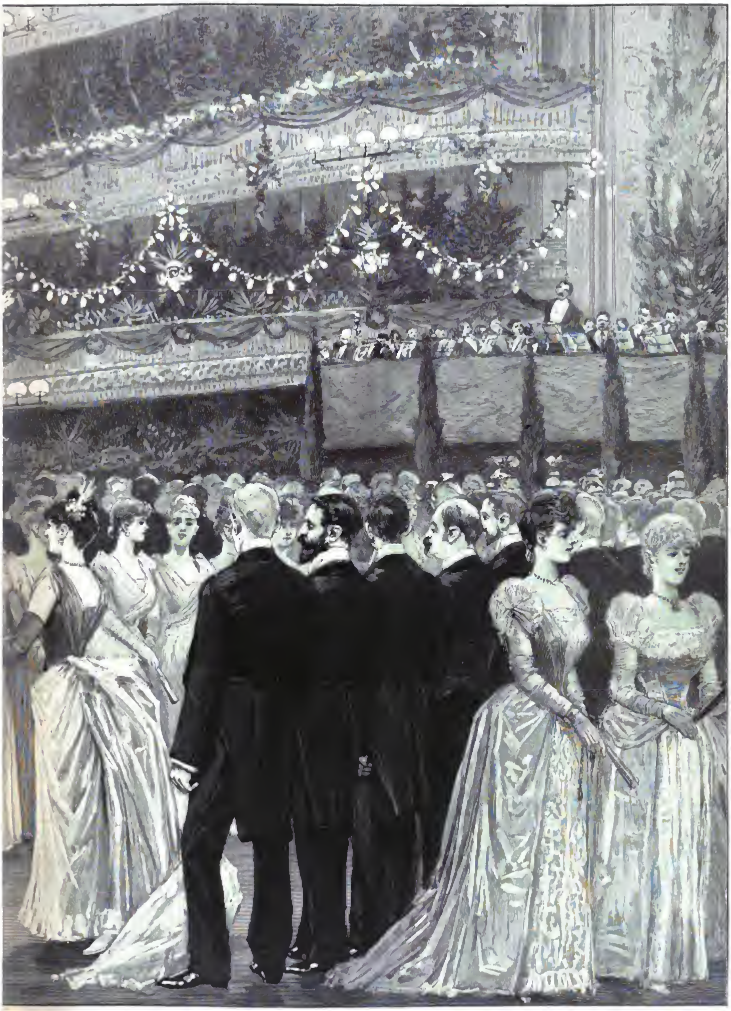
H. E. Krehbiel.



MR. MULPHENY. "Good-marnin', sor; an' how [illegible]"
HAYSEED. "It's a good ways. Who do you want to see there?"
MR. MULPHENY. "Sure it's myself I want to see there."



THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY (*QUADRILLE D'HONNEUR*) AT THE NEW-YEAR'S



ALL IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 51.]

THE NOMINATION.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS

Abner Green and his good wife Jane were sitting in the easy-chairs, resting after the day's work. He had closed his store at nine o'clock. It was a little cool for September, and the windows were down. The light was turned low, because Abner and Jane were economical, even in the matter of coal-oil. They seemed satisfied with life. They had the contentment that waits on good appetites and well-employed energy. Indeed, they had gotten along unexpectedly well since the quiet marriage ceremony of eight years before. Both being practical souls, no such useless expense of time and money as a wedding tour had entered their thoughts. After the parson said his prayer, they marched out of the church and went direct to the small store that Abner had started two years before. They gradually extended that store, saving the pennies and investing the dollars, and putting over their heads a large financial umbrella for rainy days.

Abner was a born success. People always said he would get along. On days when other boys were off gunning and playing, he was contriving and working and saving. His Saturday holidays were turned to strict account. By the time he was seventeen he had the business weight of a man in the neighborhood. His wisdom ran ahead of his years.

When he was eighteen he determined to inaugurate an enterprise. Sussex District (or rather the Second District of Choptank County) was probably the only territory of its size that did not have a good country store. The people did their dealing in the town, eight miles away. At the point near the saw-mill where three roads met, an old residence stood. It was vacant. Abner rented it, and surprised the neighbors by turning it into a store. He got a stock of goods and began business. At first the returns were slow, but Abner was content with small profits, and the customers gradually saw that it was fully as cheap to patronize him as it was to drive to town over indifferent roads, and a great deal more convenient. Moreover, Abner quickly gained a good reputation. He was looked upon as shrewd but just—the strongest kind of fame in a rural community. So he went along, saying little, offending no one, and attending strictly to trade. Two years showed him what he could do, and told him that he needed a wife. Like a good business man, he did not postpone a necessity. He looked around, and found a girl of strong practical sense and fine physical health, not much for beauty or brilliancy, but a great hand in the house and a general favorite with the people. Inside of a month they were married, and everybody said it was a good match. Eight years had endorsed that verdict. They had worked and prospered.

Abner, as he sat in the big rocker, was a man with a good quiet face and a rugged frame. He had quick eyes, which looked at things cautiously but shrewdly, a somewhat didactic tongue that was used for business and operated by discretion. His best confidences seemed to be his second thoughts.

"Abner," said Jane, "what is this talk about you and the sheriff's office?"

He looked up quickly and shifted his position before replying. "Where did you hear that nonsense?" he asked.

"All the folks are talking about it. I heard some men discussing it while you were out of the store to-day, and saying that Colonel Short had been to see you about it. The people seem to think you'll make a mighty good man for the place."

Abner smiled in a sober kind of way, and nursed his knees with his two hands. Presently he looked up, and said: "Jane, a man of convictions should take an interest in politics for the good of the party which represents his principles, and not for any ambition which merely represents his own pride. I have voted the ticket and done some work for it, not with the hope of any office, but because my conscience and my judgment dictated that course. If people misconstrue my motives, it is very wrong."

"But, Abner, if they should give you the office—"

"Yes, if they should give me an office, what then? Four years of business, and afterward a return home to find our business all gone, or taken up by some one else. No, Jane; you and I have had too hard a time building up this trade to have it ruined by politics. Let us keep on in our course, for we know not what a change might bring forth."

Jane was silent for a while. The mention of the possible honor had aroused a quiet but unexpressed ambition for town life, had suggested the possibilities of some of that change which every woman from Eve down has always secretly longed for. But Abner's practical words had brought out her common-sense, and shoved the ambition back into the closet of her heart. She closed the door upon it and sighed.

"I guess you're right. You 'most always are. But who do you think they'll take in your place?"

"I am for Major Powderdry," said Abner, with considerable emphasis.

Mrs. Green was greatly astonished. "Major Powderdry!" she exclaimed. "Why, goodness gracious, Abner! he hasn't done a thing in his life except to run for office and run into debt."

"That's just it, Jane. The good Lord has laid out for us certain duties in this world. A man may sometimes get away from his path, and wander over the field; but he always has a kind of an idea of what he is living for, and he is pretty apt to hit the road while he is tramping around. Now Major Powderdry's business is running for office. It don't pay much, but he sticks to it. Mine is running a store. I've got along all right in the store, because the people have encouraged me. Now what the major wants is more encouragement. So let him have it, I say, and let us all elect him. Then, too—but of course you needn't mention it—if he gets through, he may pay us that little bill he owes us."

"Well, Abner, you certainly look at things with both eyes," said Jane, with a decision that had in it a small undertone of admiration.

"Of course I do, Jane; and when they fail to see what's what, I know two other eyes that are mighty pert about finding the right side."

Jane smiled, and felt quite happy. It wasn't often that they paid each other such compliments.

"Jane," said Abner, after a pause, "if the folks talk any more to you about me, just say that Abner is too busy attending to the store to go running across the whole county for an office, and that he votes the ticket for his convictions and not for rewards, and that he has said that Major Powderdry would make a good man for the place. Don't go out of your way to say this, but if anybody makes you talk, why, just put it to 'em straight and earnest like; and if you want to, you might add something about your not caring for me to give up a good business for any such foolishness, and so forth and so forth."

Jane said she would, and as ten o'clock had arrived, they took up the lamp, locked up the house, and went to bed. But before going to sleep Abner added, "And, Jane, you might say that the talk me and Colonel Short had was on private business."

It did not require an age for anything to get over the district. News was so scarce in Sussex that it had the volatility of hydrogen with the combined expanding qualities of all the known gases. Somebody had mentioned Abner Green's name for the shrievalty. It met with favor. It was time the district was getting the office. Abner was a good party man, a reliable conservative citizen, and a neighbor who was popular. The people talked quietly at first, but after it was known that Abner and Colonel Short had had a long talk, the discussion took a wider range. As it became more public it aroused a factional opposition, led by the voluble and contested Major Powderdry, a talkative upholder of party principles and an inveterate seeker for a place on the ticket. Abner Green said nothing, and attended to business.

The next day after their little talk Jane left Abner at the store, and made a few visits. The matter of the office came up for discussion everywhere she went. She was not slow in making prompt and decidedly emphatic comments.

"Yes," said she, "I have heard that they are talking about Abner; but I reckon it's a lot of breath wasted. He's been a-working going on ten years building up his store, and he ain't such a goose as to throw away his business for an office. That talk he had with Colonel Short was about a private matter. There ain't much money in politics; and as for our part, we'd rather have what we got than go to trying a change. Abner don't vote the ticket expecting to be paid for it; he's not that kind. As far as I'm concerned, I'm glad of it, for it's not everywhere that you can get good neighbors. What's more, Abner's looked upon as a good man now, while if he was to go into politics, goodness only knows what they'd say against him. And Abner ain't one that takes such things easy. He told me no later than last night that he was in favor of Major Powderdry. 'If our district is to have it,' said he, 'why give it to Major Powderdry.'"

The good wives that good wife Jane talked to in the afternoon told it to their good husbands at supper, and before bedtime it was generally known that Abner Green was for Major Powderdry.

The major heard it with incredulity at first, and then with joy. He knew that Abner Green's endorsement would have great weight with the people. "I have always liked Abner," he said. "He is a man of business, a man of honor, and a great credit to this neighborhood. I have watched him since he was a boy, and each year has increased my good opinion of him. When the people talked about his name I opposed it, because I knew that it would only bother him."

The major talked in this strain so as to ease his conscience and convince himself of what he never believed. That was a peculiarity of his oratory as well as of his conversation. He could talk himself into any belief, while the cold and listless crowd stood by and doubted.

The next day, arrayed in dignity, he dropped in at the cross-roads store. He found Mr. Green in an unemployed interval, and took possession of the opportunity with voluble but diplomatic promptness. He complimented the weather, the store, and Abner, and asked, with solicitous earnestness, for the health of Mrs. Green, and then he plunged boldly into the purpose of his call.

"I hear," said he, lowering his voice, "that you have stated that you will endorse me for sheriff."

Abner took it in a matter-of-fact way, although he secretly enjoyed the major's polite circumlocution.

"Yes, major," he said, with business bluntness. "I'm for you. You ought to have it. This district ought to have it. And the way for us to get it is to get it."

This aroused the major's oratory. "Well said, Mr. Green—nobly said. In the distribution of the legitimate rewards of the party, the just and equitable deserts of noble old Sussex have not been recognized. It will be a proud privilege for me to lead in the demand for this recognition, and I ask you, sir, that you will allow your name to be used on the delegation to the convention—as the head of that delegation, sir?"

The major said this with great personal applause, and Abner seemed very much impressed by it. The merchant was doubtful. He rubbed his chin in a meditative way, and took some time to respond.

"Now, major, I want to keep out of politics."

"Do not say that, Mr. Green. Retract it in thought and purpose. It is upon such men as you—upon the yeomanry of the party, if I may say so—that the selection of good standard-bearers and the perpetuity of free institutions must depend. You owe it to your district, sir, to be a member of that convention."

Abner paused again; he paused so long that the major walked back and forth in great uneasiness.

"Well, since you put it in that way, of course I guess I'll have to think about it," said the dry-goods Sphynx at last. "But arrange it as quietly as you can."

A light of joy burst upon the soul and illuminated the face of Major Powderdry. He grasped Mr. Green's hand and thanked him, not once, but countless times. Presently the emotional equilibrium was restored, and Abner told the major that the next day he was going to start through the county on a business trip. He had the agency for a new machine, and he had been directed to place its sale in different stores of that territory. "I'll see how things look in politics," he said, "and put in as many good words for you as I can."

The major's generosity sprinkled itself out again, but the interview was brought to an end by the entrance of a family party in search of shoes and molasses. Major Powderdry went home with a happy heart. He was already beginning to enjoy the office and its perquisites—the perquisites mainly.

Mr. Green's business trip occupied three days. He enjoyed it. Being well known and well esteemed, it was agreeable to meet people and talk with them. Moreover, he sold more machines than he expected. By the time he arrived home the delegation had been agreed upon, and he had been placed at the head of it by the unanimous desire of his colleagues.

He reached the store just before twilight, and he had scarcely finished his supper before Major Hamilton Powderdry called. The major was more than anxious to hear the results of the journey.

"I am glad to see you back, Mr. Green—very glad; and I hope you are the messenger of good news."

"Well, yes, major; I did remarkably well with the machines; a great deal better than I expected."

"I congratulate you, sir—I congratulate you most sincerely. How did you find the political complexion? Was it favorable?"

"Oh, politics? Oh yes! So I remember. Of course, major, I was mainly on business, but in the demands of that business I did not forget you. I did not forget our district."

The major rubbed his hands and smiled, in anticipation of glad tidings. "Thank you, Mr. Green—thank you. What—what did you hear?"

"Well, I guess I better give you an itemized account—a bill of particulars, so to speak."

The major was greatly pleased.

"First, I went to Forktown. I found that they are going to send a solid delegation down for Boggs. They were quite earnest about it; said that their district ought to have the nomination, and that Colonel Short had half promised it to them, and that they were going in to win. Of course it wasn't much use to talk against such feeling as that, although I did tell them that in Major Powderdry, Sussex had a candidate that she was proud of."

"Thank you, Mr. Green—thank you. We'll soon down Boggs. Their talk about Short's support is nothing but a bluff. How about Bethel?"

"Well, Bethel's got the fever too. They say they hain't had the sheriff for twenty years, and that they are going to pull for it this time, or break the traces. They're putting up young Jones, and he's working like a beaver. I slipped in a few words for you, major, but they brought up the argument that Sussex had it sixteen years ago, while it's been twenty years since it went to Bethel."

The major uncrossed his legs and nodded his head. "That's all right," said he. "I know Jones. He's active, but that's all. We'll circumvent him."

"From Bethel I went on down to Drawbridge and Forks. They are not far apart, you know. I found out that they had nobody in particular that they wanted, but Jones had sent down some missionaries and captured Drawbridge, and Boggs men were at work at Forks. There is where I did some talking. I told them of our demands, of our candidate, of you, major, and your long service to the party. I said: 'Gentlemen, here is a fine man and an esteemed citizen, who has sacrificed time and effort in campaign work, who has fought in the front ranks, who has never flagged or proven recreant to his duty. He is the man we offer you, and we ask that you help us to nominate him.'"

"Thank you—thank you! Did you convince them of the wisdom of that course?"

"Not quite. They wouldn't commit themselves. So, to keep them from going to Boggs or Jones, I persuaded them to put up their own candidate. 'If it's to be a grab game,' I said, 'why don't you take a hand?' Then I left, and went on down to the lower districts, where they don't care who gets the nomination, for the good and sufficient reason that they have had it for the last three times. However, I came back by Drawbridge and Forks to-day, and I found that they had put up their men—Hanson for Drawbridge and Withers for Forks."

The major's bright face seemed clouded. "Do you think," he asked, "that it was wise to bring two more men into the field? Won't it complicate matters?"

"Well, major, I'm a business man, and I look at it in a business way. I argued that if those two districts were disposed to go against us, the best way would be to make them fight each other as well as ourselves. It takes them away from Boggs and Jones. Now we have eight districts, and no nomination can be made until one of the five breaks to some other candidate. You stand well, major, and your genius must make a successful combination and win. You can do it, can't you?"

When the major saw it in that light he was radiant. "Why, Abner," he exclaimed, growing more familiar, "you are a Napoleon of politics. It's a great arrangement. I know Hanson and I know Withers. I'll see them; I'll deal with them; and when the convention opens, we'll give Boggs and Jones the biggest surprise party they ever saw."

This was Saturday. The convention met on the following Tuesday. The interval was fully employed. Everybody talked politics. The major led. He was exhaustless. Hope beamed on his smiling countenance like sunshine on a morning-glory.

"Well, I never saw such a sight in all my born days," said Mrs. Green. "The major acts as if he'd been elected and got all the offices in the State."

"Yes," said Abner, "the major is enthusiastic. He has a sanguine temperament."

"He used to talk against you so. Now he's praising you to the skies. There ain't any word too high or too big for you. It's a strange thing, this politics."

"Very strange—very strange," replied Abner, nodding his head. "It shows the changeableness of human nature, Jane; the instability of character. If I had run for this office in an open way, as the folks wanted me to, the major would have been going around abusing me and getting up his movements against me, and I guess he'd come near downing me. But now I am one of his delegates, and he is as sweet as a hogshead of molasses. How much better it is, Jane, to have the friendship of everybody, even though we have to put ambition aside!"

The delegates from Sussex met at the cross-roads and started to town bright and early. Abner accepted his importance as the head member of the delegation modestly. Major Powderdry was gorgeous in a new high hat and an enlarged vocabulary.

"Now, Abner," he said, with confidential earnestness, "you hold the delegates solid. I'm an old hand at this business, you know, and if you stick together while I do the work and pull the wires, we'll win as sure as the sun will shine."

"That's it, major," he answered. "We'll depend on you. I was never in a convention but twice before, you know, and both times they had the ticket made out, and all we had to do was to vote it through. This business is a little new to us, and I guess it 'll be a heap more exciting. Just let me say one word: don't let 'em bully you. Stick right up to it, and stay in the field as long as you can."

This warning aroused the major's latent pugnacity. "Abner," he said, "I'm in this fight to win, and I'll stay at the front till the battle is over and the cows come home."

So, with discussion and warning and advice and suggestion, the delegates proceeded. The temperature of their determination rose steadily, and by the time they reached town they were ready to march into the convention and demand the nomination for sheriff as the right of Sussex District.

But they ran into other determined bands. With the other four candidates in the field the situation was lively. The advocates of each man were importunate and vociferous. Into the arena the statesmen from Sussex, led by the intrepid Powderdry, advanced with argument and inquiry.

The Choptank County court-house, where the convention met, was a sombre building of brick, fronted by a large square. Out-doors and in-doors the groups were discussing and canvassing. Opposite the square was the law office of Colonel Short. To and from that place flowed a steady stream of delegates. Colonel Short was the county leader—the "boss." Some came from that office in smiles, some in frowns, and some so much in doubt that their expressions were untranslatable.

Abner was button-holing a man from a lower district, and was putting in a word for Powderdry and a word for his machines, when some one touched him on the shoulder. It was the major.

"I've been to see Short," whispered he. "I talked plainly to him, as a man with my strength should. I told him I had the united support of Sussex District, and that our district was entitled to the nomination. 'You're probably right, major,' said he; 'but there are four other gentlemen from four other districts who say the same thing, and I don't see how we're going to settle it except by fighting it out. Whoever wins, we'll get a good sheriff, and I wish you luck!' Now, Abner, what is there in that? It looks stormy. Do you think we'll get through?"

"Well, major, we're doing all we can, and trusting to you to uphold the rights of our district."

The major's backbone stiffened, and he proceeded a second time to work. He saw everybody, made a hundred indefinite promises, and attempted every coalition that a man of twenty-five years of political failure could invent.

He was still at it when the hour for the assembling of the convention arrived. The delegates were in their seats, too much impressed by their importance to say much. The crowds struggled in and filled the benches of the court-room. A buzz of speculation and expectation arose to the ceiling and resounded between the walls. Occasionally a laugh interrupted the monotonous hum, or a pompous citizen came in, and talked loud enough to make himself heard above the noise.

A clapping of hands and a few thuds of heavy boots on the floor announce the approach of the chairman of the County Committee. He mounted the rostrum, bows, calls the body to order, and says a few words which result in more clapping of hands and more boot thuds. With one or two soaring exploits in oratory, the election of the officers of the convention, the appointment of the committees, and the necessary preliminaries are arranged.

There is a recess for dinner. The interval is a time of heroic effort on the part of Major Powderdry and his competitors; but the more they have worked the greater has their doubt grown.

"Abner," whispers the major again, rather more agitated than before, "I'm afraid it's a case of every man standing pat, and staying in till the light goes out."

Abner does not exactly grasp the simile, but he tells the major to remain firm.

The session opens. There are more speeches and more enthusiasm, and then the real work begins. There is not much hitch over the first nominations, but when the sheriff is reached a general movement seizes the delegates and the on-lookers. They expect something worth seeing. But just as they get fixed for the excitement, a delegate arises and moves that the nomination for sheriff be postponed until the rest of the ticket is agreed upon. This causes a little fight, but it ends in the desired postponement.

In an hour's time the ticket is complete with the exception of the sheriff. That contest opens with great earnestness. For the purpose of saving time the nomination speeches are brief and formal.

The voting begins. Five districts have their candidates. The three other districts distribute their votes with impartial favor. Ballot after ballot is cast without an approach to a result. The feeling becomes intensified. Two hours go by, and still there is no nomination. The districts are sticking to their men, and a nomination is impossible unless one of them breaks. Supper-time draws near. Some delegates begin to get hungry. All want to go home. But their earnestness triumphs over appetite. A new ballot discloses no change. Major Powderdry's hopefulness is oozing out, but he sticks like grim death. Suddenly some one whispers in his ear, "Major, Colonel Short wants to see you in the jury-room."

A great hope surges through the major's soul, and he tiptoes to the door, and in a minute he is in the presence of the party dictator.

"Major," says the colonel, "what are you going to do?"

"Stick!" he answers.

"Listen to me a minute. We've got a good ticket, and we've got a tough fight ahead. You five men in there are getting so hot against one another that not one of you can possibly win. You can't. They can't. Now why not name the man."

"Who?"

"Who is your choice?"

"Abner Green would be a good man, but—"

"Well?"

"He won't take it."

"Get him out of the room, and give us time to nominate him, and he'll have to take it."

The major sees the situation. He pauses. He considers. He could not be nominated; why not nominate? He could not be Edmond, why not Warwick? Colonel Short argues. The major decides. He will do it. Rushing to the court-room, he gets Abner Green, and brings him to Short. Then telling him to stay there till called, he rushes back. Everybody leaves the jury-room to watch the convention, except Short and Green. At the farthest window they whisper earnestly.

A new ballot is about to begin, when, at the request of Major Powderdry, one of Colonel Short's smartest lieutenants—young Carr, from a lower district—arises and asks permission to say a word. There is some grumbling, but a vociferous aye yields him the privilege. He mounts the platform:

"*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,*—We are going to win. [Applause.] We have got a good ticket. [Applause.] Harmony is thick and beautiful around here. [Smiles.] The only discordant note is a little difference of opinion about the sheriff. [Laughter.] We are burdened with five good men, embarrassed with riches. My fellow delegates from this district and myself have voted for every one of them on the various ballots, and to save our lives we can't say which is the best man. [Applause and laughter.] We'd like to nominate you all. [More laughter.] But it would be like putting too much sauce on the apple-dumpling; it would make the ticket too rich. [More laughter and applause.] Now I want to get home some time to-night; so do you. We want to leave with the knowledge that we have done our work. We don't want to carry away any hard feelings. It is for that purpose that I arise here on behalf of several districts, including our own, to suggest a name that will be endorsed by every man in this convention, by the whole county, that will add strength to the ticket and give enthusiasm to the party. I can pay this name no higher tribute than to say that it is the peer of the gentlemen who are now before this convention. [Applause.] In the interest of harmony, in the assurance of victory, and in the hope of getting my supper before breakfast, I nominate Abner Green, of Sussex District."

The surprise is complete. The applause begins slowly; then it takes a jump; and finally it sweeps through the room, and carries everything before it. It gains momentum when it is whispered around that Abner has been purposely gotten out of the room. Major Powderdry leads in the enthusiasm. The nomination is quickly seconded. A ballot begins. Before it is half taken, the nomination is made. A great howl goes up.

In the jury-room Colonel Short looks at Abner, and remarks, "It seems to be all right."

As Abner smiles in reply, the door is burst open, and in rushes Major Powderdry, his face beatified with unanimous joy, his arms pointed in ecstatic gesture, his coat tails flying with nervous enthusiasm, and his whole being full of the bliss of victory—for his district.

He takes Abner, drags him before the convention, and shouts, "Hurrah for Sussex and our next sheriff!"

As the cheers go up, Abner asks what it all means. He is the idealization of innocent astonishment. The delegates seem to enjoy it.

And so does Colonel Short, who is standing in the jury-room door and looking smilingly on. He is thinking of the possible future in politics for a man of Abner Green's tact and scheming.

It was late when Mr. Green reached home, but Jane was patiently waiting for him. The news dazed her, and he did the talking.

"Now don't say a word about it, my dear. It's the best-paying office in the county. The people think it's been shoved on me. Let them think so. Colonel Short and me won't deny it. Oh yes; you are asking why I didn't tell you all about it. Well, my dear, running a store and running politics are two different things. If you want anything in the store, the best way to get it is to ask for it. If you want anything in politics, the best way to get it is to get it without asking for it. And, moreover, my dear, a truthful woman like you is never safe in politics, unless she don't know what she is talking about."

THE NEW-YEAR'S BALL AND MR. McALLISTER.

The New-Year's Ball held at the Metropolitan Opera-house on the night of January 2d was described the next morning in the newspapers with notable unanimity as the most brilliant and successful social event in the history of New York city. Though the reportorial mind is often affected by the glamour of a present splendor, and unable to make due allowance for perspective, in this case it seems to have stated no more than the fact.

The inspirer and manager of the great occasion, Mr. Ward McAllister, as he contemplated the fruit of his genius and labors, could not but regard it as the proudest achievement of his life. There is an inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, carved on the stone in the interior of St. Paul's, containing the words, "*Si monumentum quæris circumspice*" (if you seek his monument, look around). If any one at the ball were disposed to dispute Mr. McAllister's claim to greatness, a similar suggestion would have silenced him. The foundations for such a success as this New-Year's Ball must be laid broad and deep, and the superstructure reared with constant watchfulness and care. Hundreds of matters which would escape the attention of an ordinary understanding must be considered and provided for. It requires a master-mind to grasp the scheme in all its extent and complexity, and carry it forward unfailingly to the end.

But this ball had a deeper significance than appeared upon the surface. Several things were to be set right by it. One of these was the erroneous impression that lingered in some minds to the effect that New York "society" comprised only about four hundred people. Mr. McAllister suffered under the imputation of having established this narrow limit, and the best way in which he could free himself from the responsibility therefore was to practically demonstrate the real truth of the situation.

Another thing to be established by the event was the pre-eminent capacity of Mr. McAllister as a ball manager. When the Centennial festivities were being conducted in this city last spring, it will be remembered he was relieved of the important duties he had been charged with, and their performance assigned to others. He smarted under the sense of injustice done, but nobly bided his time, and now his reputation is vindicated in a thorough and gratifying manner. Nearly twelve hundred individuals, truly representative of the wealth and fashion of the metropolis, were gathered together on the recent occasion. The stage and auditorium of the opera-house were decorated with evergreens, wreaths, and flowers, with a fairly enchanting effect. The boxes were ornamentally closed, and nearly every one was kept upon the floor. A double-page representation of the scene when the Sir Roger de Coverley *quadrille d'honneur* was in progress is published in the present issue of the Weekly. The supper and every detail were carefully attended to.

The presumption now is that the New-Year's Ball will become a regular institution, and annually place New York "society" symmetrically and satisfactorily before the world, which, it appears, no other social event adequately does. The tact and judgment exercised in the present instance in placing the tickets in the manner desired caused no heart-burnings or complaints. Mr. McAllister selected one hundred and forty-four gentlemen of unquestionable standing as subscribers, and each of these selected, in turn, his own quota of guests. The result, with respect to the company assembled, was entirely fortunate. Those interested placed themselves cordially and unreservedly under the control of their able director, and none questioned his supremacy. Have we here a foreshadowing of what is to become an established order of things, and that some shape and definiteness are to be given to that elastic and unorganized thing known as New York "society"?

There is no question that a properly managed ball is the most highly evolved form of human festivity. There, if anywhere, beauty, adornment, and pleasure-giving agencies are made to count for all that there is in them. Fame, as well as gratitude, is due to the man who can marshal and control all the forces involved, and whose rare abilities enable him to add in this way to the sum of earthly delights. If Mr. McAllister should die in the midst of the career he evidently has marked out for himself, it might be said of him, as Johnson said of Garrick, "his death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the stock of harmless pleasures." The individuals who have gained historic renown in the particular path of glory trod by Mr. McAllister are few. Richard Nash, of Bath, who flourished some two hundred years ago, is his most illustrious predecessor. His celebrity had a no less distinguished biographer than Oliver Goldsmith. He managed [illegible] such effectiveness a ball given to William III. that the monarch thought him worthy of a knighthood, and offered him one. "Beau" Nash is credited with doing much to add refinement to the social manners of the British aristocracy, in the way of removing, according to Goldsmith, the "awkward timidity" and "censurable reservedness of behavior" which then characterized it. He brought the full influence of all the available civilization that existed to bear on balls and matters of etiquette, and issued a schedule of rules and regulations whereby fashionable society should deport itself.

"The pains he took in pursuing pleasure and the solemnity he assumed in adjusting trifles" testified that he made a serious business of his calling. His authority was supreme, and when the Princess Amelia once asked him for an extra dance at an entertainment, he gave her to understand that the prescribed order of things was not to be trifled with, and she accepted the situation submissively.

Such a man, his biographer insisted, "deserves the attention of the present age." The social status acquired by Nash shows what the kind of fame achieved by him will do for a man in that respect. He was hand in glove with the nobility. The Duchess of Marlborough was one of his particular friends. Goldsmith says of him: "It is a matter of very little importance who were the parents or what was the education of a man who owed so little to either." Possibly it is on this general ground that Mr. McAllister declines to write his autobiography, which, it is stated, he has been asked to undertake. It is not necessary for him to show that he is entitled to social elevation by the successful manipulation, on the part of himself or his parents, of either railroads, or corner lots, or skins, or oil, or soap, or patent medicines, or any other of our customary means of securing entrance to "the first circles."

He is a social director by profession, and steps right into his sphere at once. Thus it was that he opened the New-Year's Ball with the wife of the head of the house of Vanderbilt on his arm, led the *quadrille d'honneur* with a Goelet, and took an Astor in to supper.

This New-Year's Ball has raised the standard of such entertainments, and, by supplying a new and higher point of comparison, will exert a beneficial influence on future occasions of the kind.

DUTCHMEN AT DINNER.

The great hall of the famous Equitable Building on Broadway is the noblest, architecturally speaking, in New York. Its perfect proportions deceive the eye as to its real size, and its rich decoration is scarcely to be appreciated by daylight, for it opens to the outside air only at the two ends, and artificial lights are always necessary, even to its ordinary use as the entrance hall of an enormous business building.

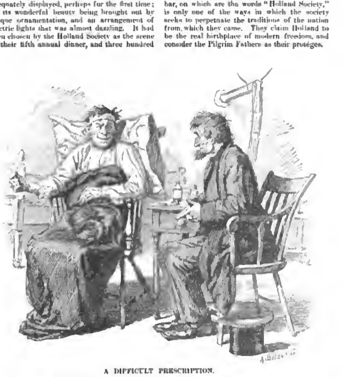
On Friday night, January 10th, however, it was adequately displayed, perhaps for the first time; all its wonderful beauty being brought out by unique ornamentation, and an arrangement of electric lights that was almost dazzling. It had been chosen by the Holland Society as the scene of their fifth annual dinner, and three hundred and fifty Dutchmen sat at three tables set lengthwise of the hall, while a hundred or more of the overflow were served in the adjoining café.

Such elaborate and characteristic ornamentation has seldom been seen at any dinner, in this city at least, though it mainly consisted of tulips, fir-trees, and electric lights. Over a thousand of the lights were arranged over the stained-glass panels in the ceiling, or roof rather, of the hall, while hundreds more flashed from among the branches of the trees that were ranged along the sides, and hundreds of candles lighted the tables. The tulips, however, were the main feature of the decoration. This national flower of the Hollanders was displayed in thousands of varieties. Over six thousand choice blossoms made the coloring of the room as iridescent as a kaleidoscope. The gathering together of such a collection as was perhaps never before seen outside of a mammoth horticultural fair has occupied the society for a full year, and not a man there esteemed his labor lost when he saw the result. Then, too, the tables were garnished with numerous ancient Dutch dishes, and over the head of that famous Lord of Misrule, Robert B. Roosevelt, who presided over the feast, was a huge floral device bearing the words of the old Dutch cry, "Oranje Boven."

And the dining party represented a class of men as distinctive and as distinguished as the appearance of the banquet hall. Not only were there many of the most accomplished and learned gourmets of the city there, but there was an unusual proportion of prominent professional men and men of affairs, and every man was a Dutchman. The Holland Society is one of the most distinctive of all those in New York which have for their purpose the grouping of men of kindred extraction. It was started in 1885 by Aaron J. Vanderpoel, Hooper C. Van Vorst, Lucas L. Van Allen, George M. Van Hoesen, George W. Van Slyck, and George W. Van Siclen. By the terms of its constitution no one is eligible as a member unless he is "a descendant in the direct male line of a Dutchman who was a native or resident of New York or of the American colonies prior to the year 1675." This, however, is farther explained to include "those of other former nationalities who found in Holland a refuge or a home, and whose descendants in the male line came to this country as Dutch settlers, speaking Dutch as their native tongue."

One of the toasts at the banquet on Friday night was "The Sea Beggars," and it was suggestive of the curious badge which, in gold or silver, adorned the lapel of every member's coat. It is a reproduction of the badge worn by William of Orange at the time of his assassination. This badge has on its face the bust of Philip II. of Spain, surrounded by the motto, "En tout fidelles au roy," and on the reverse two beggars' sacks, with two hands clasped in the centre, between them the date 1566, surrounded by the motto, "Jusques à porter la besace," with projecting rings from each side and from the base, in which are hung, at the sides, miniature porringers, and from the base a gourd in miniature. It was adopted in 1566 by the three hundred noblemen who, led by Count Brederode, began the open rebellion of the provinces against Philip II. They appeared before Margaret, Duchess of Parma, who was Philip's regent in the Low Countries, and she was so alarmed at the sight of them that the Count of Barlemont said to her, "They are only beggars." The name was caught up, and became famous throughout Europe, for the rebels adopted it.

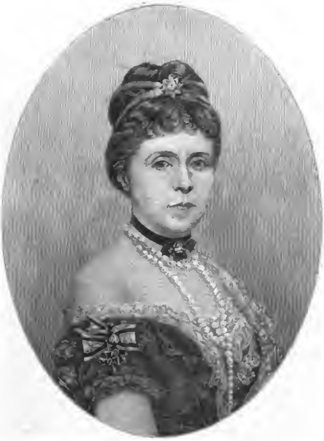
The adoption of this badge, which they wear suspended by an orange ribbon from a horizontal bar, on which are the words "Holland Society," is only one of the ways in which the society seeks to perpetuate the traditions of the nation from which they came. They claim Holland to be the real birthplace of modern freedom, and consider the Pilgrim Fathers as their protégés.



A DIFFICULT PRESCRIPTION.

DOCTOR. "Well, Dennis, did you take the pills I sent you?"

DENNIS. "Indade, docther, an' I did not; ye wrote on the box 'one pill three times a day,' an' I've ben waitin' till I see you to ask you how a man was to take a little bit av a pill loike that three times in wan day!"



THE LATE DOWAGER EMPRESS AUGUSTA OF GERMANY.—[See Page 55.]

WILLIAM DARRAH KELLEY.

JUDGE WILLIAM D. KELLEY, Representative from the Fourth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, died in Washington on January 9th. He had been a sufferer for some time from cancerous and catarrhal troubles, the latter induced by a recent cold. Judge Kelley was born in Philadelphia in 1814, his grandfather being Major John Kelley, of Revolutionary fame, and his father, David Kelley, a jeweller and watchmaker of that city. The financial embarrassments occasioned by the war of 1812 affected the family, and when his father died, shortly after, his mother was left in straitened circumstances with four children. William, however, was sent to school at an early age, and when eleven years old started to work as an errand-boy. For two years he was employed in various trades, being at one time copyholder in a printing-office, where, it is said, he acquired that distinctness in speaking which influenced his career in later life. He was apprenticed to a firm of jewellers at thirteen, where he remained seven years. In 1835 he found work at his trade in Boston, and while there made several public speeches, one of which was delivered in Faneuil Hall. He was then a Democrat and a free-trader. It was suggested to him by Colonel James Page, of his native city, that he should study law, and Colonel Page offered the young man a chance to read with him. The future Judge accepted the offer, registered as a student in Philadelphia, and in 1841 was admitted to practice at the bar. From that time forward his advancement was rapid. In 1845 he became Deputy Prosecuting Attorney for the State, where he made a name for himself as an able and conscientious lawyer, and a year later was appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was elected Judge, under the new law, in 1851, to serve ten years. Some of his judicial decisions were very important, especially in a contested election case, where he made many enemies and gained a host of new friends. He was first nominated for Congress in 1856, on the Republican ticket, but was defeated. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860, and after the election of President Lincoln was again placed in nomination to Congress, and elected from the district which he represented until his death, being then known as "the Father of the House."

In 1854 the Missouri Compromise Act, which allowed slavery in that State and in all territory west of it, was repealed by the creation of the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas, and then Judge Kelley signified his intention of allying himself to the party favoring the extinction of slavery. Previous to that time he had been a Democrat; and upon receiving the Congressional nomination, two years later, he resigned his seat on the bench. When he took his seat in the Thirty-seventh Congress he at once became known as an earnest and ardent defender of the Union, and in 1862 was among the first to advocate the arming of the slaves. His early views on the tariff underwent a change some time before his election to Congress. He had been an advocate of the Walker revenue tariff bill in 1846, but the panic which followed altered his ideas on the subject. He was a member of the Ways and Means Committee from 1869 until last year, and was only retired this year from the duties of that committee by his special request. During his period of service upon that committee Judge Kelley earned for himself his famous sobriquet of "Pig-Iron," owing to his untiring exertions on behalf of the metal industries of his native State. It is said that he was particularly proud of this nickname, which was known all over the country, and letters addressed to the "Hon. P. I. Kelley" upon some tariff question were said to be frequently received by him.

His loss will be deeply felt in Congress by the Republican party, where he was an authority upon everything pertaining to the tariff, and where he earned and maintained an enviable name for honesty and sincerity. As a fighter he was fair and manly, and as a friend, loyal and constant.

His political speeches have become widely known, and he published, in addition to other literary and political essays, "Reasons for Abandoning the Theory of Free-Trade and Adopting the Principle of Protection to American Industry," "Letters on Industrial and Financial Questions," and "The New South." Judge Kelley made several trips to Europe, during which he employed his time in studying the conditions of the people. As a result of these investigations, he has published a series of "Letters from Europe."

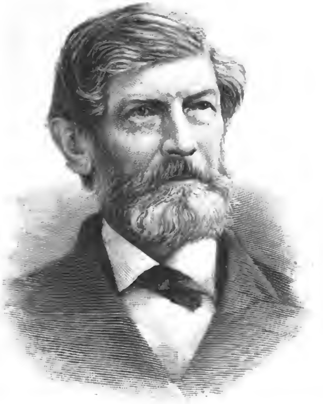
When not at Washington, he has made his home in his own city, and owned a delightful place in West Philadelphia. His wife and several grown children survive him.

In the House of Representatives, and at a special meeting of the Pennsylvania delegation, resolutions in honor of his memory were passed, and similar honors were paid in the Senate. The funeral services were held in the House of Representatives on Saturday, January 11th, at noon. A number of Senators who had been colleagues of Judge Kelley in the House were present, together with a large majority of other members from the Senate, headed by the Vice President. The Rev. Drs. Butler and Cuthbert officiated.

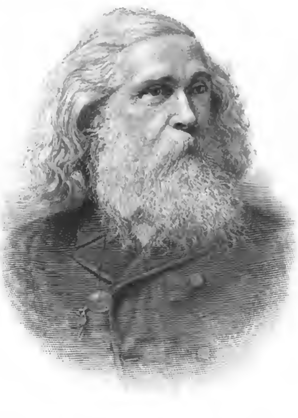
AMZI S. DODD.

AMZI S. DODD, who died in New York on January 9th, was the founder of Dodd's Express and the New York Transfer Company, both of which are widely known to the people of New York and to the country in general. Mr. Dodd was born fifty-eight years ago, and his early life was spent in Rochester, New York. He received a common-school education, and coming to New York at the age of about eighteen he started as assistant cashier in the Marine Bank. The New Jersey Express, in Newark and New York, was the first step taken in the direction of the great baggage and parcel express which now bears his name. It was a modest venture, two horses and two wagons; but the business proved successful, and before long Mr. Dodd entered into partnership with R. E. Westcott, and for several years they continued in business together. Later, Mr. Dodd bought out his partner, and in 1872 the New York Transfer Company was formed, and Mr. Dodd became general manager and director, in which capacity he continued until his death. The company which was inaugurated in such a small way nearly forty years ago has now over five hundred horses, nearly that number of wagons and trucks, and the list of employés amounts to four hundred men. For a number of years the company has handled the United States mail in New York.

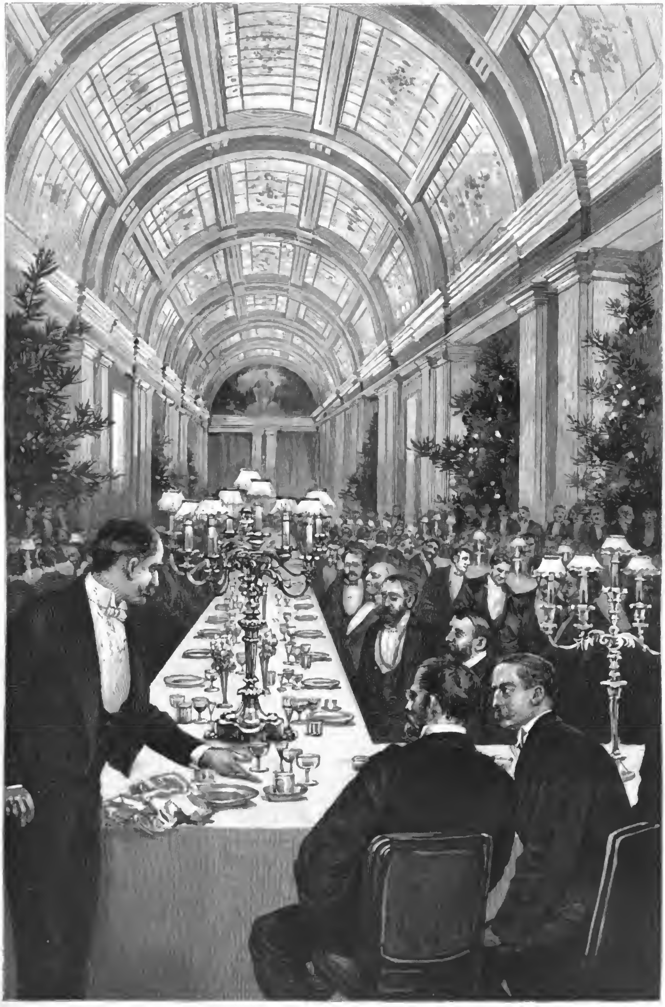
Mr. Dodd has been associated in several public works, and was early connected with the Metropolitan Telephone Company, of which he was treasurer. He acted as an officer or director of a number of institutions, and was a prominent member of several benevolent societies and Masonic and other clubs. For some weeks previous to his death he was out of health, and his death took place at the residence of his married daughter. He also leaves a widow and one son.



THE LATE WILLIAM D. KELLEY, MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE FOURTH DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL



THE LATE AMZI S. DODD, OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH



THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by Snyder and Graham.—[See Page 51.]

HOW MIKE DOOLAN'S GHOST APPEARED TO DANIEL HITCHCOCK.

"An' yer saw it furninst ye wid yer own oiyes?"

"Yaas, sir," answered Mr. Hitchcock, somewhat nettled by what he considered the irrelevance of the question. "Whose else d'yer suppose I'd use?"

"P'r'aps hit was a hoptical hillusion," suggested Jim Bates.

To this Mr. Hitchcock deigned no reply further than a stony stare.

"Tell us the rights of the story, Dan'l, an' wphat made yer look enter th' cellar," said Mr. Brock, the store-keeper of Dullville.

They had all gone there on seeing Daniel Hitchcock's buck-board and old sorrel mare in the shed attached to Mr. Brock's store, to hear from his own lips the corroboration of the strange, startling, not to say conflicting, rumors that had been and still were agitating the imaginations of the village. It was scarcely more than a week before that they had been thrown into a paroxysm of excitement on hearing that old Mike Doolan's ghost had been seen on the Hitchcock farm, formerly Doolan. It was beyond that, even, caused by the death of old Morley, the village miser and atheist, who up to the very last had refused to see Mr. Smiley, the Methodist clergyman, or even Mr. Watts, the Baptist minister, both most attentive in trying to see him—Mr. Watts even going so far as to say he would, under the circumstances, wave immersion, and be content with a comparatively *dry* baptism, if only Mr. Morley would make a confession of faith, and so consent to be snatched like a brand from the burning. But Mr. Morley had proved contumacious to the last, and until the last week the final disposal of his soul had been the chief topic of village conversation. They had all taken the gloomiest views imaginable, with the exception of Mr. Smiley, who had preached a funeral sermon on "our late dear brother." A "romance" some called it; a "good recommend," others. Mrs. Morley was a good woman as well as a good Methodist, and no doubt Mr. Smiley, with Christian charity, thought her virtues covered her husband's failings.

But all this had taken quite a back seat since old Mike Doolan had taken to walking, and had appeared to old Daniel Hitchcock, of all men in the world, in the glaring sunlight of an August afternoon. It had caused a refreshing and thrilling excitement, stirring the usually stagnant imaginations of what Dullville called "th' folks" just as the Morley question was beginning to lose its interest. It had lived the usual long life of country excitement, and Dullville felt quite important at being able to have another equally strong following so quickly on the vanishing heels of the first.

The furor it created had reached fever point on hearing the doctor and coroner had both been called to Mr. Hitchcock's place, and on their return Father Quin had been sent to lay the ghost. Women were afraid to go outside their doors at night; they even did not feel quite safe during the day. For had not this most unorthodox of spooks walked in the afternoon? Children huddled together as they played, and positively refused to go to bed without a light in the room. Jake Mace and Joe Brooke, the two wickedest boys in the village, had been actually seen playing at it. Jake, dressed in his grandmother's burying clothes, as the ghost; Joe, Mr. Hitchcock. Mrs. Mace had an attack of most violent hysterics on hearing of the desecration of those sacred clothes that had been waiting for her and their legitimate use for twenty years, and Jake had a most uncomfortable time of it when confronted by his venerable grandmother and upbraided as "a living limb of Satan."

Old Mrs. Scroggins, who lived alone, declared between her screams that "es long es them ten bhoys wus 'lowed ten deu jis es they likes, Christians ain't safe en their beds, an' thet air spook kent be 'spected teu lay."

Many of the oldest inhabitants remembered rumors of foul play when old Mike Doolan had so suddenly disappeared some thirty years before. But there had been only himself, his old wife, and a young daughter of fourteen living in the house at the time. Doolan had not been rich enough to murder for robbery. He had been a harmless, not otherwise old man, somewhat given to drinking; his wife, a hard-working woman, with the reputation of keeping him in order by the virulence of her tongue. A year after the old man's death his widow had sold to Hitchcock, and, with her daughter, gone West.

"Waal, Mister Brock," began Daniel Hitchcock, sitting down to a good long yarn with all the gusto a thorough countryman alone enjoys, "et jis arl heppened en thes way. It wore las' Sunday week—an', es yer arl knows, I don't hold much by church-goin', not bein' a church-member—an' Mrs. Hitchcock, with th' childern, hed goun teu visit hur muthur, an' then wore a-goin' on teu see Sairy Ann, hum thet got married las' fail year teu hur sister's heulp, an' lef' me alarn with on'y Mirindy teu deu fur me. Yer sees Sairy Ann hed bin sick arl an' on a'most the summer with low fever—I allus sed es heow thet low-lyin' land wore onhealthy—an' hurn baby es on'y a puling, sickly kind oaf chile, without no constitootion. Waal, teu make a long story shourt, I foun' it pouty lursome. Mirindy hed gorn over teu Miller's fur Naomi teu go berrying with hur, an' I jis thort es heow I'd go an' see heow the co-arn wore gitting along. Yer knouse eet onter thet bit oaf interval lan' right deown by th' river, an' it's jis growin' splendid. So I carls teu Watch, an' walked deidling like, thur bein' oaf no hurry like, until I got teu the patch. Thur es as good es one hundred bushel teu it wphen husked. I wore a-calculating oaf it, wphen I seed it a-wavin'"—moving his hands slowly—"an' I thort teu myself es th' wind were a-risin', an' et wore jis my luck fur a hail-storm teu cum hup an' lay my co-arn, es et ded onces hup teu auld Moores's plaace—yer r'member, twelve years ago—jis afore he wore a-goin' teu cut it. An' I lucked straight across, still a-seein' oaf its turl heads a-movin', an' jis r'membered es heow I felt no wind stirrin', an' et wore close an' still, es of natur hed furgit teu breathe; an' es I lucked—jis es I might be lukkin' at you, Mr. Brock—I sees an orld man comin' straight teu me, right afore my eyes."

Mr. Hitchcock paused, with true dramatic instinct, and felt, as it were, the pulse of his audience.

Tim Doyle, his small pale blue eyes opened to their widest extent, his curly red hair almost on end, muttered, "Holy mother!" He would have crossed himself, but feared the jibes of Daniel Hitchcock, who was known to be, after Morley, just deceased, a most "onreligious man." He would not have been observed, though, so absorbed was each in his own fears and the story.

"Heow wore he dressed?" asked Mr. Brock, as Hitchcock still waited.

"Dressed! That's wore he hed me. Who ever heared tell oaf a spook dressed en an old suit oaf gray homespun clauthes, wi' a red an' yeller han'kerchief over hes head, tied under hes chin—"

Here Doyle exclaimed again, "Oh, the holy Vargin presarve us, that's ould Doolan to the loife!"

Hitchcock looked at him with withering scorn. "Air you a-tellen oaf this story, Mister Doyle, or me?"

His listeners breathed hard; those sitting, leaning forward, with their elbows on their knees; those standing, pressing close upon each other in their anxiety to get nearer to Hitchcock, and so not lose a word of what he was saying.

"Go on, Mister Hitchcock," said Mr. Green, feeling he must be appeased; "an', Tim Doyle, ef yer aga'n enterrupt, you'll be put ount oaf th' rum. Heow ded he look? Ded he speak teu yer?"

"'Look! speak!' Na; but you bet I ded. I jis thort es heow et wore thet crazy Ikon old Bosquin, thet lives up teu th' san' bar, th' same es mekes th' baskets, fur I could not see hes featurs cl'ar—th' sun wore a-shinin' 'tween us. So I shaded my eyes wi' my han', an' saw hem es plain as I sees ye, Mister Green. So I hollered et hem. 'Wphat deu yer mean a-trepassing on my faarm, an' en my co-arn? Yer jes cl'ar ount, or I'll set th' dog on yer.' An' I'll be blamed ef thet orld man ded not come right on, wi'out a-lookin' or a-takin' enny notice. I hollered aga'n, louder thes time, for I thort es heow he wore deef; an' he hed got close anuff for me teu see he wore not ould Bosquin, an' he hed an' orld pipe en hes mouf."

"It waz him!" Doyle in his excitement could not help exclaiming, his red face blanched with fear. "It's Doolan to the loife. Arl the saints have marcy on us!"

"Mister Doyle," said Dan'l Hitchcock, with magisterial dignity, "I'll be much obliged ef yer'll kindly permit me teu tell my arn story in my arn way."

"A pipe hin 'is mouth," said Mr. Bates, the Thomas of Mr. Hitchcock's audience, "hand hout of a shroud? I don't 'old by ghosts who walk by daylight."

Mr. Bates could not bring himself to believe in ghosts, unless they belonged to old families and moated granges or haunted ancestral halls, and then only in sheets. This was altogether too democratic a ghost for him to put much faith in.

"Ourn spooks hain't bloated aristocracts. They walks es they lives, an' hain't no ways 'shamed oaf the clauthes they found good anuff fur airth," and Mr. Brock felt he had the best of Mr. Bates there.

"Waal, gentlemen, hev yer dun disputin'? Fur ef not, we'll a'journ thes meetin'."

"Proceed, Mister Hitchcock," said Jabez Moore; "an' th' fust thet speaks agin I'll put hem outter th' store."

"Waal, es I were a-sayin', I wore by thes time putty considerably rized, an' I hollered loud 'nuff fur teu be mistook fur th' judgment trump, 'Git ount thes minute, ye air a-trampling my co-arn down,' an' I up wi' my han's like, an' called teu Watch teu go fur him. An' es I lucked, he jis wore not thar! I rubbed my eyes, gentlemen, I tuck hold onter my arms teu feel es I wore myself like. I whistled, an' wore sure es I wore I. But not a sight oaf hem could I see; an' wphen I r'member teu luck at Watch, he wore arl a-crumpled up like at my feet, a-shakin' like quakin'-grass.

"I arns hup I felt scared like, et wore so oncommon the way thet orld man jis went enter nuthen, arl in a minute, tu, wphen he wore not mor'n ten yards from me. An' then I thort es heow he might be a-hiden, fur I jis felt I wouldn't be bent; so I sez teu myself, I sez, 'Neow, Dan'l, orld man, don't yer be skeart like an orld wooman, but go forrard like a man.' So I carled teu Watch, but he wouldn't move, an' went forrard enter th' co-arn. An' would yer believe me, gentlemen, thur wore not a head oaf co-arn a-trodden deown? It wore stan'in es straight es a popler. I felt jis fur arl th' world like Watch, only he hed th' better oaf me en haven fur legs teu tremble on.

"I didn't say a word teu the wemen-folks wphen they got back hum—wemen-folks air sech skeary kettle. An' jis a week arter, my wife she comes teu me, an' sez, sez she, 'Dan'l, here's a letter fur yer.' Wphen she giv' et me, sumthin' sed en'side oaf me, 'Neow, Dan'l, yer'll hear sumthin 'bout yer orld trepasser.' Fur I hed hed a most powerful feelen ever sence I hed seen hem es heow he wore allus near me. It wore a'most es ef I hed seen hem go, so strong ded I feel, wphen my wife giv' me thet letter, the orld chap jis hup an' put.

"Waal, arter I hed lucked et arl ovver—fur et hed a powerful sight oaf stamps onter et—teu see wore it comes from, I opened et, an' Mirindy, my eldest gal, who es a gr'at schollard—she wore eddicated over teu Ridgeway—she re'd et for me. It wore from Marg'et Doolan, orld Mike's darter."

"Howly Moses, presarve us! Pore Marg'et!"

"An' she sez, sez she, es heow hur muthur wore dead, an' she wore a-dyen, an' would not die easy onless she told me abeout hur fayther's death. The preast had made hur promise, afore he would give her th' las' sacrement, teu write teu me; an' by thes token thet we would fin' hes body enter the cellar, we would know es heow hur muthur, arter they hed hed words, hed took hup a stick oaf wood, an' hit the orld man a blow on hes head es he set ovver th' fire, an' she made the gal help hur wi' th' body enter th' cellar, an' burried et jis enter th' riegnt-han' side oaf th' door. An' thar, gentlemen, we found et. Fur my wife sez, sez she, 'Dan'l, I won't 'low yer teu tetch thet thing onless th' docter an' th' crowner be wi' yer, an' th' priest'—wemen air so 'stitious like—'so es teu give th' pore man peace et last.' So Avery, my eldest bhoy—he es jis eighteen—I sent him enter th' village, es yer arl knows, an' he brought ount Docter Jones an' Mister Skinner an' Father Quin; an' I takes a crow-bar an' spade, an' deown we goes. I guess we arl felt scared, but not one on us lets enter th' other, but wore most perlite 'bout who would go fust, an', arter arl, th' priest did; an' thar wore th' bones oaf an orld man, th' crowner an' docter sed, an' pieces oaf gray homespun clauthes; an' then we hed an' inquest on 'em, an' th' docter he sez, sez he, thur wore a crack on th' skull had anuff teu kill three men."

"Is thet arl?" asked Israel Hurst, with the sense of loss that generally comes when nervous tension lessens after the climax has been reached.

"'Arl!' Wphat more ded yer want?" replied Mr. Hitchcock, with fine scorn.

"Pore Mike Doolan! I minds him es a bhoy. It's a troubled bed he's had in, God rest his sowl! The worthless ould woman, to kill a pore ould man that scarce knowed his right hand from his left, faxby he wasn't tould."

"Did yer never see him afore that afternoon?"

"No, sir, never; an' I knows thet patch well, Mister Abercrombie, an' hev lived on thet farm goin' on thirty year, an' hev seen et laid en oats, wphent, an' 'taters, oncet en clover, an' never seed no wone enter et afore."

"An' wphat, Mister Hitchcock, d'yer thenk neow made hem walk on thet 'ticular Sunday afternoon?" asked Mr. Green, with great solemnity of manner, fearing that the ghost might be an invisible listener.

"Waal," answered Mr. Hitchcock, as he turned the tobacco in his mouth, so as to have a better aim at no place in particular, but merely to avoid hitting any of the gentlemen—"waal, Mister Green, I think et wore a purpus teu give me foreknowledge oaf th' letter th' darter wore a-writin' oaf. The date wore the same," and Mr. Hitchcock's keen gray eye spotting Jake Mace, who had pushed himself well in front, one grin of delighted interest from the crown of his brimless straw hat to his little bare feet, a boy he found "no use fur," he directed the full artillery of his tobacco juice in his direction, with such direful effect that poor Jake made a demoralized retreat, too astonished and indignant even to howl.

"Did yer bury him?" asked Mr. Brock; he liked small details.

"'Bury him!' In course, Mister Brock; My wemen wore so right deown skeart es heow th' orld boy might walk agin, they wouldn't settle deown nohow, but wore es peart an' contrary es hunted birds, until I hed got a coffin from Deuls Tang en' collected th' bones. Th' priest he cum ount an' poured a gallon oaf holy-water on 'em, an' they wore kerried teu the Catholic burying-ground. Father Quin is a pleasant sort oaf man, an' he as'ed me ef I wouldn't give one dollar fur masses fur th' repose oaf hes soul. He sed jis heow et would jes be fore masses. But I larfs, I ded, an' sez I—sez I, 'Neow, Mister Quin, ef he hes so little manners left es teu walk agin arter arl I hev done a'ready fur him, wphich hes cost me a'ready twenty dollars, I thenk he'd better stay en purgatory till he l'arns 'em.'"

"Hi thinks you was correct, Mister 'Itchcock, and we are much obliged to you for a most hinteresting and hextraordinary story."

"Begarra!" said Tim Doyle, "he must just be longing for rest, pore Mike must, arfther arl these years of wanderin'. An' to think he still wore smokin' that small dudeen of a pipe beats arl I ever h'ard tell of. Well, gintlemen, I'll be arfther wishin' yez good-night," added Tim, as he left the store. It was growing dark, and Tim felt anxious to return to the "purtiest wife an' childern in the wurruld," waiting for him in the small log house on the edge of the swamp.

Augusta Cox.

THE MAKING AND MENDING OF COUNTRY ROADS.

Time was when the roads of the United States were marvels of badness, and in many parts of the country time has dealt very gently with their defects. The departure of a traveller for a distant city was a more solemn episode in the days of the Revolution and immediately after than is the beginning of a tour around the world to-day. His friends gathered at the tavern from which the stage-coach started to see him off, and with doleful earnestness to drink success to him in his perilous journeyings. His wife and family remained in a wretched state of anxiety until they were notified days afterward of his safe arrival at his destination; but the contentment born of the good news was sadly tempered by the reflection that he must return through the very dangers which he had encountered in going. A trip to Boston occupied the working days of a week. In summer the traveller was choked by dust, and in the spring and fall he was hauled through mud when he was not stuck in it.

The picture of the means of travel which is drawn in Professor McMaster's and Mr. Henry Adams's histories is, of course, a picture of the past. There are no such roads as those over which our forefathers made their painful way, nor is the community any longer dependent on the public highways for intercommunication. The railway has taken the place of the dirt road, the Macadam, the Telford, and all other forms of the highway upon which men formerly depended. So far from being any longer the index of a country's civilization, the public highways are now more nearly suggestions of the wealth and luxury of communities, or of their remoteness from railway centres. If they are especially good, if they are macadamized (this term being now generally used for the designation of any road which has an artificial foundation, or even a top-dressing of stone), we usually conclude that there are many carriages and much pleasure-driving in the vicinity. Occasionally the roads in a New England county town are maintained in good condition for the accommodation of the farmers who retain the habit of hauling their produce to the centre on the general market-day. At Greenfield, Massachusetts, for example, the shire-town of Franklin County, the farmers of twenty-five neighboring towns are to be seen in the village square every Monday. It has been the county's market-day for generations, and the main street of the village is then crowded with wagons from early morning until afternoon. This traffic has necessitated good roads, and there is no finer highway in the country, nor one better preserved, than that which runs through the middle of this beautiful village. It will be found throughout the country, at least throughout the eastern and central portions of it, that the roads are such as the wagonless part of the community can be shamed into giving. In other words, the time having gone by when the bulk of trade and transportation depends upon the public way, the majority of the inhabitants of a community have ceased to be personally interested in the roads. They journey to their business or their pleasure by rail, and they experience physical discomfort from bad roads or streets only when they are forced to wade across them through the mud. In the average village or small city there are a very few carriages in proportion to the number of people, or *per capita*, as the statisticians would say. The store-keepers who are obliged to deliver their goods through the village and its outskirts, the draymen, the hackmen, the doctors, and those who ride for pleasure, are the immediate sufferers from bad roads, and they often pay a heavy tax for the wear and tear of their vehicles and for injuries to horses. Nevertheless, it is too late in the world's progress to say that the condition of our highways is an indication of our civilization. Roads and civilization have very little to do with one another in these days. When they are interdependent, as is shown by the Greenfield illustration, the roads are looked after. Bad roads affect civilization only as they retard the kind of communication that is now almost wholly maintained by railroads. Even the current of social life moves along the railroad track, and visits are paid between adjoining villages a mile or two apart by the aid of the steam-cars.

It is not worth while to put a cause on a false basis, least of all a cause so absolutely dependent upon popular favor as any that relates to local government. Our public highways have not improved as rapidly as other institutions, because they have not remained the public necessity that they were. The railroad has superseded them. It is idle to point to the roads of England and France as examples of what ought to have been done, because those roads were made in coaching days through thickly settled countries, and have not depended for their maintenance upon the selfish indifference of a republic. Our roads are bad, disgracefully bad, and that they are so is one of the worst and most annoying exhibitions of the tyranny of an irresponsible majority. The man who keeps his carriage or his business wagon has a right to demand proper ways for its use. The community breaks faith with him and with all who pay a road tax when it wastes it in the clay mud-holes that are so commonly met in the immediate vicinity of this city.

The readers of Harper's Weekly have been told about the manner of making the best roads. They have not been told very much concerning the nature of good dirt roads. It is essential, however, that every one who is interested in road-making should know how to build a good dirt road, for dirt roads are a great and extensive inheritance from our ancestors, and they abound in every section of the land. The statistics of roads and their cost are interesting in this connection, and may furnish to some of our town and village officers instruction of which they stand very much in need. According to the last census, there were in 1880 in forty-two New England cities, exclusive of Boston, 3604 miles of streets. Of these only 461 were paved, 2449 miles were gravel roads, and 694 miles were the common dirt roads. The census agents who gathered the reports for Mr. Waring in New England almost invariably counted the gravel road as unpaved. The New York agents seemed to regard gravel as a species of paving. In this State fifteen cities, exclusive of New York and Brooklyn, having 1149 miles of streets, possessed 193 miles of paved streets, a little larger percentage than that of New England; but, on the other hand, there were only 330 miles of gravel roads, and 624 miles of dirt roads. It is evident from this that when we say "the dirt road must go," we are reckoning without our host. Roads are improving every year, and will continue to improve; but the dirt road has such a hold upon the mind of the average tax-payer who walks, and of the average village officer and road-master, who knows that the walking gentlemen out-vote the men who ride in chaises, that it is evident that we shall be obliged to make the best of it for some time to come.

Gravel roads and dirt roads are the same, and no difference can be made between them in the treatment of this subject, except as the gravel road is one of the best forms of the dirt road. Even a road upon which there is a top-dressing of stone, there being no artificial foundation, is a form of dirt road. Any way whose organized basis is earth is a dirt road, although there seems to be a prevailing opinion among the road-masters of this immediate vicinity that a slight sprinkling of bluestone on top of the sand or clay substratum changes the character of the road, and elevates it above the ordinary dirt highway. And yet, generally, this little sprinkling of stone simply adds to the inconvenience and danger of the traveller, and does no permanent good. Every one familiar with country life has experienced the discomforts of jolting over the broken stones occasionally scattered upon a road's surface. Usually those who are compelled to drive on a road that has been treated in this manner get over as far as possible on one side, so that a track is soon worn there, the rest of the way being left untouched except by vehicles that have been compelled to turn out. Thus one side of the road needs repairing before the other has begun to show signs of wear.

Any one who is desirous of seeing a dirt road in all its imperfections, and studying an object-lesson in ignorant road-making, can gain all the requisite information and all the experience he can stand within twelve miles of the Forty-second Street railroad station, and almost, if not quite, within the city limits. Let him who wants to see dirt roads run riot undertake to drive from the village of Westchester to New Rochelle along the broad boulevard which goes by way of Pelham Bridge. This way is, with few exceptions, a mass of heavy, sticky mud. The road is full of holes and pitfalls. Here and there are sandy patches which dry quickly, but they are fewer than the oases in the Great Desert of Sahara. Over the bridge the road is narrower, and was once macadamized, but years of inattention have worn it out. It is the road over which the coach of the Coaching Club used to be driven, but now no driver who respects himself, his horse, or his vehicle could be induced to traverse it unless his errand was one of absolute necessity. It is worn down to the metal, and the unhappy man who can neither walk nor ride must go jolting over the foundation stones of what was once a fine highway, and which might have been maintained in its pristine virtue at a comparatively small expense. It now belongs to the city of New York, because it lies within the boundaries of Pelham Bay Park. In consequence of the long lingering proceedings in condemning the property included in the park, it was neglected for several years, the towns refusing to expend any money on what was soon to belong to the city, and the city not having the right to take charge of the work. Now, however, the road from south of Pelham Bridge to New Rochelle is the city's, and members of the park police are to be seen upon it. They are not needed to prevent fast driving. Fast driving is impossible; even moderate speed would necessarily result in the utter destruction of a light wagon. The city's road-master has also gone to work, and whoever he may be, has shown a wonderful capacity for acquiring all the vices that characterize his rural colleague, whose method can be easily studied by an examination of the means employed for mending the road through Pelham Bay Park.

This method is one of extraordinary simplicity. It has been practised by rural road-masters as long as road taxes and road-mending have been known. A plough and some spades are all the tools required. The plough is run through the wet ditches, which are filled with soft, rotten vegetation at the season when roads are mended. The mud and rotting vegetation thus turned up are thrown out into the travelled way. Its principal element is clay, which is usually saturated with the water that has fallen during the wet season. The treatment bestowed upon the boulevard has been also applied to the road beyond Pelham Bridge—the road which skirts some of the fine country places that are now part of the park. The result is that for several miles the highway is a mass of soft clay mud, on which horses are compelled to walk not only on account of the heavy soil, which is so sticky that the lifting of a hoof is accompanied by that sucking sound so full of despair to one who finds himself mired in a bog, but because the soft and yielding mass, notwithstanding the recent mending of the road, has been already worked into holes and dangerous ruts by the swinging and unsteady vehicles which go lumbering and swaying through it. There is no worse example of rural methods of building and mending roads than is to be found in Pelham Bay Park, and these methods prevail wherever there are dirt roads.

In the village of New Rochelle one meets with another vice, the more exasperating because it is exceedingly expensive. There is a habit which obtains in some distant rural communities of throwing brush and branches of trees into particularly muddy spots. This device satisfies the farmer who, with his team and tools, is working out the road tax, because the brush or branches remain in sight until his back is turned, and his annual duties to the town have been performed; but why a similar device should deceive a whole community or satisfy the conscience of a village road-master would be difficult to tell. Perhaps it is all only another illustration of the force of example and tradition. It is the almost universal practice through this neighborhood to throw broken stone into the holes and ruts. The soil is clay, and a suitable foundation is not made before the stone is put upon the road. Usually a very expensive bluestone, costing from $2 50 to $3 a ton, is used. This stone is heavy, so that a ton makes a very small quantity; and it takes, therefore, a good many tons to cover a road, or to fill up many bad places. There is plenty of native stone in the neighborhood, for Westchester County is built upon a rock. This stone has been used whenever the streets have been dug up for water or gas pipes or for a sewer. At such times a good deal of rock has been blasted out by the contractors. No stone, however, used after the rustic fashion I have just described can be of permanent value to a road. With the quickly alternating frosts and thaws of the climate it gradually sinks out of sight, leaving the holes into which it was dumped bigger and more dangerous than they were before.

These illustrations are intended to indicate vices in the making of dirt roads, and are specially valuable because they show how general is the ignorance on this important subject. Wretched dirt roads are not confined to distant rural communities. They may be encountered within the limits of the city of New York, and wherever they exist they will be found to cost nearly if not quite as much as good dirt roads, while they impose upon those whose business or pleasure is dependent upon them extra expenditure, and that in some places is equivalent to the road tax.

A fundamental fact that must be recognized by those who are charged with the task of constructing dirt roads is that a road with a clay surface cannot be good. The surface must be composed of some substance that will not retain water. Another fundamental fact is that while sand makes a much better road than clay, it is too dry and too easily disintegrated by passing wheels for a desirable wagon way. Yet, during most of the year in the Northern climate, a sand road is much better than one of clay. The soil of the road through Pelham Bay Park as far north as the bridge is clay; with the exception of a few short stretches of sand, it is pure, unadulterated clay. The recent rains have made it almost impassable, for the vehicles have churned it into mud, and their narrow tires have cut it into ruts and holes. It cannot be mended until next spring, and, indeed, the kind of mending which has been resorted to only increases the quantity of mud. The road will probably be quite impassable before spring, and the people who are dependent upon it for their supplies of food are face to face with a very serious problem. Such roads are usually prolific of suits for heavy damages against the towns and cities that maintain them. Those who are accustomed to resort to this one for pleasure-driving have already abandoned it.

The proper method of treating clay in making a dirt road is to dig it out, and to cart much of it away. A bed should be prepared for the reception of a foreign substance. The clay surface should be cut to at least the depth of a foot. It would be still better if the spade should go to the frost line; but probably the community that could afford to prepare such a foundation for a road would also afford a better superstructure than one of dirt and gravel. In a clay soil, deep side ditches and draining are absolutely essential. These ditches should allow a fall of from two to three feet from the crown of the road.

The substantial part of the road should be sand. It is sometimes thought that the sand should be mixed with clay on account of its absorptive quality, but usually the presence of the neighboring clay is sufficient to supply the sand in dry seasons with all the necessary moisture. The sand and the surface dressing may involve expense, but expense must be incurred if a good dirt road is to be made in a clay soil. In the long-run it will be found that initial expense, if it is wise, will be eventually a saving, for not only will it greatly reduce the tax for mending, but the incidental cost to citizens of wear and tear will be lightened. The best surface dressing for such a road as I have been describing is gravel or shale. If it can be afforded, limestone crushed into minute particles is most excellent for this purpose. A road to which this substance is applied requires a hard smooth surface, for the action of water and the grinding of passing wheels transform the stone into a cement. Professor Shaler recommends the use of vegetable substances where gravel and shale cannot be easily procured, such as twigs, small branches, and even pine needles. He also mentions the fine wood shavings known as "excelsior" as a good material, from some experience that he has had of roads to which it has been applied in the Western States. Tan-bark is also a very good top-dressing. It is unnecessary, however, for any community in this part of the country to resort to such makeshifts, for sand and gravel are abundant and cheap enough to warrant their use by a town or village that can afford to build any but the most primitive thoroughfares. Indeed, there is every pecuniary reason why all the principal roads in the neighborhood of New York should be macadamized. And here it may be permissible to call attention to one local consideration which I do not recollect to have seen mentioned—that is, the presence of large quantities of excellent road-making stone. Every town should have its crusher, but all towns do not have this useful machine; and there is no reason why the farmers who possess the material should not break it up by hand in the winter for use on the roads in the spring. It would be much better for the highways if they should be permitted to thus work out their road tax, instead of by ploughing mud out of a ditch to the ruin of the way. The actual work on roads should be by day's work, paid for with hard cash.

The problem of building a road in sandy soil has been already partially indicated. The ditching along the sides should be shallower, and there should be an admixture of clay, for the purpose of preventing the excessive dryness due to the non-absorptive quality of the sand. There is precisely the same necessity for a top dressing for sand roads as for those which have been described. In making a road in clay soil we simply accomplish what Nature herself has done in the sandy soil. We make a bed which cannot long remain in a state of mud, mud being the great enemy of progress and of the structure of the road. The sandy soils afford a very much better material for ways than the clay, but during the summer their dust becomes almost intolerable; in other words, moisture is needed, while in clay soils it is essential to produce the opposite condition. It is for this reason that the side ditches should be shallower than those dug by clay roads, because it is not well that the rain-water should flow off. Therefore road-masters ought to mix clay with the sand, to perform the office which is the task of the bottom and embankments of the clay roads. There should be also the top-dressing of gravel, stone, or vegetable matter, in order that wheels and horses may have a firm surface. This is as essential in the one soil as in the other. The sand is often bound together and prevented from shifting by planting quick-growing trees along the edge of the road, the interlacing roots keeping the way in place. A wall of any kind will accomplish the same result. The tendency of the loose sand is to slip away before the pressure of the burden, so that a broad untrammelled road of sand is only less difficult to the horse than the muddy clay highway.

The cost of a good road is the standing objection in rural communities to its construction. As a matter of fact, in the end good roads cost less than bad roads. Captain Greene went so thoroughly into this phase of the subject in his article on asphalt, macadam, and other first-rate roads that I shall content myself with giving some striking statistics from the census of 1880. They show how some towns excel others in maintaining for less or the same yearly expenditure a greater or an equal mileage of roads. It is fair to say, of course, that in some instances a good many of the towns hold the advantage by reason of their better system of local government, the town meeting being much more effective and economical than the village government.

Augusta, Maine, in 1880, spent $12,000 on 150 miles of road, 145 of which were dirt. For $15,000 Gloucester maintained 140 miles of gravel road; for $5300 Manchester, New Hampshire, maintained 125 miles of road, 90 of which were gravel, 4 paved, and 31 dirt. If we examine some of the statistics of this State, the comparison becomes still more instructive and interesting. The expenditure of Elmira, for example, was only $2300 less than that of Gloucester; but while the latter maintained 140 miles of gravel road, the former maintained only 75 miles, 72 of which were dirt. Waltham, Massachusetts, maintained 80 miles of road—20 paved and 60 gravel—for $450 less than was expended by Elmira. Lewiston, Maine, spent $15,000 on 68 miles of dirt road and 2 miles of paved streets; Weymouth, Massachusetts, spent $5500 on 90 miles of gravel road. Bridgeport, Connecticut, spent $4000 on 89 miles of gravel road and 1 mile of paved street; Binghamton spent the same on 40 miles of dirt road and 2 of paved street. Yonkers expended from $15,000 to $20,000 on 20 miles of paved streets and 38 miles of dirt road. This is not an accurate measurement of the relative cost of good and bad dirt roads, but it affords substantial evidence that the good roads are the cheapest in the long-run.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

THE DEAD EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

On the afternoon of January 7th, the day on which the remains of the Donna Theresa, the ex-Empress of Brazil, were borne in state to their last resting-place, the Pantheon, in Lisbon, the Dowager Empress Augusta, of Germany, peacefully breathed her last at Berlin. The immediate cause of her death was an attack of the prevailing influenza, which, after a relapse, developed into pneumonia. At her bedside were the Emperor and Empress, and their two eldest sons, the Crown-Prince William and Prince Frederick, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden. One of the latest visitors at the palace was Count Von Moltke, who went away much affected by her alarming condition. The esteem and affection in which she was held by the people were indicated by the crowd that assembled in Unter den Linden, before the palace, to express their sympathy for the Empress, and there they remained until the lowering of the imperial standard from its place over the palace announced her death to the people. As the end came, the mourners who were with her, her near relatives and her much-attached attendants, knelt around the bed, and the court chaplain offered a prayer, and then blessed the remains.

With the death of the venerable Empress, at the age of nearly eighty years, another eminent personage has passed from among those prominently identified with the events that through the larger part of the present century were leading up to German unification and the brilliant conquests of the German arms. Her performance upon the stage of human affairs has been an unnoted one by comparison with that of her famous husband, Emperor William I., and the great men who were his counsellors, but in every condition of her exalted station she has borne herself appropriately and fulfilled all its requirements. Her tastes were literary and domestic. Amid the military and diplomatic activity that marked the epoch following the ascension of her husband to the throne of Prussia, she liked to surround herself with literary men and women, and she was a liberal patron of music, literature, and the arts.

In a recent English book published in London the writer thus describes the Empress Augusta as she appeared in the earlier days of her court life: "Long after the first blush of youth had faded she was a superbly handsome woman; her shoulders especially were magnificent. No woman in this century understood in so high a degree the graces and minutiæ of royal receptions; she had the rare and precious gift of tact. She had the formulary of courts at her finger-ends. In her clear, high-pitched, slightly ringing voice she improvised a conversation, mostly a one-sided one, with wonderful facility, sparing the other party even the trouble of responding, and never committing a blunder."

The Empress Augusta, born in Weimar, September 30, 1811, was the daughter of the Duke Charles of Saxe-Weimar. A bright child by nature, she grew up in a literary atmosphere that stimulated her, and her grace and vivacity at the age of eleven years won the praise of the poet Goethe. When, on his seventy-third year, she presented him with a laurel wreath and an address in verse, the old man, in his emotion, exclaimed, "My lovely queen of flowers!" In her early girlhood she wrote several excellent poems, and the dramatist Carl von Holtei, writing from Weimar in 1827, praised her taste and talents, adding, "Everybody at court loves her as the apple of his eye."

Her marriage on June 11, 1829, with Prince William, second son of William III., King of Prussia, was a union that was deemed a desirable one on motives of policy, but it brought little domestic happiness. Her husband, afterward King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, was then Lieutenant-General in the Prussian army, commanding the Corps of Guards. His tastes were military, and he was fond of the camp and campaigns. For the literary life and surroundings that his wife loved he had small sympathy. When, at the death of Frederick William, in 1861, her husband ascended the throne of Prussia, she fulfilled in the most gracious manner the duties of the court ceremonial, and scrupulously performed the exacting social duties required of the Queen; but she found her greatest happiness in the company of her children, Frederick, afterward the Emperor of Germany, and Louise, who in 1856 was married to the Grand Duke of Baden. She devoted herself unstintingly to the performance of her domestic and religious duties, and through her whole life was devoted to the interests of the German people.

At the outbreak of the German war with France she left Coblentz, which she loved, and where she had resided for twenty years, and took up her residence in Berlin. She was prominent in every undertaking for the relief of the wounded and sick soldiers, and was deeply interested in the struggle. Her husband wrote to her often from the field of war, and some of his letters to her became public and famous. She was his companion in his final triumph, and he died holding her hand. She was called on to watch the sad illness of the German Emperor Frederick, and to see him die. After these bereavements she led a retired life of great privacy, but to the last she was the unostentatious and liberal dispenser of many charities, and she was the companion and helper of her daughter-in-law the Dowager Empress Frederick in her philanthropic efforts to raise the condition of women in Germany.

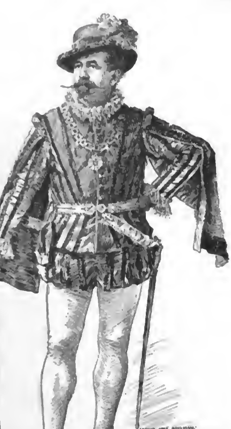
In her memory the streets of Berlin were draped, and the court festivities, which had been resumed after the expiration of the period of mourning for the Emperor Frederick, have been abandoned. The Emperor has ordered that the court go into mourning for three months, has fixed a period for general mourning at six weeks, and has ordered that the theatres and other places of amusement be closed for a week.

CALVIN STEWART BRICE, OF OHIO.

Calvin Stewart Brice, whose nomination on Thursday by the caucus of the Democratic members of the Ohio Legislature is equivalent to his election as United States Senator to succeed Henry B. Payne, was born in Denmark, Ohio, on September 17, 1845. His education was gained at first in the public schools of his native town; later he attended school at Lima, Ohio; and in 1858 entered the preparatory classes of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

In April, 1861, although only fifteen years old, he left college for the army, and served in the Virginia campaigns of 1861–2. He then returned to college, graduating with distinction in June, 1863. A year later he organized Company E of the 180th Ohio Infantry, and went with his regiment to join the Twenty-third Army Corps in Tennessee, Georgia, and the Carolinas. He was promoted Major on the field for personal bravery. The war ended just before he received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, to which rank he had been promoted, so that he was mustered out still a Major.

After the war he entered the Law School of Michigan University, graduating in 1866. At Cincinnati he was at once admitted to practice at the bars of the United States and State courts. He turned his attention immediately to corporation law, and soon attained considerable distinction in his chosen field. This line of business gave him opportunity to become interested in various enterprises of magnitude and importance. About ten years ago he came to this city as counsel for the Lake Erie and Western Railroad, and shortly thereafter relinquished the practice of the law to devote himself more closely to railroad development and to give personal supervision to his other interests. In 1887 he was elected President of the Lake Erie and Western Railroad; he is also interested largely in many other railroads, among them the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis (the "Nickel Plate Road"), the Richmond and West Point Terminal, &c.

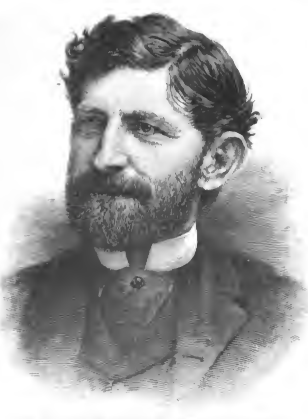


MR. WARD McALLISTER AS THE COUNT DE LA NOLLE, LOVER OF MARGUERITE OF VALOIS.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 51.]

South Shore, and Atlantic Railroad, of which he is Vice-President.

Mr. Brice has always been a Democrat, and has taken great interest in State and national politics, hitherto without either expectation or desire of preferment. He has been a delegate to almost every county, district, and State convention in Ohio since the war. In 1876, in 1880, and in 1884 he was on the Democratic electoral tickets, and in 1888 he was a delegate at large to the Democratic National Convention in St. Louis, elected by the largest vote ever cast. In winter Mr. Brice lives in this city, his home being at No. 693 Fifth Avenue; in summer he goes with his family to a "cottage" at Newport. Mr. Brice is a hard worker, and though his office hours are short he accomplishes a great amount of work in them. He is fond of art, and has collected a number of valuable paintings; his library, also, is a good one. He is fond of entertaining, talks well, and is not niggardly of his mind.

Although Mr. Brice is certain of election as Senator from Ohio, it is possible that a contest may arise as to his right to take his seat in March, 1891. He lives in New York, although he maintains a legal residence in Ohio. The Constitution, however, provides that "no person shall be a Senator . . . . who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen"; and the decision of his eligibility is to be determined by the Senate, whereof the political complexion is Republican. Should Mr. Brice be unseated, he will be in company with Albert Gallatin, the only other Senator declared ineligible under the Constitution of the United States.



HON. CALVIN S. BRICE, SENATOR-ELECT FROM THE STATE OF OHIO. From a Photograph by Fredericks.—[See Page 50.]

MONEY, TREASURY, AND CONGRESS.

The return to ease in the money market at the close of Friday last proved to be genuine. On Monday, when the first new loans since Friday were made, the rates were 6 and 7 per cent.; and since then money on call may be quoted 5 and 6, with lower rates not infrequent toward the close of the day. It seems reasonable, after what has been seen, to believe that the spasmodic rates of the end of December and beginning of January would have been entirely prevented if Secretary Windom had disbursed his January interest the day after Christmas. This might have been done as well as not, to the great relief of a money market in which preparations for January disbursements are notoriously larger in comparison with the amount of material on hand. If the Treasury funds were in bank, matters would go more easily; but they are kept in the Treasury vaults, and therefore the Secretary is bound to do his best for the convenience of the community which his collections have depleted of currency; particularly as he has ample authority for prepayment.

The call which Secretary Windom made at the end of November upon national bank depositories for 10 per cent. of their Treasury deposits was made to mature January 15th, and was to be followed by other calls from time to time. Considerably more than the prescribed amount of security bonds have been sold to the Treasury in settlement of deposits, and the first call has been in that respect a success. It is not clear whether it has been as successful in reducing deposits all round, and for that reason, as well as because of the nearness of January 15th, there is some anxiety as to the next call which Mr. Windom may issue. The best course open to him is to ignore the subject altogether and call in no more of the deposits, since they are the means of mitigating the severity of the Independent Treasury system. But there is no reason why he should not require interest on his deposits in all cases where he does not receive from the depository bank some service which repays the Treasury for the use of its deposits, and this course would tend directly to facilitate his purchases of bonds. The matter to be kept always in view is the damage inflicted upon the community by the locking up of large amounts of its money in the Treasury vaults—the only example of a really idle hoard now remaining in the modern world. So far as the law authorizes the Secretary to employ the Treasury resources to relieve the community by purchase of bonds and by deposits in banks, so far he will be held accountable for the use of his power. Beyond that the remedies lie with Congress.

Now the purchases of bonds by the Treasury are very good evidence of the surplus income of the government, since under our system they absorb the greater part of it. As everybody knows, there is a Sinking Fund for the reduction of the bonded debt; but it does not seem to be generally known that for many years past the total of bonds purchased and cancelled has far exceeded the requirements of the Sinking Fund. Secretary Morrill called attention to this in 1876, showing that although occasionally the purchases of a year were below the Sinking Fund requirements of that year, yet the total of purchases was greatly in excess. From the manner in which he stated the facts, it seems that he considered them an argument in favor of reducing taxation. But the official view has been that expressed by Secretary Folger in 1882, namely, that there was a deficit in the Sinking Fund every time that a year's purchases were smaller than that year's requirements. Surely it is time that another view prevailed, and that Congress declared the Sinking Fund full for the number of years covered by the present excess of purchases over the aggregate requirements of the Sinking Fund. Senator Beck has introduced a bill to suspend the Sinking Fund law until further order of Congress, and states the present excess of purchases of bonds at 716 millions.

This means that bonds enough have been paid off to satisfy the Sinking Fund for fifteen years to come. The wonder is not that such a bill is introduced now, but that the law was not suspended long ago. If Congress realized, as a matter of plain business aside from political feeling, how enormously the people has been mulcted to buy bonds in excess of any legal needs and at fancy prices, it would surely call a halt in this wasteful business. As the revenues of the government now run, bonds have to be bought at the rate of 100 millions a year; more than twice what is called for by the Sinking Fund, even if that requirement were not already more than satisfied. What will become of Senator Beck's bill it is impossible to say; the preamble of it contains much that is not necessary to its purpose, and perhaps the process of amendment may destroy the measure. But he deserves credit for attempting to suspend the Sinking Fund law, and the attention of Congress and of the whole country ought to be called to the subject. It is plain that no bonds are wanted for fifteen years to come, and just as plain that bonds will continue to be bought, and perhaps at still higher prices, unless the government's income is radically cut down. It looks as if 100 millions of taxes ought to be struck off, for that is what it means now to stop buying bonds, aside from any question of current expenditures. The bonds would take care of themselves, and the 4½ per cents, maturing next year would be eagerly renewed at a material reduction in the rate of interest.

No better service to the country can be done at this time than to call attention to this matter of the Sinking Fund. A bill to suspend its operation ought to be introduced also in the House, and it would be a great public gain if two such bills were introduced—one by a Republican and one by a Democrat. The subject is worthy of the leading men on both sides of the House. There will be plenty of Congressmen to maintain the narrow view—the view hitherto held by officials and tacitly accepted by others—that the Sinking Fund requirement must remain a yearly requirement, no matter how much it has been exceeded in the aggregate. But there is room for leaders who shall demand that the people receive the benefit of their sacrifices, and be relieved from burdens that are now absolutely useless. It is hoped that Mr. Lincoln's celebrated phrase was true of his own country, and that this is a government "of the people, for the people, by the people." Let the people's representatives do something to justify this hope, and take this decisive step to relieve the people of a great and unnecessary burden. **Henry J. Macdonald.**

New York, Friday evening, January 10, 1890.

WAKED UP EFFECTUALLY.

A lethargic, dormant condition of the liver is hardly to be overcome with drastic cathartics and nauseous cholagogues. A gentler, pleasanter, and far more effective means exists of arousing the organ when somnolent. This is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, vouched for by the medical fraternity, tested by the public for many years. A resumption by the biliary organ of its secretive function, with the activity attendant upon health, a return to regularity of the bowels, and a renewal of digestion, are the no less happy and certain results of using the Bitters systematically. Its laxative effect is never painful and drenching, its tendency being rather to perpetuate regularity than to produce a copious action. Malaria, nervousness, debility, kidney troubles, and neuralgia it subdues effectually.—[Adv.]

Pierre, the Capital of South Dakota, is its geographical centre and on the Missouri River. It has water-works, electric lights, street railway, brick business houses, fine hotels, three brick school-houses, Presbyterian University, U. S. Indian Industrial School, seven churches, and many other attractions. No place offers better opportunities for investment in lots, farm lands, and investment securities. For specific information, address Palmer & Crabtree, Pierre, South Dakota.—[Adv.]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

THE VOICE.
Those who overtax the voice in singing or public speaking will find "Brown's Bronchial Troches" exceedingly useful, enabling them to endure more than ordinary exertion with comparative ease, while they render articulation clear. For Throat Diseases and Coughs they are a simple yet effective remedy.—[Adv.]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[Adv.]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[Adv.]

Do not use any of the so-called tonics when you can obtain a pure extract of malt by the use of Nicholson's Liquid Bread, which is not an experiment, but an established success.—[Adv.]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Prevents and cures chapped hands. 25 cts.—[Adv.]

Beale's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[Adv.]

Secure a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using Angostura Bitters.—[Adv.]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[Adv.]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[Adv.]

When eyes and inflamed lids indicate an impure condition of the blood, the best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, regulates the secretions, and expels all scrofulous humors from the system. Try it. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.—[Adv.]

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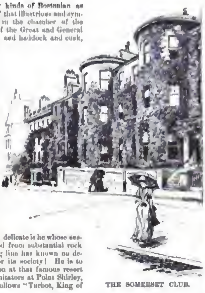
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE CLUBS OF BOSTON.

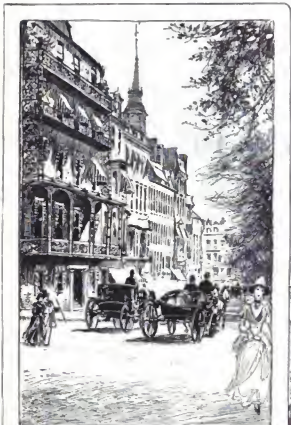
BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND H. GARRETT.



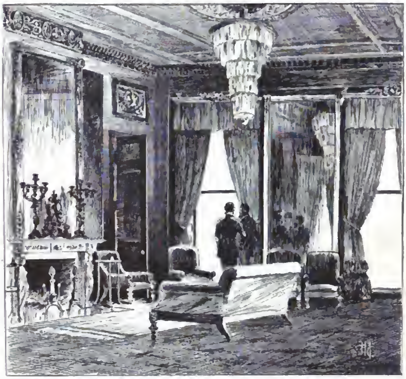
THE SOMERSET CLUB.

THERE are as many kinds of Bostonian as there are varieties of that illustrious and symbolic fish which hangs in the chamber of the more populous branch of the Great and General Court. There are hake and haddock and cusk, never wandering far from home, content to spend their days in local waters, and to cater to the humblest appetites. There is the deep-sea swimmer, the crowning glory of the civic chowder, who, still redolent of his briny birthplace, travels from end to end of this broad land, finds his way into the most foreign of foreign parts, furnishes the material for the honest fish-balls of a nation, and occasionally for some of its dishonest deviled crabs. Last and best, there is the distinguished and aristocratic rock-cod. How delicious, toothsome, and delicate is he whose sustenance has been derived from substantial rock bottoms, and whose long line has known no deterioration in its food or its society! He is to be found in his perfection at that famous resort of gourmets and their imitators at Point Shirley, where he immediately follows "Turbot, King of the Sea." Some of the human rock-cod, like Mr. Howells's Bromfield Corey, are even scrodded. Cod-fish aristocracy indeed! Is there anything finer to be had among the nobility of our republic?



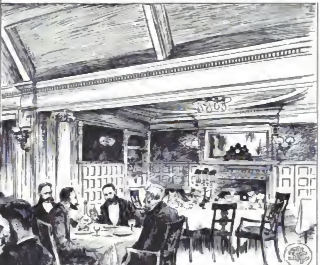
THE UNION CLUB.

There is variety of human nature in other cities, but in Boston there is added the informing and diverting spirit of intense locality. The capitalist recommends an investment because the corporation is controlled in Boston. Boston hospitality fills one to repletion. The Boston of the rock-cod quarter, if you are thought worthy, admits you to its mysteries, and then shows its faith in itself by assuming that you are on its own superior level. The tradesman tells you that his silks, his satins, his gimlets, and his patent button-holes are made expressly for the Boston market. The North End fruiterer sells you a peach grown from a tree planted and raised by a Delaware man whose son married a Boston girl or the cabman who drives you to the station informs you that the Bostons have once more beaten the Giants. The very Irishmen mingle the city's pronunciation with their brogue. So seriously are these people impressed with themselves that they have gone to the extreme length of mixing their punch with a joke, as if it were a fundamental and basic truth that their town is really the hub of the universe.



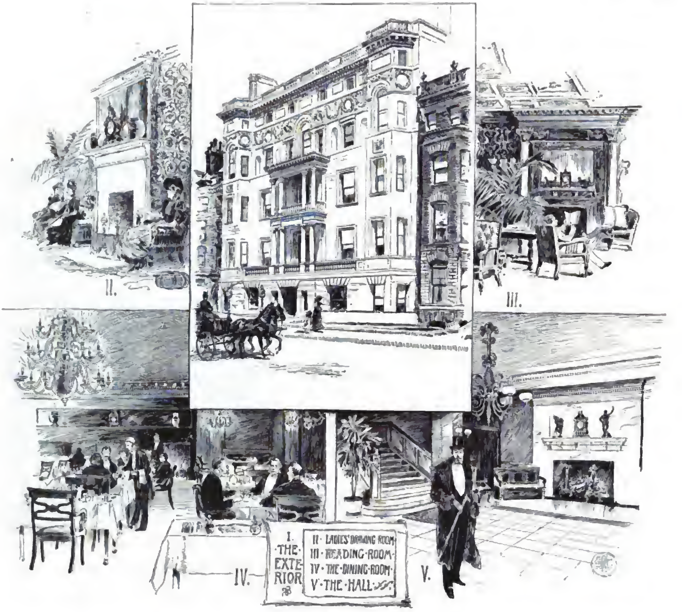
THE SOMERSET CLUB DRAWING-ROOM.

This civic pride has been a tower of strength to Boston. Speaking of it as if it were an individual, as we may, because its population is homogeneous, it has more character than any other city in the country. A small New-Yorker who does not appreciate the true value of his own cosmopolitanism, or a denizen of any other of our great towns who does not comprehend the desirability of a large and interesting variety in the municipal life of the nation, may regard Boston as pretentious. It is, however, no more than self-respectful. It admits the peculiar excellences of other places. It has no rivals. It does not boast of its riches, but of its history and achievements. It preserves the memories of its Sons of Liberty and its Liberty Tree by carving a fac-simile of the latter, with an appropriate text, in brown stone on a brick store. It informs you by means of memorial stones of the site of John Hancock's house, of the legends of the ancient burying-grounds, of the home of Webster, and the birthplace of Franklin. The Old South still stands, and the spire of the Old North, in which shone Paul Revere's signal-light, still points upward. The people glory in their base-ball team, their pugilists, their yachts, and their university. The faults of the town spring from certain virile virtues which are sadly lacking elsewhere, and which give to its streets, byways, and localities an Old World charm. Its vivacious intellectual life makes its atmosphere stimulating, and its society by far the most entertaining that can be found on this side of the water. While those who make literature their occupation have run after the publishing houses of the larger abodes of wealth, a goodly number of those who remain behind pursue literature and art for their own sake, and utilize them, as other Americans do not, to grace their pleasures.



THE UNION CLUB DINING-ROOM.

It is sad to relate that, in the midst of all these virtues, there are growing up a set of Bostonians who have felt to the damage of their local pride the large and potent influence of the outside world, and there is fearful intimation in this that generations may be born who will destroy the individuality of the fine old place. There are even now native Bostonians who, having learned to revel in the material joys of other cities, do not know where the old elm stood; who, when they see the boys sliding down the hill on the Common, do not recall the historic fact that these youths are exercising a sacred right, erstwhile vindicated before the British General Gage; who hear with wondering surprise the names of Allston, Bowdoin, and the other thoroughfares of the labyrinth that lies in back of Pemberton and Bowdoin squares—streets in which once rolled the equipages of the great. There are even people in the old town who wait for the approbation of New York before they accept the stars of the social and artistic world—a tendency which has resulted in the apotheosis of some exceedingly earthy material. The city's cult has so little influence on some of the younger generations that there is danger even that Boston, of all places in the world, may some day



THE ALGONQUIN CLUB.

become one of the many homes of unhonored prophets. At any rate it is time that something should be done to fix the spiritual fly in amber.

Boston is fondly supposed by some of its more untravelled inhabitants to be the city of clubs. It is true that for a town of its size it has a large number of these institutions; but Boston is not by any means to be measured by a census of the people who sleep and have their washing done within its gates. Boston in this respect, like no other city in the land, includes its many suburbs. If we consider its business interests and the people who transact them, it comes very near to being, if it is not, the third city of the United States. The real population of Boston will nearly double the apparent population. That is the reason why it sustains newspapers with circulations reaching above 100,000, and so many theatres. It is true, however, that the clubs of Boston illustrate with remarkable clearness what we have been recently saying concerning clubs in general. Nowhere else have the clubs been more completely a reflex of the life about them, and from which they take their being. They have been as aristocratic as the rock-end influences could make them, as intensely local as the municipal Fourth of July oration, literary and artistic without the effort that in other less-favored spots attends the wearing of "culture's garland." It has always been possible to test the state of Boston's best society by the touchstone of its recognized aristocratic clubs, and to find other phases of its civic and social life mirrored in the haunts of the money getters, the politicians, and the rest, including the very best. Are there money getters in Boston? Yes; and as eager as the worst of those whose pockets swell and flourish with their gains. The pursuit of riches is one of Boston's sins, and one whose effects are most baleful. It has wrought such havoc that an enlightened graduate of Harvard College—a writer, too—has been heard to declare that the true worth of a newspaper is to be measured by the money returns to its publishers, which, in our own unenlightened metropolis, sounds very much like saying that the intellectual and moral standard of the many is the highest and best. The men of Boston who have wrought out their own wealth, however, seem also to work out a species of salvation for themselves. There is a chastening influence in their environment. They may not all become as ambitious as the wealthy grocer who married a school-mistress late in life, then took to the study of Homer, and became so immersed in the tales of Greek (translated), as to occasionally awaken the wife of his bosom with some such question as, "Sally, what was the names of those Greek generals that fell out about what's-her-name?" Although the grocer reached high-water mark, there is a general recognition in the town which remembers that Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Summer Street, that the rich man who does not devote the leisure which his money gives him to the improvement of his mind neglects his first duty as a citizen. There are not many rich men in Boston content to see their sons grow up in the shadow of Harvard University without receiving some of its benefits; and if there were, the sons themselves would not consent to be prevented from taking the step which may eventually range their grandchildren in the very first circles, for it is harder for a Bostonian born out of the purple to enter the best society than it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven. There was once upon a time a great merchant, statesman, and friend of education in this exacting city, whose name was known everywhere, but whose offer of marriage was refused by a poor but proud daughter of an ancient lineage, because he was then in trade. He was prosperous, but as yet he had gained only wealth.

This feeling is very wrong in a republic. There is no doubt that this is the popular and proper belief, but the lofty spirit of rock-end aristocracy has produced some very fine results, and among them nothing is better or nobler than the sentiment that every young man who inherits wealth must do something on his own account, something worthy of the man or men whose labors have made for him his fortunate place, something as much better than anything they were able to accomplish as his opportunities are greater than theirs. It is wrong, of course, in a republic to be proud of one's grandfather, but the cheerful philosopher will try his very best to see the bright side of even that deadly sin. It was very silly in Governor John Hancock to insist that the President of the United States should make the first official call when he was within the borders of the commonwealth of Massachusetts; but even when we read that Washington was kept shivering on the Neck by reason of the Governor's silly notion, the name that was writ so large at the end of the Declaration of Independence cannot be overlooked.

Of all the clubs of Boston the Somerset more than any of the others represents the spirit of the old city, the thoroughly distinctive Boston. It is local in its character and its traditions. The head of the board of trustees by whom its property is held—ex-Mayor Prince—is perhaps the oldest, and like Joseph Addison has been the "most resolute club man" of his time. Years ago, in 1826, the predecessor and ancestor of the Somerset Club was founded. In the language of its day it was called the Quarantine, because it was composed of "forty gentlemen of good family and position, sufficient fortune, and congenial pursuits and tastes." If ever a modern club was founded on the coffee-house gatherings of the wits of Anne's time it was the Quarantine, for there were wits in Boston in those days whose charming flavor continues to lend its delights to the talk of those who lived with them and remember them.

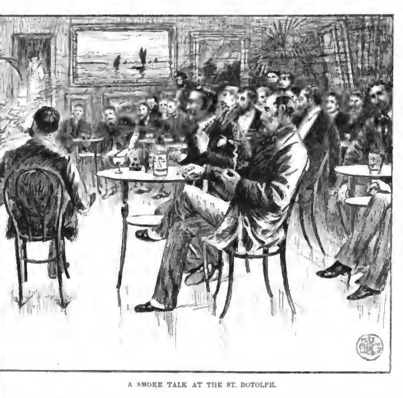
When the club was organized Boston was a little city with its own peculiar habits. The merchants and professional men went to their stores and offices very early in the morning. At noon every merchant was at the Exchange—which has just been demolished—for the purpose of meeting those whom he desired to see. The Exchange was only a place for meeting and making engagements. Business was not transacted there as it is in the modern Exchange. At two or three o'clock every one in Boston dined. There is a survival of this custom in the practice of the modern dining clubs of holding their fortnightly or monthly entertainments in the middle of the afternoon. Then came the tying up of the ends of the business strings, and then the club.

In that time, when a competence was a sum that would now be but the beginning of a fortune, there were idle men about town as there are to-day, but idleness and dissipation were excusable only when they were accompanied by wit. Classical learning was fashionable, and so was brandy. It and play were temperately indulged in, however, for temperance was the rule in the best society of Boston. When the curfew tolled the town was abed, and only a few exceedingly reckless blades could be found in the streets after the conventional hour. It was a day of supper parties and modest early dances, and of stern hostility to display. Men still living and taking an active part in the affairs of Boston recollect when it was vulgar to be extremely fashionable, and when liveried coachmen and footmen were counted as marks of under-breeding. Rich dressing, it is true, was always characteristic of the Bostonians. Hancock's velvet coat has passed into history, and Copley's brush has preserved for us numerous costly damask dressing-gowns and silken turbans. The society that frowned upon liveries and display respected rank most thoroughly, and the man who had social position garnished himself in accordance with his presumed deserts. It was the fashion to stop at the club on the way home to tea for the purpose of taking one glass of brandy and water, and to listen to the conversation that was pretty sure to be stimulating and entertaining.

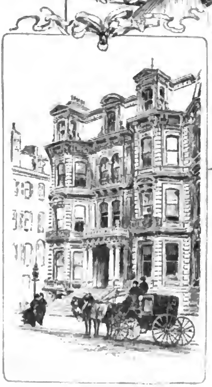
In the mean time the Quarantine had outgrown its forty congenial gentlemen, and had become the Temple Club, having moved its house into the street from which it takes its name. There was no restaurant. The club-rooms did not furnish to visitors the comforts and accommodations that are to be found at the modern houses. It was not an organization of good fellows who dropped in and dropped out, read the papers, chatted if they felt inclined, and wrote a note or two. It was every afternoon a real assemblage of the good fellows who met for the purpose of mutual entertainment over their glass of brandy and water.

How different were the manners and customs of New York and Boston! When the gay youth of the Puritan city sought for new and strange forms of dissipation, they came on to the metropolis, and if they were fortunate enough to belong to the Temple, they were entertained by their brethren of the New York Club. In the course of the joyous festivities which attended these visits the members of the Temple Club made a startling discovery as to brandy. The liquor furnished by the two establishments seemed to the cultured palates of the Bostonians to be of the same quality. The two clubs paid and charged the same price, and yet the New York Club made money on the brandy, while the Temple Club lost. The problem vexed the club mind of Boston for many a wretched day. It interfered with the flow of wit, if not of spirits. Finally a demijohn of the New York brandy was bought, and a regular account with it was opened, and still the club lost money. Every drink was charged, but the cost was greater than the receipts. The keenest intellects of Boston were not to be defeated by a brandy bottle, and at last the theory was accepted that a Boston man took only one drink on his way home to tea; that, expecting no more, for he spent his evenings in the bosom of his family, he made that drink a mighty generous one. This meant very few drinks to the bottle, and loss to the club. The New York man, on the contrary, expected to take very many drinks in the course of the afternoon and evening, and consequently his measure of liquor was exceeding small. This meant very many drinks to the bottle and gains for the club.

It is highly probable that the recollection of the simple days when the dinner hour was three o'clock, and supper was the form of entertainment in vogue, is very much pleasanter than their actual presence would be, now that civilization has taught its sons and daughters to expect so much more. Boston grew out of the old times. When Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis set up the afternoon tea for admirable reasons, European customs were admitted into the Puritan circle, and business places and homes becoming more and more estranged and distant, down-town mid-day lunch was established, and dinner was served in the evening. Besides growing larger and more modern, Boston was growing richer, and the younger and more fashionable members of the Temple Club wanted an establishment more on the scale and after the manner of the famous institutions of Pall Mall. Out of the Temple Club, which still exists, therefore, in 1852, grew the Somerset, which took its name from the street on which stood its first club-house. This had been a private dwelling belonging to one of those antique citizens having so strong a will of his own as to undertake to control his homestead after he had departed, let us hope, for his mansion in the skies. The particular burden with which he charged his heirs was the maintenance of the court-yard in front of the building. The Somerset Club was to Boston what the Union Club was then to New York, and this testamentary clutch on their privileges was too much for the young men, who envied the splendid opportunities furnished by the bow-window of White's. At last the trustees found a legal blind alley up which they conducted their grantors. It enabled them to sell the house to the Congregational Society, who have since blotted out the court-yard, doubtless with the club's law point. The sale was made when two beautiful granite houses belonging to the Sears family were in the market, and these were bought, and being thrown into one, are still occupied by the club.



A SMOKE TALK AT THE ST. BOTOLPH.



THE ST. BOTOLPH CLUB

The property has always been in the best society. Before it was owned by the Searses it belonged to Copley, that most fashionable of last century portrait-painters, and here stood the house in which he dwelt. It has seen many a rout in its day. The seal of well-born Boston is on it, and, for old associations' sake, it is to be hoped that for years to come the club will continue to occupy the noble building, so suggestive of Boston at its very best. Its huge swell fronts are now covered with the Boston ivy, both the swells and the plant being characteristic of the city. The club is not intellectual or literary or artistic. It is a place where its members spend their idle hours; where they have the comforts of an excellent restaurant; where a man can be pretty sure of a good game of whist; where one may lounge to his heart's content, and listen to and share in the talk which engages the minds of the men about Boston town. In short, the Somerset is a club after the model of the best of its kind, with the infusion of the spirit of Boston. In its list of members are family names that have been honorably known in the city for generations—of men who have given the city its rank in the history of the country.

If one should ask what it is that most especially sets apart Boston, and gives a unique tone to its spirit, the answer is that which made Athens most interesting among the cities of the Grecian League—the eager interest of all the citizens in the municipal life. This is the true foundation of that self-respect which is so often mistaken for pretentiousness and boastfulness. There are very few citizens, even of the youngest generation, so degenerate as to be uninterested in municipal elections, in street pavements, in the quarrels of local magnates, in yachting, in the parks, in the altercations between the police and the preachers on the Common, in the condition of the water at Chestnut Hill or the frog pond, in the Symphony Concerts, in the Fourth of July regatta, in the fight for the control of the Democratic City Committee, in the cost of the latest Aldermanic funeral junket, in the occasional theological outbursts that still agitate the two branches of the Congregational Church, in the rate of taxation, in the question of the identity of the author of the last anonymous novel, or in the relative merits of the industrial arts, Concord philosophy, and cookery as subjects for instruction in the public schools. It is true that one does not always hear these subjects, or any of them, discussed in Boston society, or at the Somerset Club; but it is true that there are a great many more people interested in these and kindred topics in Boston than can be found among the comparatively idle classes of any other city in the land.

It is hardly fair to speak of the idle class of Boston. The city is very rich, and there are many people in it who are not in active business or professional life, but there are very few who do nothing but amuse themselves. Even those who do spend their time in the search for joy have enough of the spirit of Eolus in their nature to prefer a yacht that is managed by sailor-men to any that is run by stokers. There are no better yachtsmen in the world than those who hail from Beacon Street and the Back Bay, and are to be found from early summer until late autumn on the sea or at the handsome home of the Eastern Yacht Club on Marblehead Neck. Was it not from among these followers "over the swan's road, over the whale's bath, over the long snake's leap," that the Vikings came who built the last three cup defenders?

As a rule, however, as has been already said, the Boston man is busy. If his father was famous in the city, he is regarded reproachfully by his fellow-townsmen if he does not add some honor to his inheritance. Therefore he opens a law office, or tries his hand at literature, or becomes a physician, or goes into politics. He may ride steeple-chases at the Country Club, or he may go to other extremes in sports and athletics, the temptations to which are stronger, or at least more concentrated, in Boston than anywhere out of New England; but he tries to do some real work in the world, and even if he accomplishes nothing of material value he at least makes of himself a more interesting man. This exaction by society, and this sentiment of those who might be, if they would, such gilded youth as nightly stormed the streets of degenerate Rome, mark Boston, not because they do not exist elsewhere, but because they are so nearly universal there as to change the social atmosphere into an ambition that is at least infrequent in the fashionable society of other towns. Boston has its worthless rich as it has its helpless poor, and they are not only tolerated, but are not ostracised. Bostonians, however, being very proud of their city, expect every one who has enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being born on one of its seven hills, whether it be the aristocratic Beacon or the lowly Fort, shall do something for the glory of his native town, and this local spirit is finely stimulating, making social life from the top to the bottom of the scale much more interesting than modern life usually is. And one finds at the Somerset Club, and especially among its older members, more than in any other club of the city, the honest pride of a Boston older than the city of to-day—a pride which has for its subject and object more than the achievements of this year or last year, and which venerates and loves historic Boston as a priceless part of the family possessions.

There is a delightful feature of the Somerset Club which is also the outgrowth of Boston's life. To a Bostonian a club is as essential as it is to a Londoner, and the city being compact, the clubs are near enough to the business parts of the town to make their restaurants available for the mid-day luncheon. One of the most faithful of club men has broached the very likely theory that the club restaurants of the city are so good that there are very few other bearable restaurants. From this it follows not only that the Boston man who has no club is the most unfortunate and unhappy of created beings, but that his fate is shared by the Boston woman whose husband, brother, cousin, or, in the language of the common law, next friend is not on the list of some institution with a culinary artist. And does the Boston woman need a down-town restaurant? Ay, marry, that she does, for—and now we come to speak of one of the most grievous sins by which this goodly town is beset—the more highly bred a Bostonian, the more of a tax-dodger he is; and this is true not so much because he does not love his native city, or because he is penurious, as because the municipal government is in the hands of those whom we are wont to call, when we stray into politics, "our foreign-born fellow-citizens." From very early in the spring until very late in the autumn the rich Bostonian lives in the country, near enough to enable him to reach town every morning comfortably. His wife and daughters are also compelled, by the demands of their wardrobes and for other purposes, to make frequent visits to town, and so the Somerset Club early established a restaurant for these partners of its members' joys, whither they might have their parcels sent, where they might meet their natural protectors, and enjoy in that congenial company the exquisite delights of the club cuisine.

It ought to be unnecessary to state that club law and custom are so observed at the Somerset that this gracious bit of hospitality has not been made an opening for the introduction of women into the principal part of the establishment, which is reserved, as long may it be, for men alone.

There are two cities that have very distinctly marked physical social boundaries. There is a vast number of poor Philadelphians and Bostonians who pinch themselves and deprive their families of the necessaries of life in order that they may live outside of the prohibited borders. Partly to avoid moving to the South End, Boston built its Back Bay district by filling in the lands that the falling tides left bare. Thus Beacon Street was extended, and Commonwealth Avenue was created. The region in which fashion might reside, in which visits might be paid, was greatly widened, and the happy spaces that once were river-bottom urged their artful attractions upon all who had the means of purchasing them. There was a rush to get within the widened but still charmed circle. Many who had been cramped in the narrow confines of the original Beacon Street and its circumjacent thoroughfares, and many who had been content to dwell at the South End, reared their stately edifices on Commonwealth Avenue. There was a new infusion of blood in social Boston, and at last it has come to be recognized that all the clubable good fellows of the city are not to be found in the old families. The growth of opportunities and wealth is constantly going on in this republic, and is as constantly making old traditions, so far as they concern names and families, less sacred. Notwithstanding the admirable sentiment to which we have done full justice, the aristocracy of Boston, like everything else in nature, is the better for an occasional supply of new blood and new energy. Here, as everywhere, there is the temptation to the vain pursuits which lead to the weak-mindedness of inanition, very strong with those who are not under the necessity of doing something for the solid rewards of industry. Although the tone of the general atmosphere is exhilarating, there is sometimes a miasmatic influence. Although the British aristocracy is, on the whole, a sound and wholesome body, there is an occasional noble lord who marries a concert-hall singer, prefers rat-baiting to the performance of his inherited legislative duties, grinds a hand-organ, and figures in the police courts. Is it to the credit of Boston or not that few, very few, of its youth who are born with silver spoons sink so low as the bad eggs of the British peerage? Perhaps it is because in this country opportunities are not presented to infants at their birth, but must be striven and worked for. It is, after all, very difficult to feel much confidence in the potency of names and family traditions when we find the heirs of old houses in the rags of their own vices, and the descendants of the poor and humble toilers of a generation or two ago in the lead of all that is good in the city.

So Boston has received in its social kingdom from time to time new names, the men who have made them respected coming first, and the rest following. There are two clubs in Boston which exist because the Somerset and the Union were full. They are the Puritan and Algonquin. The former is composed mainly of the very young men who will eventually come into the Somerset. The latter is made up of members of the Somerset, the Union, and all the other old clubs of the town, and of new men who have been gradually broadening Boston's social life. This most recent of the clubs of Boston has reared its dwelling—the most beautiful in American clubdom—

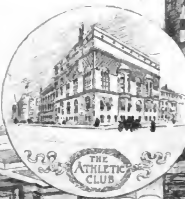
on Commonwealth Avenue. Although it is the youngest, it is naturally spoken of in connection with the club which represents the oldest society of the city, because it quite as well represents the society of to-day and of the future. The people who are moving upward on the ladder will some day or other reach the top. Whether they will raise or lower the average is a question which may well be left for the discussion of local gossips. One thing is certain, the amalgamation illustrates most completely existing municipal life and activity. There invariably comes a time to every man who rigidly draws the line between his business and his social relations when he must receive into the one those whom he has leaned upon in the other.

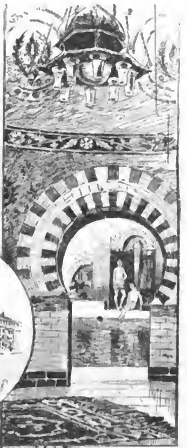
It must not be understood that the standard of the Algonquin is not high. It simply does not represent old Boston. Its basis is social, but its spirit is that of the most recent times, into which old Boston has fitted itself with all the adaptability of the New-Englander, and the club will live and prosper because it is nearer the newer homes of the city. It is not a protest; it is an outgrowth of new and changed conditions that have come about so gradually that they are hardly recognized by the people most affected by them.

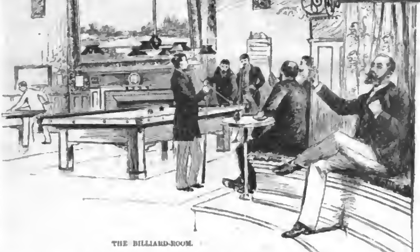
It may seem odd to a Bostonian that in all this discussion, if it may be so gravely designated, nothing has been said of the Union, most charming and agreeable of clubs. This is simply because it is less peculiarly Bostonian than the others, and is nearer akin to the outside world. It is solid, active, professional, work-a-day Boston. When it was founded it was one of the chain of loyal clubs that were organized during the war in the great cities, and continue to exist as Union League clubs. There is consequently a political element in the Union Club, but it is not so apparent and emphatic as in the similar institutions of New York and Philadelphia. The Boston Club is the favorite of lawyers, and there is altogether a busier, more active, more intellectual life there than in the clubs that are dominated by men who have social ambitions or positions. The Boston lawyer is very much like his professional brother of New York, but he differs in one very important respect from a certain product of recent times. He has not yet established the great law emporium, which is to the old practitioner very much what the modern retail shop with its innumerable departments is to the old-fashioned merchant. The Boston lawyer is interested not only in something besides the gains of his practice, but in something outside of his profession. A group of dining lawyers and business men discussing the latest novel or the newest play would be exceptional outside of Boston, but it is rather to be anticipated at the Union Club. And the dinners are so good! Why is it that politics and cookery go together? It was in the kitchen of the Reform Club of London that Soyer laid the foundations of a fame which he made immortal in his quaint literature full of French idiom expressed in Cockney English grammar. The Union Club does not own a Soyer, but it rents a Frenchman no doubt, whose idioms are probably clothed in sound Bostonese. At any rate, he cooks well.

To the outside world, Boston's crown of glory is its literary achievement. We may laugh at Boston culture, as though it were a flimsy affectation, but the fact remains uncontradicted and indisputable that the prevailing color of the Boston eye is blue, which, according to Homer, is the hue of Minerva's far-seeing orb, while recent experiments have demonstrated that the blue eye is a sign of the highest civilization. It is true enough that the writers of books are seeking the richer marts of commerce, and that the Athens of the New World can no longer display the longest and best list of contemporary American writers, but the glory of its old names—the names of men who lived when it held the first rank—is undimmed, and the only club in the country which approaches the St. Botolph is the Century, of New York. In some respects the St. Botolph is unique. It is a club of workers and amateurs in literature and the arts, and in no other city is there so much sympathy between the two. There are men who are filled to the brim with Puritan blood and traditions, and who accept and maintain the social place to which nature and Boston have assigned them as a grave and serious duty which they must fulfil as they fulfil their duties to the State and the family; but they find their pleasure among the makers of books and pictures. This has always been so; but when an eminent Puritan snob asked an artist who was doing him the honor to paint his portrait, why he did not go out into one of the neighboring villages, and find a wife of his own station among the daughters of the well-to-do country merchants, he simply indicated the feeling of Boston of a generation or so ago. The story is now told at the St. Botolph, of which its participants are members, as a good joke.

Does it astonish the denizens of an unlettered metropolis to learn that literary men were not always of the highest fashion in Boston? Was not Longfellow and are not Lowell and Holmes at the very top notch of society? That this is true is not due to any of their literary accomplishments. Their professorships in the university and other virtues of kinds beloved by the Brahmins and their wives, opened the doors of houses that were closed to George Ticknor, scion of a grocery firm, until he gilded his gold with Spanish literature. In the olden and severer time a *littérateur* from abroad—for example, the late Mr. N. P. Willis—might be entertained as a stranger of temporary interest by those who would not concede hospitable rights to natives who had achieved only wealth or literary notoriety. But when the two were joined together! After all, is it not true that in our own broader and more catholic spirit our admiration for a possessor of wealth is increased if he has also acquired intellectual accomplishments? And do we not feel an added respect for the literary man who has had the shrewdness and common-sense to fill his coffers? We can certainly discern in our own minds the remnants, at least, of the sentiments that were entertained toward literary men by the thrifty world of half a century ago. If there is doubt of the truth of this, it may be well for the doubters to inquire as to Hawthorne's experiences among his old neighbors of Salem.




THE TANK FROM THE BATH.


THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

Writers and artists have been always tolerated in Boston, but they did not make the figure that they happily do now among the people who bear the names of pursuers of Quakers and witches and of Revolutionary patriots. Scholarship is one thing and genius is another. The one has always been respectable in a community over which the preachers once presided; but genius was too often afflicted with habits of which properly born and brought up citizens could not approve.

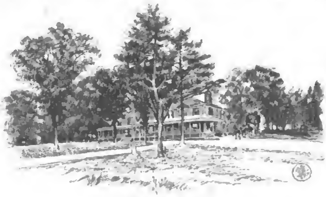
How immeasurably long is the distance from the old Boston to the new is shown by the emancipation of cleverness. The people who give Boston its individuality are the inheritors of its traditions and the possessors of its modern intellectual activity. They are not necessarily clergymen or rulers in the city. Out of the narrow and austere past has come a very much brighter and more wholesome life, as much the product of the former seriousness as the modern educational spirit of New England is the outgrowth of the theological discussions that resounded through the seventeenth century. Naturally there was a long period during which cleverness felt its slow way out of the shades of timid respectability.

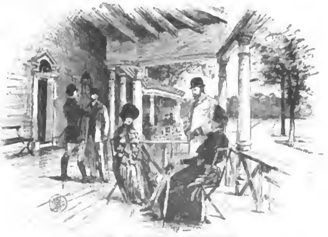
It was probably in the picture-gallery of the Art Club that there began the companionship of the men who work in art and letters and those who might if they were only poor enough. The Art Club is now about to have a handsome home in one of the most fashionable neighborhoods of the town; and one of its presidents has been a Governor of the commonwealth, whose boast is that there has never been within his domiciliary walls a drop of distilled or fermented liquor. What is the potent charm of an art gallery? Why is it that the place where pictures are exhibited and sold was for so many years the border-land of Bohemia into which Philistinism entered? Can the slight and often fugacious and disappointing spirit of commerce be the connecting link?

At any rate, Boston having once admitted the supremacy of cultivation, the conclusion naturally followed. They whose duty it was to preserve the graver studies of scholarship bred in themselves and in those who came under their influence a desire for letters in their lighter and gayer moods; and this being so, we have the comradeship of the amateurs and professionals in the Papyrus and the St. Botolph clubs. But the Papyrus is only a dining club, at which visiting strangers are fed and talked to, usually by wits and occasionally by bunglers. The St. Botolph began house-keeping in old-fashioned Boylston Street. Its first president was Francis Parkman, and its second General Francis A. Walker. History and science have watched over and guided an institution in which John Boyle O'Reilly found comfort and satisfaction when he sang:

"I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land;
For only there are values true,
And the laurel's gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness, or force, or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud.
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd."

(Continued on page 67.)


THE COUNTRY CLUB.


ON THE VERANDA OF THE COUNTRY CLUB.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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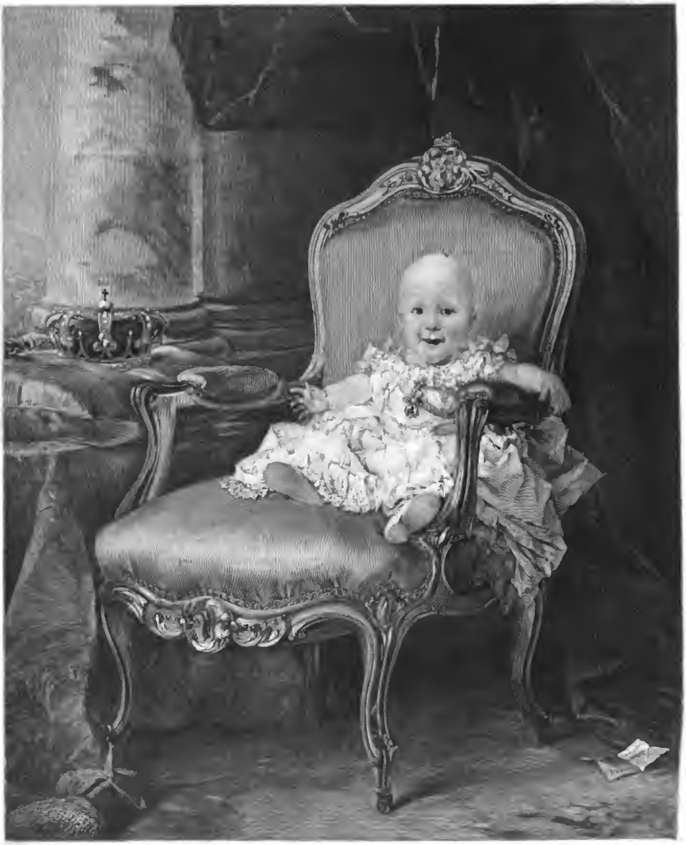

THE INFANT KING OF SPAIN.—From the Life-size Portrait made Two Years ago by F. Domingo.—[See Page 75.]

A NOTABLE FRENCH NOVEL.

THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD (Member of the Institute). By ANATOLE FRANCE. The Translation and Introduction by LAFCADIO HEARN. 8vo, Paper, 50 Cents. No. 665 in *Harper's Franklin Square Library*.

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No. 1727.

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THAT CLASS OF AMERICANS CALLED AFRICANS.

SENATOR MORGAN, like all thoughtful public men in the Southern States, is perplexed by the negro problem, and proposes in effect the return of the colored citizens to Africa. It is not unnatural that those who hold that there is a fatal difference between the races, and that they can never mingle as equal citizens, but who bear the colored people no ill feeling and wish them well, should desire a separation of the races as the only solution of the situation, and that those who were in the beginning involuntary immigrants should go. Senator MORGAN perhaps is not aware that the first anti-slavery work published in this country was called *An Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans*. It was written by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, and was published in 1833. The essay exposed and emphasized the fact, which the colonization movement had entirely overlooked, that the great multitude of the colored laborers of the Southern States were no more Africans than the white planters were Europeans. Their ancestors may have come from Congo, as the ancestors of eminent New-Yorkers came from Holland. But the New-Yorker is not a Dutchman, and the colored South Carolinian is not an African.

This is a fact which is incontestable, and as Senator MORGAN will see, it is full of consequences. It would be, for instance, hardly a practicable undertaking for New York to return all her Yankees to New England, or her Germans to Germany, or her Polish Jews to Russia and Poland, or even her Irishmen to Ireland. Their coming, like that of the Chinese, might have been prevented, but their enforced going is now impossible. Americans must make the best of it, and while the older comers are already Americans, we must turn the new comers into good Americans as fast as possible. There are other views of this proposition of extruding the colored people from the country, which, although it seems whimsical, is yet seriously pondered by excellent men in the Southern States. In his Boston speech, which was Mr. H. W. GRADY'S last public word, the ardent Georgian said:

> "We give to the world this year a crop of 7,500,000 bales of cotton, worth $450,000,000, and its cash equivalent in grain, grasses, and fruit. This enormous crop could not have come from the hands of sullen and discontented labor. It comes from peaceful fields, in which laughter and gossip rise above the hum of industry, and contentment runs with the singing plough."

That is a pleasanter and more charming picture of Southern fields than Mr. OLMSTED was able to paint forty years ago. Is there no promise in it? Is it the cheery and contented labor which produced last year this enormous crop and its princely revenue that Senator MORGAN would exile to Africa? But Mr. GRADY continued:

> "I present the tax book of Georgia, which shows that the negro, twenty-five years ago a slave, has in Georgia alone $10,000,000 of assessed property, worth twice that much. Does not that record honor him and vindicate his neighbors?"

No such glowing account as Mr. GRADY'S has yet been given of the material prosperity and happy content of the colored people in the Southern States. The details are surprising to the great mass of readers in this part of the country. If Senator MORGAN could expatriate these native laborers, who are now, according to Mr. GRADY, happier than ever before—thrifty, progressive, zealous for education, and of constantly developing intelligence—how would he replace them? The scheme of expatriation is absolutely impracticable. The problem of the races in the Southern States is not to be solved by separation. That ought to be frankly and finally acknowledged, and the notion finally discarded. The solution, whatever it may be, must be based upon the postulate that the two races make a common people. The root of the difficulty is not industrial, but political. It is the ignorant ballot of "an inferior race" which Senator MORGAN would escape. But upon this point the Charleston *News and Courier*, in response to Professor PHELPS, of Andover, who asked in the *Congregationalist* whether Georgia, having educated the colored citizen up to the level of the Republican ballot in Massachusetts, would count his vote if it would elect, says, "Whenever an intelligent and reasonable ballot is cast by black hands, the South—South Carolina and Georgia—will count it as truly and honestly as Massachusetts." That is a complete answer to Professor PHELPS, who concedes that in the actual situation of Georgia, Massachusetts would do what Georgia does: only, he says, she would do it legally, without, however, stating how. But when the *News and Courier* asks whether its answer is explicit enough for every inquirer, we ask, in turn, does it think that it is? Who is to decide what is an intelligent and reasonable ballot? The inspectors of election? In New York we submit to the decision of ballots which we believe to be both ignorant and unreasonable, and sometimes even corrupt. We do so because the law defines the qualification of voters, and authorizes the majority to decide. If only the ballots which the *News and Courier* would consider intelligent and reasonable were counted there would be trouble.

A NEW SENATOR.

THE intention of the Constitution in creating the Senate was to provide a select body of men which should serve as a deliberative check upon the larger body of Representatives, thus securing ample consideration of all measures of national legislation. It was of course assumed that as but two Senators were to be chosen from each State, they would be men of signal distinction for public ability, experience, and intelligence. Such a man, for instance, is Senator SHERMAN, of Ohio. He is essentially a public man. He has proved his admirable capacity in high executive as well as legislative office. Unhappily he has been too intense a partisan, and has vainly sought to gratify his ambition by pandering to party spirit. But he is unquestionably one of the most eminent of public men now in active life, and an honor to the State of which he is a Senator. No intelligent American would deny that he is the kind of man of whom the framers of the Constitution supposed the Senate would be composed, and of whom his State may be justly proud, whatever differences of political opinion may exist among his constituents.

His State, however, has just given him a singular colleague. It was fair to suppose that Mr. SHERMAN'S political opponents, controlling the Legislature of the State, and desirous of elevating the prestige of a party long discredited, would select a colleague for Senator SHERMAN who by public character, ability, and service like his, or as nearly as might be, would have helped the effort of patriotic Democrats to regain for their party the confidence of the country. If Mr. BRICE, the Senator selected by the Democrats, has any especial qualification for the Senate, it has not been made public. He is a resident of New York, and if Ohio preferred to select a Senator from this city, it would seem that there must be some plain and decisive reason for so unusual a course, which would at once answer the wondering question which the selection of Mr. BRICE instantly excites.

No such reason, however, has been suggested. Yet it is the universal belief that had he been a poor man, Democratic Ohio would not have come to New York to take him for a Senator. In the same papers in which his nomination by the caucus was announced, it was stated that the late Republican Governor of Massachusetts, if he should wish to do so, might contest successfully at the next election the seat of one of her Representatives if he would pay $50,000. There was no hint that his character, ability, and public service without $50,000 would be of any avail in the contest for this public trust. It is not by such facts that the happy progress of popular institutions is illustrated or that high anticipations are justified. The defence of the Ohio Democrats which is offered by sensitive friends, and which consists in the assertion that nobody can prove corruption against the new Senator, is merely an insult to him. Why is corruption mentioned? Was it ever charged in the election of SUMNER, of FESSENDEN, of CHASE, of SEWARD, of THURMAN? Let it be conceded that the new Senator is a skilful party manager like Senator QUAY. Does any intelligent man believe that it is even a substantial party advantage to select such Senators, instead of such as we have named, or that any party can long maintain itself by management of the addition, division, and silence school?

TIMELY HINTS.

A CORRESPONDENT in Pittsburgh thinks it singular that the friends of ballot reform in New York have not exposed the utter weakness of the HILL-GORMAN argument that the reformed ballot law disfranchises illiterates. He points out that the objection lies against any system of voting in which printed ballots are used. A voter who cannot read must, under any system, necessarily depend upon some one who can read to select his ballot. At present in this State he depends for that service upon the ward "heeler" or the district "hustler"; and whenever it is the interest of these worthies to deceive him, they do so without the slightest compunction. Under the Australian or reformed system, and this is one of its strongest points, the illiterate voter is assisted by a sworn officer instead of a boss's heeler, and is thus protected from deception and imposition. Nothing can be clearer or simpler than this truth.

A correspondent in Maryland admits that the immense improvement in the methods of election which will be secured by the reformed system is undeniable. It has been already amply demonstrated, and can no longer reasonably be disputed. But he adds that the new system, while preventing the usual bribery or buying voters to use a particular ballot, does not prevent buying voters not to vote at all, which is a point well worth consideration. At present a voter of any one party can be bribed to vote for the candidate of the other party, thus practically securing two votes for every voter bought by the briber, and under the reformed system this double count will be stopped. But the briber will then resort to the next best thing, bribing the voter not to vote at all. In such a bargain, even under the reformed law, the briber can satisfy himself that he receives the consideration. Undoubtedly the absolute result of such bribery will be less satisfactory than under the present positive system of buying a vote, but the conditions for both sides are so easy that it is fair to assume that the number of vote-sellers will largely increase. It is easier for a man to agree not to vote than to vote against his party, and the bribe is more seductive when the bargain is negative, consisting in escape from the discomforts and jealous scrutiny and inquiry at the polls, and in securing a day of leisure for unwatched enjoyment. Thus bribery or vote-selling in this form will continue even under the reformed system, signal as the improvement of that system will be. Our correspondent suggests, therefore, stronger laws against vote-buying in every form.

Such laws, he thinks, should exempt the bribe-taker from all penalty, and place it wholly upon the vote-buyer, as has been often proposed. The need of such laws is increased just in the degree of the extent of pecuniary interest in the result of an election. In a country where only the candidate or his agents are thus interested, secret voting may substantially put an end to vote-buying. But where the entire civil service has a vital pecuniary stake in the result, and a candidate's expenses are unlimited, and no account of election expenses is required, the situation is very different. The corruption fund will be always enormous when the whole civil service is put up as the prize of the election. The suggestion of our correspondent is timely, and fortunately there is little doubt that the same good sense which secures the reform ballot law will remedy its defects as they appear.

BLOCKS OF FIVE.

SENATOR EDMUNDS is a man of plain speech and impatient of shams, and it is very easy to understand his restiveness at a lecture upon honest politics from Senator VOORHEES. The latter gentleman's conduct and attitude during the war, as they are generally understood, were not such as to conciliate the prepossession of old Union men, and the party of which he is a distinguished member, and which has just selected a Senator in Ohio, is not in a position to reprove any other party for corrupt motives and methods.

All this may be fully conceded. But because there is unquestionable corruption in both parties, is nothing to be done? Because Indiana, according to high Republican authority, was carried by "soap" in 1880, and because "floaters in blocks of five" were probably "voted" according to Republican instructions, or without instructions, in 1888, must we all quietly submit to have our honest votes neutralized by scoundrels unless Republicans in good standing call attention to the facts? And must it be George F. Edmunds who suggests, what nobody believes, that perhaps the Dudley letter was a forgery? No man in the country has pointed out more clearly or denounced more strongly than Mr. Edmunds the consequences of a corrupt use of money in politics, and what can possibly be a worse consequence than that party spirit should incline even him to treat the matter gayly or indifferently?

It was fair for a Republican to strip Mr. Voorhees's proposition of all details which were designed to serve a mere party purpose. But it was unfortunate for an honest man and a true patriot like Mr. Edmunds to obstruct in any way or degree as a partisan an inquiry into one of the most flagrant acts of a kind which Mr. Edmunds has severely condemned as essentially fatal to free institutions.

STATE ROADS.

In the midst of Governor Hill's recent message there is a recommendation of great public interest which is worthy of careful attention. Reminding the Legislature of what its rural members know only too well, that country roads are generally in the most unsatisfactory condition, often impassable during large portions of the year except with great discomfort, and seldom kept in proper repair, the Governor states that, bad as they are, they are getting worse, and that some adequate remedy should be devised. The roads of a State, he holds, while a local convenience, are in a broader and more comprehensive sense a public convenience for the people of the whole State, and he thus leads up to his suggestion.

This is that the State should construct in every county two roads intersecting each other in about the centre of the county, connecting with similar roads in the adjoining counties, and so forming a system of State roads to be thoroughly made and maintained at the expense of the State at large. This would secure rapid, prompt, convenient, and comfortable access for all the citizens of the State to every part of it, however remote and secluded, while the excellence of the roads would stimulate every community to emulate them in constructing the ordinary local highways.

The project opens halcyon prospects to the rural citizen, and the Governor does not apprehend serious opposition from the residents of cities. Precedents for such action he finds in former liberal grants of the State for such objects, and in the State aid given to the free canals and to the construction of certain railroads. The local objections to canal and railroad grants would be obviated by the fact of the universally diffused benefits of the proposed system of roads. Many years would be required for the completion of such an enterprise, and before any debt should be contracted the wishes of the people of the State would be ascertained in accordance with the constitution.

MR. LEA'S HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.

Mr. Henry C. Lea's great work, *The History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, is one of the triumphs of American scholarship, and it has been received abroad with an interest and respect not often accorded to an American work. This, however, is not surprising, for it is concerned with the history of every Continental nation from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, thus traversing ground which has been the object of earnest study by native scholars of all lands, and discussing points which have always been subjects of bitter controversy, yet everywhere the portions selected for special praise are those with which the writers are most familiar.

An enlightened Catholic of immense learning, like Lord Acton, in the *English Historical Review*, is particularly impressed with its impartial presentment of facts and exhaustiveness of research. Professor Bernhardi, in *Sybel's Historische Zeitschrift*, regards its treatment of John Huss and the Hussites as worthy of special commendation. M. C. V. Langlois, in the *Revue Historique*, pronounces the chapter on the trial of the Templars as the best account of that catastrophe yet given to the world. Professor Édouard Montet, in the *Annales de Bibliographie Théologique*, selects the portion devoted to the Waldenses as peculiarly deserving of praise. Professor Tocco, in the *Archivio Storico Italiano*, lays especial stress on its ample treatment of Italian affairs and the new light shed upon them by its hitherto unpublished documents.

Each scholar seems to be impressed with that part of the work to which his own studies have been devoted, thus fulfilling the forecast of the *Saturday Review*, "that his work will be valued in proportion to the knowledge that his readers already have of the period on which he writes."

A GOOD REPORT.

The annual report of the Civil Service Commission of the State of New York contains some very interesting and significant facts. They are official statements which are of more importance than the loose allegations of the professional politicians, who hate the reformed system because it deprives them of chances to bribe by patronage. The number of non-competitive places in the State service, such as attendants in asylums, prison guards, etc., who are required to write and to know the fundamental rules of arithmetic is 2469. There are 410 places to which the competitive system applies, and there are 217 excepted altogether.

No complaint has been made that the examinations are not fair tests, or that they have not been fairly conducted. Heads of departments testify uniformly to the ability and efficiency of the persons selected by examination, and the evidence is ample that the character of the employés holding minor places has greatly improved during the last few years. Such facts as these attested by the Commission are incontrovertible evidence of the advantage of the reformed system to the State, and they justify the remark which the late head of the Commission, General Sickles, is understood recently to have made, "My own belief is, after two years of careful observation, that the civil service law and regulations, fairly administered, will commend the system of appointment to general favor among the people of our State." It cannot be denied that such an opinion from a man long and intimately familiar with "practical politics," who can have no motive but to say what he honestly thinks upon the subject, is very valuable and significant.

During the year there were 821 persons who were found qualified upon examination. Of these, 199 were in the competitive schedule, and 622 in the non-competitive. Of the former, 47 were appointed, and all of the latter. Of the 199, there were 96 who had studied in the common schools only; 46 in the academies; and 15 in the colleges. This fact shows that the common school, and not the college, is the great recruiting-ground of the service. If eligible lists are found generally to be too large, they can be diminished by raising the minimum standard, because the State is entitled to the best qualified servants. Doubtless with larger experience the whole system will be improved in details, and for its suggestive facts the report of the State Commission is one of the most important and interesting public documents of the year.

THE NEW CITY BUILDING.

The rivalry among newspapers is now so searching and alert that the growing disposition to resent the intrusion of reporters into the concerns of private life, and to disbelieve statements for the very reason that they appear in the newspaper, is not surprising. But when all exceptions are allowed, the value and force of the press as a public eye and voice were never so plain. One of the most recent illustrations of this truth is the arrest of the scheme for devastating the City Hall Park by the erection of certain new public buildings. The omnipresent press suddenly exposed the scheme, like a detective turning his lantern upon a thief. The facts and details were laid before the public, and a public opinion was at once aroused which called a halt.

The last Legislature authorized the erection of the buildings. But the public protest made by the press has arrested action, and the Mayor now states in his message that the Commissioners have decided to wait before proceeding until the Legislature has had time to amend or to continue the existing law. The Mayor also hopes that public opinion will assert itself so plainly that the settlement may have the sanction of a clearly expressed public judgment. Nothing is more desirable, and that judgment has been already clearly expressed.

Not only the unanimous voice of the press, but the hearings in the Mayor's office last September have manifested unmistakably the feeling of the city. If that feeling is honestly and adequately represented at Albany, there can be no misapprehension on the part of the Legislature. The shutting up of any of the remaining open space in the park, which is now both healthful and ornamental, would be a serious blow to the city. Space for the new building can be found elsewhere, and the present hope and expectation are that the Legislature will prohibit its erection in open grounds which should be kept open for the benefit of the city.

ENGLAND AND PORTUGAL.

In the political excitements of this century in Europe the students of the universities have always played a prominent part. During the Napoleonic wars in the beginning of the century the German students did much to support the patriotic leadership of Stein by arousing popular enthusiasm, and the Russian students are always more or less "suspect" by the police agents of the government. Freedom is the university tradition, and a sudden political movement of students is generally republican. They serve as ringleaders of the mob, as just now in Portugal, where they parade the streets of Lisbon denouncing the British government, accusing the Portuguese ministry of cowardice, and veiling the statue of the old Portuguese navigators in black as a sign of national mourning for national humiliation.

Great Britain has sent an ultimatum, and Portugal yields under protest. According to a circular note of the Portuguese government, the English ultimatum was unmannerly, and was despatched upon a mere newspaper rumor that a Portuguese major in the interior of Africa had disobeyed certain instructions sent to him in consequence of a note from England, the fact being that the major had not received the orders and consequently had not disregarded them. Meanwhile the students cry "Down with England" and cheer for Major Pinto.

There will be no war between Great Britain and Portugal. The dispute is over a question of alleged territorial rights in Africa; in other words, it is a conflict of interests in a region where "rights" depend upon the strong hand, and as no other great power has interests enough in the region to care to interfere, the only result may be one which is not cognate to the situation, namely, to strengthen republican feeling in Portugal. There is a republican party organized in the country, and whatever can be made to discredit the monarchy will naturally foster republican sentiment. But there is no general evidence of any national readiness for a republican revolution in Portugal.

MR. THOMAS AT THE LENOX.

Mr. Theodore Thomas has begun with great success a series of concerts in the Lenox Lyceum, which is designed to be popular in the best sense, that is, of music which is at once good and generally pleasing. Of the higher range of such music is the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven, which was played incomparably at the last Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of Mr. Thomas. It may be safely said that no audience which would be attracted to the Thomas popular concerts at the Lenox but would be delighted, especially by the second movement of that symphony.

The secret of general popular attractiveness in music is undoubtedly a marked and simple melody in the Mozart and Beethoven sense, played with the precision and effect which distinguish Mr. Thomas's leadership. But the melody need not be slight or trivial, and the whole work, or the work from which it is taken, may be a classic. The delight of the Philharmonic audience in what our critical friends call that "number" of the concert was spontaneous and evident. It was not the pleasure of students only, nor of connoisseurs, nor of a school or a fashion in music, but the instinctive pleasure with which any form of beauty is recognized and greeted.

At the Lyceum, as at the Philharmonic, Madame Clementine de Vere has proved herself a remarkably accomplished singer, with a true and fine voice. Her ease and security of vocalization and her quality of tone are alike charming, and few concert singers have recently attained a more unquestionable success. Mr. Thomas has demonstrated that the great and acknowledged masters of music need not be barred from truly popular concerts, and it may be well asked whether that movement of the Eighth Symphony will ever lose its charm for the musically susceptible ear.

THE LATE MR. WALKER BLAINE.

It is conceded on all sides that the late Mr. Walker Blaine was a man of unusual ability, and of a public training which promised a distinguished career. He was his father's confidential friend and counsellor, upon whose judgment Mr. Blaine gladly relied, and of whose qualities and prospects he was justly proud. In social and official intercourse Mr. Walker Blaine is described as urbane and gentle, with a tact and charm that won for him in all circles a cordial welcome. In the sore bereavement of his son's sudden death the Secretary of State and his family will receive universal sympathy.

PERSONAL.

The late Congressman William D. Kelley was an inveterate smoker and chewer of tobacco till within the last few years of his life, but the appearance of a cancerous growth in his cheek, and the warning given him by the death of General Grant, led him to give up the habit to which he had been attached for over fifty years.

—Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Virginia, the colored clergyman who won fame by his sermon, "De Sun do move," has just preached the sermon for the one-hundred-and-seventy-fifth time. He is growing old, but his fifty years of preaching do not seem to have lessened the vigor with which he presents his favorite themes. Till the close of the war Mr. Jasper was a slave. His present church, although not organized till 1867, now has two thousand members, who worship in a handsome edifice. Next to his preaching, the pastor prides himself on his skill in officiating at baptisms, and it is said that on one occasion he baptized three hundred persons within an hour.

—Clara Morris when a girl acted minor parts in plays where John Wilkes Booth was the star, and has taken up the cudgels quite vigorously in his defence against recent published statements that he was commonplace in his acting and a bravo in his general life. Miss Morris believes that he, more than any of the other sons, possessed the genius of his great father, and says that to his inferiors in the profession he was always gentle, considerate, and kind.

—Devotion to duty and an exceedingly kindly spirit marked the life of the late Stephen A. Hubbard, who was for twenty-three years managing editor of the Hartford (Connecticut) *Courant*. At one time he was associated with E. C. Stedman in the publication of the *Herald* at Winsted, Connecticut, and all his life, from the time he began learning the printing business at Amherst, Massachusetts, has been spent in a newspaper atmosphere.

—Hon. John Bigelow, ex-Minister to France, started not long ago for an extensive trip in Europe, but has been recalled from Copenhagen by the death of a son-in-law.

—Emin Pasha has been made a Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Koenigsberg.

—Seven of the twenty-seven widows made by the massacre of the Little Big Horn were officers' wives, and four of these were strongly bound together by the ties of relationship and friendship. Their husbands were General Custer, Captain Yates, and Lieutenants Calhoun and Smith. The quartette of women were all thrown on their own resources, and have bravely met the demands made of them. Mrs. Custer has won an enviable literary reputation. Mrs. Calhoun, a sister of General Custer, studied elocution, and is a successful recitationist. Mrs. Yates had three children to support and educate, and is doing it by giving dancing lessons; while Mrs. Smith is a skilled worker in embroidery.

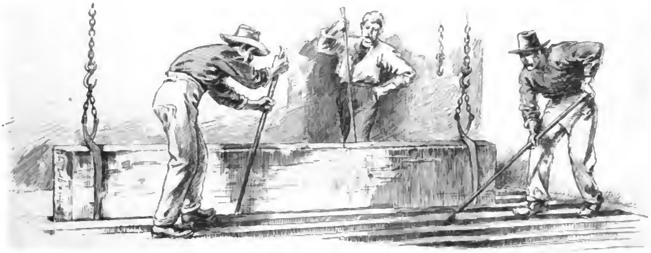
—The military service of the late Lord Napier of Magdala covered a period of sixty-three years, nearly all of it being spent in active campaigning in India and other countries where British conquest was sought. The storming of the fortress of Magdala, in Abyssinia, gave him his title and a pension of $10,000 a year, and in 1876 he was made Governor of Gibraltar, with a salary of $25,000. He resigned this post in 1882, and since then has held the commission of Field Marshal.

—A full-blooded Moor, Madame Margaret Vayo, died in Boston recently at the age of one hundred years. She was brought to this country by Jesse Hallister, of Burlington, Vermont, a captain in the Revolutionary war, and thoroughly educated. Having married Louis Vayo, a Frenchman, she had eleven children, several of whom became quite celebrated as musicians.

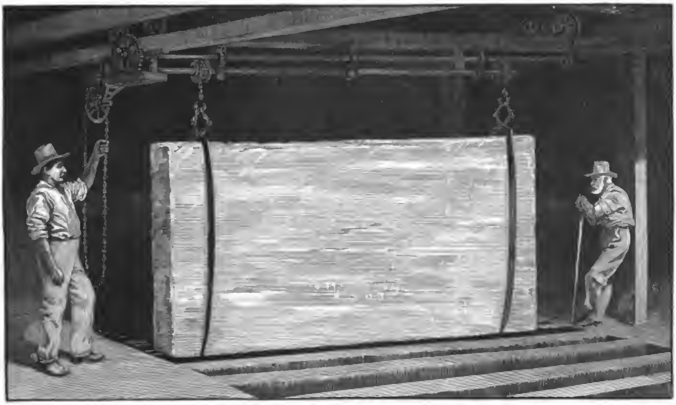
—Among the Mongolian residents of Mott Street is Whong Fok, an aged and distinguished-looking Celestial, who keeps himself aloof from his countrymen, but seems to delight in deeds of charity. He is said to have distinguished himself in the famous Tai Ping rebellion of years ago, and to have fled the country to save his head. His life as a hermit is a self-imposed penance for wrongs committed as a rebel.

—The Emperor, Princes, Generals, Cabinet Ministers, and Ambassadors attended the funeral of the late Cardinal Prince Archbishop of Vienna, the son of Farmer Gangelbauer, of Upper Austria, and humble peasants stood side by side with court dignitaries during the splendid ceremonial. Celestin Gangelbauer became a monk while a young man, and rose step by step till he was the Primate of the Austrian Empire, with an annual stipend of $30,000. He gave largely to the poor, and left but a small fortune. His successor will probably be Cardinal Count Schoenborn, Archbishop of Prague, formerly an officer of cavalry, and who greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Sadowa.

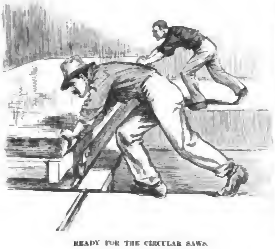
—Henry W. Grady was a most enterprising newspaper man. He reached Charleston at ten o'clock on the night after the earthquake, and by 2 a.m. had put eight columns on the wires, his report of the occurrence in the Atlanta *Constitution* being generally accepted as the best sent out. At another time he employed four hundred men and as many horses in gathering the returns of two important Congressional elections in the mountain districts of Georgia, and had the full result within ten hours after the polls had closed, although it cost him $2200 to do it.



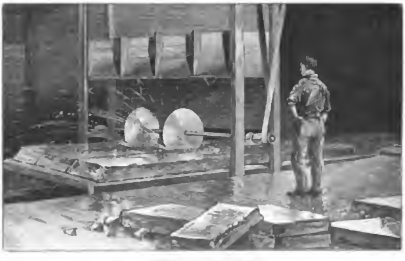
EXAMINING SLAB OF ICE IN PROCESS OF FREEZING.



COMPLETELY FROZEN—WEIGHT, FOUR AND A HALF TONS.



READY FOR THE CIRCULAR SAWS.



SAWING INTO SMALL PIECES.

ARTIFICIAL ICE MANUFACTURE.—From Sketches by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 67.]

madness almost at the moment that he was saved.

For myself, I had nothing to add to these horrors; yet such was my frame of mind that I found a certain bitter gladness in listening to the telling of them, and in tracing between them and our own case the ghastly parallel. In our talk, which went on in English, Fray Antonio took no part; but he could follow well enough the meaning of it in our tones. On his face was an expression of tender melancholy that seemed to me to tell of sorrow for us rather than of dread of what might be in store for himself; and that this truly was his mood was shown when the others paused, sated and appalled by the horrors which they had conjured up, and he spoke at last.

It was not a sermon that Fray Antonio gave us; but out of the abundant store of faith by which he himself was sustained he strove to comfort us with thoughts of better things than life can give. And with the promise of hope, that he held out to us with the solemn authority that was vested in him by reason of the service to which he was vowed, he mingled a certain yearning for us, very moving, that came of the love and the tender gentleness that was in his own heart. And yet, though he knew that, excepting Pablo, we all were heretics according to his own creed, there was no word of doctrine in all of his discourse. Rather was what he said a simple setting forth of that primitive Christianity which has its beginning and its ending in a simple faith in an all-pervading, all-protecting love. And of this love, as it seemed to me, he himself was the human embodiment. Looking in his gentle face, which yet had such high courage, such noble resolution in it, I felt that in him the spirit of the saints and martyrs of long past ages lived again.

With our souls soothed and strengthened by what Fray Antonio had spoken to us, we lay down at last to sleep; yet was it impossible for us to drive out from our hearts that natural sadness which men must feel who know that they have failed in a strong effort to accomplish a project very dear to them, and who know also that they are standing upon the very threshold of a most tormenting death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CLUBS OF BOSTON.

(Continued from page 80, Supplement.)

From Boylston Street the club, growing prosperous as Boston recognized that it was really wanted, moved into its present house on the Back Bay, once the dwelling-house of one of the city's leading bankers. And now within its walls one may hear good talk, and be reasonably sure of those delights for which Sam Johnson founded his tavern-haunting assemblies of good fellows. And one may meet straying actors, playwrights, authors well favored by fortune, and authors whose unsuccessful volume does not count so long as they have ready tongues and merry wits. And there are Saturday evening meetings, called smoke talks, held in the big gallery in which the artists show their handiwork (for the borderland is preserved), and at these smoke talks papers are read, and are disputed about by men who sit at round tables, where they partake of tobacco and beer along with their intellectual provender. And, finally, there are concerts given on Sunday afternoons by an orchestra of members, and to these come the very elect, both men and women, for even so has Boston become wider and more nearly in touch with modern civilization; but it is not the St. Botolph, most genial and sparkling club as it is, that has brought about this state of things, but the club is the blossom of the life about it, and having once bloomed, its fragrance has permeated the whole community.

It will be observed, I hope, that no wonder is expressed at this employment of Sunday, and no mention has been made of the Puritan Sabbath. It is quite as absurd to be playful on the difference between modern life and Puritan theories as to express curious astonishment at the abstention of modern civilized man from the practices of cannibalism. There is no humor in a fact so long established as to be commonplace. The Puritans lived in the early youth of the race, and would be astonished by nearly everything that occurs in the daily lives of their very much more highly developed descendants. They would not only be horrified by the Sunday concerts at the St. Botolph, but conscientiously neglectful of their divinely formed bodies as they were, they would have shaken their lank clumps at the swimming pool, the baths, the gymnasium, and the tennis-courts on the roof of the great Athletic Club, which is a noble monument to Bostonian worship at the shrine of muscle.

In the modern love of sports, Boston holds first place. The Country Club at Brookline, successor to the Myopia Club, established by a family of short-sighted youth, is the oldest of our country clubs, and the still existent Myopia Hunt dates far back. There are more athletics to the individual than in any other city of the Union. Rowing races were an institution of the municipal Fourth of July celebration when they were in their merest infancy on the Harlem River. There are yachtsmen in New York as well as in Boston, and hard riders over hurdles and after the hounds, tennis-players, and what not. Whether the metropolis contains the famous boxers that were to be found at the Crib Club is a question that would be doubted by the gilded youth who remember witnessing the early efforts of the renowned Sullivan and other great men in the mills that were held under the auspices of the club. Out of this old boxing organization, at which a vast amount of local talent was developed, grew the Athletic Club, which is one of the largest organizations of its kind in the country. It is one of those vast concerns with which we are becoming more familiar, provided with the means for strengthening the bodies of the human race. The men who build such a club-house as that of the Athletic Club, of Boston, at least appreciate the body at its true worth. Here exercise is surrounded by all that luxury can bestow, and pampered appetite can find its corrective under the roof where it is gratified. Athletic clubs are possible because their membership is enormous. Thus far the Boston club has not undertaken to maintain a race of runners, hammer throwers, putters of the shot, and other experts, for the purpose of winning prizes. It may be, in the time to come, that the Bostonians will grow up to the adoption of this trick, but thus far they have been in the habit of doing their own feats of strength and agility, as they have usually sailed their own yachts, even in those momentous preliminary trials in which the cup defenders were chosen.

The Country Club, originally instituted as a hunt club, is what all country clubs have become. Its pleasant house in Brookline, the most beautiful suburb of Boston, is a place to which one drives or rides, where excellent dinners are served, and whither people go for dances. Either there is something more frolicsome in a ball at a country club, or else there is a deal of enjoyment on the way there and back. And the Country Club of Boston is admirably situated for getting the full enjoyment out of this process of going and returning, for it is not, like the Country Club of Westchester, far from the homes of citizens, nor is the approach over the rough roads of towns that will not mend their ways. Brookline is not far away, and the roads are so hard and smooth that they would gratify the soul of the Scotchman who invented them.

Unique among clubs is the Tavern, which had its origin in a restaurant where an Italian cooked his native dish after a fashion so common in New York that dozens of places can be found here where the macaroni is quite as good as that which actually astonished the provincial palate of Boston—for it must have been realized before now by any one who has had the patience to read so far that Boston cannot be so intensely local and individual without being also intensely provincial. In New York the Italian would have continued to keep his little restaurant, serving his macaroni to appreciative customers, no strangers to his dainty art; but in Boston his art was new, and there being added to the local lovers of the pasty stems some foreign musicians, the restaurant became a quaint club, full of the fun and spirit of which musicians and artists were the centre. William D. Howells was its first president, and it has now a building of its own. It is another outgrowth of the development which has made the St. Botolph possible and prosperous.

To mention all the clubs of Boston would be to introduce into the article what, according to Freshman criticism, is a defect which not only mars the Second Book of the Iliad, but is so obtrusive and expansive as to come in time to be the only feature of the epic that is recalled by Bachelors of Arts. Moreover, to name the Suffolk, the Central, and the many-motived dining clubs would be merely to demonstrate that Boston human nature is like its kind the world over, and loves segregation. We must be content with showing the kind of club life that Boston possesses, avoiding the error into which Homer fell, and the vain and foolish labor of demonstrating an axiom. All cities, and all men of happy social disposition, have their clubs, which are precisely what they are made by those who frequent them.

IDEALITY.

THEY brought high honor, loyalty to truth,
  A swift keen justice, and an iron will,
Yet stern—those grand old Puritans, in sooth—
  As that wild shore when winter winds were shrill.
  A light, a fire, a something mocked them still—
A light that waked in sweet Priscilla's eyes;
A fire that flashed, defiant of disguise,
  Through many a heart devoid of outward ruth;
A something born of Heaven that never dies.

In that grim soil, beneath its rock and snow,
  A spirit slumbered, biding till its hour.
The spirit wakes, the seasons come and go,
  And the wide land is glad with fruit and flower.
  The years roll on, and lo! that subtle power
Those stern hearts vainly strove to crush in shame
Has fired men's souls to higher, holier aim
From Maine's dark pines to Rio Grande's flow,
  From sea to sea—a deathless, heaven-born flame.

CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.

ICE-MAKING IN NEW ORLEANS.

ICE is not now so much a luxury as a necessity of civilization. In northern latitudes it is one of the few simple products of nature which enter unchanged into consumption, and cannot be improved or imitated. Southern latitudes could only get it, however, by bringing it from the perpetual reservoirs of mountain snow fields and glaciers, or from deep caves, as is done in some foreign countries, or else by importation from the stores collected upon Northern lakes and rivers.

With the knowledge of chemistry, however, came a discovery of a means for producing cold artificially under limited conditions; and with the advance of mechanical ingenuity there arose inventions for the application of this chemical knowledge upon a large scale. Hence ice can now be manufactured in the warmest climates in any amount required, and this can be done so cheaply that in this country the old business of carrying it from the Northern to Southern States has well-nigh disappeared. Every Southern town now has its ice factory, and in the larger cities several may be found, and their product is superior to any but the clearest natural ice, frozen under the sudden and severe cold of the St. Lawrence Valley, while its substance is as pure as the distilled water of which it is made.

The machinery and apparatus required for making ice commercially form an extensive plant. There must be a powerful engine to drive the pumps; great iron retorts to hold the aqua ammonia and generate the gas, and to receive it again; a long system of pipe coils for the circulation of the gas; and extensive vats, in which the ice-cans are placed and the ice formed.

The process is simple in its philosophy, and depends upon the heat-absorbing power of a substance which is expanding after great condensation. The substance used in this case is ammonia. Mixed with water to the amount of 26 per cent., it is placed in one or more great cylinders or retorts, which contain coils of pipe. Into these pipes steam is sent, heating the contents of the retort until the ammonia is separated from the water and forced out into another retort, where it is subjected to a pressure of something over 200 pounds to the square inch, under which it liquefies.

In another room, which has double walls and ceiling and protected doors, as in a refrigerator, are arranged one or maybe several vats, each perhaps 50 feet square and 10 feet high, in which are suspended from the top frame or covering as many cans, made of galvanized iron, as the space will accommodate. A convenient size is a can about 4 feet high, 8 inches wide one way and 16 inches the other, which will hold a cake weighing just 200 pounds. Some, however, are much larger than this, as is the case in some of the New Orleans factories, where the cakes are slabs extending clear across the vat, which need to be sawed up before marketing. Between all these cans, as they hang in the vat, pass lines of iron pipe, connected with mains outside that lead from the retorts, and the whole vat is filled with brine; so that when the cans are all in place the space between them is filled with salt-water, in which they are immersed up to their rims. This brine is kept in motion by pumps, so as to maintain a uniform temperature throughout.

Such is the whole apparatus for manufacture. In the great condensation to which the ammonia gas has been subjected in order to liquefy it, it has been obliged to part with its heat, and the large pipes in which it is carried to the vats are white with frost, showing how cold they are.

When ice is to be made, the cans are filled with distilled water—the machinery for producing which is a part of the plant—and covered with thick caps. Then the stopcocks are turned, and the ammonia admitted from the main pipe into the coils that run throughout the brine in the vat.

The instant the tremendous pressure is relieved by opening the stopcocks, the liquid ammonia expands into gas, and rushes to fill every coil of the pipes. In this expansion it must reassume the amount of heat it parted with when undergoing condensation, and it extracts it from the surrounding brine, which presently becomes so cold that it in turn extracts all the heat there is in the distilled water within the cans, which at once begins to congeal, as would the water outside the cans were it not saline and in motion.

In a few hours each can is found to contain a block of solid ice. A travelling pulley is then rolled over it, hooks are fastened to the can; it is hoisted out of the vat, lowered for a moment into a bath of warm water to loosen the ice, and then upset, whereupon the block slides out, and is taken away to be stored, or put into a delivery wagon, or placed in front of a circular saw and divided into smaller blocks.

A perfect block of such ice is as white, transparent, and flawless as a cube of flint-glass—a perfection due to the absence of any air whatever in the distilled water from which it is made. Spring, or hydrant water, however pure, will not answer here, as it contains so much air that the ice would look like snow, and have little solidity or value. With the greatest precaution, however, some air will get mixed into almost every canful, and will appear in the ice as a core or tree-shaped centre of quill-like bubbles, which is sometimes exceedingly beautiful. The freezing always begins at the bottom and sides, driving the air to the centre and proceeding toward the top, so that the cans do not burst. Of course a fish, meat, fruit, or anything else suspended in the water of the can will be enclosed in the ice with handsome effect. This ice is sold at wholesale for from 40 to 50 cents a hundredweight; at retail for 65 to 75 cents.

After the ammonia gas has done its work, it is returned to a retort, and thence conducted again to its starting-place, where it is reabsorbed by the water, and can be used over again. Thus the process goes on continuously as long as needed. There is some waste, of course, which is supplied by pure or anhydrous ammonia. One of the curiosities of the factory is to set a cup of this on the stove. It will boil almost immediately, but the unlearned visitor is astounded to see mercury drop far below freezing-point when it is plunged into the vaporous ebullition.

Attached to many ice factories are cold storage-rooms, in which a low temperature is maintained by pumping into them or their surrounding chambers the cold air produced in the ice-making. The pump which does this work will be fire-hot at one end, where it gets its steam-power, and thickly glazed with ice at the other end, where the cold air is fed to it.

STORM AND CALM.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I.—STORM.

OVER the leaden sea the wind blows shrill,
  Hurling the billows on the sullen shore;
  It thunders with the battle's brazen roar,
Piling the waves in many an angry hill;
The tempest bellows with a maddened will.
  What surging harmonies its trumpets pour,
  In choruses that to the heavens soar,
And all the sky with rumbling tumult fill!
While variations of its wind-swept wail
  Are intermingled with the sudden booms
    Of seething breakers on the shore of night.
Out of the inky darkness and the gale
  Calmly, defiantly the light-house looms,
    All-glorious in its wreath of living light.

II.—CALM.

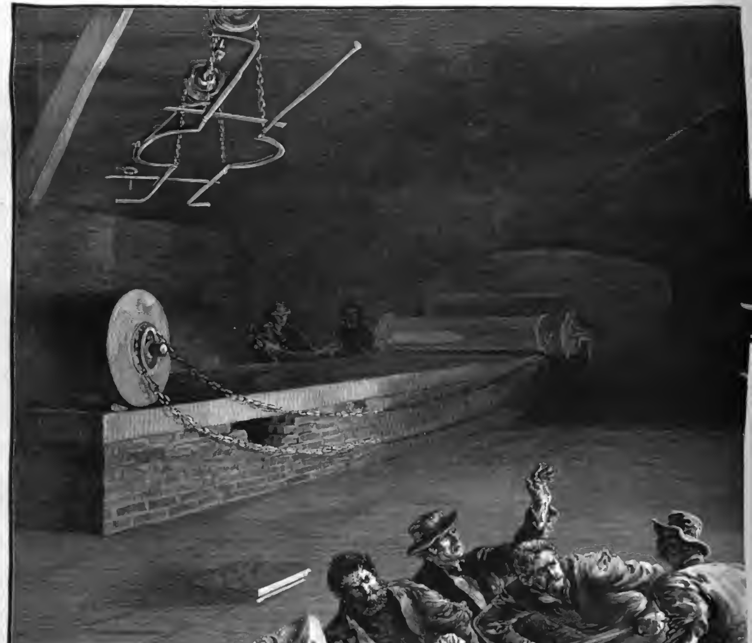
Now morning on the pulseless ocean throws
  Its white-winged kiss, and in the smile of day
  Dissolves the sea's pale drapery of spray,
While the new moon beneath its bosom goes;
It shimmers faintly in the kindling rose
  Of dawn that flecks the weary wastes of gray.
  A soothing quiet stretches far away
That seems the incarnation of repose;
The music of the sea—that's never still—
  Breathes its celestial spirit on the calm,
    Like a soft prelude from the tide of sleep,
While the first sunbeams tremulously fill
  Yon idle sail that, spread for isles of palm,
    Rests like a day-dream on the shining deep.

THE FATE OF BOOKS.

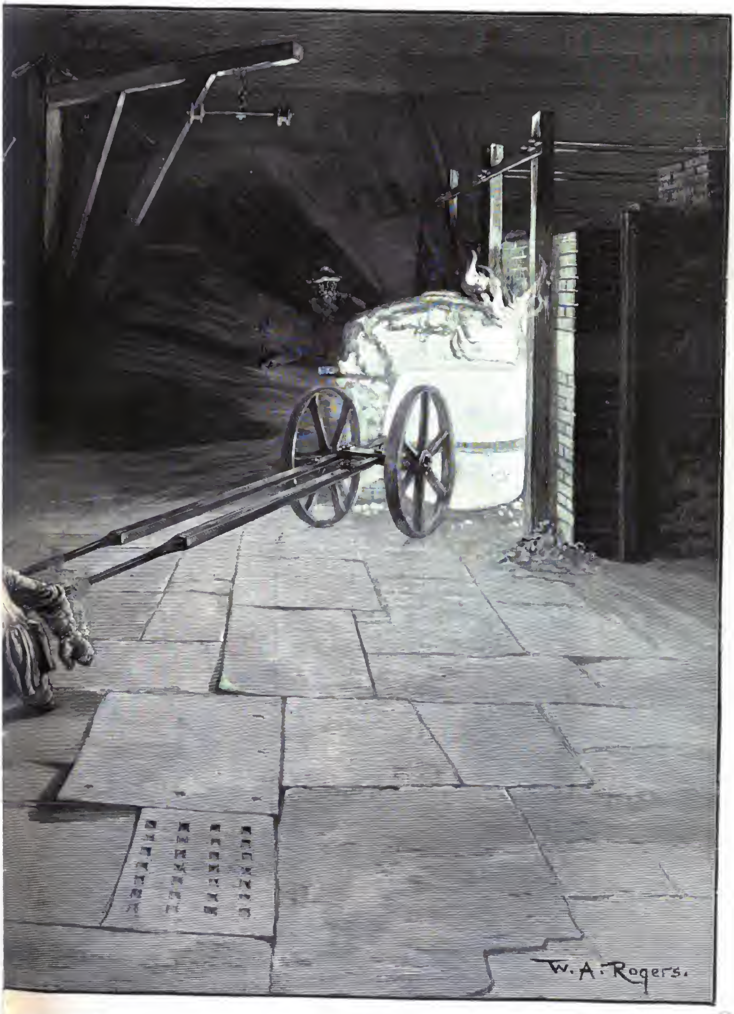
THE ups and downs of many an important literary work of antiquity have been most singular. In a very unique way they demonstrate the correctness of the classical dictum "habent sua fata libelli." It is well known that the accidental discovery in a waste-basket in the Mount Sinai Cloister of several leaves of the *Codex Sinaiticus* led to the finding by Tischendorf of that most famous manuscript of the New Testament. A recent publication by the French savant Omont has drawn attention to the strange fate of another old manuscript, and at the same time indicates the laborious methods to which scholars must resort in order to rediscover some of the lost remains of ancient literatures. In one of the well-known cloisters on Mount Athos, where more than twenty thousand Greek manuscripts are preserved and awaiting further research, there existed at one time a sixth-century copy of the Pauline epistles. In the thirteenth century monkish ignorance destroyed this valuable document, and used the leaves as binding for later and inferior books. A number of these manuscripts in the seventeenth century found their way to western Europe, and came into possession of the French Chancellor, Pierre Seguier, and are now found in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* in Paris. In the year 1715 Montfaucon found in these bindings fourteen leaves of this old epistle manuscript. Some years later other leaves were found, namely, two in the Synodical Library at Moscow; four in the possession of Bishop Porfiri and of the Abbot Antonius, of Kiew; two in the University Library at Turin; nine in the library of the Lawra Cloister on Mount Athos. In this way thirty-one leaves of this manuscript had been rediscovered, but scattered over all Europe. To these Omont has added ten more, one of which was found in the Rumjanzen Museum at Moscow, and nine in the collection which the French specialist in Greek literature, Emmanuel Miller, had found in an Athos cloister, and had been secured by the National Library in Paris. Of these nine leaves, however, two had in the beginning of this century in some way or other found their way to St. Petersburg, where also one of the leaves of the nine originally belonging to Bishop Porfiri was rediscovered; and of the nine leaves which Duchesne in 1875 found in the cloister Lawra, one is now in Paris.

Accordingly, the forty-one leaves of this sixth-century manuscript are found scattered in no fewer than eight libraries, namely, twenty-two in the National Library of Paris, eight in the Lawra Cloister on Mount Athos, two in the Synodical Library at Moscow, one in the Rumjanzen Museum at Moscow, three in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, three in the Academy of Kiew, and two in the University at Turin. And yet these leaves contain only about the one-tenth of all the epistles, namely, 234 verses, divided as follows: 16 from I. Corinthians, 42 from II. Corinthians, 26 from Galatians, 29 from Colossians, 18 from I. Thessalonians, 44 from Hebrews, 40 from I. Timothy, 9 from II. Timothy, and 18 from Titus.

By a similar process Professor de Goeje, of Leyden, has succeeded in rediscovering the works of Tabari, who for Arabic historiography is what Thucydides is for the Greek and Livy for the Latin. His history was supposed to have been lost, with the exception of a few fragments. De Goeje, through correspondence with nearly all the libraries of Europe, and many in the Moslem lands, has been able to gather together again all the parts and portions of this standard work, to which the library of the leading mosque in Tunis furnished the chief contribution. Literary coadjutors are at work in dozens of libraries copying and collating the fragments, and it is supposed that five years will elapse before the whole of this valuable work will be given to the historian and Orientalist.



DRAWING A POT OF MOLTEN GLASS FROM THE FURNACE.—Drawn



W. A. Rogers.—[See Article on "The Art of Cutting Glass"—[See Page 70.]

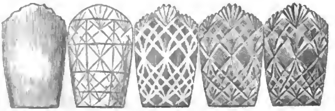


Fig. 1.

THE ART OF CUTTING GLASS.

The art of glass-making is very ancient, while it and the arts by which it is embellished flourish in an exceeding great measure, and have attained a degree of excellence which makes them very interesting. Their products are among the beautiful achievements of men, and human genius, working in this lustrous and ductile material, has given to us much exquisite pleasure. In our own country these arts have advanced in recent years with most wondrous strides. The decorative glass used in domestic architecture and in memorial and church windows has a beauty of tone and depth of color that are seldom surpassed, while in the lesser art of cutting, no country in the world excels us. It is this art and its recent development in the United States that will make the subject of this paper.

The large picture by Mr. Rogers on another page illustrates the work of the "crew" with a "melting-pot." This is the basic implement in the manufacture of flint-glass—the kind that is used for vessels that are to be decorated by cutting, engraving, or etching. The pots, called "monkey-pots," differing from those used for making glass of other qualities, are an oval cylinder, with the opening at one side of the top. They are immense vessels, capable of holding about 1500 pounds of melted glass. They are from 3 to 3½ feet high, and from 4 to 5 feet wide. They are very carefully built up with a clay that is toughened by treading. Most of the pot clay used in this country is imported from England or Germany, although good clay is found in the United States, and is gradually coming into more and more general use. It is possible that the time is approaching when American clays will be almost wholly used, and that all that is required to bring about a universal confidence in them is a larger and more intimate knowledge of their component parts. The pots must be treated with the utmost care, for the slightest flaw will be fatal to their valuable contents, and will result in serious loss. The clay must be selected with the utmost caution. It must be almost entirely free from lime and iron. In its preparation it is first mixed with warm water until it becomes a paste, and is then kneaded by men with naked feet. It is put aside in a damp room to ripen; when it is to be used, it is mixed with the ground material of old pots. The pots are built up by hand, layer after layer. The pots cannot be made continuously, but must be left occasionally to dry, in order that the lower layers may not be pressed out of shape by the successive masses of clay. When the pot is finished it is removed to a drying-room, where it is protected from draughts, so that the drying may be uniform. This process is completed in a second room, which is heated by a stove, and afterward the pots are placed in a store-room, where they are kept from six months to a year, and they are finally made ready for the performance of their task by being placed in the annealing furnace for four or five days. They are here subjected to a great heat, and are kept red-hot. In this state they are moved by an immense forceps on a truck drawn by a crew of men to the main furnace. This work requires great skill and quickness. The pots are enormously heavy; intensely hot; the glare is almost blinding; and they must be moved so quickly that the pot shall not be injured by sudden cooling. Several of these pots are placed on a platform of stone or fire-brick in the furnace, each opposite a small opening through which it can be filled. The entrance to the main furnace, through which the pots were introduced, is now closed with a movable door of brick. This is done in order that the heat may be retained. The pots, being closed in, are filled with the material from which the glass is made, called frit. The melting or vitrifying of this mass is called founding. This melted mass, from which the scum must be removed when it is hardly distinguishable from the white light of the fire, is called metal, and is ready to be worked up. In the course of this process the pots are subjected to a great strain. The heat may develop a latent imperfection which will crack or burst one of them. In that condition the broken pot and the leaking metal are very dangerous to the neighboring pots and their contents, and must be removed as speedily as possible. The furnace must be broken open. The "crew" accomplish this protected by sheet-iron plates, seize the pot in the forceps, and run it on the truck quickly to the open air. This task is not unattended with danger, and demands great dexterity.

The mixture which is used for the manufacture of flint-glass is sand and oxides of lead and potash. Its color and lustre are given by the lead, which may be said to characterize it. The pots are closed at the top, because the metal must be protected from impurities. The contents of the pot may turn out to be good or bad. The result, especially when the glass-makers are not thoroughly expert, is a lottery, and it is probable that American flint-glass has not so high a standing as the English or Baccarat largely because the makers have not been so skilful as the foreigners. Nevertheless, the product of the American flint-glass works is improving every year, and glass has been made in this country which is not excelled anywhere; while as for the glass used for cheap table-ware, it is made better in the United States than anywhere. It is here that lime has been substituted for lead in the glass made for this purpose—a notable discovery, for lime glass has much of the lustre of lead, and is very much cheaper.

The glass which is to be embellished by cutting is formed into its final form either by blowing or moulding. Flint-glass is also pressed, and in some cases a glass vessel has been subjected to all three processes. As a generalization merely, it may be stated that the round vessels, like tumblers and goblets, are blown, and that square vessels are moulded. The blowing of flint-glass is a process similar to that employed in the window and other glass factories. The man with the gathering iron thrusts his blow-pipe into the furnace and gathers his ball of glass on the rod, and this bulb of glass is blown and manipulated, shaped with irons, and moulded into the shape which is required. Almost every one has seen the glass-blower at work, and knows how the soft and ductile glass is pulled out in all directions; how holes are blown into cylinders that are intended for hollow goblets; how, when the glass cools so that it can no longer be manipulated, is sent once more to be heated in the furnace. If the vessel is of a shape that is produced by moulding, the gatherer drops the molten mass into an iron mould, which is immediately closed and pressed together. It is better for the lustre of the article, however, that it should be blown, for it acquires a certain polish by manipulation in the air, of which the mould deprives it.

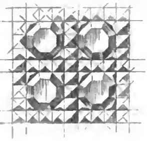


Fig. 2.

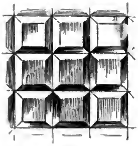


Fig. 3.

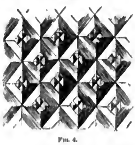


Fig. 4.

In the expensive glass which is used for cutting, and which must be even in color and very much thicker than that which is pressed, the stems of the goblets and wineglasses are drawn out from the bowl while the glass is warm, and the round disk for the bottom is subsequently attached. Odd-shaped vessels, such as are now the fashion for berries and flowers, are made by manipulating the soft glass with irons. The handles are separate pieces, drawn out while the metal is in its ductile state, and fastened to the vessel while each bit of glass is still hot. Every precaution must be taken that the two pieces of glass shall be of the same temperature, for if they are not, cracking is easy, and the jug and the handle soon part company.

The formed vessel which is intended to be the subject of the cutter's art is called a blank. It is a rough, unfinished bowl or goblet, but it has an even color, and it rings like a bell. It carries the mark of the end of the blow-pipe from which it was recently detached. Its edges are rough, and its surface is not smooth, in consequence of its contact with the chilled surface of the mould. It is now ready to be made beautiful. It is first marked with the general lines of the pattern which is to be cut, and then it is cut and polished. Fig. 1 shows the different processes through which a piece of cut glass passes. The first panel shows the blank as it comes from the blow-pipe; the second shows the pattern as it is marked out in red lines; the third shows the rougher's work; the fourth, the smoother's; and the fifth, the polisher's.

The patterns which are cut in the glass are various modifications of conventional designs, the manufacturers vying with one another to compose new combinations which shall make their articles brilliant and attractive. It must be borne in mind that the common notion that thin glass may be cut is erroneous. In addition to pressed and cut glass, there are engraved and etched glass. The difference between these two is easily discernible. The engraved glass is ornamented with sharp metal tools and diamond dust, and the design is made by grinding the lines, which are white and opaque—what is commonly called ground glass. Etching is done with hydrofluoric acid. The glass is covered with an impression coating of wax or similar material, leaving only the pattern exposed, which is eaten out by the acid. Only heavy thick glass, in which it is possible to make deep as well as sharp impressions, is cut.

The patterns that were known in earlier times, and are fundamental, were the hobnail (Fig. 2); the block (Fig. 3); the strawberry (Fig. 4.) The last has a small cone on the face of the diamond. The faces of the others are plain. The workman who lays out the blank for cutting draws his red lines to indicate the general character of the pattern. If the faces are to be ornamented by the star of the strawberry pattern, or by more elaborate devices, by lace-work, for example, or if there is to be a fan edge (Fig. 5), now very fashionable, the cutter is left to work it out without preliminary lines. In addition to the lines that indicate the general character of the pattern, are others which mark the limit beyond which the cutting must not be carried.

The first operative to take the glass after it has been laid out is the rougher. He sits behind a steel wheel which has a sharp mitred edge. The steel of which this wheel is made is soft, so that the workman sharpens it by scraping it, as it revolves, to an edge with a tool of harder metal. The rougher cuts the deep general lines of the pattern, which have been marked in red. The size and edge of his wheel vary with the character of the work which is demanded. The lines of small articles, like wineglasses, are comparatively light, while those on a large salad bowl are proportionately thick. These lines, as the vessel comes from the rougher, show the grinding. We have once more the effect of ground glass. Some of the cutter's work is much more difficult than others. It is what is known as blind work. The red lines are on the side of the object opposite to him, so that he must look through the glass. Sometimes, as in the cutting of a glass stopper, he cannot see the lines at all, for the material on which he works is so thick as to be opaque. He sometimes is compelled to cut a small object on the underside of the wheel, almost entirely out of his sight. He must depend a good deal for his success in such cases upon his nerves and his sense of feeling. The accuracy with which the swiftly revolving wheel passes into the proper channels depends almost wholly upon the keenness of his touch.

Above the wheel of every cutter is a large funnel, from which wet sand is dripping constantly upon the wheel, and from it into a trough. Fig 6 shows a cutter at work, with all his tools and implements.

When the rougher has finished his task, the glass goes to the smoother, who works with a stone wheel. This wheel may be mitred, or it may have a broad edge. It ought to be stated that before the cutting can be done the vessel is ground on the bottom so that it stands evenly, and the edges are ground smooth. This grinding is done on the side of a wheel, which may be mounted either vertically, like the wheel used for cutting, or horizontally.

Skilful work is done with the mitred stone wheels. It is with these that the exquisitely fine work which characterizes recent cut glass is done. The smoother runs his stone wheel through all the lines which the rougher has cut with his metal wheel, and the result is to smooth them and restore their translucency. Then he cuts upon the plain faces that have been left, the net-work of decoration, in stars, crosses, fans, small diamonds, or whatever fancy has suggested to break up the plain surfaces, and almost indefinitely increase the number of light-reflecting facets. The smoother also makes the scalloped and fan edges. Every manufacturer has his own combination of the simple elements, and names his own patterns. The names are, therefore, legion and arbitrary. There are Russian, Electric, Alhambra, Brilliant, and hundreds of others.

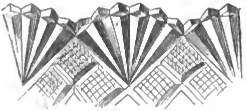


Fig. 5.

When the smoother has completed his task the cutting is finished, and the work of the polisher begins. Very often the smoother does his own polishing, but not always, for the material employed is not wholesome, and the occupation is considered as especially conducive to lung diseases.

The stones used for the smoothing wheels are imported, and are of different degrees of density, and therefore of hardness. They come from England and Scotland. They are the Craigleith, from Scotland; the blue mitre and the brown (both hard and soft), from England.

The polisher runs through the cuts made by the stone wheel of the smoother. His own wheel is of wood or cork. The polishing wheel is kept wet with moistened pumice and rotten-stone. From the wood or the cork wheel the glass goes to a revolving brush, and it is this part of the work which is unwholesome. The brushes are made of a variety of material, and are in the form of a wheel. They are not made solid by a disk of wood or other hard material, but wholly by the rapidity of their revolutions. These brushes are fed with putty powder, which is calcined lead or tin, and is blown upon the wheel when in a dry state. The brush and the putty powder remove all particles of dirt and the smear of the pumice and rotten-stone, and give to the glass the brilliancy and lustre which make much of its beauty. After the polishing the glass is very carefully and thoroughly washed—washed as it seldom is again—with soap, water, and brushes. Then it is wrapped in tissue-paper, and is ready for the store.

It will be seen that every process in the making of cut glass is expensive. The material must be free from impurities; generally it is imported. The pot in which it is melted is a work of exceeding difficulty, requiring much skill, patience, and time. It is very fragile, and the breaking of one may injure a whole furnaceful of pots and their contents. Finally, glass is fragile, and the percentage of breakage in the cutting factory and the store is comparatively large. The blanks for cutting are of a metal much superior to that which is finished in moulds or presses.

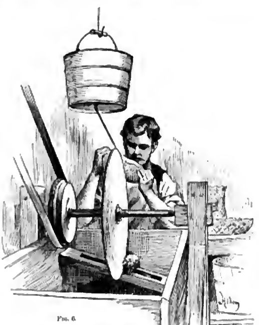


Fig. 6.

Sometimes color is seen in the finest cut glass.

The color of a claret pitcher is often ruby, and sometimes there are two colors, especially in wine-glasses, red and yellow predominating. These colors are oxides of the metals, usually of gold, and are not mixed with the metal in the furnace, but are washed on the blank. If there are two colors, therefore, a slight cutting gives the design in one color, while the plain surfaces remain of the other. Usually the pattern is the color of the glass, the rest of the vessel being ruby or whatever color has been washed on.

The art of glass-cutting has greatly developed in this country within ten years. It has followed the increased demand of the consumers, expensive cut glass being now greatly in vogue. At first most of the glass was imported, but there are now many large establishments, especially in the East, and many of the most important firms have cutting shops of their own. The best workmen are induced to come here from abroad, especially from England, by the high wages paid. Some of the cutters receive eighteen dollars for a week of fifty-seven hours. Now, however, a large number of native Americans are learning the trade, and it is the opinion of experts that glass is cut in this country as skilfully and as artistically as it is anywhere in the world. There is nothing in the way of manufacturing cut glass which shall be equal to anything of its kind and entirely American. The clay for the pots is here, the material for the metal, the steel wheels are made here, the best material for the polisher's brushes comes from Mexico. The only things lacking are stones for the smoother's wheels.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

We sat at the club in the fire-light,
As it flickered and played on the wall,
And we chatted of music and Egypt,
Of the opera, art, and the ball.

And I talked half the night with the others,
But my thoughts had flown far o'er the main,
And were dwelling in quiet seclusion
In the halls of my castle—in Spain.

In the castle I builded so lofty,
Which got a hard knock yesterday,
When they told me Tom Jones is to marry
Nell Murray—sweet Nellie—in May.

Why, Nell Murray has dwelt in that castle
Ever since it's been mine, and it's plain
That without her light footsteps and laughter
'Twill stand silent and lonely in Spain!

She used to walk, too, with some children
In the gardens so sunny and wide;
But to-night they have all of them vanished,
And it seems as though some one had died.

Well, Jones is a good-looking fellow;
I think, since my fancies are vain
And he has run off with its mistress,
I'll shut up my castle in Spain,

And I'll hang out a neat advertisement,
Which somewhat as follows shall read:
"For sale or to rent, ready furnished
To meet every possible need,

A mansion of fine, airy structure,
With a wide and extensive domain"
And I'll sell to the first man who offers
To purchase my castle in Spain.

EMILY ALVORD.

FÉLICIE.

A CANADIAN SKETCH

BY R. N. TREVOR.

No one remembered such a drought.

"If old Gaspard had not died," said Edmond confidently to himself, "he could have matched it; but then he's dead, so no one remembers so bad a drought as this one."

But no one heard Edmond: if any one had heard him, he would have paid no attention, for Edmond did not have all his wits.

The grass and the crops, which once had been green, were now brown; the earth was baked hard, and everywhere little cracks ran in all directions. The rough places of the roads were all hidden under a thick mantle of dust, as kindly in its appearance as the winter's mantle, but less so in reality. Unless the rain come—well—

"God knows what we shall do," said one village elder to another.

"And He never tells us until He is ready," said Edmond, reverently.

So the great drought lasted.

Then Armand Hamel died. It was not the drought that killed him. No one knew exactly what had killed him. "I cannot tell, it is God's doing," the doctor had said. But he was dead, and after death comes the funeral.

For the first time in months the sky was overcast; the red sun ceased to glare upon the earth, and under the gentle clouds the grass and the crops seemed actually to revive a little, and even to raise their heads again. But no rain fell.

"Does this mean rain?" one villager would ask of another as they met in the parish house, while their wives went at once into the church to pray.

Perhaps the man addressed would answer, with a shrug, "The clouds hang low over the cape"; or perhaps he would go out upon the gallery, whence he had just come, and looking around at earth and sky and sea would say, cautiously: "Who knows? Perhaps."

In either case the answer was satisfactory. Every one hoped for rain, almost no one expected it; and the question was asked rather to pass the time until the funeral service should begin than because Eugène Dasylva thought that Joseph Bilet could read the weather signs better than he himself.

No one asked Edmond: but he of all those present said nothing doubtful. To Eugène he said at once, "It will rain; the grass is getting ready for a shower." But no one heard him; at all events, no one paid him any attention; he was only half-witted.

From the gallery in front of the parish house one could see many things. Directly in front was the road white with dust, filled with the calèches and planches and quat'-roues which had brought the farmers and villagers to the church. Across the road were fields, and beyond the fields hills, cut into terraces by great glaciers melted ten thousand years ago. On the right was the church, with its tin roof and its spires; and the priest's house, with two willow-trees in front of it, and the convent and the graveyard. On the left, behind the poor brown trees, was the seigneury; and behind the house, across the river—a mile wide when the tide was in, barely two yards wide when the tide was out—rose the cape which gave the town its name, and seemed to protect the town it named.

Over the cape hung black threatening clouds, but so little did they indicate rain that the farmers' eyes more readily sought the church and the priest's house than they did the great rock and its low-hanging crown.

In course of time a constant succession of remarks and replies on the subject of the weather had emptied the parish house of all its male inmates; the women and children had already gone into the church. The men stood on the gallery in front of the house, almost in silence; no one cared to talk about the errand which had brought them together; so they stood waiting for something in anxious impatience.

Suddenly from the steeple of the church rang out sharply the little bell, and at the sound the men started, and crossed themselves. Then, as if the expected had happened, they moved toward the church, the oldest man leading the way, the younger men struggling to avoid bringing up the rear. Again the bell rang out. It was tolling.

Out of the cloud of dust, along the narrow, worn road, came the yellow hearse, open to the sky, bearing the red coffin, dust white now, wherein slept Armand Hamel. Behind the hearse, in the town's only two-horse vehicle, brought out on great occasions like weddings and funerals, rode the mourners—Xavier Hamel, Philomène his wife, and little Félicie Pelletier, the maiden who was to have been Armand's wife. Had Armand lived but a month longer, Félicie had been their daughter; now she was neither their daughter nor their son's widow.

The men halted awkwardly at the church door, and removed their hats as the hearse drew up. The priest stood on the steps, missal in hand, and placing himself before the coffin, began the office of the dead. Most of the men without the church and the women within repeated audibly their prayers:

"Délivrez moi, Seigneur, de ceux qui me haïssent: que je ne sois point englouti dans l'abîme, et que le puits où l'on me jetta ne se ferme pas sur moi." And again: "Seigneur Dieu, roi de tous les siècles, vous êtes seul plein de bonté; exaucez moi, Seigneur, dont la miséricorde est toujours prête à pardonner; prenez soin de mon âme, et délivrez la."

("Deliver me, Lord, from them that hate me, that I be not swallowed in the abyss, that the pit wherein they have cast me close not above me." And again: "Lord God, King of the ages, Thou alone art full of kindness; hear me, O Lord, whose pity is always ready to pardon; guard my soul, and deliver it.")

Meantime the mourners had entered the church, and were making their way to their seats. They walked slowly, delayed rather by the emotions of the girl than by any weakness of the older mourners. At last they reached their places, and the burial service began.

All this time the clouds that had encompassed the cape came nearer, and more and more assumed the character of rain clouds. The cape loomed up, and the miles of water between it and the church seemed but yards, so near it seemed to be. Edmond put out his hand, as if to touch the great rock; then he looked at the sky, and went into the church.

Everything was strangely still. The voice of the priest sounded as if it came from a great distance. The children, usually restless, sat quietly. The darkness of an approaching storm pervaded the church; the light before the altar burned dimly and uncertainly. Only where Félicie sat, it seemed to the lad, was there any light; around her there was a strange brightness, but he did not feel afraid.

At last the priest closed his book, and the congregation sighed with relief as he descended from the sanctuary and stood at the head of the coffin. Then priest, coffin, and silent congregation left the church, and went through the narrow gate into the graveyard. There a grave had been dug, next to that in which the shipwrecked Portuguese had been buried, and around the grave gathered they all.

In the centre stood the priest and the grave-diggers; next to them were old Xavier Hamel and his wife, Philomène, and between them stood Félicie Pelletier.

"Poor Félicie!" thought Edmond; "she is very young, and so little."

Slowly the old priest read the words of committal, and then the poor red coffin was lowered into its place.

As the coffin disappeared from sight, thunder began to roll. The distant hills, the great cape, were lit up by flashes of lightning, and far away the rain could be seen falling heavily. As yet, however, no breath of its freshness reached the kneeling habitans. A movement ran through the crowd as wind sweeps through standing grain. Women and men looked up timidly; children looked around boldly. Even the priest hastened his utterance, to finish before the storm should break.

Still the thunder rolled. It had not begun suddenly, but slowly, majestically; at first afar off, but ever coming nearer; not a sullen roar, not the ill-humored crashing that some thunder is, but awful and grand.

The crowd rose; the priest's voice was no longer heard in the noise of the thunder. Perhaps he had stopped his prayers.

Then suddenly from the black cloud that hung directly above the congregation burst a flash of lightning—not the forked lightning that strikes down dwellings and crops and men, but a great broad flash, so bright and glorious that all fell again upon their knees, and hid their faces in their hands; so wondrous and awful that they dared utter no sound, but remained silent and motionless.

Only two stood upright—Félicie and Edmond. Félicie had kneeled, weeping on the shoulder of Madame Hamel, while the priest gave back to earth all that had made her life happy. Armand and she had been betrothed so long, their wedding day had been so near; and now Armand was taken from her so strangely and so suddenly. So while the priest read the sacred sentences, and the people who had loved Armand stood about his grave, she whom Armand had loved kneeled and sobbed, hearing not at all the murmured words of Madame Hamel, hearing as if they were spoken afar off the words of the priest. But now that even the priest was terror-stricken and cowering, Félicie stood up, no longer clinging to Armand's mother, and looking up into heaven, she spoke to the thunder.

"My Father," she said, or so it seemed to the lad, who stood almost by her side.

And, as if in answer, the thunder, which had not ceased to roll, crashed yet again, and the echoes rolled back from the cape, and died away slowly in the distance, and all was silent. And Félicie spoke again, but the lad could not hear what she said, and she bowed her head.

Again the thunder answered, a majestic peal, yet not to make those who heard it afraid. But Félicie said nothing more; she stood with her face turned to the dark sky as if in expectation.

Then came a blinding flash of lightning. For an instant only dared the boy look; then he clasped his hands over his eyes, and fell upon his knees. But in that instant he saw Félicie standing in the midst of the glory of the great brightness, smiling, and above her was a great rift in the clouds. Further than ever before could the lad see on high; then he pressed his hands to his eyes, and sank upon his knees, and cried aloud in terror.

When the lightning had become dim, and the thunder had died away, came the rain. In torrents it fell, and all sprang up, forgetting Armand almost and Félicie, thinking only that the drought was broken, and rejoicing. But when they saw Félicie they remembered everything, and stood still, as if abashed.

Félicie stood at the head of the grave. Her hands were clasped before her; her face was lifted up, and she was smiling. What she looked at, what she saw, no one could tell.

The priest approached her almost timidly. "Félicie," he said, but she made no answer. "Félicie," he said, more loudly. And again, more loudly still, "Félicie."

As if he feared that she had been struck dead, the priest laid his hand on her arm. She moved, and he gave a sigh of relief.

"Félicie, come with me," he said; but the girl moved not, nor made as if she heard him. The people came nearer and looked at her, almost with terror.

At last the maiden lowered her eyes and looked toward the priest; he looked her full in the face, and his cheeks paled.

"Félicie," he said, imploringly, "do you see me? Do you hear me?" But still she made no answer.

"What is this?" murmured the priest, hoarsely; and Edmond, the half-witted boy, answered him:

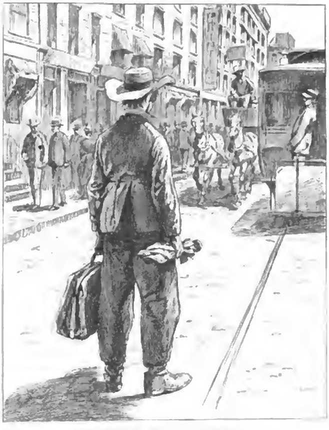
"Father," he said, touching the priest's arm, "Félicie has seen God, and heard Him speak, and spoken to Him. I do not think, father, that she can see you or hear you; your face is not bright enough for her eyes to see; your voice is not loud enough for her to hear."

The priest turned to the lad suddenly, and the boy stepped back, abashed; but the priest held out his hand, and the boy took it and held it.

"My children," said the priest; and at his words the crowd knelt in wonder on the earth, no longer dry; and the priest spoke: "The Lord hath spoken in the thunder to Félicie; He hath appeared to her in the lightning. What ears have heard the Lord, them hath He sealed; what eyes have seen the Lord, them hath He closed; what tongue has spoken with the Lord, that hath He silenced. Not on earth can those ears hear, those eyes see, that tongue speak.

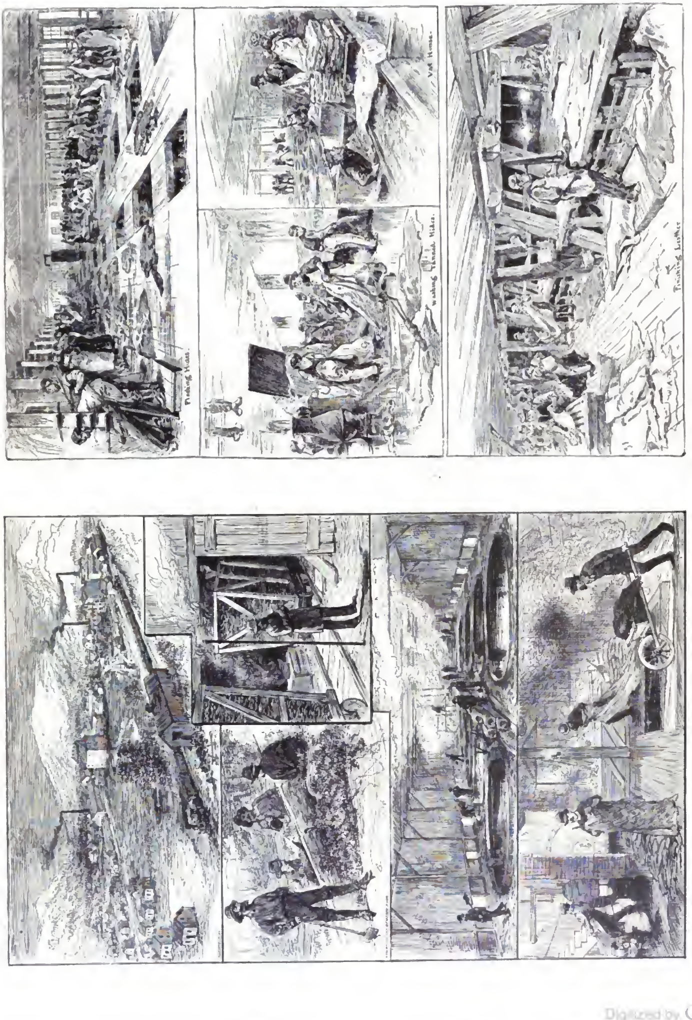
"Listen, my children; Félicie hath heard God, and she is deaf; she hath seen Him in His glory, and she is blind; she hath spoken with Him, and she is dumb. But it is no grief to Félicie that this is so; for the words of the Lord have comforted her in her sorrow, and made all earthly words unfit for her to hear; His glory makes dark all mortal things to her; the tongue that has spoken with God must speak with no mortal man. Blind, then, is Félicie, deaf, and dumb; yet pity her not, my children, for the hand of the Lord is upon her gently; He hath honored her above all women, save only one, and to-day, more than ever before, is she happy; to-day is she in very truth Félicie."

In silence the people heard the priest, and when he had spoken the benediction, in silence they went to their homes, thinking much. Then old Xavier Hamel and his wife Philomène took Félicie to their home, and she was as their daughter; and the people thought not of her as one unhappy, but as one honored greatly by God, and chosen out to have her sorrows turned to joy. But Félicie neither saw nor heard nor spoke again on earth; and in God's time she fell asleep, to meet, awaking, Armand.



"GETTING THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY."

HAYSEED. "What do yer charge to the Battery?"
CONDUCTOR. "Five cents! Hurry up!"
HAYSEED. "Is it the same from Central Park?"
CONDUCTOR. "Yes. Hurry up, can't yer?"
HAYSEED. "I guess I'll walk to Central Park, and take a car from there."


Fleshing Hides.
Vat House.
Washing Tanned Hides.
Finishing Leather
W.A.R.

A DAY IN A TANNERY.—[See Page 74.]

on his honest head seemed to rise in terror. His kind gray eyes grew suspiciously moist. He did not utter a sound, but grasped his hat, sprang down the dingy old staircase at a pace which threatened immediate destruction to that ancient avenue of exit, and in precisely half an hour returned with four ten-dollar bills, which he gravely presented to me without a word. How the good soul managed to obtain so much money in so incredibly short a space of time has long been a matter of conjecture with me. I was half inclined at the time to believe that, fired by my tale of want, he had yielded to the impulse of the moment and committed a murder, or at least a robbery. Taking it all in all, I decided that this was a wise and affluent time to retire. As there had never been anything definite about my work or my pay, I did not realize the necessity for a formal resignation, and therefore simply remained at home. The editor never sent to inquire the reason for my absenting myself, and thus ended my first lesson as an "associate editor."

The next time I was thrown out of employment as a society reporter I had plenty of company, as more than one hundred persons lost their means of obtaining a livelihood at the same time by the total collapse of a morning paper. I then turned my attention vigorously to the matter of obtaining general reportorial work, and it was then that my struggles began in earnest. The others had been but a mere bagatelle in comparison. In vain I continued to present myself to managers day after day, and to endeavor to push my claim by means of every plan known to the mind of woman. The fact was plain; they would have none of me. The articles I tendered for publication were accepted and printed, but not paid for. The principal objection raised wherever I applied was that I was a woman, and consequently disqualified for reportorial work. Another plea on the part of managers was that I was a book writer, and consequently too impractical to make a good reporter. In the several years that had elapsed I had managed to publish a small book of sketches, and this now appeared as a stumbling-block in my way. "A book writer will never make a reporter," one manager said to me, brusquely; "people with literary taste are too fanciful for plain news-gathering"; and so I was cast out for being *literary*, a crime which had scarcely been laid at my door by the score or so of publishers who had returned the manuscript of my novel several years before.

It is a geological fact that adamant succumbs at last to the power of water, and so, little by little, inch by inch, I finally worked myself into the position of general reporter on the staff of a large and enterprising morning paper. In just five months from the time I had made my first bow in the paragraphs of the inevitable "society column," I had my hands so full of work that I scarcely had time to eat or sleep. This sort of thing extended over a period of several years, and embraced a list of varied experiences, many of them interesting and remarkable. A year or so ago I enjoyed the somewhat lurid reputation among the newspapers of being "the smartest girl reporter in the Union." This title, which originated in an article published in St. Louis, travelled throughout the length of the United States and Canada, and resulted in bringing me several remarkable offers of marriage from far-off climes. One of these missives was indited by a gentleman in the Indian Territory, who didn't want a wife simply to pose as a lay-figure in a drawing-room; but, on the contrary, longed to lay his devotion at the feet of a woman who knew how to "hustle." Another came thick with the perforations of Mississippi quarantine, and contained a paragraph which read very much like this, "I am a Southern-raised man, but I desire to secure to myself the affections of a woman whose noble character has been formed amid the spruce-laden regions of the far North, and who is not afraid to soil her pretty hands with what Mississippi belles are apt to regard as the contaminating influences of work." The foregoing are very fair samples of the epistles with which my desk was deluged for weeks after I became known to fame as "the smartest girl reporter." These and pathetic appeals from struggling, ambitious girls for advice and practical aid made up the sum of a large correspondence. In the latter there was an undercurrent which might well furnish a key to some rich philanthropic woman surfeited with elegant leisure, and longing to do some earnest part of the world's work.

When I finally decided to come to New York, I was warmly advised by the editor of a prominent magazine not to seek employment by personal application, but to rely rather upon the influence brought to bear by the presentation of letters received at the hands of prominent men. For the benefit of others, I desire to state that I followed this friendly but mistaken advice for some time, and that a more erroneous plan, at least so far as my experience goes, was never conceived. The first missive of this kind which I had the hardihood to present was one that had been given me to one of the best-known managing editors in the city of New York. After having proved my credentials satisfactorily, I was given a chair in a corridor, where I remained just three-quarters of an hour before the object of my visit had time to see me. At the expiration of that time he appeared, kindly offered me his hand, invited me into the sanctum, and—asked me about myself, and my mission in New York? Not at all; proceeded to tell me that he had six women on his staff, only one of whom ever took an assignment without offering the most annoying remonstrances, etc. He felt obliged to keep them because they were all supporting somebody, etc., but he hated to see women around a newspaper office, and he thought those contemplating such a career should be promptly discouraged. This important conversation occupied just twelve minutes. He then looked at his watch, told me he had an engagement, asked me to come at a certain hour the next day, and bade me a cordial adieu. When I called the next day he was too busy to see me, and this I doubt not is the experience of many.

"Get a letter from X——, the rising humorist," my friend of the magazine said to me one day; "it will do more for you than you can accomplish in a year."

I referred to this soon after to a popular poet, who is intimately connected with Mr. X——, the humorist, saying that I had met the latter, but that he would doubtless have forgotten me long ago.

"Mr. X—— never forgets anybody," cried the poet, with all the warmth which characterizes the songs he sings in verse. "He will give you letters, and do everything in his power for you." But notwithstanding this burst of fraternal indignation, Mr. X—— had forgotten me, and refused point-blank to do anything for me in the way of a letter; which shows conclusively, I might add, that he is a wise man as well as a funny one.

An old school-mate, now a Congressman, upon being informed that I had come to New York, made haste to post me a letter to a prominent New York editor with whom he had been intimately connected, both politically and socially. That letter was left on the library table of the great man to whom it was written, and doubtless met swift oblivion in the waste-basket when it attracted his attention upon his return from the country the next day. At least I never heard of it more.

About this time I met a successful young newspaper woman, who advised me to throw my letters in the fire, and proceed on my own plan. I did so, and for a time it was a question in my mind as to which method of procedure was the more ill-advised. At the first office where I applied unintroduced for work, the brusque but genial city editor assured me that he had no vacant chair, but advised me to go to a neighboring office, as the quickest means, I suppose, of getting rid of me.

At the office of one of the most famous newspapers in Gotham I was assured by the city editor that none of the fortunate people of whom he had control ever died, and that there was not the slightest possibility of my ever being able to obtain employment there. To do this gentleman justice, I am compelled to state that he gave me this chilling refusal sorrowfully, as if it were a matter of regret that his mission must perforce be that of breaking the hearts of the working masses by refusing them employment. Greatly touched by this exhibition of feeling, I hurried away to the office of another great organ of the people, where I was told that nothing like regular employment could be had, but that if I chose to submit special matter it would take its chances with the rest.

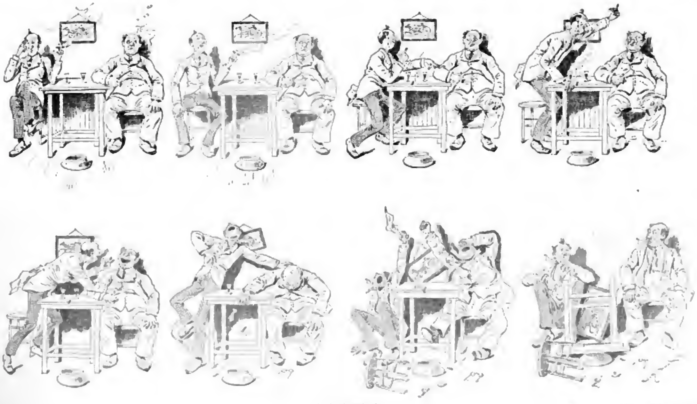
The editor of another paper wanted nothing but sensations, and took occasion during my visit to insist that any reporter could scare up a genuine local sensation in the course of an hour or two, if he would only set himself about it. For instance, the old cruller woman at the corner had a history with a sensation in it. Everybody had, he said, if only the reporter had wit enough to get it out of them.

At the office of a well-known story-paper I was informed by the editor's clerk that writers of reputation need not apply, because the publishers paid only from $3 to $10 per story. I escaped, and made my way to the office of an evening paper, where the busy city editor told me that he and his colleagues were always ready to employ bright, capable people. He asked me if I had a subject at my finger-ends, and when I told him that I had, he gave me an order for the article. I collected the data for that bit of composition with great pains, and having written the article, carried it to him on the day appointed for its delivery. His eyes wandered restlessly up and down the first page, and he then proceeded in the most gentlemanly way imaginable to pronounce my doom. He was sorry the idea had not occurred to him before; the article was well written, and would doubtless prove available in most offices; but he feared—yes, he feared it would conflict in some measure with a certain class of advertising.

I am afraid that all this must sound very discouraging to those who come unknown to New York seeking newspaper employment, but on the day which closed the first fortnight of my stay in Gotham, my name was placed on the regular assignment book of the city editor of a well-known newspaper, and my daily work among the sights and scenes of this great city was well begun. J. L. H.

THE BABY KING OF SPAIN.

DEATH has knocked sharply at the gates of the royal palace at Madrid, but so far has not entered. Perhaps it would be a fresh illustration of the force of the ancient saying, "Whom the gods love die young," should Alfonso XIII., now reigning in Spain by a legal fiction, pay his natural debt while yet an infant. The crown resting on its velvet cushion by the side of the smiling babe in the striking picture by the painter Domingo, which is reproduced in the WEEKLY, is full of sad presage. It has been a true crown of thorns to many of its wearers since the proud days of Charles V., when the Spanish monarchy was at the pinnacle of its power and splendor. All the portraits of Spanish kings are shadowed with a look of deep melancholy, in part perhaps the inheritance of race, but in no small measure the imprint of the fears and sorrows which have made royalty a burden. The infant monarch, whose Austrian mother Maria Cristina has won her desert in the affections of the Spanish people, was a posthumous child, born May 17, 1886. Queen Cristina had already borne two children, both daughters; the elder of whom, Maria de las Mercedes, was declared successor to the throne, under her mother's regency, failing the male heir who was then hoped for. The birth of Alfonso XIII. for the time stilled the disloyalty and brewing discontent which had darkened the closing years of the preceding reign. The chivalry of the Spanish people was fired by the tender spectacle of a young mother who had given a male heir to the kingdom, and the force of sentiment—so powerful an impulse among the modern Latin races in public affairs—postponed what the logic of the age threatens as inevitable. The little Alfonso, it is said, has inherited the frail constitution of his father, which had been further sapped by excesses. It is more than an even chance that should he recover from his present illness he would not live to his majority, which by Spanish law is sixteen. It may be that the numerous classes of malcontents, ranging from Carlists to republicans and socialists, will discount this expectation by refraining for a while from the more violent forms of revolution. In case of the young king's death, a crisis in affairs may be looked for at an early date, and a republic would probably be declared by one of those rapid pronunciamentos which so often stir the politics of the Spanish races. It is hardly to be expected that the pretender, Don Carlos, with the backing of the bigoted people of the northern provinces, where he is still a latent power, would remain quiet at the upheaval. It is even now announced that he has concerted a plan of action pending the occasion. If this does not mean another independent rising, it would probably result in the betrothal of Don Jaime, the son of Don Carlos, to the Infanta Mercedes, who would then be the legal heiress, and the union of the two royal claims. Should the infant king survive the perils of a rickety constitution, the outlook for quiet times on the Iberian peninsula is none the more promising. Alike in Spain and Portugal the forces of republicanism are gathering swiftly to a head, and whether the revolution takes an orderly or a violent form, it needs no sage to see its sure approach. The Brazilian *coup d'état*, which amazed the world, has been a terrible alarm to the powers that be, and a no less terrible stimulus to the powers that would be. The fuel lies ready, well-seasoned, and it only needs the torch. Señor Sagasta, the Spanish premier during the whole of the regency, has proved a sagacious and masterful statesman, but



A GOOD STORY

THE LATE WALKER BLAINE.
From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

the elements of disturbance have already proved themselves too turbulent for his control. Whether, then, the infant royal of Spain lives or dies, the early future seems big with tragic issues. It seems difficult to associate the smiling baby face, with the royal baubles of crown and sceptre resting close at hand, with scenes of turmoil and bloodshed involving the fate of a nation. For the little Alfonso the pretty and touching tyranny of the nursery is the only field in which he has waved his sceptre. Perhaps it will be the kindest boon of destiny if he is forever precluded from any possibility of its exercise other than that which the plebeian shares in common with the child born to the purple.

WALKER BLAINE.

Walker Blaine, Examiner of Claims in the Department of State, died on Wednesday, January 15th, in Washington, D. C., at the residence of his father, the Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State. The cause of his death was acute pneumonia, superinduced by an attack of the prevailing epidemic. The dangerous symptoms did not fully reveal themselves until the day before his death, which occurred almost without premonition in the evening. He had resided much of his life in Washington, and his sudden death was a great shock to a large circle of friends, who were not aware until the day he died that he was seriously ill. The sudden fatality of his illness was probably due to the fact that when attacked he was not in good physical condition to withstand the disease. He had not fully recovered from an accident in the past spring, by which his leg was broken, and from an attack of malarial fever, from which he had suffered during the autumn.

Walker Blaine was the eldest son of the Hon. James G. Blaine, and he was nearly thirty-five years of age, being born in Augusta, Maine, May 8, 1855. He prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, and entered the Harvard class of 1876. From there, after a year's stay, he went to Yale, where he was graduated in 1876. In college he was popular among his classmates. His manners then, as always afterward, were cordial, frank, and unaffected. He was graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1878, and he spent the next two years in St. Paul, Minnesota, as a student in the law office of Cushman K. Davis, now U. S. Senator from Minnesota. When scarcely of age, and just after his admission to the bar, he made an argument before the *Alabama* Claims Commissioners, which won him great and deserved commendation.

He entered the public service in 1881, when his father, Secretary of State in President Garfield's cabinet, appointed him Third Assistant Secretary of State. Upon the resignation of his father he retired from office. In the winter of 1881–2 he was sent with William Henry Trescott as a special commissioner to South America, with instructions to use the good offices of the United States in the effort to effect a settlement of the troubles between Chili and Peru. In the course of his stay in South America he was Chargé d'Affaires in Bolivia for several months. On his return to the United States, late in the year 1882, President Arthur appointed him one of the assistant government counsel before the Court of Commissioners of the *Alabama* claims, an office for which he was especially well fitted because of his knowledge of international law. He served in this capacity until the court closed its labors in 1884.

For the following four or five years he was engaged in the practice of law in Chicago. Shortly after the election of Harrison to the Presidency he returned to Washington, and when his father resumed the foreign portfolio last year Walker Blaine was appointed Examiner of Claims in the State Department, vice Francis Wharton deceased. In this position, which he entered upon March 11th last, he was the legal adviser of the Department, and confidential representative of the Secretary. The regard in which he was generally held was shown when his nomination to his last office was sent in to the Senate, that body, on motion of Senator Edmunds, doing him the unusual honor of confirming the nomination at once without reference to a committee.

After reaching manhood Walker Blaine was his father's most intimate friend and confidant, and he practically relieved the Secretary of all the routine work of the State Department. He furnished an instance comparatively rare in America of a young man's systematically preparing for a diplomatic career by perfecting himself in the details and routine of the whole working system of the office of the Secretary of State. For the attainment of his ambition he had unusual advantages, owing to his father's prominence in public life and familiarity with foreign affairs. He was a valuable assistant to his father in the conduct of delicate private business of the Department. He stood between the Secretary and the politicians, discharged his duties discreetly, and was accessible at all times to people having business with the Department. He had developed in the last few years a decided aptitude for the public service, and it was believed by his friends that he was certain to achieve a brilliant diplomatic career.

Although of slight physical build, Walker Blaine in outward appearance greatly resembled his distinguished father. For many years he was a conspicuous figure in Washington official and social circles. Possessing good natural abilities, high attainments, and rare tact, he was highly respected by all who knew him, and most by those who knew him best. He was affable, polite, patient, a ready talker, and a willing listener. He has left a record of which his kindred and friends have a right to be proud, and which will always endear him in their memories.

Upon the tidings of his death many people of distinction visited the house of the Secretary of State to tender their condolences, and throughout the remainder of the evening on which he died there was a procession of carriages before the door. Among the visitors were the President and Mrs. Harrison, the Vice-President, the Chief-Justice, and several members of the Cabinet and of the Maine delegation in Congress. Messages of sympathy have been received from every part of the country expressive of the affection and esteem in which Walker Blaine was held. At the University Club of New York, of which he was a member, the feeling of sorrow was strongly marked, and from Augusta, Maine, his birthplace, were sent many expressions of grief.

Mr. and Mrs. Blaine and the remainder of the family were completely overcome by grief at their loss, so great and unexpected. This is the third affliction through death that has visited them within a short time. Several weeks ago Mr. Blaine's brother died, and soon afterward Mrs. Blaine's sister. In the heavy blow that has fallen upon the Secretary of State and his household the whole country has forgotten politics and policies in a profound and general sympathy for the afflicted family in their great bereavement.

BLIND POOLS IN DISREPUTE.

The disagreement between the security holders and the management of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company that came to the surface at the annual meeting of the company this week has redirected the attention of investors, and indeed of every one interested in such matters, to a tendency that has of late been increasing. A year ago the holders of railway securities seemed to wake up pretty generally to the necessity of taking an active personal interest in the management of the corporations which they own. Since then there appears to have been a gradual return to the lethargic condition that characterizes the average holder of corporate securities. Among the causes that have checked the awakening referred to, possibly the most effective, both in this country and abroad, has been the large interest taken in so-called industrial enterprises. In this country that cause has been intensified by the manner in which those enterprises have been placed before the public. The most important of them, and those which the public has come to know best, have been exploited upon the Stock Exchange in the form of Trusts. They have all, in one way or another, given promise of large profits to those who might invest in them.

The unfortunate phase of the management of these undertakings has been the almost general withholding of definite and official information regarding them. Those who organized them and are responsible for them before the public have, upon various pretexts, endeavored to justify a policy of reticence, if not of actual concealment. The schemes were all new to the speculative community, consequently they were taken hold of rather eagerly, and principles that should have been applied to them have been ignored. In fact, the strongest element of danger in them, namely, secrecy, or the mystery resulting from it, has appealed to and fascinated the speculative mind. Within the last few months public sentiment regarding the methods of the management of these concerns has undergone a change. The disastrous results of speculation in most of the Trust certificates have gone a long way toward convincing the public of what it should have been mindful of at the start, namely, that it is not possible to conduct any business successfully in violation of well-established principles. It has been claimed in defence of the Trust idea that the basis is the same as that of a copartnership, but there has been this difference in practice between an ordinary business partnership and one designated as a Trust. In the first case, every partner is advised constantly of the progress of his business. In the case of a Trust the number of certificate-holders who know or are able to learn the tendency of its business is exceedingly small. As a rule the qualification for obtaining that knowledge is a trusteeship. The Cotton Oil Trust made two annual statements before it decided to reorganize as a corporation. The last one nearly paralyzed its certificate-holders. The Lead Trust will, it is understood, submit a statement of its condition and operations to its certificate-holders at their annual meeting in February. The Sugar Trust, however, has never made an official statement of which the public has obtained even an inkling, yet its certificates seem to have been distributed more widely than those of any of the others that have obtained the sanction of the Stock Exchange. The distribution has doubtless been facilitated by the fact that from its formation the Sugar Trust has paid ten per cent. per annum upon its enormous capitalization of fifty million dollars.

Right here attention must be called to the fact that the English method of managing industrial undertakings on a large scale demolishes the argument of the managers of domestic Trusts that secrecy is essential to the success of their combinations. In England every concern of the character under discussion is subjected to rigorous official accounting, and the holder of the smallest number of certificates is entitled to the same information as the holder of the largest amount. Now that the losses upon this class of securities have assumed enormous and distressing proportions, the desire for facts has revived, and the movement in favor of publicity regarding the affairs of every concern the ownership of which is distributed among the public has received fresh impetus. It would be hazardous to predict that the Trust idea had been tried and found wanting, unless the advocates of Trusts insist that secrecy is an essential element. But the assertion can safely be made that, after last year's experience with blind pools, the public will insist upon being informed as promptly as circumstances will permit of the tendency and results of every business in which it is engaged, whether upon the basis of a copartnership or of a joint-stock company. And if the public feels like insisting upon having the facts, it should also insist upon the selection of trustees who will not convert their office into a means for private gain.

Both issues are clearly raised in the imbroglio in which the management and many of the largest holders of Philadelphia and Reading Railroad securities have become involved. The earnings of a part of the Reading system—its mining department—have been suppressed since last spring. In default of their publication, the security-holders of the company have, in an authoritative way, been led to expect results different from those that were announced only a few days before the annual meeting. The charge upon which the management has been arraigned is really that of suppressing the reports of earnings; but an attempt to change the Board of Managers was rendered absolutely futile by the voting trust in which the stockholders of the company have tied themselves up until 1892. It is to be hoped that the litigation that has grown out of these disgraceful events will be pushed until a final ruling is had relative to the legality of voting trusts.

It seems rather surprising that in the face of these recent developments the financial sponsors for the Atchison Railroad system should propose to establish a voting trust, and make a determined effort to commit the stockholders of that company to a policy that has invariably proved to be pernicious. In doing so they disclaim any desire to accept the very responsibility that they invite. They should be taken at their word in the first instance, and permitted to retire from their voting trust scheme as gracefully as they can. Unfortunately for them, the fashion of placing blind confidence in self-selected trustees was badly damaged before they adopted it, and their mistake in doing so will be the quicker forgotten if they cast it aside, and throw their influence in favor of absolutely untrammelled methods in the selection of corporate officers and an open and straight-forward accounting between trustees and the stockholders who employ them.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, Saturday, January 18, 1890.

NATURE IN CONVULSION

Is terrific. Volcanic eruptions, cyclones, earthquakes are awfully and tremendously picturesque, but scarcely desirable to emulate in action and effect by the administration of remedies which produce convulsion and agony in the abdominal portion of the human frame. Such is the effect of the old-fashioned violent purgatives happily falling more and more into disuse, and of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the wholesome, pleasant, and far more effective succedaneum. They weakened the intestines—the Bitters invigorates them. They left the bowels inactive, because incapacitated by ensuing feebleness. The Bitters, on the contrary, and because it enables, not forces, them to act—a vast and fortunate difference—perpetuates their activity and regularity. The liver is beneficially stimulated, as the kidneys also are, by this medicine, which easily conquers, also, malaria, nervousness, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

A HANDSOME FACE.

Lady reader, are you annoyed and oftentimes embarrassed by imperfections in your complexion? Have you been placed in positions where you envied those of your sex whose complexions were more presentable than your own? Have you felt chagrined because of facial defects, or at compliments bestowed upon companions, in your presence, to your utter neglect? Is your face sallow, murky, blotched, or freckled? Is there roughness, redness in spots, or undue paleness of the skin? Is your complexion tanned, through exposure, or chapped and abraded by the wind or change of weather? Are you annoyed with wrinkles or threatened with them? Is your face, or any part of it, afflicted with blackheads or flesh-worms, spots, or discolorations? Is your skin flabby, and sometimes greasy, and your complexion bad generally? Is your face coarse, or dry and parched, and does it present an unhealthy appearance? Do you feel nervous and irritable at times, especially in company, from the knowledge of a bad complexion or skin defects of one kind or another? Are you using powders, cosmetics, etc., which are gradually ruining your complexion, and which serve only to "make up" a *false face* for the time being. Why tolerate a bad complexion, or any imperfection of the skin, when the use of a simple appliance like Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, or Face Glove, will in a short time make your complexion almost as pure and faultless as an infant's? The Toilet Mask is rapidly taking the place of injurious cosmetics, or "complexion destroyers," as they may be properly called, and its field of usefulness is becoming broader year by year as its value and virtues become more widely known. Can you afford to continue expending money regularly for preparations which are sure to injure, if not ruin, your complexion, when for a moderate outlay you can become the possessor of the Toilet Mask, the only true beautifying agent, which will, by improving, perfecting, and preserving your complexion, save you money, annoyance, and mortification? The Toilet Mask imparts freshness and beauty to the skin, prevents and removes wrinkles, and all complexional defects, leaving the skin soft, clear, beautiful, and brilliant. Valuable illustrated treatise, containing proofs, medical and scientific endorsements, and full particulars, mailed free, by The Toilet Mask Co., 1162 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

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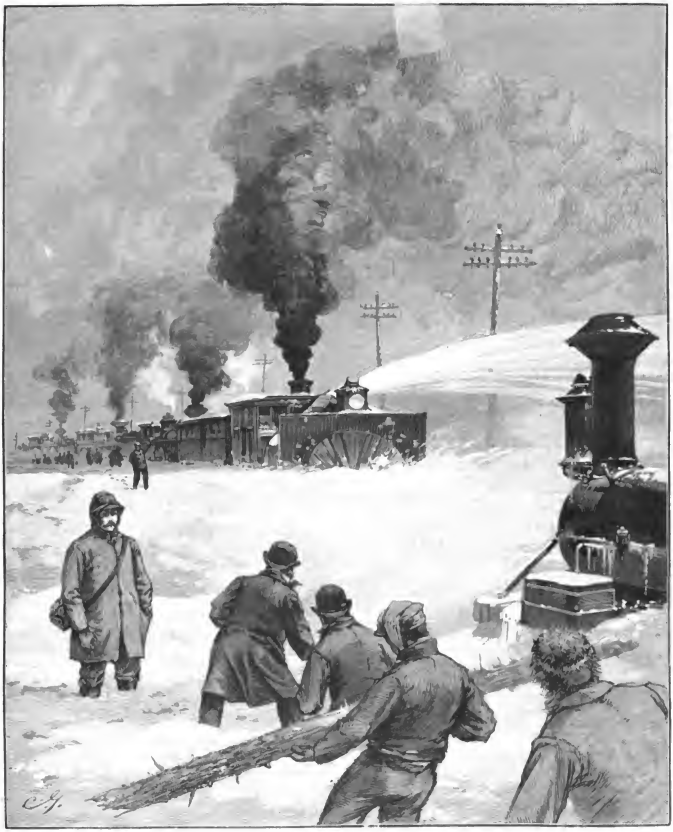

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THE POLITICAL LULL.

THE public situation is singular. As we write, there is no practical measure of importance pending in Congress, although the scheme of revised rules will be probably under discussion when this paper is issued, and possibly an election bill. The newspapers are commenting upon policies not yet practically proposed, like the tariff, which we have always with us, or a Southern electoral law. The practical comments of the moment, however, are upon the President's exercise of his power of appointment and removal, and upon the scheme which properly has no political character whatever—the World's Fair of 1892. The calm will not long continue. It may be disturbed simultaneously with the issue of this paper by the agitation of the new rules of procedure in the House of Representatives. The principles which should be regarded in those rules are too evident for debate. The only question will be whether those principles are plainly respected by the proposed scheme. The essential points are two. The majority must be assured the right of voting without unreasonable delay, and the minority must be assured the reasonable right of debate. We say reasonable, because all parliamentary experience and parliamentary rules show that there is such a thing as unreasonable debate. It is obvious that without some method of stopping discussion all legislation could be prevented, and the very purpose of a Parliament or Congress frustrated.

The sympathy of intelligent citizens will support the rules which are to be proposed, if they shall fairly secure the two rights which we mention, without trick or subterfuge. The majority, while maintaining its unquestionable right of decision, must be moderate, and the minority must beware of a seductive fallacy. The plea of filibustering, or what is really revolutionary resistance to the parliamentary majority, is that it is intended to prevent tyranny and injustice upon the part of the majority. The answer to this allegation is that the majority is not responsible to the minority for its misconduct but to the country, while the prevention of legislation by the minority under any plea whatever is subversive of popular government. Consequently the majority must be able to end talk and to take action, even to adopt what the minority may hold to be unconstitutional, revolutionary, or unjust legislation, being accountable to the country, which will correct the evil by electing Representatives to repeal the law. This is the only practicable doctrine of popular parliamentary proceeding. Any other would annul the fundamental principle of government by the majority.

The majority, however, will be very foolish if it attempt in any way to restrain reasonable debate. It is very true that important legislation in Congress is a foregone conclusion. The majority is a party majority, and through its agent, the Speaker, appoints party committees, whose recommendations practically conclude legislation. When an important bill is reported, therefore, the result of the vote is foreknown by both sides; correction of detail may be made, but it is very seldom that a bill of importance reported by a party committee is defeated by the party majority. In this situation it is felt that debate is not a discussion of merits which, according to the force of the argument, will determine the passage or the rejection of the bill. It is an opportunity embraced by the minority for a party appeal to the country, to effect, perhaps, in the constituency what it cannot effect in Congress. Representatives are elected because their minds are already convinced, not because they are open to conviction. If a Republican elected as a protectionist should honestly yield to the force of argument and vote for a revenue revision of the tariff, he would be denounced as a traitor, and so *vice versa* on the Democratic side. The fiction of debate, therefore, must not be taken too seriously nor pushed too far by the minority. The majority has the right to legislate, and the minority has not the right to prevent legislation.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

WHOEVER looks at the map of South America, and sees how enormous a part of it is occupied by Brazil, and then reflects upon its immense natural resources, will feel that the present political situation in that country is of very great importance. Like all great and sudden revolutions, the late revolutionary movement has been already felt elsewhere, and the final result is a matter of the highest interest and speculation. Every day confirms the good sense of the course taken by our own government, which is simply that of friendly anticipation. There are excellent newspaper correspondents upon the ground, and none better than Mr. GILSON, of the New York *Times*, who has the felicity of saying what the public naturally wishes to know. The estimated population of the country in 1888 was about 14,000,000; of these there were 220,000 qualified voters, and of these not more than 500 were aware of the scheme to overthrow the empire. In no sense whatever, therefore, was there a spontaneous popular movement to overthrow the government.

There was, indeed, a very general impression that the empire would not survive the Emperor, but this feeling was that of intelligent persons who also believed that the country was not ripe for republican institutions. That, however, is apt to be the feeling of intelligent people under any monarchical system which is not outrageously oppressive. But the fact, we are assured, is indisputable that of the 14,000,000 people in Brazil, not more than 500,000 are of sufficient intelligence to qualify them for the highest duties of citizenship, and of these 500,000 only a very few comprehend local self-government—the tap-root of a republic—or can conceive government without central authority. This situation is evidently understood by the chiefs of the provisional government, who have delayed the meeting of the Constitutional Assembly until a year from the date of the revolution, and in the mean while, by edicts and the formulation of constitutional provisions, are striving to prepare the public mind for republican institutions. Suffrage is extended to all who can read and write, and all foreigners who were in the country at the date of the revolution are made citizens, and consequently voters. But even with this liberality the number of voters, it is estimated, will not exceed a million, and of this number foreigners will be a very considerable proportion. This shows the general illiteracy of the country, and the consciousness of the leaders that they must depend largely upon the intelligence of foreign residents.

Dom PEDRO's character is more clearly disclosed by later accounts. He is described as a very amiable, humane, superficial man, a smatterer in accomplishments, benevolently bent upon the emancipation of the slaves, but not of comprehension to grasp the real situation of the territory, nor of power to control it. The imperial government was corrupt throughout. The smallest service was not rendered without a fee. The judges were systematically bribed. Even had the Emperor been a man of greater ability, his instruments were untrustworthy. This is the people and these are the traditions of government from which a republic is to be constructed. Mr. GILSON thinks that the best to be expected is an improvement upon the Spanish American republics. The people are not turbulent nor likely to create disturbances, and among the leaders are really able and patriotic men, who will try honestly to solve wisely the two great problems, the public revenue and the division of lands, which will be very difficult. They will hope to attract immigrants by free and honest government and cheap lands. Meanwhile no serious attempt to restore the old monarchical régime is to be apprehended. There was general respect for Dom PEDRO as an excellent man, but it was universally recognized that he was not a good ruler, and it was known that his mind was weakened. There is no more interesting political spectacle than the change which Brazil is now undergoing.

READY FOR INVESTIGATION.

MR. HOUK, of Tennessee, and Mr. EWART, of North Carolina, are very anxious that the Civil Service Commission shall be investigated, and the ardor of their desire is surpassed only by that of the Commission itself. The three Commissioners met Mr. HOUK and Mr. EWART in the room of the Committee on Reform, and earnestly requested the most thorough inquiry. Mr. HOUK is evidently unfamiliar with the law and with the purpose and history of the reform movement. He was apparently unaware that appointments are made, not upon examination only, but upon the test of actual trial after examination. The examination does not determine the appointment. It merely furnishes presumptive evidence of fitness. In the old system no other evidence of capacity or fitness is required than the request of a politician who wishes to reward a henchman with the emoluments of a place.

Mr. HOUK said, as reported, that if he were an officer he should wish to know the qualifications of a subordinate whom he should appoint. Undoubtedly; and how would he more probably ascertain those qualifications, by the winks of a boss or a party committee signifying that a worker must be "recognized," or by the certificate of an impartial examination and of actual trial? If Mr. HOUK would look into the subject a little he would discover that all his objections have been a thousand times candidly considered and completely demolished. He said that no business concern would think of such a method of appointment as that of the reformed system. But he is mistaken because not only is a system of independent examinations adopted by certain great companies, but no man of business in his senses would ever appoint a clerk in the manner or for the reasons that public employés are selected under the spoils system. Moreover, he knows that the public appointing officer is not an agent in such matters. A Secretary of the Treasury once made the same objection that Mr. HOUK urges, but upon being pressed admitted that he did not make appointments because of his personal knowledge and satisfaction, but because of the necessity of gratifying Senators and other people of importance.

The immense multitude of appointments are made not upon personal knowledge, but upon information, and the information derived from a fair examination and trial is very much superior to that obtained from professional politicians. Mr. HOUK and Mr. EWART may be well assured, as Commissioner ROOSEVELT told them, that it is not the friends of reform who oppose the fullest investigation and the utmost publicity. The two gentlemen will find also that the testimony to the great benefit of the reformed system to the public service is not confined to Secretary WINDOM, but proceeds from superior officers in the service belonging to all parties. Misconduct and errors in all offices may undoubtedly be found; but that, of course, is not the object of Messrs. HOUK and EWART, who object to the principle of reformed administration.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION BILL.

THERE is evidently no haste upon the part of the majority in Congress to proceed to the passage of a law giving to the national government the supervision of Congressional elections in the States. This is a wise reluctance. Careful regard for traditions and long-established practices, and for the facts of the situation, is a cardinal element of wise statesmanship. Whatever a Constitutional power may be, the fact of its existence does not necessarily justify its exercise. There is no principle more fundamental in our political system than local self-government, and its disturbance and invasion under any plea are most hazardous to the general welfare. The consciousness of this local power is one of the chief moral bulwarks of the national union. The smallest State would regard the control of its Congressional elections by national officers with a jealousy not less than that of New York and Pennsylvania. Granting the Constitutional power, only the extremest exigency and the plainest proof that the extreme remedy would accomplish the result desired would authorize its use as the lesser evil.

We have recently stated the Republican view of the situation which the proposed election law is designed to affect. But we have seen no important Republican organ which ventures the declaration that the proposed law would really solve the difficulty. But if that effect is not reasonably clear as the necessary consequence of such a law, but improbable in the highest degree, the passage of the law would be a monstrous and mischievous error. The fact of the existence of a difficulty is not a valid reason for the adoption of any remedy for it that may be suggested. This is acknowledged in the case of prohibition. The immense majority of intelligent Americans concede the enormous evils of intemperance. But they do not therefore agree that a law to prevent intemperance by abolishing the sale of intoxicating liquors would be sensible or effective. They hold that under existing circumstances, as well as upon sound principles, it is better to regulate the sale, and to trust to moral influences and sanitary considerations. This is the result of the indispensable consideration of the actual conditions of an evil before proceeding to devise methods of relief. It is a principle which cannot be more imperative in any case than in that of the interference with the colored vote in the Southern States.

In full view of the situation in districts where that vote is suppressed, neither the proposed law nor any other could assure a free vote, because the causes that restrain the vote are not amenable to law. No man has expressed himself more strongly in favor of doing something, if anything could be done effectively, than President **Harrison** when he was a Senator. Yet he said at last, in the Senate four years ago, and his words may be accepted as those of the great intelligent body of the American people:

> "I have looked hopefully in the old times to the forcible intervention of the government in their defence. I have thought that it might be possible, under that stringent legislation which Congress adopted, by the forcible intervention of the Federal authority to protect them in those rights of which they were so cruelly deprived. But I have ceased to have faith in the possibility of that intervention in their behalf, constituted as this government is, with its complex organization of Federal and State governments, independent within certain limitations."

It must be remembered, moreover, as was distinctly shown in the case of the Force Bill of 1871, that there may be legislation to remedy acknowledged evils which will outrun public sympathy, and without moral support could have no practical effect whatever. That act, as **Alexander Johnston**, one of the wisest of our political students, too early lost, wisely and truly said, "went farther than the instincts of the American people would follow Congress." The proposed act would be of the same kind. It would be a *brutum fulmen*, which the most humane and patriotic sentiment of the country would deeply deplore.

THE FAIR.

Speaker Reed has appointed a special committee of nine upon the World's Fair which is universally satisfactory. Each of the contesting cities has two representatives upon the committee, and the chairman, Mr. **Candler**, of Massachusetts, is not a partisan of any of the contestants, and is a very acceptable chief. Mr. **Springer**, an ardent member from Illinois, is anxious to have the House proceed at once to ballot to determine the place where the Fair shall be held, and to continue balloting until a decision is reached.

This is the course that will be pursued ultimately, because the committee cannot be expected to report unanimously, and the House will have to choose between the reports. Mr. **Springer** says that many Democrats are opposed to holding any Fair except upon a guarantee that the national government shall not pay any bills. But unless in some way the Fair receives unequivocally the national sanction, and is in effect a national enterprise, it will be regarded as a private undertaking, of which foreign exhibitors will be very wary.

The New York Legislature has unanimously petitioned Congress that New York may be chosen as the site for the Fair, and the law which has been drafted by the Committee on Legislation has been approved, and will be introduced and undoubtedly passed by the Legislature. Mr. **Flower** and Mr. **Belden** are the New York members of the special committee of the House, and they will spare no effort to secure the prize for the city of New York. But we observe no indication in the reports from Washington of the real disposition of Congress. Such votes as have been taken show only great uncertainty. Yet probably the country would be exceedingly surprised if any other place than New York should be finally selected.

RAPID TRANSIT.

Rapid transit in New York is almost a national interest, so enormous is the constant arrival in the city of visitors from every part of the Union. Of course in a community so teeming with politics and jobbery, and permanently confronted with Tammany Hall, a scheme for the purpose which is "as clean as a hound's tooth" is very difficult to devise. But such a scheme, Senator **Fassett** assures us, is contained in the bill reported by him in the Senate of New York. The bill creates a commission of seven persons—the Mayor and six other citizens—and the names mentioned in the bill were received at once with general favor and pleasure as those of respected and trustworthy gentlemen. Their powers are large, but large powers of the kind may be always safely granted to such men.

They are to decide upon the necessity of rapid transit, select the routes, and determine the kind of transit. Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, Broadway below Thirty-third Street, Fourth Avenue above Forty-second, and the streets now occupied by elevated roads, are excluded from selection; but Broadway may be crossed, and a road beneath Broadway is not forbidden. The selection of the route—and this is a droll constitutional concession to a fiction of proper local government—must be approved by the Aldermen, and the consent of half the property owners upon the line must be secured, or the land condemned by a commission appointed by the Supreme Court. When this is all accomplished, the franchise must be sold at public auction, and the road is to be built and operated under the provisions of the act and the control of the Rapid Transit Commission.

By common consent this is an excellent scheme. It promises prompt relief where relief is required, and it brings intelligence, character, and ability to the solution of one of the perplexing problems of the city. It is, indeed, a pleasant reminder of the time when such qualities were thought desirable and even indispensable in all municipal administration. It is the first measure of importance introduced in the Legislature at this session, and it will be fortunate if it proves to be a precedent. If this Legislature should pass a wise ballot reform law, a good license law, and a rapid transit law like that of Mr. **Fassett**, and abstain from the old childish game of "putting a Governor in a hole," it would be gratefully remembered.

THE ADIRONDACK PARK.

Public interest in the case of the Adirondack region has received a fresh impulse from the Governor's message recommending the reservation of the portion owned by the State and under the supervision of the Forest Commission as a park. The duties of the Forest Commission are limited to the preservation of the woods, and the Governor therefore suggests a special commission to inquire into the expediency, practicability, and cost of such a park, perhaps fifty or seventy miles square. This tract should include the wilder portions and the head waters of the Hudson River.

The Governor remarks that the Adirondacks have become a great summer and winter resort for the whole country, and his recommendation is valuable as a sign of the thorough awakening of the State to the necessity of a supervision of the northern forests so comprehensive and thorough that the dangers of the long negligence by which the State has grievously suffered may be arrested. The agitation of this subject in the press has been most salutary, and the faithful and intelligent persistence in the good work of *Garden and Forest* has been of the greatest service.

This recommendation by the Governor, like that of the system of State roads in his annual message, will be greeted with a [illegible]! A reformed ballot law is quite as essential to the welfare of New York as an Adirondack Park, and a sound and effective license law would promote straight travel upon the State roads that the Governor proposes. It might be supposed that the satisfaction derived even from proposing a good thing might tempt a Governor to try the pleasure of doing good things. The renown that his administration would gain from an effective reformed ballot law would eclipse that obtained from a great Adirondack Park.

CASTELAR UPON PAN-AMERICA.

Castelar, the Spanish republican leader, has written a paper upon the Pan-American Congress which is in singular accord in its conclusions with the article of Mr **Albert G. Browne**, to which we recently referred. **Castelar** recognizes the fact that the Spanish American and the Anglo-Saxon American are not yet in accord, and therefore that an "inner and spiritual" unity is impossible. He holds that there is but one sort of analogy between the North Americans and the South Americans, and that is the more or less republican character of their institutions. Even in this, however, the divergence is greater than the resemblance. A North American republican is politically hardly at home in a South American republic.

But what chiefly strikes **Castelar** is the antagonism of interests between the two kinds of Americans. The United States are based upon a principle of internal centralization and external expansion. They close their frontiers to imports and open them to immigration. They could not be independent of foreign influence without excluding foreign imports, but proclaiming human rights they could not prohibit foreign immigration. This is rather a poetic way of putting it. But, on the other hand, he says, when the South American republics separated from Europe they welcomed universal industry, and opened trade with all the world. And then the poet asks the very practical question, "How can they be supposed to want that curious *Zollverein* which will compel them to buy dear American goods when they can get them cheap and in abundance from Europe?" A customs union he holds to be the only practical question for the congress. Señor **Castelar** regards Mr. **Blaine** as of a Utopian and dreamy mind, and really aiming at the rule of a single people over two hemispheres, a hope which in **Castelar's** judgment would be resisted by both North and South America. South America must be united at home, and to that point the republics are approaching. But in our country, he thinks, the delegates will find everything strange, and much from which they will shrink. These views are extremely interesting as those of the most famous living Spaniard.

PATIENCE.

The general discussion of the question of colored citizenship which has largely occupied the press in the absence of pending Congressional measures of importance, and the meeting of the colored National Convention, have resulted plainly in two conclusions: one, which we consider elsewhere, that national legislation in aid of colored citizens cannot effectively go farther; and the other, that some restriction of suffrage not based upon color might be a wise expedient for some of the Southern States. Universal suffrage exists in no State. In New York certain conditions of naturalization, sex, age, residence, and registration determine who shall vote. The restrictions exclude about four-fifths of the population, and are determined by expediency, not by principle.

If to these restrictions, which generally exist also in Southern States, some impartial and reasonable requirement of education and property were added, much of the apprehension which justly arises from an absolutely unenlightened vote, such as that which has to be considered in Brazil, would disappear. It would be at least an experiment worth considering. Undoubtedly it would be an experiment which it would be hard to persuade the present body of voters unanimously to adopt, and in any other States than those which are situated like some of the Southern States it would be impossible.

It may be impossible there. But the discussion will have the benefit of reminding us that it is not the ballot, but the intelligence to use it well, that secures good government. **Louis Napoleon** prated of the plébiscite and of his enormous support by the votes of Frenchmen. But those votes cost France a humiliating war and an enormous loss of prestige. It must not be forgotten, however, that the chief reason for giving the ballot to the freedmen after the war was that the white ballot was not friendly to their welfare, and it seemed the only feasible way to secure their rights. The situation, indeed, has changed, and the remark of Commissioner and ex-Governor **Thompson**, of South Carolina, that what is now wanted is patience is a very wise suggestion.

MEMORIAL TABLETS.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has undertaken to raise a little subscription to place a tablet or plate, suitably inscribed, upon the house in Warwick Street, London, in which **Browning** wrote some of his books. This is a beautiful and pious custom which is known in other countries more than in England. In Florence, a plate upon Casa Guidi states that there Mrs. **Browning** lived and wrote "Aurora Leigh" and "Casa Guidi Windows" and the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. In Weimar, the houses of Goethe and Schiller are designated in the same way. It is not usual in European towns, and invests them with peculiar interest, which our own towns are beginning at least to share.

In Albany, crossing the park in front of the Academy toward the Capitol, the passenger will observe a modest tablet upon the sward at the intersection of paths—a memorial of noted events of which the park was the scene. Other places in the city of historical interest are, we believe, similarly commemorated, so that the past is made present to the consciousness of the wayfarer. So, in Concord, Massachusetts, a town peculiarly rich in historical associations, there are stones and tablets duly placed and inscribed, all of them, as in Albany, witnesses of that public spirit which makes the greatness of republics.

In this country, however, it is sites, rather than houses, which can be thus signalized. The houses in which **Bryant** and **Emerson** and **Longfellow** lived are not of durable material. Of the house in which **Bryant** was born only an excavation where the cellar was remains. **Irving's** Sunnyside, we believe, is built of stone. In any event, the spot remains, and its association with him may be recalled by a simple monument. Like the planting of a tree which presently becomes a choir for birds and a curtain of shade for the traveller, the erection of a simple memorial like that projected by Mr. **Gosse** will be a delight to thousands which otherwise they would not have known.

PERSONAL.

Colonel Ossian D. Ashley, president of the Wabash Railroad Company, is a gentleman of kind but commanding appearance, and, although his life has been full of work, at the age of sixty-seven years he preserves the spring and action of one much younger. He has always been a close student, political economy and French literature giving him pleasant recreation when not absorbed in his business, and even at the present time, while a portion of every month is taken up by trips to the West in the interest of his railroad, the evenings he spends at his home in Twenty-third Street are largely devoted to reading. Years ago, when Colonel **Ashley** was a stock-broker in Boston, he wrote some of the earliest financial articles that ever appeared in the papers of that city, and has since written frequently on business and other topics for New York journals. At one time he was captain of the old Boston Tigers, but gained the title of colonel from the Thirty-seventh Regiment of that city.

—**S. M. Minassian**, the head of the Armenian colony in New York, is a wealthy retired merchant. He gained his property by long and skilfully conducted business between this city and Constantinople, and was one of the first to introduce American products and inventions into the Orient.

—A familiar figure is now missed in St. Peter's at Rome, death having removed **Pietro Marcolini**, the only beggar to whom succeeding popes gave the privilege of pursuing his calling in the church. He accumulated a fortune of $10,000 during thirty years of begging.

—**Charles J. Clinch**, who will be benefited to the extent of about $2,600,000 by the recent settlement of the **Stewart** will contest, was formerly United States consul at Bordeaux.

—**Daniel Lovering, Jun.**, the Boston superintendent of the Adams Express Company, has used the corporation's wagons in the cause of humanity during the recent fires at the Hub, their voluntary aid in removing goods during the great conflagration of Thanksgiving Day being especially valued.

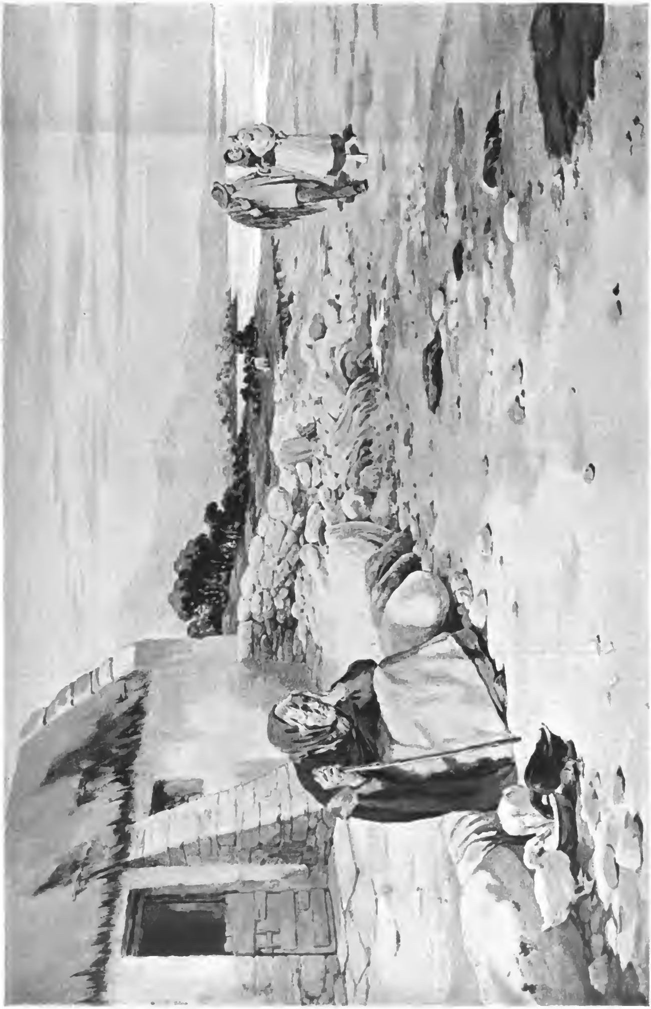
—An English nun, **Sister Rose Gertrude**, is now on her way to the Sandwich Islands to spend her life among the lepers of Molokai, Father **Damien's** former charge. Her real name is **Amy Fowler**.

—Vandals have girdled the **Grant** elm at Lexington, Massachusetts. It was planted by General **Grant** on April 19, 1875, the one-hundredth anniversary of the battle of Lexington.

—The Paris Communists were not at all chary in the selection of their officials during their brief lease of power, and **Victor Grelier**, a cook who had fallen so low that he was a menial in a public wash-house, became their Minister of Commerce. After law and order had been restored, **Grelier** won the hearts of his captors through their stomachs, and was made the *chef* of the governor to whose province he had been transported. Later, he was permitted to return to Paris, where he died the other day.

—**Clara Barton** is a fine shot with either a rifle or a shot-gun.

—Although over one hundred years old, Mrs. **Patty Blair**, of West Brookfield, Massachusetts, is as sprightly as a woman of seventy-five. She remembers well a visit of **Lafayette** to the town.



RECOLLECTION.—Drawn by Howard Helmick.—[See Page 82.]

those dark shadows, that my breath came irregularly and I heard a dismal ringing in my ears. Yet I had less to fear than either of the others who had crossed before me, for the ropes still were fast to the chain, and should I not swing far enough I would be helped to safety by my companions. But for shame, I should have made my body fast to the chain by a rope sling, and so have gone across as our stores had gone rather than as a man. But my pride forbade my surrender in this fashion to my fears; and it was a lucky thing for me that it did.

Holding the bar in my hands, I ran briskly across the ledge, and, with a strong kick on the edge of the cliff to give me additional impetus, I went spinning out into space. For an age, as it seemed to me, I sank rapidly; while that horrible feeling possessed me—the like of which people subject to sea-sickness feel as the ship drops away beneath them into the trough of the sea—of falling away from my own stomach. And then, just as my strength seemed to be failing and my hold on the bar loosing, I perceived that I was rising again; and this put a little fresh heart in me, and I tightened my grip on the bar. Ten seconds, no doubt, was the full extent of the time that my passage consumed; but it seemed to me then, and it seems to me still as I think of it, a long ten years. And a thrill of terror goes through me as I think, also, of how near I then came to a horrible death: for at the very moment that I reached the farther side of the cañon there was a little tinkling sound in the air above me, and the bar that I held was twitched out of my hands, and then came a loud jingling of metal on rock—and as I turned quickly I saw a gleam of sunlight catch the great chain as it went twisting downward into the black gulf below.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVICTION IN NEW YORK.

No more affecting subject has ever been found by artist, orator, poet, or romance writer than eviction. The sorrows and sufferings of those who lose their homes have been used to sway Parliaments on questions of state, and have never failed to touch the sympathies of the tender-hearted, irrespective of any plea of justice or equity between landlord and tenant. Human nature cannot, unmoved, view such destitution as seems inseparably connected with the loss of shelter for women, children, and the household gods. Yet while this sentimental side of a controversy that must come up from time to time, as long as men dwell in hired houses, is indisputably the one that will first claim the attention of all humanity, there is another side that cannot be ignored.

So long as civilization admits the right of property in real estate, the law must protect that right, and the owner's claim to rent for the use of his property is as valid as his claim to any other of his possessions. He cannot be denied when he demands with perfect logic that he shall either have possession of his premises or receive pay for their use. Among the infinite complications in which this plain debtor and creditor question is involved by the necessities of the debtors, the legislators of modern times have floundered about with various and sometimes conflicting results. In New York, according to the popular notion at least, the laws favor the landlord rather than the tenant, and such cases of hardship as the artist has portrayed on another page are by no means so infrequent as could be desired.

This is perhaps because the statutes provide for what are known as summary proceedings, and these proceedings are so manifestly to the advantage of the landlord that the old-fashioned suit for ejectment, which sometimes dragged along for years, is hardly known any longer in New York courts. Under these statutes, if the tenant makes any default in the payment of his rent, or if he remains in possession of the hired premises after the expiration of the term for which he hired them, the landlord may go to the district court and make an affidavit, which being duly verified becomes a complaint. The law strictly prescribes that this affidavit shall clearly state all the material facts in the case. It must tell the relationship of landlord and tenant existing between the parties; the facts of the hiring of the premises; the amount of the rent payable; the specified terms, and manner and time of payment; the tenant's occupancy of the premises; the failure of payment at the specified time; the demand of the landlord for payment; the neglect of the tenant to pay; the demand of the landlord for possession of the premises; and the continued occupancy by the tenant.

On this affidavit the court will issue a "precept," requiring the tenant, in not less than three days (including the day of service and the day of return), to show cause why he should not surrender the premises. There can be no adjournment, excepting by the landlord's consent, beyond the day and hour specified in this "precept," unless the tenant raises an issue on some material allegation in the affidavit. The judge granting such an adjournment is guilty of a misdemeanor. If the tenant is in a position to deny some material statement, and get a lawyer to fight the case, he may get adjournments; but if he cannot, his only alternative is to pay the rent. If he cannot do that, no matter what his exigencies or misfortunes may be, no matter how certain he may be of his ability to pay even in an hour's time, the court must give judgment for the landlord. The law is inexorable.

Judgment being rendered, the court has a limited discretion only about issuing a warrant of eviction. If it be Saturday, no warrant is likely to be issued till the following Monday. If the tenant or any of his family be so sick that death is likely to be caused by removal, it is not probable that the judge will issue a warrant till that emergency is past. In default of either of these conditions, however, the court must, at the request of the landlord, enter the judgment and issue the warrant immediately. These warrants are usually addressed to the city marshals, and it is to be said to the credit of these officials that there has hardly ever been known a case in which they have discharged their unpleasant duties in any way but the kindest possible. It seems to be beyond the power of most civilized men to be harsh in the infliction of such a penalty as extreme poverty incurs in this case. Nevertheless, the marshal has no more discretion than the judge. If the landlord insist, he must remove all the furniture and belongings of the tenant as far as the public sidewalk, and eject all persons in possession, using any necessary force to accomplish this end. Then he locks or seals the premises, and delivers them over to the landlord. What happens thereafter to the tenant or to any of his belongings does not concern the judge, the marshal, or the landlord. The law has been complied with, and if no wilful damage has been done, there is no redress.

As in cases of hardship of almost all kinds, the poorest people suffer the most when they are victims of this process of eviction. A penniless woman, such as the artist has portrayed, if deprived of shelter, loses, by the one stroke of ill fortune, all that makes life sweet. Her little child, too small to be an aid in the labors of life, must be "put away" in the care of some benevolent society, of whose benevolence it can too often be said that it is like the "tender mercies of the wicked." The babe at her breast is even a greater hinderance to any effort she might make to sustain herself in the fierce competition of wage-earning. It too must be surrendered, and the despairing mother can have little hope that it will ever know her again. The few poor sticks of furniture that were of too little value to be sold or pawned are set upon the sidewalk, where she can neither use them nor hope to keep them.

Life has suddenly resolved itself to a bare struggle for food, with all the odds against her, and her only resource is in the charity of the public. This, it must be said, is a far better resource than may be imagined. Among all the wickedness of Gotham, carelessness of the sufferings of others is not to be reckoned. I have known very many instances of dire poverty in a long experience of newspaper life, but I have yet to find one that will not be promptly and liberally relieved if brought to the public notice. The only hinderance to the exercise of the almost boundless charity of the citizens of New York is ignorance. Too often the sufferers do not know how to appeal. Too often the charitably disposed fail to learn of such cases as the one in the picture.

WINTER DAWN.

A mystical silence weird and gray
  Rests like a dream on the garden white;
The darkness fitfully steals away
  Like a sullen raven before the light.

The naked wood in its winter sleep
  Is songless and still in the bitter air;
No birds in the flowerless meadow cheep
  Where timidly lopes the wary hare.

All tremulous in the distance far
  A ribbon of rose begins to shine,
Where a beautiful luminous lily star
  Softly dissolves in the airy wine.

R. K. Munkittrick.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Mr. Helmick is supremely true to nature in his sketch. There is a rugged lonely look about the bleak rocky coast which communicates a chill, and suggests the thought of the barrenness of a life spent among such cheerless surroundings. The "old, old story," however, repeats itself here, coming in to brighten up the scene. It gives a tinge of romance not only to the homely bent figure of the old crone, whose days have been spent in hardship and poverty from youth to old age, but also to the forms of the young parents, who seem oblivious of everything but the child in the young mother's arms.

How the thoughts of the old mother go backward as her eyes rest occasionally on the stalwart form of her fisherman son returning to his "cottage," with his "seine" thrown over his shoulder, apparently as happy in the possession of wife and baby as if toil were unknown or unnecessary! The poor old creature thinks of the time when she tripped blithely out to meet her "good man" returning from some fishing expedition, carrying her baby just as proudly as her daughter-in-law in the picture now bears that baby's son in her willing arms. As these bygone days revert to her mind, her heart is doubtless just as much bowed down by the memory of the father of her boy, who one grievous day went on some excursion to the fishing grounds never to return, as her old body is in the picture before us. Her thoughts are full of the days of her youth, when sorrow and death were unknown; when she was a fair young "colleen," sought after by the country lads for miles around; her name quoted as the best dancer in the parish; her bonny face present at every scene of jollity and frolic; her laugh the merriest, as her heart and feet were the lightest. Ah! poor old soul, can we not all feel when looking at her what the "recollections" are which fill her mind, and agree with Tennyson that

> "A sorrow's crown of sorrow
> Is remembering happier things?"

She probably feels that now she is of no account to any one. Her son, of course, as in duty bound, gives her a shelter, a crust, and a seat in the chimney-corner, but if her place were vacant on the morrow, who would miss her? Truly, as "the days of our lives are threescore years and ten," but after that "they bring but trouble and sorrow," so with our old "type of the past" in this sketch; and yet so closely is the heart of the Irish peasant knit to the native soil, that this principal figure of the picture would not, in all probability, take in exchange for the wretched hovel in which her rude life has been passed, the finest home if it were far removed from the scene before us. There is scarcely a rock or tree on which her gaze rests which has not to her some hallowed association, some memory set apart.

HALT OF A SIBERIAN CONVOY.

Thanks to the present popularity of Russian literature, and to a wide-spread interest in the institutions of that great empire, we are in a fair way to know almost as much about Russians as they know about themselves. But it is extremely difficult for any writer to convey a just notion of the characteristics of Russians; and, indeed, the task becomes almost impossible if he fails to insist on the race peculiarities, which indelibly color every motive and every action. Seen through the glasses of western civilization, the customs, habits, morality of the Russians are so little in harmony with our own traditions and present usages that we are disposed to indulge in severe criticism, without pausing to consider the surroundings and circumstances which make these elements of civilization seem to us peculiar and incomprehensible.

The Chinese, filled with pride of their own nationality, and unable, from their isolation and from the strength of their race traditions, to conceive of anything equal to their own civilization, honestly consider the outside world barbaric. In this respect we of the Western world are much more Chinese than the Russians, for they, probably more than any other nation, are the most eager to assimilate modern ideas and adopt modern customs. I am aware that this statement needs some explanation; still, if we look at the wonderful strides toward the highest forms of civilization made in the last half-century through every part of that immense empire, we must recognize the fact that there is nothing like it in the history of nations. The soil in which the seeds of modern progress have been so effectively sown was none of the most fertile, and even to-day presents, to the outsider at least, few or no attractions for labor in this direction. The Egyptian darkness of ignorance, superstition, and Oriental barbarism which shrouded the people is not yet by any means dispelled, nor have the brilliant rays of nineteenth-century civilization penetrated all the angles and corners of the labyrinth. The penumbra of the shadow of past ages still covers the great mass of the people, and generations must yet pass away before they cease to feel the burden of their inheritance. Tourguénief, in his *Souvenirs of Bielinsky*, says of the state of society only a few decades ago: "When one looked around him he saw venality in full vogue, serfdom crushing down the people like a rock, military barracks springing up on all sides. There was no justice; they talked of closing the universities; foreign travel was not permitted. A sombre cloud hung over what was then called the Administration of Letters and Sciences. Denunciation crept in on all sides; even between young people there was no common bond, no generous interests. Fear and adulation were everywhere." From the accession of Alexander II and the liberation of the twenty-four millions of serfs in 1861 dates the great modernization of the empire. Assuredly the record of progress is scarcely paralleled in history.

We are accustomed to criticise the faults of the Russians as if they were greater faults than our own, forgetting that they are different, but not on that account greater ones. These faults become perfectly comprehensible to us, and we more readily condone them, if we succeed in tracing them to their origin, in locating them in their surroundings. A quarter of a century ago Russian barbarism, if we had known it as we know it now, would have filled us with disgust; but at that very period there were being perpetrated within our own borders atrocities beside which Siberian tortures are child's play. Circumstances obliged us to overlook these crimes; so in Russia circumstances may palliate many public acts which at first sight would seem inexcusable.

The Siberian system is the most prominent blot on the institutions of the empire. It is more dramatic in aspect, and appeals more forcibly to our sentiments, than any other. The scope of this brief article necessarily excludes any discussion of the wrongs or the merits of this system, or any attempt to add a word to the volumes of descriptions and arguments which have been written on the subject. The reading class in Russia is perfectly acquainted with the workings of the system, and intimate knowledge of it is not confined to those alone who can read. It is for the most part accepted by the people as a necessity of government, in the same way that flogging is considered a necessity of military discipline. That the government does not choose to hide the evils of the system from the people, even the lowest of them, is abundantly proven by the presence in the Imperial Gallery in Moscow of a large picture representing a march of convicts, an engraving of which is published in the present number of this paper. The drama is introduced with such vividness and such realism that no description need accompany the engraving. The little scene enacted in the foreground is more eloquent than a printed page, more suggestive and impressive than the language of the most skilful speaker. Its accuracy can scarcely be questioned, and it carries to the spectator a realization of the horrors of the convict system in a way that the lowest intellect can comprehend. Why, then, is this picture permitted to hang in the Moscow gallery, unless it be a part of the great general endeavor to elevate, educate, and civilize the people?

It is the commonest trait of the Russians that they are perfectly frank about themselves as a nation. They often declare that they are divided into only two classes, those who use Lubin's soap and those who use no soap at all. In general terms this is true, for the middle class is so numerically small that it may be practically counted out. Yet the development of a middle class is a necessity of progress, and another generation will see this class much greater and more useful. Russians do not scruple to say that their country is largely in a state of semi-barbarism; and the men of culture and refinement who tell you this will at the same instant invariably betray, by word or gesture, the taint of Oriental indifference and fatalism which characterizes Russians of every rank, and makes barbarism a possibility among them.

Tolstoi often alludes in his writings to this frankness to confess shortcomings and faults, and in his inimitable way shows how little service to them is the contemplation of their own inner selves. Introspection with them does not serve to stimulate their conscience, but rather to throw the glamour of fatalism over it, and to make this an excuse and a palliation for every weakness. It is this element of Russian character that makes them difficult to deal with in matters of reform. If their attention is called to gross injustice or criminal negligence, they will at first show an honest sympathy and interest, but will soon throw off all responsibility and satisfy their consciences with the remark, "We are a race of barbarians," or by that commonest word, "directly," representing the commonest fault among Russians—procrastination.

It was my fortune to be intimately associated with the Russians at a time when they were more before the eyes of the rest of the world than they have been for a long time—namely, during the Russo-Turkish campaign. The apparent indifference to the sufferings of their own people; their exuberant sympathy with the misfortunes of the Turks; their patience under hardships and difficulties, most of which resulted from their own neglect and procrastination; their admiration for truth, and their own lack of this virtue—these are but few of the anomalies of character which were exceedingly difficult to reconcile. I have seen the Emperor shed tears over the wounded men of the Imperial Guard, and a few days later the same unfortunates were dying by the hundreds on the road to the hospitals through criminal neglect and ignorance. It was a common sight after a battle to see officers throw money to wounded Turks and pass by their own men with only one word of pity. When Plevna fell, thirty thousand Turks were herded together for days without shelter on an open plain in a heavy snow-storm. In the Balkan campaign the highways from the mountains to the Danube were black with trains of springless carts transporting Russian wounded for many days, without shelter from the wintry storms, and without any adequately organized commissariat or medical service. The exercise of ordinary forethought and the observance of the commonest laws of humanity would have saved thousands of lives and millions of treasure. But the habit of procrastination and the taint of fatalism were too strong in them to be overcome even by questions of life and death, and they went on to the close of the war in much the same way as they began.

An incident, though of little importance in itself, will, nevertheless, show how the Russians regarded the situation at the time. At the fall of Plevna I sent, in my capacity as correspondent of the London *Daily News*, a long despatch describing the horrors of the town after the surrender, and supplemented this with sketches to the London *Graphic*, not sparing the Russians at all in my criticisms of their treatment of the Turks. After a few days I returned to the Army of the Balkans, which I had left temporarily, and awaited with some misgivings the arrival of the courier with St. Petersburg newspapers, which I knew would contain translations of my despatches. One morning General Gourko sent for me to come and see him. I knew the post had arrived, and presented myself with the full conviction that he would announce that it was his unpleasant duty to send me away from the army. To my great surprise he advanced and shook hands, and congratulated me on the realistic way I had described the horrors of Plevna and the accuracy and justice of my criticisms. "You have told the exact truth," he said, "and we Russians are only too anxious to have the truth about us published to the world. As long as you are with me, please remember that you are at perfect liberty to write the truth about us. This Plevna business is most terrible, most deplorable." "But, general," I said, "you seem to realize the state of things as much as any one; indeed, all the officers with whom I talk continually and vehemently deplore the barbarities that we daily witness. Why don't you, why doesn't the commander-in-chief, report these things?"

"God knows!" and a shrug of the shoulders was all the answer I could get out of him.

F. D. Millet.

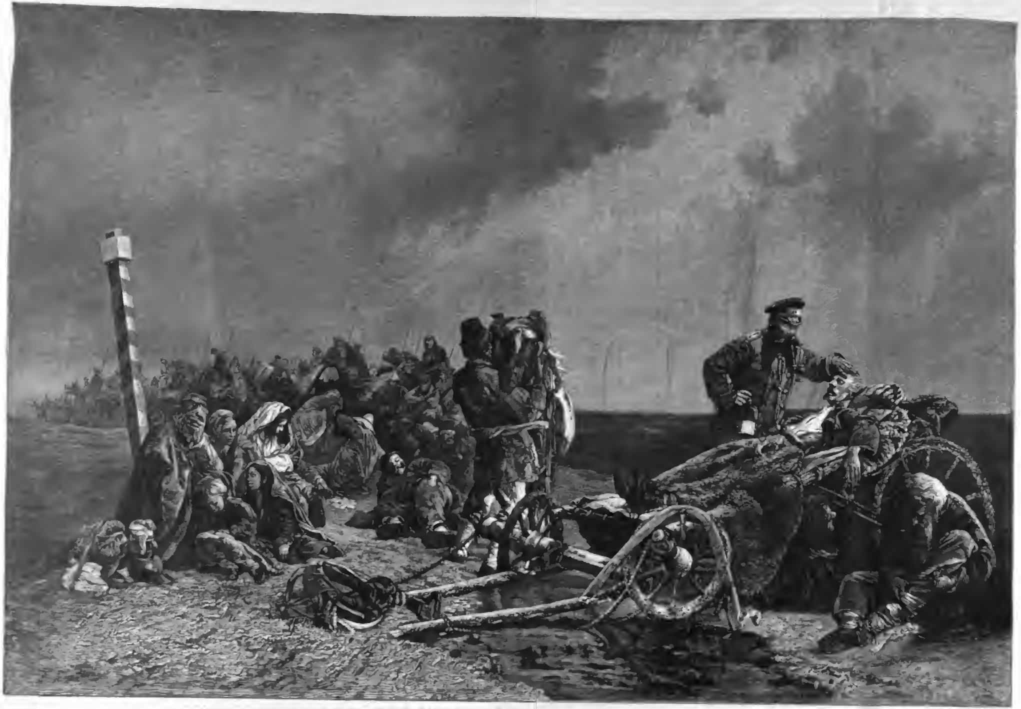
A DESERTED FARM.

I pass the burrow of the shy field-mouse,
  Pink broom-sedge, and pale hints of aftermath,
And near the mouldering doorway of a house
  Long threads of treacherous silver bar the path.

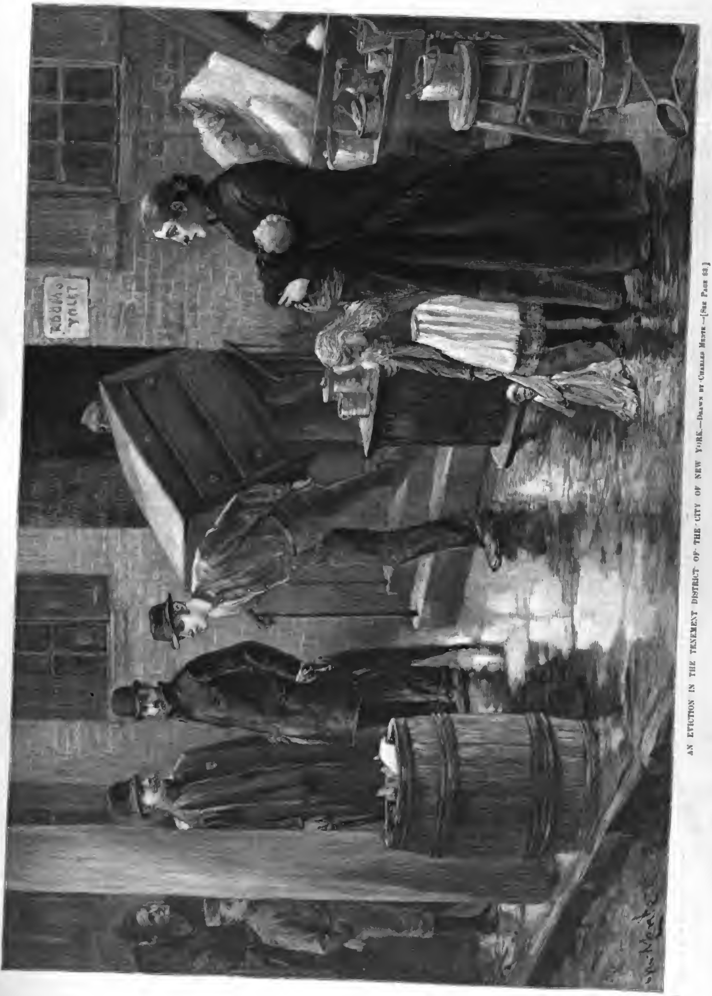
Across the threshold, whence all life has gone,
  The forest weavers deeper webs have spun,
That lift their silken meshes to the morn,
  Or snare the bloom of the evening sun.

With autumn silence brooding over all,
  It seems as if such Chinese nets at last
Had captured and imprisoned past recall
  The harvest sounds and melodies of the past.

William H. Hayne.



A HALT OF EXILES.—From the Painting by Valerian Ivanovitch Jacoby (1861) in the Tretiakoff Collection, Moscow.—[See Page 83.]



AN EVICTION IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles Mente.—[See Page 82.]

A SIX-FATHOM CANOE.

A SIX-FATHOM canoe is one of the most formidable products of savage man. As its name indicates, it is thirty-six feet long, and though built of no stronger material than the smallest birch-bark vessels—and like them having its seams pitched to make them water-tight—it will carry three tons and a dozen men. In Canada the capacity of a canoe is always estimated at half a ton to the fathom, or, as the Indians and traders would say, at ten bags to the fathom. A bag is the measure of a hundred pounds, and the term is used because of the ancient custom, still pursued, of packing all goods that can be so divided into parcels of one hundred pounds each. This is done that the Indians may readily pack the cargoes on their backs when they come to shallow, unnavigable pieces of water, or are obliged to transport their boats overland from one water system to another. Our hunters call such interruptions "carries"; but the French explorers and early rulers of Canada impressed their language upon that country, and a carry is there called a "portage."

In the scenes that Mr. Frederic Remington has sketched for another page of the WEEKLY the process of portaging a boat's cargo is shown. Those types of men he has drawn show the Indian almost in his purity, and the half-breed, having a strong admixture of French with Indian blood. The men, the camp, the water-side settlement, are all features of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory. The vast business of this great trading company is transacted by canoes in most months of the year, and when winter locks up the waters, sleds and toboggans drawn by horses or dogs take the place of the canoes. These winter vehicles still follow the steamers, and traverse the level surface of the lakes to a greater or less extent. In the spring the winter's harvest of furs comes down to the main collecting posts in these canoes, and in the summer the provisions and merchandise for barter are distributed all over British America from these centres in the same way.

The roads of that great northern territory are the waterways, and the vehicles are these boats. The waterways of Canada form a wondrous series of systems of communication. The finer the map of Canada, the more water it is shown to possess. It is like a great sponge, filled and dripping. A vast amount of this water is thrown into Hudson's Bay, but the southern incline of land supplies our great lakes, and, in turn, the St. Lawrence, Ottawa, Red River of the North, the two great Saskatchewans, and many smaller streams. With more or less portaging, a canoe can start from Ottawa and go to Labrador or to Hudson's Bay, and thus to the arctic circle. The western half of British America is equally well commanded from Winnipeg.

FRENCH GAS.

IT was on the seventh landing, half-way up the fourth flight, that I met the faithful Sally, with her expression at half-mast, and a dangerous-looking document in her hand. Our Sally was the tyrant of the cosy little apartment in the Faubourg St. Germain, and played in addition the dual rôle of nurse-maid *chef*.

"I cannot think what it is," said she, rolling her eyes mysteriously. "It was a kind of a soldier that brought it, and he was pretty stiff about it, too. And so," she continued, "I've just busied myself packing up a bit."

"Packing up," I groaned, "and we paid our three months' rent in advance but yesterday! Why, what are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinkin'," said she, turning red at the idea of being questioned, "that it wasn't for nothin' thim Frinch frogs was singin' an' jumpin' Boulanger in the streets all last night." By this time we were in the parlor and she had closed the door. "I'm thinkin'," she went on, solemnly holding up the document, "that thim Germans have declared a war, and we've a right to go home. God knows I want no foreigner givin' me the last sacramint in Frinch!"

Sally's lip quivered; she fell into the best chair, fanning herself with her apron. She realized there was no time for etiquette in the hour of death.

It was a long document. From the beginning to the argument proper was about twenty-five centimetres—a little more than a quarter of a yard of "whereas, wherefore, in the name of the French Republic, . . . liberty, equality, and fraternity. . . . the august municipal government of Paris, . . . the government officers of the Eighth Ward, . . . the sacred provisions of French law, etc." In short, if I wanted gas in the house, I would please comply with the formalities prescribed by law.

Sally went out to broil the beefsteak, while I made an unsuccessful attempt to drown my excitement in a French newspaper without any news in it.

In France there is much that is controlled by law. Among other things the government is gas, and gas is the government. A month before our war excitement a slippery, smiling landlord had called to say that the apartment-house in which we lived had changed hands, and he had become the owner. A noble old gray stone structure was the house, with solid oak stairs that were the pride of my heart.

"True, the building is over a hundred years old," said the new landlord; "but as it stands it will outlast two new ones. We no longer build good houses; we modern Frenchmen are too hurried, above all in Paris, where everything is done with a rush."

I looked at him with interest.

"*I* shouldn't say a word. I am an enterprising young chap myself," he continued, smoothing down his *embonpoint*, the result of over half a century of French cooking. "Now, although mamma considers it a dangerous risk, for once I am going against her advice. I want to do something for my tenants, and I am going to put gas into the house."

When he left I gave him a good American hand-shake. Sally and I were delighted. No more spots of glimmer in oceans of gloom. No more Rembrandt dish-washing—one-half the plate in light, the other in blackest shade. No more candle grease on the furniture. No more struggles with those wound-up French lamps that are useless unless you can afford to keep a clock-maker. No more sitting down to read or write like an Irish corpse,

> "With a dozen o' candles around his head."

"By next week at the latest," said I to Sally, "we shall have gas."

During the next week our anxious lookout discovered no signs of the promised luxury. The week following we saw two workmen talking in an airy French way with two others. Toward the end of the following week it resulted in an amicable breakfast on our sidewalk. After that it went on swimmingly—according to the French standard. In less than a month there were breaks in the sidewalk; at the end of six weeks we entered the court by means of a plank that bridged a chasm four feet deep. As time rolled on, and we had by force of habit almost become attached to candle-light, we had a message: rich centenarian smells, born of the garlic of dead empires, rose up from the cellar to tell us that something was going to happen soon. It happened.

Again the faithful Sally met me on the stairs, this time all in smiles and her best embroidered apron. "It's General Boulanger," said she. "He's been waiting half an hour; but it's all right; he seems interested in the pictures and things."

"You're mad," I gasped. "What are you talking about?"

"He's come because we're neighbors and Americans, of course," she went on. "Heaven be praised! for if there's a war he'll look after us himself, and see that we get home all right."

The Frenchman who rose to meet me, with his pointed beard, cocked hat, frock-coat, gold stripes, and brass buttons, did not look unlike Boulanger.

"My dear madame," said he, with one hand on his heart, very like an imitation Frenchman in an American play, "I have called to see you on behalf of the city of Paris, to attend to the municipal regulations in connection with the city's Mutual Parisian Company of Heating and Illuminating by Gas."

"Oh!" said I, innocently. "Well, just make out the receipt, and I will pay the deposit. You cannot have the gas put in too soon to please me."

He removed the books and bric-à-brac from the centre table, putting the articles carefully on the floor, one by one. Then he laid his cocked hat on a chair, and opening a portfolio of documents, spread them all over the large round table.

"It is not so easy, madame," he answered.

He was right; it was not easy. I came to this conclusion when he went away, papers and all, about nightfall. In addition to a deliberately written chapter concerning my plain, uneventful career set down in a ledger, Sally's General Boulanger carried away three documents, promising to decorate them with the state seal, and return them to be signed in a new place. The first was an elaborate description of our family tree, no detail so small as to be unwelcome; the second was devoted to personalities concerning myself—my motives in living in Paris, or living at all, future intentions, assets, liabilities, and political views; the third was a solemn promise on my part not in any way to maltreat or abuse the Mutual Parisian Company of Heating and Illuminating by Gas, nor to break or steal its possessions, such as meters, lead pipe, and iron gratings. Moreover, I had personally to write down in a book that gas was wanted, and that I, no other, desired this particular gas.

A few days later I thought the Chamber of Deputies had strayed from their quarters when Sally ushered in five large, round Frenchmen in heavy overcoats and high silk hats. They were the landlord, his secretary, an architect, a builder, and a representative of the Mutual Parisian Company of Heating, etc. Such a powwow at once began as would pale a ward primary. The upshot of it was: "Where would I have the gas jets?"

"Centre lights in the parlor and dining-room," said I, "and side lights in the other rooms."

A roar went up like the board of brokers in harvest-time; they shook their fists in each other's faces and shook their canes at me. Then they held each other down and argued with me, one at a time.

I was "so small, so inexperienced; nothing but a poor little foreigner!"

"Did I know that gas was a very dangerous thing?"

"Did I realize that if I slept in a room where there was a gas jet not one of them would be responsible for my health?"

"But, gentlemen," I ventured to remark, "in America we have gas in all the bedrooms."

"Impossible!" thundered the five. "Contrary to all law." "It would be dangerous to children." "Frightful catastrophes would result." "Why, in America, of New York, we are told, they have not even enough of gas to properly light the streets!"

Overwhelmed for a time, I feebly wondered if we did have gas in all the bedrooms. The big five, outwardly polite, but inwardly convinced that I had tried to deceive them, squeezed single file through the little doors of all my small rooms, tapping walls, measuring spaces, and talking against time. They finally consented to one gas jet in the dining-room, one in the hall, and in the kitchen two—one each for illuminating and cooking. Sally soon learned to say "gaws" or "gozz," her equivalent for *le gaz*, and the word, however uttered, became the household synonym for interminable.

French law provides that gas-pipe shall be laid on the outside of walls, even if they are frescoed by Bouguereau himself. And to discourage suicide, every room where gas is burned must have a grating about six by twelve inches connecting with the hall, and the hall must have a grating connecting with the outer air. Sometimes Sally used to laugh until she cried, and stand wiping the tears away with her apron, while she watched the workmen. A couple of masons would come and dig a hole in the wall. In a few days a carpenter would come and put a casing around it. Later on another kind of a workman would come and set an iron grating in it. By-and-by a plumber would amble in, and with the help of two or three assistants would run some iron pipe along the wall. Sometimes a paper-hanger would come twice or three times with samples; ultimately, with the idea of concealing the gas-pipe, he would paste over it some strips of wall-paper that did *not* match. One room being thus well begun, they would go on with the next one. The masons would dig another hole, and the programme would be repeated.

The big five dropped in often to cheer the work along and admire its progress. Toward the end I could see they felt worried about leaving a family of helpless foreigners alone with the gas; and finally they sent a nice old gentleman to give me gas lessons. He taught me how to light the gas with the aid of a match, and how to turn it off. I was obliged to solemnly repeat the formula after him, and prove my proficiency by going through the motions. He instructed me, moreover, as to the danger of blowing out the gas, pointing his carefully worded phrases by a most ominous and terrifying pantomime. At the close of his lessons he gave me a key to a lock-box in the main hall, and charged me thirty cents for a kind of a French monkey-wrench. In case of fire, I was not to think of saving my family, myself, or my valuables until I had opened the lock-box, and with the aid of the monkey-wrench turned off the gas from our apartment.

We will pass over the return of Sally's General Boulanger with a bill of seven dollars and twenty cents for the government stamps that went on the documents already described, a tax that made me thoroughly appreciate the people who once made tea in Boston Harbor. There was, as a matter of course, a deposit of six dollars, to guarantee the gas bills; but it is needless as well as painful to dwell upon another man in brass buttons who got three dollars for installing the meter, or still another, with gold braid on his sleeves, who collected thirty cents a month each for the care of the gas-burners. The banker and the family doctor assured us that all these things were legitimate and customary, and all I could do was to lie awake nights and assure myself we would enjoy that gas enough to make it pay.

We had only been trying to enjoy the gas for a few weeks when there was a murder epidemic in Paris. It culminated in a horrible affair; the inhabitants of a small apartment were murdered in their beds—servant, child, and all. The *Herald* and *Galignani* warned Americans not to admit to their homes any men who did not come on authentic and well-understood business. One day I was invited to the American quarter for a noonday breakfast. "It may be late in the afternoon before I return," said I to Sally; "and now, above all things, be very careful whom you let into the flat when you are alone with the child."

"You know you can depend on me," she answered, with an expression like Joan of Arc at the stake. It was easy to see she did not like to be left alone, but was nerving herself for the worst.

As usual, I waited in vain for an omnibus that afternoon, and came home in one of those little victorias that cost thirty-five cents a trip in Paris. When a block away from the house I observed there was an unusual excitement in our street. I looked up to see if I could catch a glimpse of the child. High up, hanging out of my bedroom window, was a crazy Frenchman, yelling at the top of his lungs. It seemed to me I was years paying the cabby and climbing the stairs.

When I arrived at our landing the trial was just beginning, and I had only to join the crowd. One gendarme, whose sword clanked against the oaken balustrade, had my fainting Sally by the arm. The *concierge*, his wife, and all the neighbors chattered in concert. There were the butler from the Ministry of War, the two gendarmes who were arresting Sally, the man and his wife who kept a *crèmerie* hard by, a footman from the Spanish ambassador's, two *pioupious*, or common soldiers, an aged maiden lady of rank who was having hysterics in the arms of her maid, and several little errand-boys in blouses.

A perspiring, dishevelled Frenchman mopped his brow and pointed at Sally. "This woman," said he, "is a murderess. She locked me in a room, and had I not summoned assistance would undoubtedly have assassinated me."

"You are our prisoner," said the two gendarmes to Sally, who was luckily none the wiser for what they said, but went ahead with her explanation.

"The murdering villain come in an' pertended to be a gas-man come to take the meter, whin sure I'd a right to know him for a thafe whin the rale gas-man had just left from takin' the meter and puttin' that same in the book. 'Gaws,' ses he to me in Frinch. 'Yo can't come in,' says I. An' whin he paid no attintion to what I said, but walked by me into your room, I knew him for a murtherer, an' I turned the kay on him like a cat. 'Aha!' says I, 'ye'll find the gas-book an' the jewels in the desk, but it isn't far ye'll go with 'em.' An' thin, the child bein' aslape, I laid her in my room and locked her in, bless her heart! an' thin I called out the parlor windy for the police."

The gendarmes, consulting each other—they always travel in pairs in France—adjusted their swords and capes, preparing to move on with Sally.

"Who are you?" I asked the alleged murderer.

"Madame, I am an official of the municipality. I represent the Mutual Parisian Company of Heating and Illuminating by Gas, and I demand justice."

"But a gas-man had just been here and made an entry in our book."

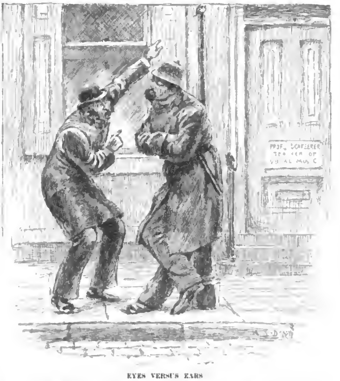
"Madame, it is my place to follow him, and see that no falsification takes place."

Slowly and unobtrusively I slipped a four-dollar gold piece into each policeman's hand; slowly and unobtrusively they relaxed their hold on Sally.

"This poor girl," said I, "ignorant of your language, has made a dreadful mistake. But she is an American, she loves France, and I promise you it shall not happen again."

"He looks the cutthroat he is," said Sally; "just a fit one to live in this hathen country. Small loss whin they cut his head off with the Frinch machine."

"What does she say?" asked the gas-man.



EYES VERSUS EARS

VERY EXCITED GENTLEMAN. "Hey! here! Officer, where are your ears? Don't you hear those awful screams? Some one is being murdered."

OFFICER. "Ears, eh? Where's your eyes? Don't you see the plate on the door?"

It was four silver dollars this time, and he hollowed his capacious palm to receive them.

"She says," I replied, "that she made a very absurd mistake to suspect a man of your appearance, and she most humbly begs your pardon."

The representative of the Mutual Parisian Company of Heating and Illuminating by Gas bowed and smiled. I took the hint. Sally and I slipped into the flat, and closed the door. In spite of all, the child still slept. The crowd dispersed, and we heard the last footsteps down the stair. It was growing dark.

"Sally," said I, "this entertainment is worth twelve dollars the first time, but I should not care to go again. Bring me the key and the French monkey-wrench," I continued, "and light all the candles."

With the key, the monkey-wrench, and a candle, I stepped firmly out into the deserted hall. And then and there I turned that French gas off forever. MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.

THE CHENEYS' VILLAGE AT SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONNECTICUT.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON has shown most graphically that poverty does not keep step with progress; that it neither is its companion nor its offspring: that from progress, on the contrary, has resulted a better state of things for the wage-earners. The wage-earners in the cotton-sheeting industry, if they were paid in what they produce, would receive more than twice as much as they did in 1840. In that year the wages paid to each hand were equivalent to 1936 yards; in 1885 the men's wages were equivalent to 4154 yards. This was an advance of 114 per cent.; but the increase in efficiency of labor was 208 per cent.; the increase in the value of product was 122 per cent., while the increase of wages per hour, in money, was 89 per cent. The decrease in the price of the product was 28 per cent. These statistics declare the truth of what I have been saying: labor is absolutely better off than it was; and yet there continue to be almost innumerable pegs on which to hang controversy between employer and employed.

The same statistics tell so many different tales, singing to one man the fatal delusions of hope, and crooning to another of enormous disaster, that they are the most unsatisfactory basis for the student of economics, unless he is in a position to be untouched by their meaning. When they are resorted to by the one side and the other in the controversy between capital and labor, they are the endless source of bitter quarrelling. Perhaps the most potent evil engendered by the wage system, that which is most disruptive of the peace of the community, is the mass of statistics in which both sides have sought to measure the forces and elements which go to production. It is not always true that figures do not lie; and in order that they may not be distorted into a lie they must be interpreted with the utmost impartiality. From their very nature, in order to tell the truth at all, they must tell the whole truth. Nothing is so deceptive as distorted light, which is only another name for half-revealed facts. Ingenious partisans can do what they will with figures, and so long as we may oppose percentages of increase and decrease with absolute amounts, there will always be room for a dispute between those who pay and those who receive wages. The capitalists who engage in a joint enterprise have a simple problem. They buy their labor and materials in the cheapest market, and sell their products in the dearest, and the division of the result among them is a matter of elementary arithmetic. But when you come to measure human relations in numerals, your yardstick is so inadequate that it obeys the desires of any manipulator. Impartial measurers may catch a glimmer of the truth, but thus far they have had very little influence in the controversy. There are signs that they are to have more in the future. But whatever they see, and whatever they discover, there will always be discontent among men who are dependent on others for the means of subsistence.

The lesson that the history of the wage system teaches to the impartial observer, the man whose vision is clear enough to see that the condition of the working-man has improved, is that the new elements of production are coming nearer together; that the employed is pursuing the employer with a very swift and a very sure foot. Above all things, it is to be borne in mind that all readjustment of relations on an arithmetical or economical basis will be merely temporary and tentative. Changes in the system of taxation, increase of wages, decrease of hours, abolition of tariff charges, improved dwellings, and all that, are steps in the great advance, but they must leave behind the cause of the controversy, for it is impossible for man to resist his native impulse to struggle against all human mastership.

The best that is done for the working-man is by way of mitigating their conditions of life, and this is done either from motives of philanthropy or from a wise recognition of what may be called a business principle—that it is better for both capital and labor when the two are on friendly terms. A good many experiments have been tried, looking to the improvement of the working-man. The truth is, however, that working men and women much prefer to work out their own improvement, and are very strongly inclined to resent the restraints and restrictions of philanthropy. Moreover, philanthropy often fails of its end, and does positive injury, by making its moral standard the measure of a working-man's industrial value. "If you don't go to my Sunday services or avail yourself of the privileges of my library and reading-room, if you stay away from my course of lectures, where you may hear the most moral humorists of the country, you shall not be regarded with favor in my mill," is too often the impression which is given by some well-intentioned persons to those whom they seek to benefit. This is doubly unfortunate, because it involves a misunderstanding and inappreciation of good motives. Whether they are right or wrong, a good many people resent the patronage that is involved in philanthropy, and a very large number of persons who earn their living prefer to order their own lives. It is not my purpose, however, to illustrate the truth of what I have been saying generally concerning the relations of capital and labor by reference to misdirected efforts of any kind. A variety of methods have been tried by business men, governed wholly by business principles, not primarily for the ameliorating the condition of the wage-earners, but for promoting contentment, as a security against strikes and other hostile labor movements, and for making life in a mill village as pleasant as possible for the proprietors. Efforts based on sound business principles, modified, as all efforts are, by humane considerations, have been very successful.

At South Manchester, in Connecticut, there is what, in many respects, is the most attractive mill village in the country. There may be similar villages equally lovely in other countries, but there is none in the United States. Pullman is an organization of a different kind—very much larger, very much more important, very much newer, but not nearly so charming. Pullman may be compared with South Manchester because it is based on very much the same principle. The people who live in Pullman, however, have nothing to do with its government except as it constitutes a district in the free-school system of Illinois, while every voter in South Manchester has a voice in the town government. In other respects, and especially in physical characteristics, Pullman is a decided contrast to South Manchester.

The Connecticut settlement lies about the silk mills of the Cheney Brothers; and it is worthy of description, because it illustrates a principle which obtains in very few mill villages, and shows how greatly both the employers and the operatives are benefited when the community of interest between them is strengthened. In South Manchester the Cheneys are not only the employers of their operatives, but their neighbors as well; and it is for their domestic comfort, as well as for their commercial advantage, that these neighbors should be as happy and contented as possible.

A visitor to South Manchester, especially one familiar with the common type of New England mill village, would find it difficult to believe that large red brick factories exist amid so much natural and artificial beauty. The village is scattered through a large park, and beyond into the open country. The ground is rolling, and the grass is beautifully kept. From one end to the other of the park there is not a fence; nor is there a garden, nor a pigsty, nor a chicken coop. There is an immense expanse of swelling lawns, hills, and dales, all as green as the North Meadow at its best estate. The shade is neither too much nor too little. There is plenty of it, and so is there plenty of sunshine. The trees are such as exist nowhere in New England outside of the valley of the Connecticut. South Manchester is about ten miles from Hartford, just beyond the rich grass and tobacco lands of the town of East Hartford. Under the trees are the mills, the offices, and the other business buildings of the company. On the ridges and in the low places are the houses of the proprietors and the workmen. There is about the place the atmosphere of an intelligent single purpose. The houses vary. The older Cheneys live in dwellings that are plain, in the fashion of thirty or forty years ago, and that have been added to from time to time in obedience to the demands of growing families or to the tastes of increasing possessions. Younger members of the family have built more modern and more imposing dwellings. There are houses in South Manchester representing every phase of the spirit of rural architecture, from the simple, well-proportioned gabled house, to the square, Mansard-roofed, five-columned Parthenon, and recently there have been ambitious efforts in the modern fashion—excellent examples of domestic architecture. Although there is this variety, the houses bear a stronger likeness to one another than is observable in the ordinary village. The operatives' houses may be classified. Some are for headmen, and some are for the cheapest hands. Between these two are other grades. There are, therefore, rows of buildings in which each house is precisely like its neighbor, and on the outskirts of the wooded park are some that are constructed after the familiar mill-village pattern. To one looking from the steps of the office over the lawns, and seeing the small cottages scattered here and there under the trees, no fences about them, no small enclosures of any kind, set down in the grove with regard simply to the neighborhood of the road, the place suggests an English park, with possibly a superabundance of game-keepers, foresters, and people and retainers of that sort. There are none of the attributes of a manufacturing town which, in Mr. Webster's view, made the lives of those employed in a factory so unwholesome, and so immeasurably inferior to the lot of the farmer who dwells amid the beauties of nature, and breathes the unpolluted air of the country.

At South Manchester the business of manufacturing is carried on without any of the ordinary accessories of the mill village. There are no dusty roads littered with the ash heaps, tin cans, and kitchen refuse of the houses. The roads are as good dirt highways as can be made in the sandy soil of the neighborhood. Gravel and red clay have done their best, and this best is very good. The sidewalks are the customary asphalt paths so popular in New England villages, not beautiful but very clean, and exceedingly useful in the long muddy springs of that part of the country, where the subsoil shrinks away from the frozen surface every night, and every morning finds the earth a hollow mockery. A great many New Englanders have a very keen appreciation of beauty, and especially of the beauty of verdure and foliage in villages, but they can never rise superior to their sense of comfort and neatness which is gratified by the winding tar or asphalt path.

In many a mill village one stumbles over cinder-strewn paths, or, generally, walks out in the road, for the sidewalk either does not exist or is encumbered with the wreckage and unkempt children of the bordering hovels. These hovels stand close together in long, eye-wearying rows. It is very seldom that a freshly painted mill tenement is met. Within a year of their construction at the farthest, the paint is blackened with the grime of the occupants' toil. Through their opened doors one may catch a glimpse of still more touching wretchedness—the wretchedness of the intimate life of the tenants. And this squalor and desolation are the more repulsive because they exist in incongruous surroundings. We are accustomed to them in the tenement-house districts of great cities. There, if anywhere, they are fit, but in the country, where land is cheap and abundant, it is shocking to find closely built rows of dwellings, with not a spear of grass near them, in front or in the rear, with no green thing save an occasional cabbage or potato patch, the bare ground ugly and littered, here and there offensive pigsties or goat stables. Near enough to be too convenient for the peace of the community is a groggery, where the men spend their leisure hours and their earnings, while slatternly women sit on the front steps and vent their grievances against man and the universe.

There is little hope for such people and little incentive to ambition. There is many a mill and mining town in this country in which there is neither church nor school, but although this cannot be said of New England, there are mill villages and cities in that enlightened part of the country where children are reared in such vicious surroundings that wickedness and crime may be almost said to be forced upon them. In the mill towns where there are no restraints upon the vicious, where the dissolute and depraved enjoy every opportunity for the indulgence of their appetites and passions, one is most likely to find the tenements of the corporations huddled together in such a manner that those who occupy them are compelled to be in almost constant close association. Respectable operatives and their wives shun employment in such places for a variety of reasons. In the first place, labor troubles are more frequent in such places; the misunderstandings and the disagreements between the bosses and the hands are never healed; discontent is chronic; wages are likely to be below the average. Good hands prefer to go where the feeling between the employer and the employed is more cordial; but, above all, good men and women do not like to expose their children to the temptations of the bad mill village; while the efforts to improve the social and domestic life of factory hands have been neither so numerous nor so successful as to make even the average mill village attractive to quiet, orderly, decent people.

In the bad village children are brought up among surroundings that would make the good fathers and mothers who do not know the evils and hardships of factory life shudder for the consequences. The children are exposed to temptations from their infancy. Before they are old enough to add their mite to the family income they are familiar with the lowest vices to which human nature is prone. If they become worthy citizens, they are saved as by a miracle. They are as badly off physically as morally. They live in ill-ventilated and dirty houses, and are nourished on insufficient and ill-cooked food.

And yet, notwithstanding this state of things, it is true that the condition of the working-men in factories has improved, and is now improving rapidly. The average mill town, bad as it is, would have been the dream of a philanthropist in England half a century ago, and although the mean parts of the great manufacturing cities of New England are monuments to dirt and degradation, there is much less misery and more comfort, more sweetness and light, than there were a few years back. There are more mill owners than the Cheney Brothers who are looking after the welfare and comfort of their work-people. There is an excellent illustration at Willimantic, Connecticut, of what good can be done in this direction, and the whole country knows what has been accomplished at Pullman.

It ought to be understood at the outset that the Cheneys do not like to have South Manchester spoken of as a model village, or that they are trying an experiment. Their place is more interesting than any other because whether or not it may be properly called a model village, or spoken of as an experiment, it is old; it is very beautiful; the ugly features of the factory town have been abolished; it is a successful and gradual growth from a sound business principle, which seems to have been carried out with much ability and consistency. It is not marked by the regularity of newness that characterizes Pullman; it is a well-grown, time-mellowed rural community, dwelling in a well-trimmed park, away from the clamor of the machinery with which it does its daily tasks. This village has been growing to what it is for a little more than fifty years. The principal mill buildings—red brick, many-windowed—stand in a treeless, grassy spot near the railroad station. There is plenty of sunshine pouring into the rooms, which is essential in the making of textiles. Almost immediately, however, one enters the thickly shaded place where the dwellings are. It is an essential feature of the village, and one which cannot be made too clear, that the men and women—they are mostly women—do not look from their homes upon the walls of their workshop. Whether it was by intention that the home and the workshop were separated as much as possible, I do not know, but it is probable that it was.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the ruling motive of the men who have built up South Manchester was that the village should be an agreeable and pleasant home for themselves and their operatives. They lived there, and worked in the mills, and they had no idea of spending their lives in the mill village of the period. Their landed possessions have become very large. The domain stretches to a great distance in all directions. They practically own the whole valley, having acquired for the village sufficient water rights for a good supply. Under the trees is a sufficient number of houses to constitute a village of some importance. Here is the hall, though not the town hall, which is between South and North Manchester. There is a free library and reading-room established in the former house of one of the older Cheneys. The library contains about three thousand volumes, and the reading-room, which is open to the people, is provided with an assortment of periodicals. The books of the librarian show that some of the girls in the factory are avid readers, and although fiction naturally predominates in the list of works taken out by them, history books, biography, poetry, and the old standards that conscience bids us struggle with are not neglected. The corporation has given the library and reading-room to the community, and it is expected that the former will soon be greatly increased in size and value.

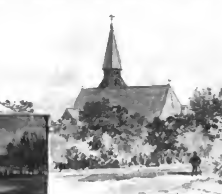
A library, however common an adjunct of a New England town, is not usually found in the ordinary mill village, and therefore this feature of South Manchester demands especial mention. Religious services have been held in the hall, but not for several years. Churches have grown up in the neighborhood of the village. Nearly all the sects are represented, and the spiritual food offered to the people is so plentiful and varied that the occasional services at the hall have been dispensed with. There does not seem to be any supervision over the working-people exercised by the heads of the establishment, other than is necessary to spare the place from desecration, and to preserve it as an attractive and agreeable home.

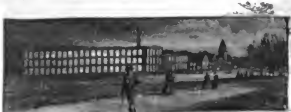
The stores of South Manchester are not built on the property of the company, because of certain restrictions as to the right to sell liquor which are in the Cheney deeds. The town of Manchester, like most other New England towns where local option obtains, is sometimes "license" and sometimes "prohibition." This year the people are getting on under the license system. The Cheneys are sometimes beaten in town politics, and occasionally they find themselves in a minority among the voters from their own end of the town, for they have neither the means nor the disposition to coerce their fellow townsmen, even though so large a part of them are employed in the silk mills. It is a very large family, and casts a very important vote. When there is a family gathering more than a hundred Cheneys assemble, and their fixed feasts are held in the hall. In the village directory there are more than fifty of the name, and among these, of course, the children are not counted. But these people, numerous and influential as they are, are guided by a very sensible principle. They hold that that town is governed best which manages its own affairs, and that they are the best citizens who follow their own independently formed beliefs. Therefore each Cheney, in public matters, is simply a townsman, and the corporation is nothing at all. If the Cheneys succeed in accomplishing an object, it is simply because their fellow-townsmen—employés and others—are convinced that the object is best for the general good. It is pretty generally the rule that good citizenship is infectious, and, as the Cheneys make no effort to control, their influence goes for what it is worth, and their own efforts in behalf of good schools, good roads, and public order are emulated by the other voters in the town, so that in reality South Manchester is managed, so far as its government is concerned, not by the men who own most of the property, and who maintain it, but by the operatives in the mills, and the people of the surrounding country.

The village and the business have grown together. It was in 1838 that the silk industry was established at South Manchester, and it has been maintained ever since, with probably a larger measure of success than has attended like efforts in Connecticut and elsewhere in America. As the business grew, and houses for the operatives were needed, the mill owners put them up in the park, and when there were a sufficient number near them, they went to the lands beyond, buying what they could get, until now their holdings are very large. The older and better class of houses do not stand very close together. They are comfortable cottages, much better than the ordinary factory tenement. The tenements are all painted the same color, and even the houses that are owned by their occupants, and are colored to the tastes of their proprietors, are not very dissimilar; so that there is an air of common proprietorship about the place, which is one of its few points of resemblance to the ordinary mill village.

In carrying out their purpose to make South Manchester a place in which they could spend their days, its builders have recognized that they must have a community of friendly neighbors and good citizens. Friendly neighbors may be made by kind offices and by good-fellowship. Kindness is of different qualities. There are persons whose friendly offices are most offensive. There are others who gain the good-will of those with whom they come in contact by doing justice and by a kind consideration. There are, of course, poor and unhappy people in Manchester, but the sum of contentment is relatively very great. There are undoubtedly calls upon the employers for charity, but they are met unostentatiously. What must be understood is that here is not such a model village as a family would erect as a monument to its own benevolence. There are no buildings inscribed with the names of the "donors," nor is there a course of lectures, nor an old clothes or hot soup club, nor a temperance association, nor any device intended to remind the community in its daily goings out and comings in of the splendor of the employer's generosity. I fancy that there is no charity offered at South Manchester that is not needed. What is done in the way of keeping up the appearance of the village, and of increasing the efficiency of the school, is by way of benefit to the whole community, of which the Cheneys themselves constitute an important part.

The private affairs of a tenant and his family are not intruded upon in keeping up the appearance of the village. The houses, which are kept in good condition, are alone rented to the occupants, and there being no fences in the village, there is no enclosure. The lawns about the tenant's house are part of the verdure of the park, in which his cottage is situated; the proprietors look after that park, cut the grass, trim the trees, and do whatever is necessary to preserve its beauty. Each tenant has the advantage of the whole. South Manchester has certainly become, without any violent and sudden effort, one of the most delightful villages in New England. The main street, if there be a main street, skirts one side. As for the rest, the idea of streets is not suggested. The ways are like the winding roads of a park, on one or two of which the houses approach to within about a hundred feet, while the others run through the shady groves. Even the office of the company cannot be approached at the front with a wagon. It is several hundred feet from the road. There is a road in the rear, however, part of the building being used for a storehouse.





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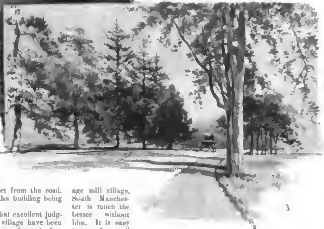

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These details are essential to indicate with what excellent judgment and taste the landscape features of the village have been preserved and improved, the dwellings hidden away from the factory, the homes separated from the business. The same intelligence that has made of South Manchester a most delightful place of residence has had a good deal of opportunity to look after the welfare of the people in other directions. Most of the operatives in a silk-mill are girls. They are obliged to board, and experience has shown the employers that it is best for the girls to board in small families. Two large boarding-houses have been maintained; but one of these is about to be closed, and the other will be devoted as much to transient business as possible. As a matter of course, the increased value of a man who owns land and a home is recognized, and the mill owners are anxious to help their operatives who are desirous of building. They loan the money on houses built on property bought of themselves, which is naturally sold on restrictions calculated to protect the rest of the community from the intrusion of obnoxious trades and occupations.

It is unnecessary to go further into the detail of management of a place which, of all similar places, is managed so little. There is very little to describe where there is so slight, and at the same time so eminently sensible, a policy. The secret of the success of South Manchester as a village lies in the fact that the proprietors of the principal industry pursued there constitute a very large family directly interested in the mills, fellow-workmen with their operatives, who take an active and intelligent interest in public affairs, who are good neighbors themselves, determined to do all in their power, and to use their influence to the utmost, without intruding upon them or patronizing them, to make those with whom they live contented and happy. They do not want a brawling, unhappy community about them, and are averse to being surrounded by the unsavory abodes of uncared-for poverty. Therefore South Manchester is what this family has helped to make it, and the result is very gratifying.

Labor is contented in this village—as contented as it can be, for all sorts of human nature find their way there precisely as they do to Fall River. The poor and the unhappy are there as elsewhere. There are people who will not take care of their homes, and who cannot be prevailed upon to follow the general example; but they are exceptions compared with operatives and operatives' families in many other New England towns. There was a time when most of the girls who worked in the silk-mills were the daughters of neighboring farmers. This was the first experience of the cotton mills of New England. But this came to an end, and the American girl found occupations that were more suited to her tastes. She is coming back, however, although not in great numbers. When I asked if the return of the native was not due to the agreeable and attractive surroundings of the silk-mill, I was modestly informed that American girls were finding their way back to other mill towns. Nevertheless, it is permissible to believe that a well-brought-up New England farmer's daughter, educated in the local traditions of cleanliness and well-kept front yards, would rather go to a village like South Manchester, where the mill, with its dirt and discomforts, is not ground into her soul when she is at home, than to the ordinary mill town. The kind of labor that is employed in a silk-mill is, above all others, perhaps, the kind that would most thoroughly appreciate the charms of such a home life as can be had in the village which the Cheneys have built up.

The best evidence of the commercial value of the relations between employer and employed that exist at South Manchester is, of course, the absence of labor troubles. The testimony of those who are most familiar with the place is what is to be expected. There is very much less discontent among the working people than is ordinarily found in mill towns. There is a very much better and healthier feeling for the employés. There are no strikes or lock-outs, although there have been requests for an increase of wages, and occasionally a few men have knocked off. The hands are paid well and regularly. Their homes are pleasant. Their sick are cared for by good neighbors. They reap the profits of mill-hands, and are surrounded by the pleasures of rural life. And the working-man who cannot enjoy these advantages is hardly worthy of them. If he prefers the dirt and vice of an average mill village, South Manchester is much the better without him. It is easy to see from all this that the average character of the hand in these silk-mills must be higher than is to be found in less-favored places.

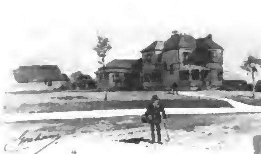
The silk-mills of Connecticut—the State ranks third in the Union in this industry—are not subject to strikes, so that it would be somewhat difficult to make a comparison by statistics which would fairly indicate the advantages of such a place as South Manchester to both the mill and the operatives. Wages in the silk-mills are high and occupation is constant. According to the report of the Connecticut Bureau of Labor Statistics, the rate of increase of wages in this industry has exceeded that of any other in the State with the exception of the carpet industry. In the latter, from 1860 to 1887, it was 58 per cent. for men and 63 for women; while in the former it was 53 for men and 62 for women. In other industries the rate of increase during the same period was very much less. In brass it was 39 per cent.; in clocks, 36; in woollens, men's wages increased 28 per cent. and women's 46 per cent. The average weekly wages of a foreman dyer in the silk-mills in 1887 was $23 92. Foremen in brass shops received $24, engineers in carpet-mills, $15; finishers in clock factories, $15, men burlers in woollen-mills, $13 29. These were the highest wages paid to men in each trade examined. How much better off the silk makers are may be seen by the number of people receiving more than the highest wages paid in cotton and woollen mills and clock factories. The foremen of spinners received $17 87; of winders, $19 23; of warpers, $13 04. The highest wages paid to women in the silk-mills were $6 44; in the woollen-mills, $5 68. The strikes reported in the silk-mills of Connecticut by the National Labor Bureau are very few, inconsiderable in extent, and, with one exception, unsuccessful. Not a single strike is reported as occurring at South Manchester.

The rare physical beauty of this village is largely owing to the fact that it is the growth of two generations. For more than fifty years art has been helping nature, so that the product has felt the gentle and beautifying touch of time. Such a village cannot be built in a day, nor can every manufacturer accomplish what the Cheneys have done. Notwithstanding their own assertion that in laying out and building up their mill village they have simply followed a business principle, and have consulted their own pleasure and convenience in making their neighborhood seemly, and the people who must be their neighbors contented, it is the fact that a very large wisdom has been brought to bear upon the problem of the relations of capital and labor, and very excellent taste has been manifested in the creation of the park-like village. The selfishness which professes to be looking out for its own interests in improving the community about it, very closely resembles good citizenship. There are other proprietors of mills who live near their works, who like pleasant surroundings, but who never dream of beautifying the dwellings of their operatives. There are some who will tell you that their operatives prefer to live in dirt and squalor. They take care of themselves by building their houses outside of the village, and shutting out the sight of it by fences and plantations. The village is only an unpleasant incident of the family's afternoon drive. There was a good deal of wisdom and humanity in the conception that the life of the employed would be pleasanter and more comfortable if the neighborhood were well cared for and happier. There is something good implied by a pained recognition of the wretchedness about one. Before another South Manchester can be made, some one with the patience and taste of the Cheneys must own a mill. It is not every mill owner who knows how to deal effectively with a landscape, who appreciates the true value of trees and the real beauty of lawns. In judging as to the probabilities of other similar villages, it must be recollected that the makers of South Manchester were pioneers in removing unsightly fences, and that the people of many a New England village have to thank them for taking the initiative in this admirable reform. In this park also there are no ploughed lands. The earth and what it produces are made to serve the sense of beauty. How many persons are there in New England who would agree to sacrifice so much space to trees and grass? Who would refrain from having their vegetables grown within sight of their piazzas and parlor windows? The men and women who work in the mill at South Manchester are very fortunate in having for employers men who have not only the desire to make a pleasant and charming village, but who have the means and the knowledge to do it, who realize the fact that in such a community as theirs their hands are their neighbors, and that a mutual good-feeling is essential if the community is to be agreeable.

In all that I have said it will be easily seen that the Cheneys have not undertaken to do anything that they wish talked about. They have especially refrained from taking the position of philanthropic builders of a model working-people's village. They have not done a charity to labor; they have simply, good citizens as they are, done their utmost for the village in which they live. The founder of the Village Improvement Society in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, worked in precisely the same direction, and would have accomplished as much if he had owned nearly all the land in the village, and most of the inhabitants were his working-people.

The bearing that all this has upon the labor problem is not difficult to determine. The people who made and maintain South Manchester are, like sensible men, getting along with their wage-earners as comfortably as possible. The discontent of people who work for wages will not be ended suddenly, nor by any efforts from the outside. Philanthropists and agitators may do their best and their utmost, but the existing relations will not be changed by anything which they may say or do. There will be no revolution, but there is even now going on a potential evolution which will eventually, though probably not in our time, put an end to many troubles that now cause much unhappiness and wretchedness, abolish much of the discord that now interferes with industrial progress, and raise the average of humanity by enormously improving the man at the bottom. Such conditions of life as obtain at South Manchester are helping the world forward to the better state of things, for they show how valuable to all concerned are trustful relations between those who are interested in the same enterprise. Peace will come with the recognition by employers and employed of their mutual dependence upon one another, and with the close community of interest which is felt by those who know that the prosperity of each depends upon united earnestness and endeavor. And in this view South Manchester would hardly be worth talking about if it had been built by the manufacturers for their operators—a model village. It is interesting and important because it is the outgrowth of the desire of the employers to live on good terms with the employed.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.



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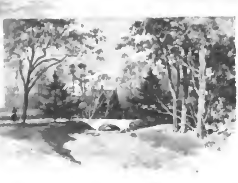

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THE CHENEY VILLAGE AT SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONNECTICUT.
Drawn by Charles Graham.

1. The Catholic Church. 2. The Mills. 3. The Drive. 4. A Working-man's Home. 5. A Picturesque Bit near the Mills.

multiplied, and the subjects will become so trivial, as greatly to impair the authority and the dignity of reports on exhibits of importance."

The "American system," with proper restrictions and greater care in preparing application blanks, gives the practical solution of this very difficult problem.

(2). While there are many minor motives that prompt exhibitors to make displays at an exposition, the one great incentive is that of commercial gain, which can be met in some cases only by direct sale. Here the management must proceed cautiously. To draw the lines too closely would be to deprive many exhibitors of all benefits derived from the expense of their displays, and prevent the visitors from taking away with them purchases that would prove interesting souvenirs, and in some cases the introduction or development of new industries in the country, yet to be too liberal would result in lowering the standard of the exhibition to that of a trinket-vender's shop. The rivalry of salesmen would soon become so disgusting to visitors that the great educational features in other departments would be lost sight of, and the public criticism would bring about a practical closing of the gates. The rules and regulations of past expositions bearing upon this point have been not so much in error as the enforcement of them. Very great injustice was complained of at Paris during the past summer by many exhibitors, but especially by those in the United States section, who, at first, found much difficulty in getting even the most just concessions, while other departments seemed to find no restraint whatever.

(3). Another vital and perplexing problem always presents itself. How can all departments of the exhibition be opened at the appointed time? This question must be early taken in hand, and must receive the daily personal attention of the manager. He must be kept informed of the progress of exhibits in each group, and by just but strict rules urge, if not compel, the delivery of goods in time to be placed for the opening.

The financial failure of the Vienna Exposition of 1873 was due as largely to the incomplete state of exhibits at the time advertised for its opening as to any other cause. There has never been an exposition held that has not suffered more or less from this difficulty.

(4). Any one who has ever taken up the work of visiting an exposition must soon have found that a few hours of uninterrupted study of exhibits is not only wearisome, but that anything beyond this defeats the very purpose of the study. How often, after studying a nation's art collection in some great exposition, has the student, wearied by that study, passed into the adjoining gallery—to that of some other national collection—and turned away in disgust, or at least disappointment, at the unfavorable comparison, only to find his judgment reversed on a subsequent visit!

This same difficulty may be more clearly illustrated by calling attention to similar experiences in the great galleries of Europe, where, after the enthusiastic admiration and study of a certain school of painters, one passes to that of a different school. The latter may be of just as high standard; the critics may have long since sealed it with their stamp of approval; but the mind of the visitor has been turned for the time in a different channel, and in its exhausted condition positively refuses to take in the equally great but widely different beauties of the other school.

A rest is needed before doing justice to the second problem. Realizing this fact, a wise management will not only provide that means of rest, but will fill the time with entertaining concerts, piano and organ recitals, or even lighter amusements, where both the physical and mental man may be rested for a new beginning.

(5). "Tariff for revenue only" is the principle on which all exposition charges should be made. The manager is compelled to look squarely at two great facts in his work. First, he must receive revenue from every legitimate source, or meet an unfortunate balance-sheet, which means the worst of failures. Revenue is a grievous tax, every levy of which tends not only to defeat the important features of the work, but to reduce the amount of the revenue itself. A manager's guide in this [illegible] must be his experience, often bought at a [illegible]ice. The revenue is derived from three sources—admissions, privileges or concessions, and charges made aga[illegible]t exhibitors. The first is usually set by the nation's custom. The second, while it is a most legitimate source of revenue, yet, if overtaxed, forces those purchasing the concessions to extortion, which soon cuts the revenue from all sources, and brings down the worst of criticism upon the management. Experience alone can insure a proper adjustment of these prices. What will be just in one nation will be extortion in another. A percentage that would be just in one line will prove excessive in another. The last source of revenue is the most delicate to handle. The exhibitors and managers are emphatically of "one house," and if the house be divided against itself it will surely fall.

In the international expositions of the past but few charges have been levied upon the exhibitors. Their space has been granted to them free. Their passes come easily, and with little or no cost. Their goods upon arrival were handled at the lowest possible price, or, as in the case of Philadelphia, all terminal charges were found impracticable, and the original order charging one dollar for each package of 500 pounds or less was rescinded, and charges already collected were returned. This was not because the tax was unjust, but simply because the difficulty of collecting the tax made it both unprofitable and unpleasant. The expositions of the future, however, must take hold of this question with vigor. It will no longer do to turn the space over to the exhibitors, and say: "Here, we charge you nothing for the building. Now fit it up in a proper manner at your own expense." The result of such regulations in the past has given us a class of exhibits. One exhibitor spends time and means in designing an artistic arrangement of cases and drapery. He may have paid much attention to graceful lines and color effects, only to find placed in adjoining spaces exhibits of no artistic pretension, or whose "studied niceness," when placed in juxtaposition to his own, may ruin the effect of both.

The standard of exposition arrangement has been materially elevated by the recent Parisian example. The contrast between the artistic arrangement of exhibits in the French sections and the sad conglomeration of American exhibits was not a subject for patriotic contemplation. In the future the management must assume a larger dictation as to all placing of exhibits and design of cases. This will incur a tremendous additional expense, all of which is a proper tax against the exhibitor, and its adjustment should be made with great care. Exhibitors will stand a considerable tax, if presented to them in proper form.

In the past the giving of medals has been a serious tax upon the exposition, where it should more properly remain than, for instance, the terminal charges. But experience has taught that the terminal charges, which properly belong to the exhibitor, are best assumed by the exposition management, while the exhibitors seem to be quite delighted to stand the cost of issuing their medals. Paris, even after agreeing to deliver medals free, changed her mind, and decided to issue only certificates of medals above the bronze value. I have yet to hear of any one who objected to paying the price.

(6). The question of admission prices is best determined by the manner in which the people of the nation giving the exposition have been educated. In Paris last year the admissions were as follows: Students' hours (8 to 10 A.M.), 2 francs; during the day, 1 franc; during the evening, 1 franc; Sundays, 1 franc; during the Exhibition, 100 francs; fête nights, special prices.

Once upon the inside, however, there were endless numbers of special exhibits and conveniences, for which one had to pay to enjoy. The outer edges of the grounds were dotted here and there by "side shows" of nearly every nature, for which an admission of one franc was usually charged. An extra charge was made to see the pastel exhibit, and the same for the water-color collection. If the weary visitor innocently sat in one of the thousand chairs placed around the grounds, he was immediately presented with a bill. If at the fountain illumination in the evening he mounted a seat for a moment to get a little better view of the display, he was sure to be interrupted by a female attendant, who insisted upon payment for use of same. This matter of extra charges was carried even farther than this, apparently with little protest. The American people will stand nothing of this kind. They are willing to pay a good round sum for admission; but once in, they emphatically protest against extra charges.

(7). Placing before the world a large number of well-selected exhibits properly housed, and all details of management wisely looked after, should be the primary object of exposition management, but the introduction of a high standard of novelties, if such they may be called, should also come in for its share of attention. International scientific congresses, held in some suitable hall erected on the exposition grounds, give dignity and character to the occasion. Some striking features, like the Eiffel Tower, arouse the curiosity of the world. The illuminated fountains of the Glasgow and Paris expositions played no small part in the success of those undertakings. Special days should be selected, in commemoration of great events or ideas, where the expressions of patriotism and kindred sentiments can be appealed to, to break the monotony of a six months' exhibition.

(8). While, for the sake of comparative examination on the part of the judges and visitors, a wise installation system demands that all the exhibits in any one group be placed together, yet the conflicting interests of exhibitors must not be lost sight of. Any one who has had to deal with a considerable number of exhibits in a musical department of a large exposition realizes that there are problems of this kind that must be settled before the exhibits are placed.

(9). To say that there were six thousand four hundred and sixty-three patients treated by the Medical Department of the Philadelphia Centennial, suggests another problem that the management must look well to.

(10). It is argued by some persons that there is not time in which to prepare for a great World's Fair to be held in 1892. That the exhibition will suffer in some particulars may be true, but the very nature of the situation gives the American people an opportunity to show one of their strongest characteristics—the power of bringing great results to pass in an incredibly short time.

There was no exhibit at the recent Paris Exhibition that spoke louder praise for French manufacturers than the fact that the seventeen acres of corrugated glass used in the construction of buildings were all made by one house in two hundred and forty days, and of the eighty workmen employed, not one was of foreign extraction.

SNOW-BOUND IN THE SIERRAS.

The Rocky and the Sierra Nevada mountains, which so greatly tax the forethought and constructive ability of the civil engineer in the building of railways through their rocky barriers, also cause the railway companies much difficulty in the operation of the roads after their completion. When the line has been located through the narrow winding passes which divide the mountain ranges, and the immense work of blasting tunnels and deep cuts through the rocky location, with the frequent turning or bridging of the channels of foaming streams, has been effected, there remain constantly to be combated the devastating floods of summer and the snow blockades of winter. Even in the most arid and parched regions of the elevated plains, the high mountain ranges that separate them constantly gather clouds which condense and fall in rain or snow. The loftier peaks, which until midsummer have retained their snowy mantles of the winter before, begin in early autumn to don their white caps, and they whiten from the tops downward as the season advances; by November the peaks of the main range are a procession of snowy pyramids. The snow-storms of the Western mountains and of the high plains at their feet arise almost without warning, and the dry snow caught by the gale is rent into an impalpable powder, which is blown horizontally like a mist along the ground. Along a smooth surface this fine snow whirls without lodging, but wherever it encounters an obstacle it instantly forms a drift, and it curls into and masses deeply in the hollows. This snow mist is drawn together, as if into a funnel, by the strong winds that suck down through the cañons, and as it sifts rapidly into the channel cut through the snows on the line of the railroad track, it is beaten down hard by the wind, which packs it so solidly that sometimes a team and wagon can be driven across a snow-filled hollow without hoof or wheel sinking deeply enough to obstruct their progress.

Early in winter the liability of trains to encounter a blockade is comparatively slight. The snow-plough then can usually be forced through the snow, scattering it to left and right. The drifts thus created remain by the track without melting, and every storm adds to the walls of a narrow channel, which serves to catch and retain the snow whenever it is blowing. But from mid-winter to mid-spring the thick clouds that hang about the mountain peaks break in earnest with driving winds, then the trains of the transcontinental lines that are so unfortunate as to be caught in a storm are usually brought to a stand-still, and the passengers and train-men have a weary siege of it. Without warning, a dense cloud swirls down the mountain pass, borne on a suddenly risen and shrieking gale. The eye can scarcely penetrate, even for a few feet, the air thick with driving snow. Even when the day is mild and fair upon the plains below the foot-hills, a storm may be raging fiercely in the mountains, and at times when the sky is clear about the peaks a gusty wind may lift and bear onward the snow that fell at a former time, and cause serious drifting in the railroad cuts.

When it is found that the train is snow-bound and cannot proceed, the first effort of the train-men is to back it to a siding; if this manœuvre is successful, it is fortunate for the passengers, who can wait in comparative comfort while the snow-plough is being brought up and placed before the locomotive. Whether they are to remain for one day or ten is in such cases a matter of profound uncertainty. If the blockade occurs late in the winter, often several snow-ploughs, backed by powerful locomotives, are unable to penetrate the drifts upon the track. Then there is nothing to be done but for the train-men and all railroad laborers that can be summoned to fall to shovelling. The passengers, weary of sitting in the cars and anxious to proceed, often turn out and assist them. Within the coaches of the train there is usually a sufficiency of fuel, and the passengers seldom suffer from cold; but when the train is caught between stations, those travellers who have not provided themselves with well-stocked lunch baskets sometimes realize keenly the pangs of hunger before food can be got to them.

The peculiar difficulties developed in the way of snow blockades in the railways crossing the great mountain ranges have led to the invention of the rotary snow-plough. This machine is vastly more effective for its purpose than the "beater"-shaped plough formerly in general use, which depended for its usefulness upon the capacity of the locomotive to drive it like a wedge through the drifts. When the snow is of considerable depth or solidly packed, the old-style plough cannot penetrate it. The rotary plough, with its revolving cylinder, which works somewhat on the principle of the cylindrical knives of a hay-cutter, easily carves its way through snow, even when the drifts are of considerable depth and hardness. With snows so deep as those which sometimes fall in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains, even so powerful a machine as the rotary plough cannot supplement the need of extensive shovelling, but the saving in labor and time effected by their introduction has been important.

The change caused in the appearance of a prairie or mountain landscape by a heavy, drifting snow is remarkable; the entire scene assumes so strange a look that even a person familiar with the locality often finds it difficult to identify the landmarks. The filling of hollows, and the formation of great drifts, the total disappearance of many objects, and the different appearance of others partially buried—make the whole aspect of the scenery seem strange. The illustration by Mr. Charles Graham depicts a scene of the recent protracted snow blockade in the Sierra Nevadas, when many miles of the Central Pacific Railroad disappeared beneath a solidly packed field of snow, the locality of the railway being indicated only by the telegraph poles, which for long distances barely peeped from the great drifts formed beyond the track.

On such an occasion snow-ploughs and shovellers work indefatigably night and day at both ends of the blockaded part of the road, and the busy wires, if haply they are not down and useless, announce their progress as a few miles at one or the other end are opened, or some half-buried train is rescued. Happy are the laborers if they effect their task without serious frost-bites or worse accidents, and before another storm arises to efface the result of their labors. When at last the two forces of workers have met, and the welcome news is telegraphed to head-quarters that the road is clear for through travel, the vestiges of the storm remain in the wrecked locomotives and snow-ploughs that have rolled down the embankments, and in the great walls of piled-up snow upon either side of the track.

SEEING THE METROPOLIS GROW.

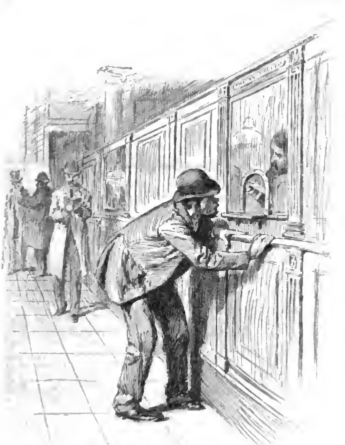
Henry Adams, in the lately published instalment of his *History of the United States*, reminds us that the population of New York city in 1790 was 33,000. In a hundred years this comparatively small community has grown into a metropolitan aggregate of 3,000,000 people, second only to that of London in numbers and importance. It matters not that the political boundaries of the city have not been advanced *pari passu* with its widening limits; the region within a radius of ten miles of the City Hall is none the less an organic and economic whole. Its life-blood circulation pulsates from the common heart as strongly in Brooklyn as in Harlem. The currents of humanity which are daily flowing back and forth across the East River and the Hudson are as permanent and regular as those which course north and south on Manhattan Island. The metropolis grows in the line of the least resistance, with more or less reference, perhaps, to nearness to the Post-office, but certainly with none to the factitious and hide-bound conditions of the municipal government. The vast aggregation of humanity which is collected about the harbor of New York, transacting the business at the main gateway and the financial and commercial capital of the nation, is practically one body, in virtue of local relation and community of interest, and must be so considered. Though there be several sets of public officers, as there were in London before its recent governmental consolidation, there is really but one city.

From 33,000 to 3,000,000 people in a hundred years represents a wonderful growth. But in contemplating it and the advances of shorter and late periods, the impression is apt to prevail that the observation is taken from a stationary standpoint; that a comparative, fixed condition of things has been reached, and that the chapter of marked progress is in a sense closed. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Never did the metropolis go spinning "down the ringing grooves of change" at a greater rate than it is going at present. Never were the evidences of growth and improvement more numerous and significant. There is activity in the old portions as well as in the new, due to the necessary adaptations to the movements of trade. A notable shifting of residence districts is taking place in consequence. Boarding-houses are supplanting private houses in many localities, and, in turn, many of the former are lapsing into tenements, or their neighborhoods become otherwise undesirable, and remain so until they are absorbed in the wholesale business region.

Retail establishments are pushing their way up Fifth Avenue and through Forty-second and other streets, so as to visibly affect large sections of the brown-stone districts. Brown-stone itself, once the exponent of wealth and uppertendom, has fallen from its high estate and descended to tenements. The gloomy and uniform architecture, too, that accompanied it has been succeeded by the fruits of better taste and by cheerful variety. The long and sombre corridors that constituted the old "uptown" streets are being gradually exchanged for brighter thoroughfares and houses built of less depressing material farther north. Between Central Park and the Hudson River the buildings are thickening with great rapidity, and a new residence district is already firmly established there. Flats continue to multiply ubiquitously.

Down-town a signal transformation is also going on. Wall Street would scarcely be recognized, save for a few old landmarks in the shape of public buildings, by one who had been away from it for a few years. At frequent intervals on Broadway and adjacent streets roofs may be seen mounting skyward in a way that amazes the returned wanderer. The hotel capacity of the city is being enlarged in prominent instances. The Metropolitan and Natural History museums are assuming dimensions and a character that make them a source of local pride, and among the new possessions is a picture-gallery which, though yet in its infancy, has suddenly risen to deserved fame. Fine and spacious club-houses have lately made their appearance in marked numbers, and others are in process of erection. One specially large and comprehensive place of amusement is rising on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. A large music hall has just been opened near Central Park, and a new opera-house is projected not far distant. Looming up in the mind's eye is the Protestant Cathedral, which, it is promised, will be the crowning architectural glory of the city—until something finer appears.

But the clearest indication of the onward and irresistible march of the metropolis is the degree to which it has outgrown its transportation facilities. The theory that the operators of public conveyance systems must supply their fares with seats, as is the practice in transatlantic cities, has become in New York a vague and distant memory. The elevated and surface railroads are taxed morning and evening to their full limits. Movements for relieving the pressure and meeting the growing demand have been agitated for several years, and the State Legislature is this winter imperatively called upon to give serious and prompt consideration to measures whereby the desired end may be attained. The inadequacy of means of transit on Manhattan Island has aided materially to an increase of population in Brooklyn, which, without such help, would have proceeded



FERTILE IN EXPEDIENTS.

PAYING TELLER. "I tell you I can't help it if your name is Malone: you can't get the money on that check unless you are identified."

MALONE. "Hould a bit, wud ye! Oi'll bring Jim Maginnis in an' inthroduce ye to him, an' begorra he kin aidentifoy us both. Phat name, sir?"

with sufficient rapidity. The East River Bridge also testifies with its overcrowded traffic to the steady enlargement of the general metropolitan community. An improvement in the terminal facilities of the bridge is about to be made, and soon its full possible capacity will be reached. Already it performs a much greater service than it was intended to accommodate. Meanwhile the ferries push their business with unabated industry. Projects for other bridges are on foot, and a bill providing for one at Grand Street is now before the Legislature. Still another, with piers resting on Blackwell's Island, is foreshadowed. A tunnel under the East River is likewise contemplated. Not long since a new ferry was established between the Battery and South Brooklyn. This part of the city is persistently pressing its way toward the Narrows. The time is not far distant when it will be facing Staten Island at short range, which, in its turn, will soon furnish dock terminals to the railroads from the South and West. A bridge has already been thrown across one of the kills to the main-land, and the transportation connection with the water front will result in an important development of the resources of our matchless harbor, as well as multiply the warehouses, factories, dwellings, and general business of the island.

Elevated railways have been inaugurated in Brooklyn on as extensive a scale as in New York. Already three lines radiate, fan-like, from the end of the bridge, and as the room for growth is unlimited and unobstructed on all sides save that of the river, the process that is going on is readily comprehensible. It can be seen how the interdependence of the different parts of the metropolitan centre is linking them together with new bands; and more and more means of intercourse will be established across the dividing rivers as the consolidating process and the need grow stronger. The tunnel which is being carried under the Hudson is another sign of the times, as well as the new aqueduct, which will much more than double the water supply. A better system of pavements is also about to be inaugurated, and the noise and roughness of our present stony streets will gradually give place to comparative quiet and ease.

So much for some of the physical evidences that New York is moving along on a swift current of increase and improvement. The census is not needed to tell the story to the observing. And especially of late years, with this outward growth there has been an inward strengthening of the metropolitan character of the city. More than ever the mental equipment of men of the first rank, wherever born and reared in the country, sends them to New York. It is the same tendency that has been revealed in Great Britain. The literary activity of Edinburgh found its way to London. Has not that of Boston similarly drifted to New York? That the metropolitan bar attracts lawyers of the highest ability from elsewhere, as the loadstone does the needle, cannot be questioned. More and more, too, does the city confirm its financial supremacy. Banking, railroad, commercial, and manufacturing chiefs, as a rule, have their head-quarters here. The contest for the location of the World's Fair of 1892 has done something toward awakening in the minds of many people a proper appreciation of what this metropolitan centre really is. And yet it is but in a state of rapid transition into something greater.

There is a time in the far future when New York will cease to grow, but it is not within a calculable distance. Mr. Gladstone has warned his countrymen that the commercial supremacy of the world may be transferred to these shores before many years, and no authority has yet appeared to place a limit to the population of the United States. Mr. John Fiske, who is not given to extravagances, in his paper on "Manifest Destiny," mentions 600,000,000 as the not improbable population of the United States a century hence. The stream which is carrying the nation thus forward is not leaving its metropolis behind. This much at least is evident to any citizen noting the activities around him, the changes already going on, and those about to be inaugurated. It is all important that there should be a realization of the steady growth and expansion of the city on the part of those who are wrestling with the problem of its outgrown clothes.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

MONEY AND SECURITIES.

FOR the first time in many weary weeks the Stock Exchange markets have begun to give signs of life. During the last quarter of 1889 these markets were held continuously in check by the high rates for money, and the activity in the money market continued well into the present month. As long as it was evident that an effort to stimulate trading on the Stock Exchange would be promptly reflected in greater stringency in the loan market, it was useless for any of the large interests centring in Wall Street to attempt to attract the public to that locality. While money worked closely, a speculative element that is ever present in Wall Street, and ever ready to emphasize the misfortunes that now and then overtake the schemes of their fellow-men, was enabled to make a good deal of an impression upon prices, especially as one untoward incident followed another with an appearance of fatality. Of course developments favorable to better prices for various securities were passed unnoticed during that period, and continuing influences that affect values generally, like large and increasing railroad earnings, were perforce ignored. It is almost needless to add that Wall Street, which is a very impatient community, became gloomy and pessimistic during this period; and when the market failed to start up, as many people expected or hoped it would, immediately after the first of the year, expressions of despair were wellnigh universal in the environs of the Stock Exchange.

The week now closing has witnessed something of a change at the financial centre of the country. In the first place, the supply of loanable funds at New York has been materially increased since the beginning of the year. The surplus of the reserves of the Associated City Banks, which was down to almost nothing a month ago, has now reached figures that show that the banks can increase their accommodations without inconvenience. Borrowers of all classes can now obtain the funds required in their business without paying rates that make serious inroads into profits. The average rate for call loans on pledge of acceptable Stock Exchange collateral was 4 per cent. yesterday, and to-day 3 per cent. fairly represented the market. Time money is offered in large amounts at 4 per cent. for four months on pledge of dividend-paying securities. A little higher rate is exacted on mixed collateral. First-class borrowers having Stock Exchange connections are being pressed to take time money at these figures. The relaxation has also extended to the market for commercial paper, so that mercantile houses in good credit can dispose of their bills receivable at 5 per cent. as against 6½ to 7 per cent. thirty days ago, and prime single name paper can be disposed of at 5½ per cent. A description of the money market would not be complete that did not note that lenders or their agents are now seeking employment for their funds, whereas during the last three months of 1889 borrowers, as a rule, had to importune them for accommodations, and submit to whatever rate might be made.

The change that has taken place in the money market is noted in detail because of its important relation to the market for securities, and it now looks as if that change would be turned to account by people who can make or unmake that market. A steady advance in the prices for a number of the leading stocks, that has been accomplished without any demonstration of a flippant character, has inspired a good deal of confidence in a class of people who are always ready to take an interest in the stock market, or increase an existing one, when they think they detect a definite tendency of prices, especially if the tendency is toward improvement. The result has been a gradual increase in the volume of transactions, and a perceptible broadening of the market. This is true not only of the stock-market, which the superficial observer is liable to accept as the only index of the course of events in Wall Street, but also of the bond market. When there is an active demand for good railroad bonds and other investment securities, it is quite safe to assume that an increase in speculation is not far distant. It reflects legitimate business in the security market, and there can be no better basis for dealings in less substantial issues. With time money down to 4 per cent., large corporations, like insurance companies, which must get every cent possible out of their resources, will turn their cash into safe bonds that will yield 5 to 6 per cent. Capitalists pursue the same policy, and both endeavor to buy such bonds as they want before a new equilibrium is established between a relaxing money market and that for securities.

While the stock-market seems to reflect something approaching unanimity of action on the part of the principal manufacturers of and dealers in railway and kindred securities, they must be conscious of the influences that are likely to retard a return of the public to Wall Street, or at least lead it to exercise unusual caution in doing so. The memory of the average habitué of Wall Street is proverbially short, and, judging from the many distressing experiences of those who invest their money in railway stocks and bonds, the mind of the public is not more retentive than that of the broker it employs. It remains to be seen if both will forget or assume to ignore the blows that have been struck at confidence in the Reading episode, and by the persistent efforts of the creditors of the Atchison Company to secure control of that corporation after the stockholders have made every concession that they have been asked to make in the interests of the bondholders. An enumeration of other conditions affecting the stock-market would exceed the space already devoted to the monetary situation. At the moment, it seems necessary simply to note that the money market at this centre has reached the condition that it usually does at this time of the year, and that the opportunity to stimulate business in Wall Street that is thus afforded seems likely to be improved.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, Saturday, January 25, 1890.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN CHORAL SOCIETIES AND CONDUCTORS.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

NO one who has not been, or is not, a member of a singing society can appreciate the significance which amateur choral culture has attained in this country as the promoter of musical love, taste, and understanding. Distantly it may be apprehended by such a one; fully understood and justly measured it cannot be. These singing societies which are springing up and flourishing throughout the sections of our country where the influences of New York and New England are felt, even in the sparsely settled States and Territories of the distant Northwest (Yankton, Dakota, heard *The Messiah* last April), are the characteristic feature of latter-day musical culture; and they tell more of the spread of that gentleness and refinement of feeling which is the best fruit of music than any other artistic activity that our present civilization discloses. Under other circumstances I might say that the love and practice of chamber music are the truest touchstone of musical culture; but chamber music, in its best estate, is your aristocrat among musical forms, and its blessings are for the specially gifted few. The spirit of genuine artistic democracy is the inspiration of choral culture, however, and marvellously puissant is the influence which it exerts. It makes little difference whether the singing society be a proud metropolitan organization which piles up its hundreds of singers in terraces for the annual Christmas-tide production of *The Messiah*, or a country choir that looks up to "Sound the Loud Timbrel" as the pinnacle of its wildest ambition, the influence which it sends through its community, like currents from so many galvanic batteries, is the most potent and helpful medium which the art of music has. It is thus potent and helpful because it is the best of all schools for teaching the things which the people most need. If every city, town, village, and hamlet in America were suddenly to become possessed of an earnest determination to be musical (in fact, not merely in affectation) there would be no need of swelling the number of music teachers already in the country by even one. Not one finger more would need be taught to walk "with gentle gait" o'er "dancing chips," not one poor head more would need to be bewildered by confusing talk of "registers" and "pharynx" and "larynx" and "vocal chords." The things truly needful might and should unconsciously be taught in the meetings of singing societies—love of music and the art of listening to it. To sing in a choir is the quickest, surest, and best way to become intimate with music, to get close to the seat of its emotional life, where its heart-throbs can be felt and heard; to "experience" it, as your good Methodist class-leader would say; to hold communion with its gentle saints and glorious heroes; and meanwhile to lay up a store of artistic treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and with which memory can delight itself even after the voice of the singer,

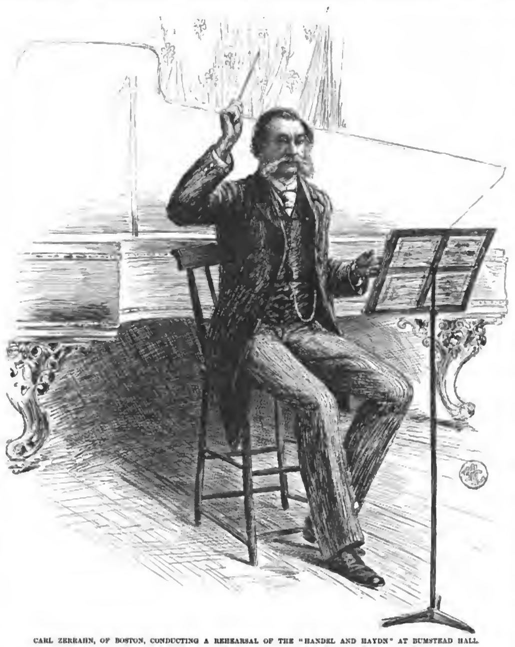
> "Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
> And whistles in his sound."

Such are the gracious ministrations of singing societies; and those who have been under them for any length of time will forever after cherish that sentiment toward music which "passeth understanding," and does a world more good than those kinds of practical knowledge that are commonly looked upon as essential to good social form. I read in my newspaper to-day of thousands of Welsh miners gathering in various towns and villages in Pennsylvania for their annual competition in choir singing; I remember the enthusiasm with which a New York conductor, who had acted as adjudicator at one of these festivals, spoke of the singing of choir after choir composed of miners and factory "hands," and recall the tales I have heard of girls in Pennsylvania mills and factories refreshing themselves while at work by singing the soprano and contralto parts of choruses by Handel and Haydn, hour after hour, without book, and I feel the needlessness of asking whether such facts are or are not a truer evidence of musical culture than the possession of a box at the opera or the ability to twiddle the fingers amazingly over the keyboard of a piano-forte.

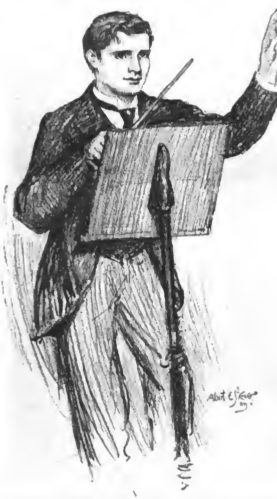
Practically, amateur singing societies are the products of the nineteenth century, and they have flourished as luxuriantly on American soil as any other. Had it not been that the dominant religious spirit of New England and New York in the early colonial days was severely antagonistic to all ornate music, I am inclined to think that the honor of giving them birth would have belonged to this country instead of Germany.

It is said that Handel's *Messiah* was sung in Trinity Church, New York, with organ accompaniment in the year 1770. If the statement be true it is in the highest degree significant and interesting. The oratorio was then less than twenty-eight years old, and I greatly doubt whether it had ever before been sung by choristers who were amateurs in the same sense that the singers of Trinity were amateurs. The choir, I am inclined to believe, was then a volunteer organization chiefly recruited from the boys of the charity school. The statement has also been made, but not substantiated by proofs, that New York possessed choral societies as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century. It would be a feather in the cap of the city if this could be demonstrated, for choral societies, in the sense that we understand the term, were unknown at that time in Europe. Neither Handel nor Bach ever heard his choral works sung by a choir as large as is commanded by any one of five hundred choir-masters in the United States to-day. This is a reflection calculated to illustrate one phase of the tremendous change that has been wrought in musical culture by the introduction of volunteer choruses. In the operas of Handel, his predecessors and contemporaries, a chorus seldom, if ever, meant more than a union of all the solo singers. Bach produced his *Passions* in Leipsic with a dozen choristers, and I doubt whether Handel ever heard fifty voices unite in a performance of his *Messiah*. Even at the great Commemoration of 1784 in Westminster Abbey, which was commemorated by Dr. Burney by the publication of a book, and was the most stupendous choral affair heard of up to that time, the choir numbered only 275 voices. It is therefore scarcely surprising that though there were singing societies in Boston before the Handel and Haydn Society, they left but a slight impression upon the sands of time, and served for little else than to show how strong was the amateur desire to supply the place of the professional organizations which did the choral work for Europe, and to prove the rule of the restrictive force of religious prejudice. Nearly two centuries of musical waste lie between the landing of the Pilgrims and the organization of the Handel and Haydn Society in 1815. Seventy-five years before this date the contest as to the righteousness or wickedness of singing psalm tunes by note was still raging in Boston, and there was no lack of pious persons who believed that the limit of musical enjoyment in divine service was that set by the Puritan Confession of Faith, adopted in 1672, which allowed unisonal, but not concerted, antiphonal, or accompanied singing, this style being described as "tossing the psalms from one side to the other, with the intermingling of organs." Billings, the "American Cyclops," as he was called because of his one eye, a fellow of amazing impudence and energy, but the crudest knowledge and taste in music, from whom descended the tribe of "convention leaders," not yet extinct, did little to improve popular taste, but much to create a liking for choir singing, and must be credited with yeoman service in clearing the way for societies like the notable Handel and Haydn, which threw off the crude old singing-book yoke and found their inspiration and reward in the classics.

In New York the situation was no better so long as the Dutch influence was dominant, and it must be remembered that the social régime of the Dutch outlived the political many years. Between the Puritanism of the New England colonists and the Calvinism of the Dutch and French Huguenot settlers of New York, music had little choice. But when Trinity Church became a social power, an amendment in the popular attitude followed, and, it would appear, very quickly — a fact due, probably, in a measure, to the more mixed character of New York's population, as well as to the artistic trend of the Episcopal service. The spread of choral societies through the sections of country which drew their inspiration from New York and New England was amazingly rapid; how rapid can be illustrated in no better manner than by appeal to the annals of Cincinnati as a representative city of the West. The first white settlement in the territory northwest of the Ohio River was made where Marietta now stands, in 1788, less than one hundred and two years ago. In December of the same year, Cincinnati, or Losantiville, as it was called for a time, was laid out by a party of men from New Jersey. When the nineteenth century opened, the town consisted of a few frame and log houses near a fort, to which a population of about seven hundred and fifty souls looked for protection from the Indians. In 1815 a John McCormick in Cincinnati was already advertising for subscriptions to a book of choral music to be called *The Western Harmonist*, which the author had had in "contemplation for many years," and hoped would "furnish *the different societies* with the most useful tunes and anthems." In the year which saw the birth of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, therefore, there were already several singing societies in the brisk little town on the Ohio River. I confess the record staggers me; but everything is surprising in connection with the spread of choral music after the propriety of artistic singing in church had once been established. Four years later, in 1819, the Haydn Society, composed of the best singers of "the different societies" (church choirs, doubtless) to which Mr. McCormick had made appeal, gave a concert, and, besides a number of popular anthems of English composers, sang "The Marvellous Work," from Haydn's *Creation*, an oratorio that had been sung in its entirety for the first time in America only two years before by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. All this happened, be it remembered, within a generation of the first settlement in the territory northwest of the Ohio River, and scarcely more



CARL ZERRAHN, OF BOSTON, CONDUCTING A REHEARSAL OF THE "HANDEL AND HAYDN" AT BUMSTEAD HALL.



WALTER DAMROSCH, OF NEW YORK.—"Ladies, B Flat is not B Natural!"

than twenty years after the time when the members of the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati (who, however, were not active in the musical movement) were subject to fine, under a rule of the church, if they came to meeting without their rifles ready to resist an Indian attack.

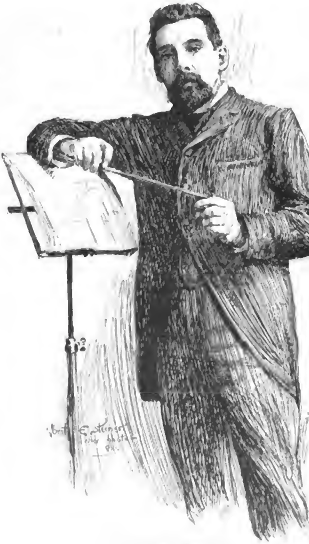
Nearly three generations of Bostonians have been trained to love the choral classics by the venerable Handel and Haydn Society, which came into being in the hall of Gottlieb Graupner, early in 1815. Graupner was a German musician who had played in some of Haydn's concerts in London. He then came to America, living for a time on Prince Edward Island, and in Charleston, S. C., before taking up his abode in Boston. Mr. Laurence Hutton, writing a few months ago in HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, discovered him to be the original American negro minstrel, quoting a mention in an old book to the effect that "a Mr. Graupner" had sung "The Gay Negro Boy" in character, accompanying himself on the banjo, at the end of the second act of *Oroonoko*, on December 30, 1799, at the Federal Street Theatre. This record suggests a bit of curious inquiry, and illustrates the pervasiveness of this German musical pioneer's influence. He was the leading piano-forte teacher in Boston eighty years ago, was a professional hautboyist, played the double-bass in the orchestra which took part in the early concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society, was one of the founders of this society, and kept a music shop. Now, as if this were not enough, Mr. Hutton is seeking also to present him in the character of "the father of negro song." It must be confessed that he is not uninteresting even in the light of these honors. He married a musical lady of Charleston, and it was doubtless in that city that he became acquainted with the banjo. He had been a resident of Boston only a year when he is represented as singing "The Gay Negro Boy," and was at the time not only fresh from his observations of slave music, but perhaps also sufficiently in need of money to be willing to try to mend his fortunes by singing negro songs and playing the banjo in public. Mr. Dwight, and all the historians of musical Boston, agree in doing him honor as an influence of great potency in the betterment of the crude taste which came over from the last century.

Two circumstances can be quoted from the early history of the Handel and Haydn Society to accentuate the great change that has been wrought in artistic and social methods within three-quarters of a century. In the first years of the society women played an exceedingly small rôle in its activities. The admission of half a dozen of them in 1817 caused considerable controversy in the councils of the society, and, strange as it may sound to the ears of the choristers and choir-masters of to-day, even after they had been admitted in large numbers, they did not help the artistic effect of the singing. This was not because they had poor voices, but because the custom of distributing the voices as nature designed them to be distributed had not yet gained foothold. In the first oratorio performances in Boston the treble part was sung by boys and men, and the tenor part was given to the women. The use of boys to carry the treble was not novel, but borrowed from European practice (as near as I can make it out from the old records, there were only thirteen women in the 275 choristers of the Handel Commemoration in 1784); but I fancy that tenor women were a New England invention. They survived in the smaller towns and villages until not many decades back. I myself was startled a few years ago by hearing the strange effect in a home in the Naugatuck Valley, where a family party was singing a hymn. The employment of tenor voices to carry the soprano seems to me also a New England phenomenon. The second circumstance will not appear quite so startling to those who remember how universal was the custom of drinking spirits two generations ago. It was part of the duty of the superintendent at the rehearsals of the Handel and Haydn Society, in its early years, to provide liquor for the men in an anteroom. Thither the male members repaired in the intervals of rest to "tune up," as the slang of that day had it.

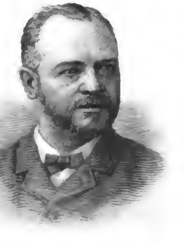
So rapid was the progress of the Handel and Haydn Society, so wise its early administration, that within eight years of its foundation its friends felt it to be strong enough and dignified enough to justify an invitation to Beethoven to compose an original oratorio for it. The evidence is exceedingly meagre in the premises, but there is no doubt that Beethoven seriously considered the proposition for a while (though, I fear, more in the light of a pot-boiler than otherwise), but eventually permitted other work to drive it out of his head. It chanced to come to him at the time when the idea of composing music for Goethe's *Faust*, suggested by Rochlitz, was filling his brain. This project, however, like that of the Boston oratorio, was sacrificed to the Ninth Symphony and the last quartettes. There can be no doubt that much of the progress of the society from the crude ideals and mistaken methods of the early days to the lofty ideals and achievements which it attained within two or three decades after its foundation was due to the influence of German musicians, beginning with Graupner, just as it reached the high-water mark of its efficiency and influence for good under the artistic direction of the German who is still at the post which he accepted in September, 1854. For more than a generation Carl Zerrahn has, by virtue of his position as conductor of the venerable Boston Society, been the most conspicuous chorus leader in America. He came here as flautist of the Germania Orchestra, which, under Carl Bergmann, made a tour of the country in the early thirties. When the orchestra disbanded, Bergmann recommended him as conductor to the Handel and Haydn Society, and that office he has filled ever since. At its concerts, and the festivals given annually in Worcester and other New England towns, as well as in Petersburg, Virginia (where the enthusiasm and energy of a German merchant and musical amateur are developing a beautiful activity in choral culture), his tall and martial figure, firm beat, and inspiriting word of command have often stimulated his forces to an enthusiastic charge up the choral hill to a sonorous climax, or indicated a gentle descent down to the plain where lie the tents of a restful and refreshing closing cadence. Mr. Zerrahn was born in Malchow, grand duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, on July 28, 1826.

In the West, some of the finest achievements in choral song have been due directly to the influence of the Germans, but this is not true of New York, except so far as that influence has come from professional musicians. The Oratorio Society, which must be ranked high among organizations of its kind the world over, was called into existence by Dr. Damrosch, a German (or, to be exact, a Germanized Hebrew), who, moreover, had been brought to America by the Männergesangverein Arion, a distinctively German organization; but it is only a manifestation of a spirit that has existed in the city ever since the early years of the century, and that has had more incarnations than Vishnu. Its immediate predecessors were the Church Music Association (which died of too much aristocracy, and a tendency imported from England, through one of its conductors, Charles E. Horsley, to give the lie to its name by singing scenes from operas), the Mendelssohn Union, and the Harmonic Society. I mention only these three as being all within the recollection of the present generation. From the Harmonic Society the Oratorio Society accepted the beautiful mission of giving a performance of *The Messiah* every year, in Christmas week. But though the Oratorio Society now embraces the elements (or their natural successors) of the societies which preceded it, it is almost unique in its genesis. It was not created by a schism, as such choirs usually are, but was developed originally from a small party of Dr. Damrosch's friends who met in his house in the spring of 1873. Only fifteen or eighteen persons took part in its first study meeting, but they were earnest music lovers, and an influence which has lived in this department of musical culture for over a century—the influence of Trinity Church or its parishes—soon enlisted elements which brought it to public notice. Dr. Damrosch's beautiful zeal and intelligent administration of the artistic affairs of the society cared for the rest, and when he died, in February, 1885, the society was perhaps more firmly grounded than any of its predecessors had ever been. In its twelve years of existence it had produced Bach's mighty *Passion*, according to St. Matthew; Berlioz's *Messe des Morts*, Brahms's *German Requiem*, Handel's *Messiah, Judas Maccabæus, Alexander's Feast, L'Allegro*, etc., and *Israel in Egypt;* Haydn's *Creation* and *Seasons;* Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and *Elijah;* Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*, and Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, besides two cantatas composed by Dr. Damrosch, and a large number of smaller works and parts of works. No feature of a conductor's work exacts so many qualities as the training of a choral society. The work of the singers is voluntary and wearisome; upon the conductor devolves the duty of keeping up their interest while putting them through weeks and months of drudgery. This is impossible unless the leader be a man of complete devotion to his art, of broad human sympathies, liberal tastes, and one with the ability to enforce discipline and sway the minds as well as the emotions of the singers. All these qualities Dr. Damrosch possessed in a marked degree. He knew well how to impart the love he felt for the masterpieces of musical art to those whom he was training. It was his habit to interlard technical instruction with expositions of the contents of the work under study. When the music was of a kind which appealed powerfully to his musical sensibilities, it was not at all infrequent that he worked himself into a state of great emotional exaltation, which communicated itself to the singers and made them forget all about the physical weariness produced by study and practice. There was an affectionate feeling between him and his singers, to which, unquestionably, the rapid growth of the Oratorio Society in numbers and efficiency was greatly due. His mantle fell upon the shoulders of his son Walter, who had associated himself with his father in the artistic work of the Oratorio Society in 1877, when he became accompanist. There has been much that is factitious, and adventitious also, in the rapid advance which young Mr. Damrosch has made to one of the most influential and significant positions in the country; and careful observation of his work, from its beginning down to the present moment, has compelled me to believe that in his case what might be is better, truer, more beautiful, and more pregnant with honor than what is; but it is a pleasure to bear witness to so brilliant a demonstration of capacity as a chorus leader as he gave last season, when the Oratorio Society performed Eduard Grell's unaccompanied mass in sixteen parts; and, further, to record the fact that the society has lost nothing in strength of organization or popularity during the five years that he has been at its head.

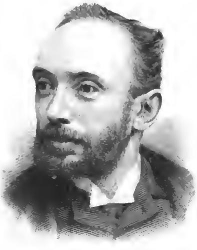
In New York the German influence, which I



W. L. TOMLINS, OF CHICAGO.



JOSEPH MOSENTHAL, OF NEW YORK.



WILLIAM R. CHAPMAN, OF NEW YORK.

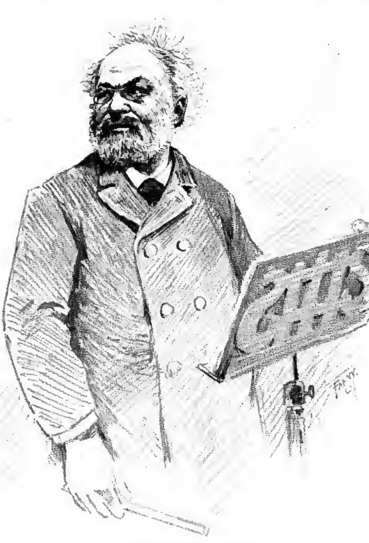
have mentioned as being peculiarly potent in some of the phases of choral culture in the West, has borne fruit of a pleasant kind by encouraging the cultivation of part-songs for men's voices. Organizations like the Mendelssohn Club exist in nearly all the large cities of the country, but I know none that compares in performance with the Mendelssohn Club. Except in the matter of virility and dramatic forcefulness, when those qualities are demanded by the music, the club's singing is as perfect as any one can ever expect to hear. For this much credit is due to Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, who has been its leader for many years. Considerations of health have taken him abroad, but he is still nominally the conductor of the club, and his methods of training are perpetuated by Mr. Arthur Woodruff, who is leading the club this year. Mr. Mosenthal, for a full generation, was a highly influential organist of the Episcopal Church in New York, but resigned from Calvary Church rather than yield to the fashionable craze for boy choirs, a craze which, I may be permitted to say in passing, is working great injury to the artistic quality of the musical services in the American metropolis and, I doubt not, elsewhere. He is also a violinist, and came to New York from Cassel, where he was a pupil of Spohr, and his name will always be associated with the names of Theodore Thomas, William Mason, and Frederick Bergner in the history of chamber music in America. The existence of such clubs as the Mendelssohn, and its most formidable rival, the Apollo of Brooklyn, is due directly to the love for male chorus music introduced into America by the Germans. The attachment of the German to the institutions of his father-land is exemplified more forcibly in the Männerchöre and Liedertafel, to be found wherever there is a considerable community of citizens of German birth, than in anything else. In New York the sentiment has given two of the most prosperous social clubs of which the city boasts (the Liederkranz and the Männergesangverein Arion); but these clubs differ from the ordinary social club of America in that their purpose is not only to promote the congeniality and good-fellowship which the German loves, in a manner which does not preclude the participation of his wife and children, but also to cultivate the art to which as a people the Germans are most devoted. Both of the clubs mentioned support choruses—the Liederkranz one of mixed voices, conducted by Mr. Reinhold L. Herman; the Arion one of men's voices, conducted by Mr. Frank Van der Stucken. Since 1849, when the first festival of German singers was held in Cincinnati, a Sängerfest has been held in some city of the Union nearly every year.

The North American Sängerbund aims to hold a festival biennially. Popular interest has died out in these great gatherings to some extent, but festivals have been held in which as many as 3000 singers participated. Candor compels the confession that at most of these festivals the worship of Gambrinus was more industriously cultivated than the worship of Apollo, but they have, nevertheless, done great service in spreading musical culture throughout the country. Indirectly Cincinnati, where the German festivals started, and which now enjoys the reputation of being pre-eminently the festival city of America, through the merit of her great biennial music festivals, established by Theodore Thomas in 1873, owes her Music Hall, Festival Association, Exposition Buildings, College of Music, and Art Museum to the influence of the German Sängerfests. A hall built for one of the Sangerfests proved to be so useful a structure that it was preserved. The Expositions were called into being to occupy the hall. Then Mr. Thomas developed the festival idea, and after two festivals had been given, with great success, the public spirit of Cincinnati's citizens brought forth the fine fruit of the permanent buildings which are now one of the chief ornaments of the city. And so the good work went on. Originally the festivals (of which the ninth will be held next May) relied for their chorus on the co-operation of the various singing societies of the city and adjacent country, but very soon a permanent choral organization was formed, and ever since, this organization, which numbers about 500 voices, has been the festival choir. It was the May festival that brought Mr. Otto Singer to Cincinnati. He had come to New York in 1869 on the recommendation of Liszt, to take a position in the Conservatory of Music projected by Theodore Thomas and William Mason, and when that educational enterprise was abandoned in 1873, Mr. Thomas sent him to Cincinnati to train the festival chorus. In New York he was the accompanist and assistant of Mr. Thomas in the conduct of the Mendelssohn Union, which is no longer in existence. His activities in the choral line since 1880 have been devoted chiefly to some of the German societies of Cincinnati. Mr. Singer is a native of Saxony, was born in 1833, and was a pupil at the Leipsic Conservatory from 1851 to 1854. He is a radical of radicals in his musical creed, and has labored hard to advance the Liszt cult in America. The choral successes of the Cincinnati festivals of 1882, 1884, and 1886 were largely due to the zeal and capacity of Mr. Arthur Mees, who has, since the year last mentioned, found a congenial and profitable field for his labors in New York. Mr. Louis Ehrgott, a young musician native to Cincinnati, is now the trainer of the chorus.

The Cincinnati festivals have been productive of much good in encouraging the giving of festivals and elevating the standard of choral work throughout the country. In some notable instances the influence of the festivals was transmitted directly through persons concerned in the affairs. Thus the most ambitious of Philadelphia's choral efforts for many years have been due to Cincinnati's example and the practical encouragement extended by the Cincinnati Association to one of Philadelphia's musicians. In 1881 the Cincinnati Festival Association offered a prize of $1000 for the best choral work by an American composer. The prize was awarded to Mr. W. W. Gilchrist, teacher, organist, conductor, and composer, of Philadelphia, for his "Forty-sixth Psalm." In May, 1882, Mr. Gilchrist heard his music performed, and, as may be imagined, returned to his Eastern home full of enthusiastic purposes. He was at the time conductor of the West Philadelphia Choral Society, Amphion Society of Germantown, and a small society called The Arcadian. At his suggestion these three societies organized the Philadelphia Music Festival Association, which gave two festivals in the Academy of Music in 1883 and 1884, under the leadership of Mr. Gilchrist and Mr. Charles M. Schmitz, with a chorus of 550 voices. In organizing this chorus, a Cincinnati experience was repeated. It cost the life of the societies that had called it into existence; but though financial failure compelled the abandonment of festival-giving, the choir survives in the Philadelphia Chorus, whose concerts are highly creditable to the city, as well as to the society. At the performance of *The Messiah*, under the direction of Mr. Gilchrist, on December 20th, the choir, reinforced for the occasion, numbered 600 voices, and its performance was described as the best ever heard in Philadelphia. Mr. Gilchrist was born in Jersey City, in January, 1846; he is wholly American in education, and has devoted himself exclusively to music since he was twenty years old. He conducts, in addition to the Philadelphia Chorus, the Mendelssohn Club, the Germantown Choral Society, and the Tuesday Club of Wilmington, whose singers united with the Philadelphia Chorus in this year's Christmas-tide performance of *The Messiah*. The musical life of Philadelphia contains one feature which is very suggestive of food for reflection. This is the choir of children in the Gethsemane Baptist Church. This unique organization furnishes a solution of the question which confronts choir masters in some communities: "How shall the choir be recruited?" It was organized fifteen or twenty years ago under the pastorate of the Rev. L. P. Hornberger, now dead, at whose request it was called "The Pastor's Choir." As many as two hundred children are taught the rudiments of singing and music in this choir by Mr. Henry J. Keely, and from it not only the choir proper of the church, but many other musical organizations have been recruited. It occupies a gallery of its own in the church during service, and contributes greatly to its artistic beauty and devotional impressiveness. It is a profound pity that the sound principle underlying this organization has not more general recognition in the churches. If it had, much greater praise would be challenged by the worship music of New York than can be given it under existing circumstances.

As a matter of fact, the instances in which music sung in the churches can be called worship music even by courtesy are few. The Episcopal churches are eaten up by the rage for surpliced choirs, which are increasing in number and decreasing in efficiency with every year. The fact that they please the eye is supposed to make amends for their frequent assaults on the ear. There are quite a number of the churches of other denominations which employ choruses, but the rule is still the solo quartette, and really efficient chorus choirs of mixed voices (which stand for the highest and best things in this department of art) are comparatively few, and are maintained with great difficulty. How to keep up the interest of volunteer singers in work which does not hold out even the little reward to be found in the exciting incidents of a public concert is the great problem confronting choir masters. Wealthy churches do fairly well by hiring the singers, but I fancy that if it were generally known how much interest might be aroused by the arrangement of choir lofts so as to admit of effective antiphonal services (as in the case of the Gethsemane Church), and the cultivation of such services, the result might be very considerably to stimulate interest in worship music.

Social considerations play a great rôle in choral culture, and cannot be overlooked even by the most zealous devotee of pure art. Among the most notable examples of what can be done by appeal to the feeling of exclusiveness and the promise of social brilliancy in connection with choir singing which the history of music in America can boast, stand two of the societies in New York which are directed by Mr. William R. Chapman. These are the Rubinstein Club, devoted exclusively to part-songs for women's voices, and the Metropolitan Musical Society, a mixed choir. The concerts of these two organizations, which are yet new, excite predominantly a social interest. Full-dress in the concert-room, admission

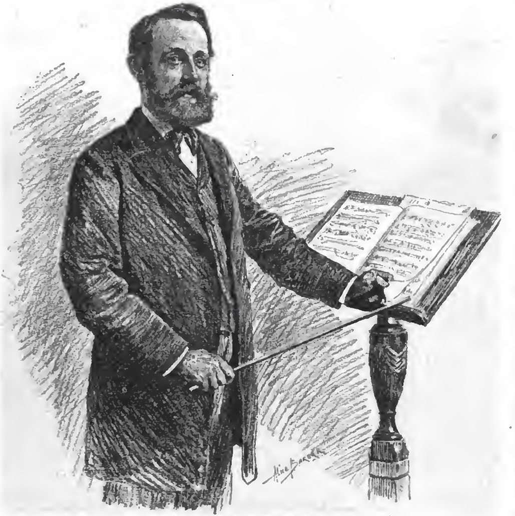


OTTO SINGER, OF CINCINNATI.

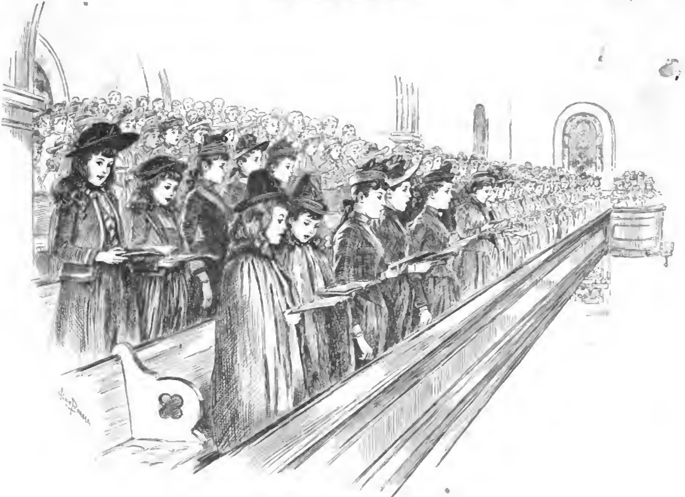
only to subscribers, and the disposition of the singers on a stage transformed into a bower of beauty by the florist's skill are in the mind of their patrons the distinguished characteristics of the concerts of these societies. They ought not to be so, in view of the loveliness and significance which the performances have in a great degree, and might have in a greater; but if the social prop were pulled away, the artistic edifice would probably fall, for the simple reason that the members of the choirs are largely professional concert and church singers. Of course they must be treated with the greatest delicacy, and the patrons having other than artistic objects in view, programmes must be arranged to meet their tastes instead of to promote high ideals. There is only one choir that I have ever listened to that produces a body of tone equal in quality to that of the Metropolitan Musical Society, and that is the Apollo Club of Chicago, directed by William L. Tomlins.

The artistic aims of Mr. Tomlins and his singers, however, are loftier than those of the New York organization, and their work must be accounted of greater significance by the student of musical progress. Such a statement is in the nature of a confession, from a New York point of view, and its grievousness is intensified by a knowledge of the fact that the literature of choral music, from the old Netherland contrapuntists to the composers of to-day, sets no task which the Metropolitan Musical Society might not perform with much credit to itself and great good to the art.

It is manifestly impossible to refer to all the societies in the country that are laboring intelligently and earnestly to promote love for choral music, but I should be sorry to end even a fragmentary record without mention of the Boylston Club of Boston, conducted by George L. Osgood; the Apollo Club and Cecilia of the same city, under the bâton of B. J. Lang; the Oratorio Society of Baltimore (conductor, Fritz Finke), the Amphion and Choral Society of Brooklyn (C. Mortimer Wiske), the Apollo Club and College Choir of Cincinnati (B. W. Foley), the Cleveland (Ohio) Vocal Society (Alfred Arthur), the Philharmonic Society of Montreal (G. Couture), the Mendelssohn Union of Orange (Arthur Mees), the Mozart Club of Pittsburgh (J. P. McCollum), the Arion Club of Providence (Jules Jordan), the Loring Club of San Francisco (D. W. Loring), the St. Louis Choral Society (Joseph Otten), and the Toronto Philharmonic Society (F. H. Torrington, who likewise conducts the efficient chorus choir of the Metropolitan Methodist Church of Toronto).



W. W. GILCHRIST, OF PHILADELPHIA.



THE "PASTOR'S CHOIR" OF GETHSEMANE BAPTIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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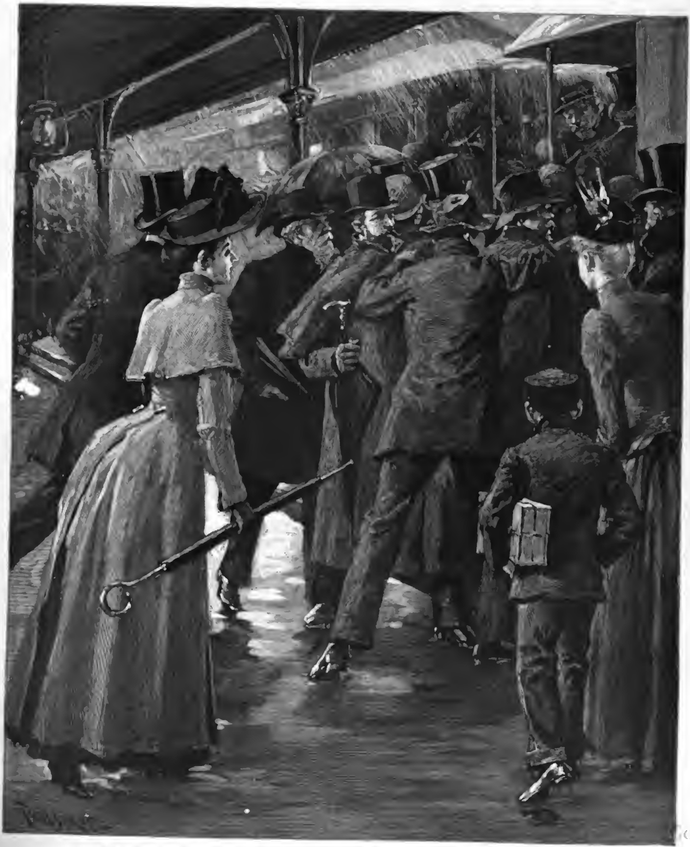

A STATION SCENE IN THE "RUSH" HOURS ON THE MANHATTAN ELEVATED RAILROAD.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 103.]

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NUMBER 477.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY

THE STANDING ARMY OF GREAT BRITAIN. By General Viscount WOLSELEY. With eight illustrations drawn by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

TALKS WITH EDISON. By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

A MAJESTIC LITERARY FOSSIL. By MARK TWAIN. Inquiry into the editions of a *Dictionary of Medicine*.

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BENVENUTO CELLINI. By ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER. With eight illustrations.

SEVEN STRIKING POEMS: Happiness. By CARLOTTA PERRY.—The Song of Monterey. By FRANCES L. MACE.—The Tryst. By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.—The Sun Cup. By A. LAMPMAN.—A Prayer (Sonnet). By H. H. [illegible].—The Ship that Sailed. By WILLIAM WINTER.—Antiphony. By RICHARD E. BURTON.

HAMPERED WITH A CONSCIENCE! Full-page drawing by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS: The Easy Chair. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.—The Study. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.—The Drawer. Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

LITERARY NOTES. By LAURENCE HUTTON.

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AN ADMIRABLE TREATY.

THE new treaty with Great Britain, extending the provisions of the treaty of 1842 to include many other offences, is an act of international comity which will receive universal approval. It has long been discreditable to both countries that Canada, separated from us at many points only by an invisible line, should be a retreat for rogues and thieves, who quietly stepped over the line, and laughed at our impotence to reclaim and punish them. As Mr. BLAINE says, in the letter accompanying the treaty, "crimes among the most dangerous to social order have been committed with impunity," owing to the complete security of an easy retreat to Canada. The treaty remedies this situation, which ought not to exist as between two friendly civilized states, and which, in fact, does not exist in our relations with other powers than Great Britain. The principle of the treaty is extradition for common crimes which are punishable by the laws of civilized states, "and not such as are made penal in any particular country by reason of peculiar conditions there existing."

The treaty carefully excludes from its provisions extradition for political offences, or when it is shown that whatever the pretence of the requisition, it really seeks a political offender; and the treaty provides that if a question should arise under this article, it shall be decided without appeal by the power within whose jurisdiction the fugitive shall be. This is an excellent, simple, and conclusive provision. It authorizes each power to judge for itself what constitutes a political offence, and it secures the right of asylum, by which free countries properly check the excesses of arbitrary power in countries beyond their jurisdiction. The good sense and justice of the treaty are illustrative of the character of the two powers by whose representatives it has been concluded. Ratification by the Senate may be assumed, although a good foreign convention is so great an advantage for the party of the administration which effects it that some ingenious party sparring may be perhaps fairly expected. The point upon which, if possible, some political gain would be sought is, of course, the article referring to the surrender of political offenders. But this is so well guarded by an old party hand that no successful assault can be made upon it. The article is an admirable statement of the American doctrine upon the subject. In making a treaty with Great Britain every American statesman has in mind the Irish vote, and no Democratic Senator is likely to be more mindful of it than the Republican Secretary of State.

There is always satisfaction in contemplating international acts which are, what they ought to be, frank and simple, and without ulterior aims. The two great powers in the world which for the highest reasons ought to be in friendly accord are the United States and Great Britain. This is a truth which is as evident as the other, that the traditional distrust of the mother country has played a great part in our politics, and to this distrust has been added of late years the American desire to propitiate the Irish vote, a purpose which has produced some pitiable results. There is really, as every well-informed observer knows, the heartiest sympathy between the best intelligence of both countries, and he is not a friend of either who does not seek in every honorable way to strengthen and extend that sympathy, and who does not scorn to make a foreign jealousy affect purely domestic polities.

DOM PEDRO AS A PATRIOT.

THERE was never a more remarkable spectacle of the kind than the relation of DOM PEDRO of Brazil to the revolution in that country. One of our poets addresses one of his friends as "the civil time's sole patriot," and the old Emperor's feeling for Brazil is not surpassed in fidelity and tenderness by that of any of the revolutionary leaders. He is reported to have said at Cannes to an Associated Press reporter that the revolution would be probably permanent unless there should be an attempted dictatorship. But even an unpopular sovereign, said the old monarch, ruefully, is preferable to a dictator. He added that he had tried to give the Brazilians a good government. Attributing without hesitation the revolutionary movement to emancipation, DOM PEDRO said that his support of the emancipation act undoubtedly made enemies for the crown and divided his cabinet. The slavery members resigned when he signed the bill, and many of their friends joined the Republicans merely as an opposition and as a means of exciting discontent. To avert trouble, he proposed to grant the larger part of the Republican demands, and even to form a Republican cabinet, in which he offered a seat to General DE FONSECA. When the Republicans declined co-operation, he offered to submit the question of a change of government to the people, promising to yield to the popular wish. The reply was that which always comes to such a royal proposition at such a moment—"Too late."

The ex-Emperor said that he had no thought of abdicating, but that if he should be elected President, he would gladly return. Indeed, he would return eagerly, whether as Emperor, President, or private citizen. It is all very touching, and it is certainly unprecedented. It explains also the universal kindly feeling for DOM PEDRO in Brazil. At no time has there been any sign of personal hostility. Yet the monarch against whose rule a revolution rises is generally regarded as the representation and embodiment of the wrongs which the revolution seeks to right. It is probably true that the curious situation in Brazil is symbolical of that in a greater or less degree in every civilized monarchy. The French Revolution destroyed the regal tradition, and really established in the public mind of monarchical countries the doctrine of the revolution of 1688 in England—of a contract between King and People. The kind of fight which CHARLES I. made for his crown will hardly be made again in enlightened countries, because the revolution will take place in public opinion before it proceeds to action.

It is probably the general conviction that if the British form of government should be changed, it would be accomplished virtually by consent rather than by armed force. Public opinion governs in England as much as in the United States, and the crown or monarchy, as such, cannot infringe upon popular liberties. DOM PEDRO in Brazil evidently regarded himself as a royal tenant at will, and that is becoming the conviction of monarchs in general. In Prussia the regal tradition is imposing and strong. But its strength lies in no glamour or fiction of monarchy, but in the deep conviction that monarchy is most expedient in the actual situation. In Italy the real sentiment of the country undoubtedly prevails in the government, and the King would retire in an actual exigency as LOUIS PHILIPPE retired from France in 1848. There could be nothing more characteristically modern than DOM PEDRO'S pathetic remark that he would gladly return to Brazil as Emperor or President or private citizen.

A GOOD WORD FROM NEW JERSEY.

THE old phrase "the United States and the Jerseys" was a sarcastic fling at our excellent neighbor beyond the Hudson. Still later the sobriquet "the State of Camden and Amboy" was not suggestive of a high conception of our neighbor; and even Mr. EMERSON, in one of his essays, unconsciously testifies to a familiar sentiment in saying that "the Jerseys were good enough for the feet of WASHINGTON." It is not to New Jersey that the country has always looked for progressive leadership, and it was therefore with unusual surprise and pleasure that Governor ABBETT'S strong plea for ballot reform was received, and that we hear of a bill preparing to introduce civil service reform into the municipal government of the State. Governor ABBETT'S argument is the more significant because he is a Democrat who is supposed to cherish certain ambitions or hopes, and his strong advocacy of the reform must be regarded as proof of his conviction that it is not a whim, but a settled and growing purpose of the people. It is also another interesting sign of the contest in the Democratic party between progressive and reactionary tendencies.

This is a contest which every good citizen should hail with pleasure and watch with great interest. If some day we should find ourselves in that millennial condition in which we should have to decide not which party is, upon the whole, least venal and mischievous, but which is more truly honest and progressive, there would be general bewilderment. If he may decide by the representations of the ever faithful press, the perplexed citizen is now asked at an election to express by his vote his preference between a government of rebel brigadiers and one of floaters in blocks of five. On the one hand he is assured that the word Democrat signifies treason and ruin, and on the other that the word Republican means corruption and destruction. His mental confusion is not relieved by seeing in one State a Democratic Governor denouncing a reform as fatal to the rights of the people, and in the next State a Democratic Governor extolling it as the hope of a free republic. The worthy citizen regains his mental equilibrium only by perceiving that he must look beyond a party name, and govern his action partywise by evident party tendencies. For it is plain that party names do not describe the views of party adherents upon some of the most pressing public questions of the time. Mr. BUTTERWORTH declares that he is rather a Republican *enragé*, but he advocates free-trade or reciprocity with Canada. Civil Service Commissioner THOMPSON is an unquestionable Democrat, but he is an uncompromising friend of civil service reform.

Such facts show that certain measures are so good in themselves, or are believed to be so popularly approved, that they command the support of men in all parties, while the opposition of other men, in whatever party, is a distinct advantage. It was a very wise as well as worthy remark, "We love him for the enemies he has made." It is perhaps as severe a thing as could be said of General BUTLER that his hostility to a measure commends it strongly to intelligent and patriotic men as wise and desirable. The sneers of Corporal TANNER at any project of reform are tributes to its excellence. But Governor ABBETT'S support of ballot reform shows its stronger hold both upon the country and his party. His approval, and that of the other newly elected Democratic Governor, CAMPBELL, of Ohio, make it impossible longer to say that the position of Governor HILL proves the party to be hostile to ballot reform. This is a matter of congratulation for the country, because it shows that the patriotic desire for honest government is not confined to any party.

THE QUESTION OF SAMOA.

THE treaty for the adjustment of the Samoan question has been published, and it confirms the statement made last summer, when it was negotiated, that, however excellent in certain ways, it provides for an entangling alliance of the United States with foreign powers. That our interest in the Samoan Islands is slight and unimportant is shown by the fact that although by a grant from the natives in 1878 we acquired a right to a harbor and a coaling station, we have never thought it worth while to avail ourselves of the grant and establish ourselves there, and when some months ago we were said to be in a dispute about our rights in Samoa, there was a general inquiry where is Samoa, and what rights have we there which can endanger our relations with Germany? Nevertheless, a case was admitted by our government and a settlement attempted under the late administration, which failed, and the first success of the HARRISON administration was the Berlin treaty, by which we agree with Germany and England to govern the Samoan Islands—apparently to prevent Germany from governing them alone. The treaty is well drawn for its purpose. It settles certain disputes about land. It saves, probably, an immense diplomatic correspondence over quarrels that were sure to arise between the three powers that have been claiming rights upon the islands. Perhaps it saves actual trouble with Germany; and the real Samoan question for us may be considered to be an alternative—an alliance with Germany, or a war about a very unimportant interest. But why have we put ourselves in such a position?

The treaty effects an alliance by which England, Germany, and the United States practically take possession of the government of Samoa, as Russia, Germany, and Austria took actual possession of Poland. In case of difference of opinion, we agree to acquiesce in the decision of the majority of the three powers. The German press admits that the treaty prevents German dominance, and complains of it because two-thirds of the foreigners in Samoa are Germans, and four-fifths of the trade, both foreign and domestic, are in German hands. The pretence of a native King and of Samoan independence is transparent and futile. The very first words of the treaty are a declaration of the neutrality of the islands, and of the equal rights on them of the citizens or subjects of the three powers in residence, trade, and protection. These are declarations in regard to a country which can be made only by its government, which in Samoa is described as independent. But this independence is secured by a Chief Justice to be named by the three powers, and removed by a majority of them. The situation is simple and intelligible, and, we repeat, the treaty may be the wisest practicable solution of the situation. But it has not been shown why, under the grant of a harbor and a coaling station, we did not proceed to take the necessary steps, and hold any power responsible that interfered, nor has it been shown why we could not protect American citizens in Samoa precisely as we protect them elsewhere, without an abandonment of our ancient policy of avoiding just such a foreign alliance as is made by the treaty.

By what right have Germany, England, and the United States practically taken possession of the Samoan Islands? Nobody supposes or says that the people of the islands, or their King, or his government, will be permitted to do anything that the three powers do not approve, or that any other power can enter into important relations with the islands without the consent of the three. The question recurs, therefore, whether any advantage gained by us compensates for a course so unprecedented in our diplomacy. The treaty probably will be ratified as an administration measure. Should it be rejected, the rejection would be an abandonment of further negotiation. Germany would resume its predominance in Samoa. The alleged German treatment of American citizens would lead to sharp questions. Sharp questions are the beginning of international trouble. Is not the treaty preferable? This is the argument. But it does not answer the questions how much more foreign alliance must we make to protect American trade and citizens elsewhere, and does the advantage of joining Germany and England in governing Samoa compensate for abandoning our traditional and wise policy of avoiding entangling foreign alliances?

AROUND THE WORLD IN SEVENTY-THREE DAYS.

PERHAPS it is the friendly desire of all esteemed contemporaries not to poach upon the manors of their neighbors which has confined the story of Miss Nelly Bly's trip around the world mainly to the columns of the *World*. The immediate contemporaries of that journal have not encroached upon its prerogative of an exclusive bulletin of a really interesting incident. On the 14th of November she left New York to go alone around the world in seventy-five days, and on the 25th of January she arrived in New York, having accomplished the feat in less than seventy-three days. The journey was made by the usual means, and all connections were made, and only ten days in all lost at three ports for steamer conveyance, the traveller arriving usually ahead of time.

The journey was planned with great intelligence, for the itinerary was made with such skill that every point was reached in time. The traveller has been well throughout her trip, and a woman has gone alone around the world without insult and with universal good-will. *Cui bono?* Well, the *World* has again illustrated its liberal enterprise, which is a good investment for it; the rapidity with which the journey can be made has been demonstrated, showing how well organized the means of communication in every part of the world now are, and, *pace* EDWARD FITZGERALD, a woman has made the fastest trip around the world.

It is, above all, a signal illustration of an art wholly modern—the art of advertisement. The motive of the expedition was none of the apparent motives. It was that of the expedition for the discovery of LIVINGSTONE, and of various other noted enterprises. It was to publish and benefit other and wholly unrelated enterprises. This result of the immense competition and individual resources in modern society has been treated by Mr. HOWELLS in his recent *Hazard of New Fortunes* in a character which is a creation, who carries into advertising the fervor of the artist—"into paint will I grind thee, my bride!" Advertising is a modern art which has had no more striking illustration than the trip of Miss Nelly Bly.

A RECENT DROLL INCIDENT.

WHEN the old Council of Revision was abolished in New York, if the Convention could have had a glimpse in the future of a bill involving an enormous expenditure and constitutional doubts, privately completed at the last moment, and without public knowledge or discussion of any kind sent up by railroad speed to Albany in the evening, introduced into the Legislature the next morning, and its immediate passage demanded without reference or deliberation, under penalty of denunciation of the Legislature as hostile to the honor and interests of the State—the Convention would doubtless have said, "Perhaps the Council of Revision had better wait a little."

There was something comical in the evident effort to blow such a measure through the Legislature by a kind of whirlwind. The World's Fair doubtless should be held in New York, and the law was probably a good one. But in order to have the Fair, it is not necessary to trample under foot every safeguard with which the traditions and practices of liberty have surrounded legislation. There is no time to spare if the Fair is to be held in 1892. But might it not better be postponed to 1893 than to pass laws of the highest importance without knowing what they are? Sundry excellent gentlemen, who are especially interested in the Fair provided it be held in New York, were said to think the bill all right. That was good; but they were not members of the Legislature, and they had no responsibility.

No ill was meant, of course, and no improper legislation, but certainly there was never a droller performance for fully grown and intelligent citizens of a republican state than the attempted "rushing" of the bill. Suppose the scheme had succeeded, and the Governor had signed the bill on the day on which it was introduced. A bill of the highest importance would have become law, and neither the Legislature nor the public would have known what it was. New York might have got her whistle, but upon such terms she would have paid pretty dearly for it.

A NEW BROOM.

IT is often true metaphorically that a man achieves great distinction by shovelling away a great deal of dirt. Great reforms, for instance, consist in the removal of heaps of the rubbish of abuse. But it is not often that the opportunity of a most desirable reputation is opened to a man by simply cleaning the streets; doing, in fact, upon a great scale what little boys with brooms do for a penny at muddy street crossings. This, however, is the opportunity offered to Mr. LOOMIS, who has just been appointed Street Commissioner in New York. Should he clean the streets and keep them clean, he will be covered with the hearty benedictions of a long-suffering people.

He has been already reminded by the vigilant press that lasting reforms, that is to say, streets permanently clean, depend very much upon the character of the persons whom he calls in to assist him, and if he will insist upon appointing only fit agents his fame will be justly great. The vigilant press doubtless remembers the exhortation of the bystanders to the small boy in the fight, to "go in and win." The real question is not of the Commissioner's desire or purpose. It is universally agreed that he has the necessary qualities for the efficient discharge of his duties. But is he a free agent? Can any officer in his position be a free agent?

If he resolutely devotes himself to his work, solely intent upon doing it as it ought to be done and as he can do it, he must, first of all, refuse to appoint assistants because politicians want them appointed, and select them solely because they are the best men. How far does a vigilant press think that a Street Commissioner appointed by Tammany Hall would advance upon that road without challenge and arrest? If Mr. LOOMIS should justify the high praise and expectation with which he enters upon his duties, it will very probably be done by demonstrating that the conditions imposed upon a Commissioner, and which he cannot help, make clean streets economically impossible.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS FOR INSANE WOMEN.

THE proposition which is pressed with great vigor by the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Buffalo, that in every hospital and asylum under State control in this State there should be at least one educated woman physician, is so essentially reasonable and so justified by experience that it is impossible to see upon what ground it could be opposed. Legislative action upon the subject has been taken in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. In ten other States—Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, New York, California, and West Virginia—women physicians have been voluntarily appointed by superintendents or trustees. There are now more than twenty such physicians serving in State institutions.

New York legally sanctions the education and practice of women physicians. Is there any good reason why she should not provide by law that every unfortunate insane woman under the care of the State shall have the services of an expert of her own sex if she desires it? Surely the question carries its own answer. It would be thought a very hard dispensation that insane men should not be attended by men physicians if they so desired. The reasons in the case of both sexes are obvious and familiar. The only regret and wonder are that a provision so humane and natural and consoling for these unfortunate wards of the State has not yet been made law.

AN OBVIOUS QUESTION.

UNTIL recently it was the universal practice, upon a change of party administration, to change all postmasters and other public employés, substituting partisans of the new administration for partisans of the old. For reasons which we have often stated this seems to us an extravagant, demoralizing, and dangerous practice, and public opinion is unquestionably rapidly reaching the same conclusion. But public officers who honestly think otherwise, and hold that under a Republican administration postmasters who are Democrats ought to be replaced by those who are Republicans, should certainly have the courage of their opinions. This is the truth which the President, when he was a Senator, frankly urged upon the Democratic administration. He said to President CLEVELAND in effect, "If you wish to remove a postmaster because he is a Republican, do so frankly; but don't say it is because he is a poor postmaster."

Yet what has the President's own Post-office Department been doing? Instead of saying to Mr. BAILEY, the postmaster at Utica, "You are a good postmaster but a Democrat, and therefore you must go," as, very possibly, the case being reversed, Mr. BAILEY might say to the Postmaster-General, it has sent an inspector, a man who was dismissed from the department by the Republican Postmaster-General HOWE, on the demand of the Republican Attorney-General BREWSTER, in connection with the Star Route cases, and upon his report, Mr. BAILEY, who knew nothing of the investigation aiming at his removal, was summoned to Washington, confronted with the kind of scandal which can be always collected from designing vagabonds in and around every public office, and was told that upon such grounds, although he was not allowed to see any of the papers, nor to know the names of the signers of affidavits, this inspector recommended him for removal for gross neglect of duty.

We understand that by common consent the postal service in Utica was never more satisfactory or in higher esteem than it is now. But Mr. BAILEY, although a Democrat and an editor, has fought resolutely "the ring" that in Utica controls both parties. He opposed the Democratic candidate for Mayor last spring because he thought him unfit, and in the autumn he aided in the defeat of the Republican candidate for District Attorney, who was sustained by the ring, and was the only Republican candidate who was defeated. This defeated candidate was the close comrade of the inspector during the investigation in Utica, and the pretence that the postmaster's removal is sought because of inefficiency and neglect is refuted by public feeling in regard to the office. Why does not the department recall the substance of Senator HARRISON's remark to President CLEVELAND, and holding that the postmaster at Utica ought to be a Republican, remove Mr. BAILEY openly because he is a Democrat? That is what Mr. PHILIP HONE did when he became Naval Officer in New York fifty years ago. He was a Whig gentleman of the old school, who regretted the painful duty of discharging Democrats, but did not pretend that it was for any other reason, although he deeply sympathized with the victims, like the walrus with the oyster.

PERSONAL.

THE oldest flag-officer on the active list of the British navy is Admiral Sir PROVO WILLIAM PARRY WALLIS, whose age is nearly ninety-nine. He is also probably the oldest naval officer now in the service of any country. Although he did not actually go to sea till 1804, according to the custom of those times his name was borne upon the books of various war ships while he was still in the nursery, and he has therefore belonged to the navy for ninety-four years. Young WALLIS was a second lieutenant on the *Shannon* when she fought and captured the *Chesapeake*, off Boston, in 1813, and as the captain was wounded, and the first lieutenant killed, he took charge of both ships, and carried them into Halifax.

—HENRY M. STANLEY established a reputation as a disciplinarian when a school-boy at St. Asaph, England. He was then known as JOHN ROWLANDS—the name he kept till he was adopted by a gentleman and brought to this country. The master of the Union school of St. Asaph sometimes put young ROWLANDS in charge of the other boys when he wished to be absent, and the youthful pedagogue always preserved the best of order, soundly thrashing any lad who dared to dispute his authority. As a scholar, ROWLANDS ranked high in arithmetic and geography, his fondness for the latter study being especially marked.

—Rev. Dr. ROBERT PHELPS, Master of Sidney Sussex College, of Cambridge, England, since 1843, and senior of the heads of houses in the university, has just died, at the age of eighty-one.

—Sir WILLIAM GULL, M.D., to whose medical skill the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever in 1871 was largely attributed, has recently died in London. He was made a Baronet by the grateful Queen in 1872, and became the best-known physician in England. Many medical and other learned societies counted him a member, and he was a leading authority on brain troubles.

—Over fifty-five years ago PRUDENCE CRANDALL was violently persecuted for starting a boarding-school for colored girls at Canterbury, Connecticut, but not till the State Legislature had prohibited her school, and she had been tried, convicted, and imprisoned for breaking the law, did she give up her project. Having married Rev. CALVIN PHILLEO, a Baptist clergyman, she moved to Kansas, where she has just died of influenza, at the ripe age of eighty-seven years.

—Sir JOHN MACDONALD, the Canadian Premier, is seventy-five years old, and yet possesses the energy and capacity for work of a much younger man. At the age of five years he was brought to Canada from his native Glasgow, and half a century ago had won an enviable reputation as a lawyer. In personal appearance the Premier is rather tall and slender, and the resemblance of his face to that of DISRAELI has been observed by many. His astuteness as a politician has kept him from bigotry in religion, and it is said that he attends services at the churches of the different denominations in Ottawa with delightful impartiality.

—A "Lucy Webb Hayes Temple Association" has been formed at Washington, by SUSAN B. ANTHONY, CLARA BARTON, and other prominent women, to erect a building in memory of Mrs. HAYES, which will be known as the Lucy Webb Hayes Temple. A drinking fountain and a statue of Mrs. HAYES will adorn the front of the structure, while busts and portraits of other well-known women will be placed inside. Five thousand charter members, each with a subscription of five dollars, are wanted to give the project a good start.

—The richest man in Alabama is H. F. DE BARDELEBEN, a Birmingham iron manufacturer, who is supposed to be worth about $8,000,000.

—More than three thousand congratulatory letters and telegrams poured in upon Mr. GLADSTONE on his eightieth birthday, which recently occurred.

—Striking testimony to the power for good exerted by *Ben-Hur* is the proposal to make use of the story in the evangelistic work of foreign missions. General LEW WALLACE has been strongly urged of late to assist in the missionary enterprise of publishing an Arabic translation of the story in Syria.

—SIDNEY DICKINSON, a graduate of Amherst College and of several newspaper sanctums in New England, and more recently an entertaining lecturer on art, has fallen from grace, and become an insurance agent in Australia.

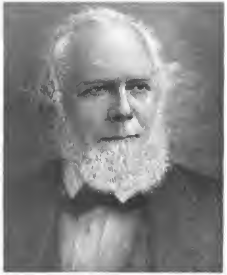
—The remains of Millionaire FLOOD and his family are to rest in a magnificent mausoleum in Lake View Cemetery, at San Francisco. It is to cost at least $100,000.

—Since the giving way of his health and mental powers about a year ago, JOHN RUSKIN has been confined to Brentwood, his residence in Cumberland, England. Here he is surrounded by the treasures of art and other valuables which he has gathered during the past twelve years at an expense of over $500,000. The collection includes many gems from English and foreign artists, thirteen hundred missals, and a number of precious stones.

—Professor E. J. PHELPS, ex-Minister to England, is again lecturing before the Yale law students. He seems to have grown older in appearance, but has lost none of his rare ability as a teacher.

—The youngest man in the House, at Washington, is CHARLES H. TURNER, the "ice-man," recently elected from the Sixth District in this city. He is twenty-eight years old, and has already made a speech on New York's claims to the World's Fair.

—WILLIAM TAYLOR ADAMS (Oliver Optic) served an apprenticeship as a hotel-keeper when a young man, but soon left this for the more congenial work of teaching and writing. Up to 1865 he was master of one of the Boston schools, and since then has given up his time to writing. Mr. ADAMS is a practical yachtsman and a skilful worker in wood and iron, a well-arranged workshop in his delightful home at Dorchester, Massachusetts, enabling him, as the spirit moves, to indulge in his taste for mechanical pursuits.



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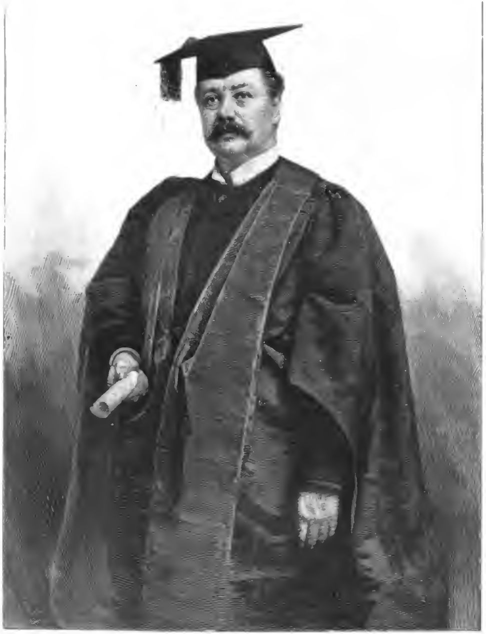
THE RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., BISHOP OF NEW YORK.



SETH LOW, PRESIDENT

HON HAMILTON FISH, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

CHARLES F. CHANDLER, PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE AND SOME OF HIS ASSOCIATES.—From Photographs.—[See Page 111.]

We approached the strange barrier cautiously, and our wonder at it was increased as we found that it was made of the bright metal of which we had found so many specimens; and still more we wondered as we found that the bars were fastened on the side from which we approached—so that we could remove them easily, while from the side of the valley they presented an impassable barrier. In strong excitement we drew out the metal pins which dropped into slots cut in the rock and so held the bars fast; and in a few minutes we had cleared the way for our advance. Just as we were making ready to pass through the opening we heard the sound of voices; and as we quickly drew back into the shadows two men sprang up before the opening, and cried in wonder as they saw that the lower bars across the opening were gone. Yet the expression upon their faces was not that of anger; rather did they seem to be stirred by a strong feeling of joy, with which was also awe. Both men were accoutred in the fashion which the pictured records show was usual with the Aztec warriors, and one of them—as was indicated by his head-dress and by the metal corselet that he wore—was a chief; and they challenged us sharply, yet with gladness in their tones, in the Aztec tongue.

So sudden and so ringing was this challenge, and so startling was the uprising of the men before us, that as we sprang back into the shadow we instinctively stood ready with our arms. But Fray Antonio, not having any intent to join in the fight, was cooler than the rest of us, and instantly perceived that fighting was not necessary. Therefore he it was who first spoke to these strangers; and his first word to them was, "Friends!"

Then the watchmen, for such they seemed to be, spoke eagerly together for a moment, and pressed to the opening to look upon us, yet seeing us but dimly because of the dark shadows which surrounded us. Pablo was closest to them, and I marvelled to see how like them he was in look and in air. Him they first caught sight of, and as they saw him they both turned from the opening, and, as though calling to some one at a distance, gave both together a great glad shout. Instantly, at some little distance, the cry was repeated; and so again farther on and yet further, with ever more voices joining in it; so that it swelled and strengthened into a great roar of rejoicing that seemed to sweep over the whole of the valley before us, and fill it everywhere with tumultuous sounds of joy.

As though the duty that they were charged with had been thus accomplished, the men turned again to us, and he of the higher rank, speaking the Aztec language, yet with turns and changes in that tongue which were strange to me, eagerly called to us:

"Come forth to us! Come forth to us!" he cried. "Now is the prophecy of old fulfilled, and the watch rewarded that our people have maintained from generation to generation through twenty cycles here at the grated way! Come forth to us, our brothers—who bring the promised message from our Lord and King!"

I turned to Fray Antonio as these words were spoken, and I saw in his face that which made me confident in my own glad conviction that here at last was the secret place for which so long, and through such perils, we had sought. Here indeed had we found the hidden people of whom the dying Cackpin had spoken and of whom the monk's letter had told; the strong contingent of the ancient Aztec tribe that ages since the wise King Chaltzantzin had saved apart, that when their strength was needed they might come forth to ward their weaker brethren against conquest by a foreign foe. And the great happiness begotten of this glad discovery filled all my body with a throbbing joy.

Yet as we went out through the opening that we had made between the bars, and the watchers saw us fairly in the sunlight, they sprang back as though in alarm. Rayburn met this demonstration promptly by making the peace sign—raising aloft the right arm—that is common to all North American Indians; and after a moment of hesitation the chief answered to this in kind. So there was peace between us as we advanced; but it seemed to me that their regard of us now had in it more of wonder and less of awe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CROWDING THE ELEVATED TRAINS.

The verity of our first-page illustration this week will be appreciated by every one familiar with New York city. The uncomfortable crowding of the elevated trains morning and evening has become a permanent condition, and will so continue until the demand for rapid transit in the metropolis is very much more satisfactorily met than it is at present. The picture portrays what may be seen at almost any station during the busy hours.

The situation is at its worst at the City Hall terminus of the Third Avenue line. There the crush at times becomes almost painful, and for weak and aged persons is even not without the element of danger. A veritable jam forms at each car entrance, and when the last out-coming passenger finds a precarious foothold on the station platform, the turbulent in-pouring, attended with bumps and collisions, which are not recked of in the general excitement, begins. It is interesting to note on the countenances of many of the waiting throng the different phases of the struggle going on between dignity and the desire for a seat. The individual who is in the habit of stating with pride to his acquaintances that he "never gets left" is on hand in force. There is none of the struggle in question in his case, however, since he pays no tribute whatever to dignity. Seats are not numerous enough to go round, and he makes it his business to have one. He pushes his way through the crowd, edges in ahead of others, irrespective of sex, and rarely fails to win. His contempt for a man who will let a woman beat him, or who will yield to her a seat he has secured, is unspeakable. From this individual the degrees of hoggishness are shaded down, gradually giving way to good manners, of which representatives are not lacking. Be it said to the credit of human nature that there are many evidences of its better as well as its worse side at an elevated railroad-station.

There is no more than sufficient space on the platforms, as a rule, to conveniently accommodate, when the traffic is at its height, the regular gathering of passengers, and the consequence is that when trains are delayed there is a speedy congestion, all of which, unpleasant as it is, goes to show what a valuable and indispensable service the elevated railroads render the city. The primal cause of the prevailing difficulty is the placing of an extensive steam transportation system in streets that were not intended for or laid out for such a purpose. Necessarily, the facilities for trains and room for stations, so long as they are constructed wholly on the ordinary public highways, are limited. The effort has been to put new wine in old bottles, and it has not proved entirely successful. The time may or may not come when there will be means of transit in New York fully adequate to comfortably provide for passengers; but it is certain that improvement in that direction is retarded by the marvellous meekness with which the people of the city submit to being stood up on aisles and platforms, hung on straps, and to being packed in cars like sardines, if the transportation corporations elect to do business on that basis. Our picture represents one feature of the packing process.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

Of the famous Union army commanders of a quarter of a century ago, only by a rare exception has one here and there lived to complete his seventieth year. Grant, Sheridan, Thomas, Meade, Halleck, McClellan, McDowell, Hooker, Burnside, and others, died before the Scriptural allotment of threescore and ten, and the same has been true of Hancock, Warren, and many other illustrious corps commanders. But General William Tecumseh Sherman, alert in mind and soldierly in bearing, still remains among us, sought out and honored everywhere in these piping times of peace as in the strenuous days of old. If in his countenance the grim look of five-and-twenty years ago has softened, if the tall form tells something of the ravages of time and of the tumultuous experience which has shortened the lives of so many veterans of the war, yet he is happily still vigorous, and a noble type of the American veteran soldier. In history he will hold unchallenged the second place for achievement and fame among Union generals, surpassed only in renown by that great captain whose trusted lieutenant he was throughout the war.

It is remarkable that Grant and Sherman were both natives of Ohio, where also a third renowned soldier, Sheridan, had his home from childhood, supposing himself, indeed, until researches made within two years of his death, to be an Ohioan also by birth. Like Grant, too, Sherman had long left the army for civil life when the guns of Fort Sumter called him back. His experience in that interval is curious to recall. Born February 8, 1820, at Lancaster, being the sixth of eleven children, on the death of his father—a lawyer by profession, and Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio—he had been adopted at the age of nine by Thomas Ewing, of Lancaster, who afterward became Senator from Ohio and Secretary of the Interior. Sent as a cadet to West Point when sixteen years old, he was graduated, in 1840, sixth in a class of forty-two, which included that masterly soldier George H. Thomas. As a Second and then as a First Lieutenant in the Third Artillery, he served in Florida and other Southern States, but when the Mexican war broke out was, to his great discontent, detailed for recruiting duty. However, assigned at length to a battery which had been ordered to California, he made the voyage around the Horn, and his descriptions of subsequent life on the Pacific coast form interesting chapters of his admirable memoirs. Returning to Washington in 1850, he married Miss Ellen Boyle Ewing, daughter of the Secretary, and soon after was made a Captain in the Commissary Department. Three years later he resigned from the army, which then had so little to promise, and became manager of the San Francisco branch of the bank of Lucas, Turner, & Co., of St. Louis. On the closing of this branch, in 1857, he became for a time an agent in New York of the same banking house. Next, with his brother-in-law, he formed at Leavenworth the law partnership of Sherman & Ewing. His succeeding venture, which followed rapidly, was as Superintendent of the Louisiana State Military Academy at Alexandria, an occupation broken up by the secession of that State. One more experiment remained in a record which recalls the various changes Grant was simultaneously undergoing in civil life. Sherman became, early in 1861, President of the Fifth Street Railroad in St. Louis. Then at last war opened to him his great career.

Appointed Colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, a regiment to be raised for the regular army, Sherman commanded at Bull Run the Third Brigade of Tyler's division, comprising the Thirteenth, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-ninth New York, and Second Wisconsin, and there, as he has said, "for the first time saw cannon-balls strike men and crash through the trees." Soon after this battle he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and assigned to the Department of the Cumberland, under General Robert Anderson, whom he soon succeeded in command. There he astounded the Washington optimists, who were going to put down the revolt in sixty days, by declaring that to simply retake the Mississippi Valley would require 200,000 men. The newspapers said he had gone crazy, and he found his own officers and soldiers looking askance at him. This odium, hard to bear at the time, vanished a few months later, when, in April, 1862, in command of a division of Grant's army, he bore the brunt of the tremendous Confederate attack at Shiloh, the bloodiest battle ever fought till then on this continent. "I feel it a duty," said Grant, in his report of that fearfully "close call" for the Union forces, "to mention a gallant and able officer, Brigadier-General W. T. Sherman," who "displayed great judgment and skill in the management of his men." Still more emphatically Grant afterward wrote, "To his individual efforts I am indebted for the success of that battle"; while General Halleck, then in command at the West, sent word to Washington, "It is the unanimous opinion here that Brigadier-General W. T. Sherman saved the fortunes of the day on the 6th, and contributed largely to the glorious victory of the 7th." On the first day of the battle Sherman had been wounded in the hand, but continued at his task. Assuming command in the field, Halleck slowly spaded his way to Corinth, which Beauregard called "the strategic point of the campaign," as, indeed, its capture showed, since with its fall followed that of Memphis. To the command of Memphis, accordingly, Sherman was assigned, and there he displayed vigorous administrative qualities. He was made a Major-General of Volunteers, to date from May 1, 1862.

A splendid aspiration had taken possession of the West—that of reconquering the Mississippi from Cairo to the Gulf—and this alike defined and stimulated its efforts. On that line Vicksburg was the next stronghold to attack, and Sherman was called upon by Grant to lead an expedition thither. This he promptly did; but his assault was repulsed, owing partly to the unexpected strength of the works, and partly to Van Dorn's capture of Holly Springs, Grant's own base of supplies, which destroyed his power to give the prearranged co-operation. Sherman, however, under McClernand, promptly utilized his force by attacking Fort Hindman, on the Arkansas, which was captured, with a garrison 5000 strong. Then Sherman took part with his corps, the Fifteenth, in Grant's campaign against Vicksburg, which, after the victories of Champion's Hill and the Big Black, was crowned with the surrender of the city and its works, containing more than 230 cannon and 30,000 men, all that was then left of Pemberton's army. That same day, the 4th of July, 1863, Sherman was hurried off against the co-operating force of Johnston. "When the place surrendered on the 4th," Grant reported, "two days earlier than I had fixed for the attack, Sherman was found ready, and moved at once."

But his reputation for celerity was soon to have other tests. Rosecrans, having encountered Bragg in the tremendous battle of Chickamauga, had fallen back into Chattanooga, and was virtually under siege. Grant, summoned thither from Vicksburg to take command, hurried Sherman, who had succeeded to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, to the rescue. Arriving at Chattanooga from the long march, Sherman took post on Grant's left at Tunnel Hill, and when all was ready engaged the enemy hotly; while Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, "forming on the plain below with the precision of parade," swept magnificently across Mission Ridge, and drove Bragg back into Georgia. Meanwhile Burnside had been besieged by Longstreet at Knoxville, and was in great stress. Without a pause for rest, Sherman was sent to his relief; but Bragg's disaster had broken up the siege, and Sherman marched back to Chattanooga. Returning to Vicksburg, he organized a strong expedition and raided the country to Meridian, destroying Confederate communications. Congress voted thanks to him and his men "for their gallant and arduous services in marching to the relief of the Army of the Cumberland, and for their gallantry and heroism in the battle of Chattanooga, which contributed in a great degree to the success of our arms in that glorious victory."

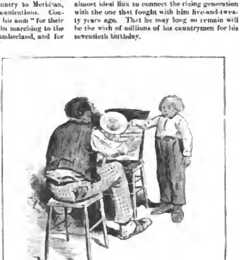
The spring of 1864 opened with Grant in Virginia, commanding all the armies as Lieutenant-General Sherman, and in charge of the campaign at the West, succeeding Grant as commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi. Starting from Ringgold, in front of Chattanooga, with nearly 100,000 men, including Thomas's Army of the Cumberland, over 60,000 strong, McPherson's Army of the Tennessee, and Schofield's Army of the Ohio, Sherman drove back his opponent, the wary and skilful General J. E. Johnston, in a series of remarkable movements, now fighting and now flanking him. He forced him from his stronghold at Rocky Face Ridge by turning his left, and when he fell back to Resaca, Sherman fought him there; then, threatening his flank again, threw him back to Cassville and across the line of the Etowah. He fought him at New Hope Church and at Dallas, and assaulted him on the impregnable heights of Kenesaw. Then returning to his old manœuvre of a flank march to the right, he executed it with a superb skill that placed him firmly on the Chattahoochee, with all North Georgia in his power. Alarmed at the progress of the Union arms, Jefferson Davis displaced Johnston by Hood, the dashing Texan, who tried the offensive, only to be severely defeated at Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Ezra Church, and Jonesborough. Then Sherman entered Atlanta in triumph. The whole North rang with applause, and President Lincoln sent him the thanks of the nation "for the distinguished ability and perseverance displayed in the campaign in Georgia, which, under divine favor, has resulted in the capture of Atlanta. The marches, battles, sieges, and other military operations that have signalized the campaign must render it famous in the annals of war."

Hood, bent on retrieving his fortunes, struck out northward for a campaign in Tennessee, hoping to force Sherman's retreat. But the Union strategist sent Thomas to confront that danger, and in due time Hood was checked with severe loss by Schofield at Franklin, and then overwhelmingly defeated by Thomas at Nashville, in one of the few pivotal battles of the war. Meanwhile Sherman, cutting loose from his base, marched from Atlanta seaward, foraging on the country, and furnishing one of the most memorable examples in history of the great movable column. Approaching Savannah, he carried Fort McAllister by assault, and the country was thrilled with this message from him to President Lincoln, "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about 25,000 bales of cotton."

Refitting without delay, Sherman set out, when February opened, upon another great march, this time for the conquest of the Carolinas and an approach to Richmond. His right wing was under Howard, and his left under Slocum, with Kilpatrick commanding the cavalry, as in the march to the sea. Wading swamps, fording rivers, and scattering opposition before it, his triumphant army pressed northward. Charleston was evacuated by Hardee, when Sherman, passing in its rear, cut its communications; Columbia fell into his hands; the line of North Carolina was crossed; and the enemy was fought at Averasborough and Bentonville. Then Sherman joined hands at Goldsborough with Schofield, who had marched up from the coast and taken Wilmington.

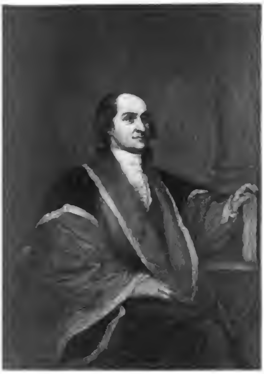
And now the end was at hand. Lee, trying to escape from Richmond, was pursued by Grant, overwhelmed, and forced to surrender at Appomattox. Then Johnston capitulated to Sherman at Greenville. It only remained for the two great conquering armies to march in triumphal review through Washington—Grant's on the 23d of May, and Sherman's the day following. Then the conquering forces melted back into the current of simple citizenship, and peace came with a restored Union. The country testified its admiration by creating for Grant the grade of General, and raising Sherman to that of Lieutenant-General. When Grant became President, Sherman in turn took his place as General, and by special exception retained the full pay of this grade on his retirement from the active list at the age of sixty-four.

Such is an outline of the achievements of a soldier the originality and breadth of whose generalship have made his campaigns alike in strategy and tactics the admiration of his countrymen and a professional study the world over. A most picturesque writer and one of the most eloquent speakers among American professional soldiers of our time, he has also a personality so marked with its soldierly directness, its frankness pushed to a fault, its prompt, invariable renunciation of political honors and temptations, and its sympathy with the hundreds of thousands of veterans, who still talk of "Uncle Billy," that he becomes an almost ideal link to connect the rising generation with the one that fought with him five-and-twenty years ago. That he may long so remain will be the wish of millions of his countrymen for his seventieth birthday.

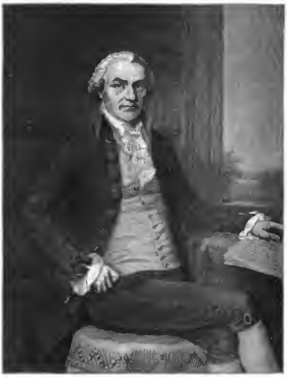


WAITING FOR A SIGN.

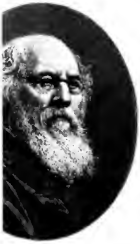
"Peder, vwen I squeeze mein left eye, you turn de leaf, so dere vwon't pe no break in de moosic;" and so poor Peter stands for an hour at a time gazing into his ancestor's left eye.



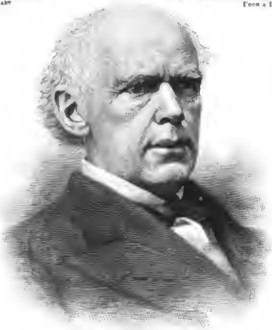
CHIEF-JUSTICE JOHN JAY, OF NEW YORK. 1789-95.—From a Painting Copied by Gray from the Portrait by Gilbert Stuart.



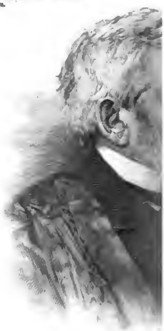
CHIEF-JUSTICE OLIVER ELLSWORTH, OF CONNECTICUT. 1796-1800.
From a Painting by Wheeler.



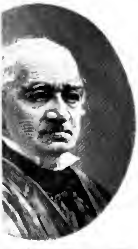
PHEN J. FIELD, OF CALIFORNIA.
APPOINTED 1863.



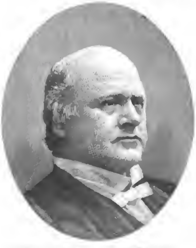
CHIEF-JUSTICE SALMON P. CHASE, OF OHIO. 1864-73.



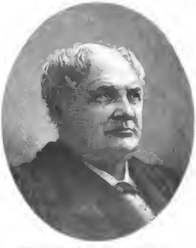
CHIEF-JUSTICE MORRISON R. W



'H P. BRADLEY, OF NEW JERSEY,
APPOINTED 1870.

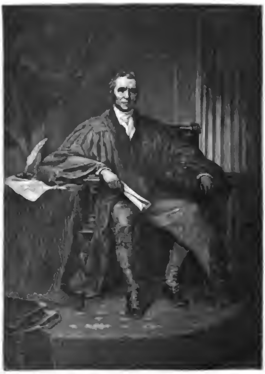


JUSTICE JOHN M. HARLAN, OF KENTUCKY.
APPOINTED 1877.

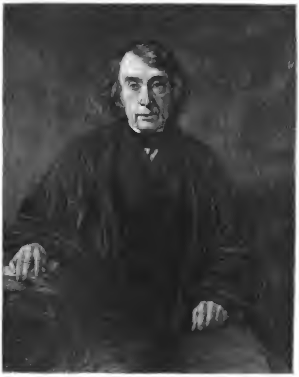


JUSTICE SAMUEL F. MILLER, OF OHIO,
APPOINTED 1862.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES—PORTRAITS OF THE CHIEF-J
From Photographs by Bell, W

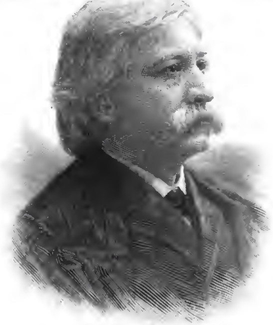


CHIEF-JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL, OF VIRGINIA. 1801-35.
From a Painting by Rembrandt Peale.



CHIEF-JUSTICE ROGER B. TANEY, OF MARYLAND. 1836-64.
From the Painting by G. P. A. Healey.

TE, OF OHIO. 1874-88.



CHIEF-JUSTICE MELVILLE W. FULLER, OF ILLINOIS. APPOINTED 1888.

JUSTICE SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, OF NEW YORK.
APPOINTED 1882.

JUSTICE HORACE GRAY, OF MASSACHUSETTS.
APPOINTED 1881.

JUSTICE LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, OF MISSISSIPPI
APPOINTED 1888.

JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER, OF KANSAS
APPOINTED 1889.

TICES FROM THE FORMATION OF THE COURT, AND OF THE PRESENT ASSOCIATE JUSTICES.
GTON.—[See Page 110.]

see, they can't make 'way with so much [illegible]. Don't ye know it? Then a farm always runs down under sich circumstances. It's the best thing to sell it; for if ye hire a manager, he manages to put everything into his own pocket."

"Oh yes, I expect that, Cousin Curtis; but I do get a tolerable livin' here, after all, 'n' if I go to live with Mary Frances, I shall be beholden to her 'n' her husband, 'n' 'tain't a comfortable feelin' to be eatin' other folks's bread. I don't see how I can part with the old place, either. I've lived here goin' on thirty-five years, ever since I was married. Mary Frances thinks I'd never be perfectly satisfied with all the lace, buildin's, and everything there is in 'em. She says there's nothin' in the house she cares about, 'n' she don't see why I should care about sich a lot of old-fashioned rubbish. There's just the words she used. 'Rubbish!' Why, there ain't a house in the place that's furnished better, exceptin' the Winslow's, maybe; and she was so proud 'n' pleased herself when we had that new ingrain carpet for the parlor, 'n' them stuffed chairs, 'n' the centre table. 'N' when her father—poor David that's gone—bought her that flowered chamber set for her own room, she was so tickled that she did nothin' but set 'n' look at it for days 'n' days. 'n' still, the last time she was here, she'd like the hall clock, sich clocks were in fashion now, only 'twasn't nice enough. She'd rather buy a copy of the antique than to have folks think we'd inherited sich a common old thing."

"Sho!" remarked Cousin Curtis, as Mis' David paused a moment with quivering lip.

"She did condescend to take my best brass andirons, and grandmama's spinning-wheel," she went on. "She was a-goin' ter her gilt or somethin' put on ter the wheel, 'n' her it for a parlor ornament. She didn't say what she was a-goin' ter do with the andirons; put 'em up on the mantel-piece for a show, very likely. She has just such useless things on at her home. But it does hurt me unaccountable ter hear her so unfeelin' about the place, though p'r'aps she's right about sellin' it. She was a real happy girl, too, 'n' liked her home, 'n' set out rose-bushes in the front yard, 'n' fixed up comfortable with her own hands." Mis' David's voice grew very husky, and tears began to roll over her wrinkled cheeks. "But Mary Frances's ways ain't my ways now; I lost her before ever she married Walter Riggs. 'Twas when I sent her over ter Dean Academy she got made over, 'n' I haven't had much comfort with [illegible]. She don't seem half as much like a

found, after I sent her home, that two whole jars of my strawberry preserves had been eat up, as well as a whole loaf of my thickest plum-cake, with brandy in it, that I calculated would last me for company for a year at least, 'n' she didn't stay but a little over three weeks."

"Sakes alive! I don't wonder she had nightmare!" ejaculated Cousin Curtis.

"Then one o' them Smiths that live up 'Town Pond way came, and wanted me to take his girl Almira. He said she'd been away to work in the factory, and it had kind o' wore on her; 'n' as she couldn't afford to lay still—they was real poor folks—they was dreadful anxious to get her a place to help in a family. I inquired about the girl, 'n' folks said that knew her they calkilated she'd be just the one for me—real quiet 'n' lady-like, 'n' neat 'n' industrious about the house, handy with her needle, too; 'n' belonged to meetin', decent folks. I thought my troubles was over when she come, for I liked her first-rate. She was beautiful company, 'n' understood my ways; didn't turn the nose o' the tea-kittle toward the wall, nor put scented bedroom soap into the dish-water. But, goodness gracious! if she didn't have nightmare! 'Twas the strangest happ'nin'. She didn't have it reg'lar every night, like t'other one, but 'twas just as bad, as I couldn't sleep for listenin', 'n' expectin' every minute she'd fetch a screech. Such screeches as she giv' would freeze the blood in yer veins. The first time she did it I thought the house was afire, 'n' jumped out of bed 'n' went to pumpin' water as hard's I could pump; hurried me so I couldn't set up the next day. She didn't look well, but 'twasn't nothin' that ailed her, so I doctored her up with thoroughwort tea 'n' [illegible] for her blood, to see if she wouldn't quit it. But she didn't. She kep' it up just the same, 'n' I found I was gettin' all run down with loss o' sleep 'n' anxiety, so I had to send her away. But I giv' her father a good coat that b'longed to poor David that's gone, 'n' her a new dress—one that Mary Frances sent up 'n' it didn't suit me. They was so poor, I hated to turn her off."

"Well, Mis' David, you've always been a-lookin' for the finger o' Providence, 'n' now you've got it plain. If sich a curse happenin' as that—them two nightmare-hired girls, one after t'other—don't mean somethin', I'll be beat. 'N' what can it mean, but that you'd better sell the place, 'n' go where you can be taken care of as you'd orter be."

"It does 'pear like a curi'us dispensation," sigh-

There was a boy over in the poor [illegible] wanted to get a place for to work for his board and clothes. They said he was as good as a man about the house, knew how to milk, and was real strong and lovely. She was going to send for him, and if he proved satisfactory, she should go on living in the same way.

But alas for poor Mis' David! The new boy was anything but satisfactory. He made his debut by stealing nearly all the pots and kettles in the house, which he sold for old iron, investing the modest sum which they brought in pea-nuts at the variety store; and one night, the sixteenth of the month, she found herself alone once more. In the morning, when one of her neighbors came over in the midst of the sleet and wind to look after her, he found her unable to move hand or foot, having been seized with one of her sudden attacks of the "rheumatics." There was no fire in the house; the barn door had blown down; the cows hadn't been milked since the morning before, and were nearly perished with the cold. Mis' David wrote to Cousin Curtis as soon as she was able to do so, and told him she had made up her mind. She shouldn't sell the farm, oh no! she was worse than ever she couldn't do that; but she should let it to John Perkins, Luke's cousin. He had agreed to let her reserve two small rooms, where she could store away enough furniture to keep house with, if she should be able to come back in the spring, and she would like to have the other things sold as soon as possible, as she didn't like to have the sale before her to dread for long.

Cousin Curtis came over to Portsport at once to make arrangements for the auction. Notices were printed and displayed in the stores, the post office, along the fences, and on the guide-posts. Nothing else was talked of in the town, for never in its whole history had a sale of this sort been known before. Once a farm had been disposed of under the hammer, a piggery, and the mill over at Dark Cove, but never any household furniture. Then Mis' David's furniture, her table linen, crockery, and blankets, her curtains and carpets, had long been the envy of her neighbors, and the fame of their elegance had reached the surrounding towns and hamlets; and now that there was going to be an opportunity to inspect these articles at one's leisure, and it might be, fortune favoring, to possess one or more of them for paying half of the original cost at least, there was great agitation of mind on the part of the entire feminine community. Heart-burnings, impatience,

ed by the sunshine; the lone tree in the [illegible] each old, old friends; the pump in its tower of evergreen, the frost melting like steam from its weather-beaten sides as she so often had seen it before, even the chairs and tables within; the monthly-rose bushes and sage-geraniums in the kitchen window; the gossiping old clock; the tiggers in the homespun rugs; and the cherished carpet. There was nothing that was not endeared to her heart by some tender association, with the exception of a few stylish modern articles which Mary Frances had sent to her from the city.

Cousin Curtis and Caroline his wife appeared at an early hour. Cousin Curtis very solemn and important, Mis' Caroline eager to see if there was not something among the things which she especially wanted.

"It's a funeral that's goin' to be, ain't it? You look just like it, Cousin Curtis, 'n' I can't git it out o' my mind that it's so," said Mis' David, as they entered the house. "I find myself a-talkin' about real soft, 'n' kinder holdin' my breath, 'n' there's the same dretful dread weighin' me down."

"Sho! you take things too hard. You're just like your mother before ye. Everybody says she wore herself out a-frettin' about nothin'. The Batchelders are all master-hands for takin' on."

By this time more relatives and particular friends were arriving, and Mis' David donned her best bonnet, with the widow's cap and long crape veil, as if it were an affair of great ceremony at least, and sat down in the midst of them, white and trembling.

"Cousin Curtis, you know you said you'd bid in whatever I didn't feel as if I could part with, 'n' I think 's likely I shall feel 't the last minute as if I couldn't let some things go, though now I've been 'n' brought such trouble on myself, I mean ter be firm, 'n' go through it as far forth 's I can. So you just stay by me 'mongst the mourners, so's 't I can git hold of ye when I want ye."

"Poor dear soul, I'm 'fraid she's a-gettin' kinder light-headed," whispered one of her old friends to another; "'n' that Cousin Curtis, as she calls him, I really believe is at the bottom of it all. My husband says he's determined ter git holt o' the farm somehow, 'n' he thinks if he can once get her away from it and her furniture sold, he can manage ter get it into his hands by hook or by crook. 'N' she's just as unsuspectin' as a babe."

"Oh yes; lots o' folks say that. But 'tain't winder curtains. I'm told they've been used for some little time; but you can see they're good as new, magnificent in color, 'n' durable as well as handsome—pure silk 'n' wool. What am I to have for these splendid articles?"

Mis' David listened with calmness. She had more than once been anxious to get rid of those curtains. They shut out the air in the summer, made the room dark and gloomy, and did not coincide at all with her idea of the fitness of things. David that was gone did not approve of them either. But Mary Frances brought them from her own house, and had them put up there, so she had let them be. She wondered a little that the auctioneer should think them so splendid, that was all.

The bidding was very lively on these curtains, as Mrs. Deacon White and Mrs. Hiram Pratt were both determined to have them. Each knew the other's determination beforehand, and Mrs. White, whose purse was much longer, was prepared to pay any price for them, for the sake of outdoing her neighbor, who had no right to aspire to such fine things. Both ladies had very flushed and excited faces, and to get them from Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. White was obliged to pay more than their original cost. When they were finally knocked down to her, she marched in triumph across the room, stationing herself before one of them to keep off intrusive fingers, and her two daughters before the others.

"I declare that was doin' well," chuckled Cousin Curtis in Mis' David's ear.

"Now the carpet's a-goin'," some one said, eagerly.

"No, no, no, Cousin Curtis, not the carpet. I don't know what I was a-thinkin' of to calc'late I *could* part with that," said Mis' David, seizing her relative by the arm. "Poor David that's gone 'n' me 'n' Mary Frances picked it out, 'n' David he alwus liked the pattern, 'n' we used to sit in the parlor hot summer Sundays—'tis always cool there—'n' enjoy it. Oh, don't let anybody git that! Bid higher'n anybody *could* pay for it."

Cousin Curtis looked somewhat contemptuous, but followed her directions, to the hot indignation of several ladies who had long coveted this possession of Mis' David's.

An arm-chair that Mis' David never liked, and no one could sit back in comfortably, she allowed to be sold, also a large black-walnut-framed mirror, with some compunctions, to be sure, because they were gifts from Mary Frances.

"But not the lounge—not the lounge, Cousin Curtis. Why, he set more by that 'n anything we ever had, though he didn't use it much; 'twas only to look at it thet pleased him so, it bein' all flowered over in sich harnsum colors."

"What d'you have an auction for, if you don't want ter sell nothin'?" snapped Cousin Curtis. "Joe'll think you ain't satisfied with what your stuff brings, 'n' goodness knows you've got full what its wuth, so far."

"The Lord only knows what I hed the auction for," said the poor woman, devoutly. "But never mind what Joe thinks, he'll git his pay just the same."

The auctioneer, with the crowd pressing after him, was in the sitting room now, and standing beside David's old mahogany secretary, demanded a bid for that ancient but well-kept piece of furniture.

Mis' David started. Why, it seemed to her as if she could see David sitting before it now, laboriously intent on writing a letter, with Mary Frances looking over his shoulder and the cat asleep in the window beside him, the glow of the fire-light filling the room. She could hear the click of her own knitting needles, and the snapping of the logs in the still, peaceful atmosphere. She rose from her seat: "No, no, no! not that," she cried. "You mustn't be affronted with me, folks, nor think I meant to git ye here fur nothin'. I didn't think this business was a-goin' ter ketch hold o' me so, but I can't part with any more o' my things. They're jest like live things speakin' to me o' days past 'n' gone. I'm a poor old woman, 'n'—" Here her voice faltered, and she fell back against Cousin Curtis's shoulder in a dead faint.

A general panic ensued, for it was supposed by all, with the exception of the little circle around her, that the old lady was dead. "Poor soul! it broke her heart to think o' breaking up her home," they said. And with the greediest and most disappointed of them pity was uppermost, as, after blocking up every door and passageway until they were peremptorily ordered away by the doctor, who was present, they reluctantly took their departure.

Mis' David was conveyed into her bedroom, where, the needful restoratives being applied, she soon recovered consciousness.

"I shall hev to write a word ter Mary Frances as soon's I'm able," she said, after swallowing a great deal of hot beef tea, which is the panacea for every woe at Pennport. "I shall never leave this house as long's I live 'n' hev my senses, 'n' I must let her know, ez she was a-goin' ter meet me at the depot in Springvale to-morrer night. I know I can manage some way not ter be beholden ter my neighbors. I can hev that left-handed boy back agin anyway; 'n' even he, with all his outlandish actions, is better'n sellin' away yer house 'n' home. He'll only wear me out a little sooner, 'n' when folks hev ter live alone, the sooner they go the better."

"I sh'd like to know what yer goin' ter do with the man you let the farm to. 'Tain't nothing ter go back on your word, I s'pose," said Cousin Curtis, wrathfully.

"I can very well pay him for his disappointment. I jest got the pay for some wood I sold last winter, 'n' he's welcome to it," said Mis' David, cheerfully. "I'll pay him enough to pay for another farm for a year, if he says so."

And Cousin Curtis left, muttering something about "ingratitude, 'n' imbecile old women."

[illegible] entered by the door which he opened to go out—a young lady, very daintily dressed, followed by a tall, smiling young man.

"Why, Aunt Emmeline, what *does* all this mean?" the young lady inquired, looking with amazement at the empty closets and crockery-piled tables.

"Why, it means, Flory, that I tried ter do what you advised me ter do so strongly—let the place, 'n' sell out my furniture. But the spirit was weak, 'n' I couldn't do it. How happens it you're here with Frank?" And Mis' David, sitting up on the lounge, looked ten years younger.

"Why, aunt"—hesitating a little—"Frank and I were married this morning. I had to marry him, you see"—with a roguish glance at her husband—"I got so worried about leaving you alone. Why, you poor dear old soul, you look as if you had been very ill."

"I'm well enough now. But what about the Adam's apple? You said you couldn't hev him on account o' that, nohow."

Flora burst into laughter. "Oh, aunt, you didn't think I meant that really. Why, he hasn't any to speak of. We had a misunderstanding, you see, and I felt almost desperate. I urged you to sell everything, and go and live with Mary Frances, because I felt that was the only thing to do. I thought I should always be obliged to teach school, for I knew I could never marry any one else, and—"

"Only a foolish young folks' quarrel, I s'pose," interrupted Mis' David; "'n' I took it for the finger o' Providence a-p'intin' the way to Mary Frances's. But, ye see," she added, seriously, "Providence p'inted straight enough, but I was too impatient, 'n' didn't wait till I got composed in mind, 'n' see it clear. It's jest like that kinder blurred guidepost round the corner out there by the four roads; if ye git in a hurry 'n' don't wait till ye git so's ter read it plain, you're more'n likely to turn off the wrong way."

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

"LA CHAMPAGNE" AMONG ICEBERGS.

THE latter half of the month of January, 1890, will long be memorable in the annals of marine disaster, for rarely has there been such tempestuous weather on the Atlantic, accompanied with such wide-spread destruction of life and property. Furious hurricanes and tremendous seas tested the staunchness of the most powerful transatlantic steam-ships, and tried the skill and endurance of both officers and men to the utmost; men were washed overboard, while others were seriously hurt by falling top-hamper, or had their hands and feet frost-bitten by the piercing cold, which covered the rigging and decks with thick ice; and in some places the sea was covered for miles with dead cattle, smashed life-boats, and wreckage of every description.

During the past week, while the rigor of the weather had somewhat abated, most of the captains of storm-tossed vessels had stories to tell of vast fields of ice floating down from the north in the direct path of transatlantic steam-ships, and several icebergs of monster size had been sighted by incoming steamers. One steam-ship, the *Nessmore*, from Baltimore to Liverpool, actually ran into one, but fortunately escaped with no other injury than some damage to her bows. The Inman liner *City of Chicago*, which had an exceptionally hard time of it, entered an immense ice-floe at 10 P.M., January 23d, and did not pass through all of it until three o'clock the next morning. The *Adriatic*, of the White Star Line, and one or two others, had a similar experience; they were for hours thumping their way through ice packs, and had their decks swept of everything movable by the heavy seas which were running outside and west of the floes.

But the steamer *La Champagne*, Captain Boyer, of the French Transatlantic Line, seems to have had the most unique, if not the most unpleasant, voyage of all. Leaving Havre on January 18th, just in time to catch the heavy northwest storm which had damaged many vessels before it reached her, for the first few days *La Champagne* was buffeted about in merciless style; her decks were continually being swept, her rigging was heavily ice-coated, and her deck railings damaged, but, with the exception of the loss of her life-boats, she sustained no great injury. The storm somewhat abated by the 23d, after which she made her way through a series of alternating calms and violent squalls, accompanied by chopped seas, that sadly tried the patience of passengers and crew, until the 25th, when her people were treated to a display of nature's handiwork which they are not likely to forget as long as they live. On that day the weather had greatly moderated, and the passengers were beginning to resume their long-suspended cheerfulness, when, at 3.15 P.M., in latitude 45° 45', and in longitude 49° 50' (west of Paris), a genuine iceberg of the much written about but seldom seen sort was sighted, and within two hours two others, surrounded by ice-fields several miles in extent, made their appearance. The captain, who made observations, estimated the largest of the icebergs to be about 200 feet in height above the water-line, with a breadth of much greater extent. Happy for him and his good ship that he did not have to repeat the memorable feat of the *Arizona*, when she ran full tilt against just such an antagonist in the spring of 1879, or, more recently, of the *Nemours*.

The French steamer passed slowly through the heaving ice pack to the right of the icebergs, one of which presented the appearance of a moderate-sized island, with a gently sloping surface; and the other, the tallest of the three, looking like a pinnacled church steeple from one of its fronts.

The passengers of *La Champagne* had every opportunity of studying the rapidly changing effects of light and shade on the summit and precipitous sides of the icebergs, and were, one and all, entranced by the magnificence of the spectacle. After ploughing her way through the ice packs, *La Champagne* had fine weather during the remainder of her voyage, arriving off Sandy Hook at 6.32 P.M. of the 27th, two days behind time, but with all on board safe and sound, after their varied and exciting experience of old ocean's humors.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT'S CUP.

THE "Edward Kemp Trophy," presented last spring to the Seventh Regiment as a standing annual prize to be awarded to the company of that organization exhibiting the best marksmanship, was won for the first time by Company H in the match which closed January 24th. The victor's score was 1053 out of a possible 1250. Company F came second, with a score of 1011. A picture of the beautiful prize is printed in this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The arrangement is that it shall be shot for in the armory during a contest extended through two weeks of every January by teams of twenty-five men selected from the companies respectively. The winning company is to enjoy the honor of possession of the prize until the next tournament. The general and enthusiastic interest taken by the regiment in the late match indicates that the gift will prove a valuable stimulus to increased skill on the part of all the members.

The trophy is a silver and gold horn of rare and peculiar workmanship. Only three cups of the same design are in existence. One is in the possession of the Duke of Oldenburg, by whose name all three are known; another is in Rosenberg Castle; while the third has found its way hither from Copenhagen, having probably been purchased, according to the statement of the United States Consul at that city, just in time to prevent its passing into the hands of the Czar of Russia. The price paid for it was 4400 Danish crowns—about $1100. The donor, Mr. Edward Kemp, of the firm of Lanman & Kemp, of this city, is an old member of the Seventh Regiment, having joined it thirty-five years ago, and served in it long and faithfully. Though no longer an active militia man, he is one of the trustees of the armory fund, and retains a warm interest in the organization—a fact well testified to by his gift.

The horn stands in a glass case on an ebony pedestal. It is about fourteen inches high, has a silver body overlaid with gold ornamentation, which is judiciously relieved by colored enamel. The work is very elaborate, and is said to have occupied the goldsmith who executed it nearly five years. The general design is that of a mediæval stronghold. It abounds in battlements and turrets, gold figures of knights in armor—some of whom are on horseback—ladies with musical instruments, attendants, etc.; spaces otherwise unoccupied are filled in with representations of dragons and other fabulous beasts, coats of arms, and inscriptions in German text, one of which is an invitation to empty the horn. The multiplicity of its details suggests the Milan Cathedral. The whole is thoroughly expressive of the age of chivalry. The Seventh Regiment has a capacious and finely equipped armory, befitting the high character of the organization, but the most attractive object now in it is this German drinking-horn.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT "CUSHING."

IT was a happy thought which gave the name of *Cushing* to the first sea-going torpedo-boat of our new navy. The brilliant achievements of that young officer in the war of the rebellion asserted practically, and for the first time, the value of the weapon, and to this day Cushing's deeds are quoted as the last word by those enthusiasts who declare with Gabriel Charmes and Admiral Aube that "a squadron attacked by a torpedo-boat is a squadron lost," and that for evermore "the microbe will destroy the giant." But fortunately for amiable sailors who prefer square up-and-down fighting (yard-arm to yard-arm or turret to turret) to being hoisted with petards engineered by scientists from a safe distance, these boats were found to have issued in an idleness begot of inexperience; and at present the type—like the ram, the automobile torpedo, the submarine boat, the rapid-fire and machine gun—falls into its class as an auxiliary and not the essential of sea-fighting.

This classification did not result from any jump at conclusions, for the enthusiasm of individuals spurred admiralties into such a gallop of experiment that the type was afforded more than an average chance. In the end, however, the torpedoists had to abandon the idea that any boat, even as an auxiliary, could be made a perfect instrument, and so they were grouped into two classes, which were differentiated by demands of speed, offensive power, coal endurance, and habitability. The first list embraced such as could keep the sea independently; the second, those that could be carried on shipboard and be launched when occasion demanded. In the earlier boats of the first class, to which broadly the *Cushing* belongs, dimensions and strength were so much sacrificed to speed that their history is a record of failure and repairs. The second-class boats could not carry coal enough to operate at any distance from their base, and were forced, like spinsters' cats, to scurry homeward whenever anything but the smoothest weather was experienced. But, with all their faults, the idea was too good to be scouted, and experts agree that boats capable of keeping the sea in all weathers with reasonable safety and comfort will be invaluable aids to sea warfare. As a minimum, the length is to be 130 feet, and the displacement 100 tons.

Notwithstanding this expert uncertainty, the last administration submitted the plans of a first-class boat to home competition. The Herreshoff Company received the contract, and on January 23d the *Cushing* was launched. The new boat is of the twin-screw, deep-sea type, and has the following dimensions: length, 138 feet; depth, 10 feet; breadth, 14 feet 6 inches; mean draught, 3 feet 7 inches; displacement, 90 tons. The boilers are semi-tubular; the engines are five-cylindered, quadruple-expansioned, and the estimated horse-power is 1600. The trial will be a run for three consecutive hours with a weight on board of 15 tons. A bonus of $1500 is added to the contract price of $82,750 if the mean speed exceeds 22 knots, but should this fall below that rate, a penalty of $1000 is exacted; if 20 knots are not attained, the boat may be rejected. But as an incentive, upon which we may congratulate Mr. Herreshoff at once, $2000 is to be paid for each quarter of a knot above 23 knots. The armament is not as yet definitely settled, but it will probably consist of three torpedo-tubes and three rapid-fire guns. There are 11 water-tight compartments, the sides are coal-protected, the interior is electrically lighted, and the two conning towers carry search lights.

The vessel was built under the supervision of Commander Converse, United States navy, and the command has been given to Lieutenant Cameron Winslow. Her performances will be watched with the greatest interest, because, as emphasized in these columns last July, there is, in the great problem of coast defence, no other country to which, from geographical opportunities, torpedo boats can be of such paramount importance.

J. D. J. K.

STRUCK GAS.

NOT only have the two gentlemen shown in the illustration on page 108 as trying to remove their drilling tools from the well that has suddenly proved itself a "roarer" struck gas, but the whole world has struck it. That is to say, the rapid and successful utilization of natural gas within the past few years has convinced the world of the vast superiority of gaseous over solid fuel for both manufacturing and domestic purposes.

That the supply of gas stored beneath the earth's surface is limited, and will ultimately be exhausted, does not admit of question. How long will the supply last is the only subject for argument. Still, whether it comes to an end soon or later, natural gas has already performed an invaluable service for mankind, and taught the world a lesson it will not forget.

That those who have used a gaseous fuel would not willingly return to a solid is established beyond doubt; and that, with the failure of natural gas, they will demand an artificial substitute, is equally certain. In view of this, experiments directed toward the artificial production of cheap gas are now being conducted in many directions. They are backed by generous capital, and have already attained such a degree of success as to enable consumers to anticipate the exhaustion of their natural supplies without anxiety. The artificial gas men are even beginning to advance the claim of those who manufacture ice, that they can do the work more economically than nature herself.

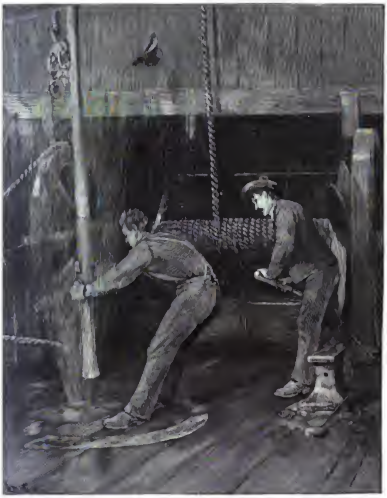
Natural gas is no new thing. For untold ages its burning springs have attracted the fear, the adoration, or the curiosity of all countries. In our own, it periodically accumulates in certain localities just beneath the surface of the ground in such quantities as to cause eruptions similar to those of volcanoes. In fact these outbursts receive the name of "gas volcanoes."

As early as 1821 natural gas was used to illuminate the village of Fredonia, in western New York, and in a small light-house on Lake Erie. In 1841 gas was struck in boring for a salt well in the Kanawha Valley, West Virginia, and when salt-water was also found, the gas was utilized as a fuel under the evaporating pans. Although this is the first recorded use of the new fuel in this country, it had been discovered and allowed to go to waste in a well bored within the present limits of Charleston, West Virginia, as early as 1815.

Gas is almost always found in connection with petroleum, and since 1859, when the first oil well was bored in Pennsylvania, it has been used to light and heat the towns and villages of the oil region. It is the fuel that heats the boilers of the drilling engines at the oil wells, and its pressure is often sufficient to enable it even to supplant steam in the cylinders of these engines. Until recently, however, the great volume of this invaluable product has been allowed to burn or flow to waste, in some cases at the rate of millions of cubic feet per day from a single well.

The first use of gas as a fuel in iron-making was at the Leechburg (Pennsylvania) works of Messrs. Rogers & Burchfield, in 1874, while the glass-makers did not adopt it until 1883. In 1875 it was piped to Spang, Chalfant, & Co.'s iron-works near Pittsburgh; but it was not until 1883, with the introduction of gas from the great Murrysville district, that its use as a fuel in Pittsburgh assumed any importance. To-day it is almost the only fuel used there. The pall of smoke that so dominated the city for nearly a century that it had become a by-word and a reproach has disappeared forever; and the blessed sunlight now finds its way into nooks and corners where its very existence was once unknown. The only smoke now to be seen over the city comes from the tall chimneys of its river steamers and from its locomotives. Even these latter are in many instances being converted into gas burners, the fuel being carried in storage tanks that take the place of tenders.

The comfort and economy of time and labor in the use of a gaseous fuel, as compared with coal, are incalculable and almost beyond belief. There is no hauling and storing of coal; no feeding the furnace, [illegible] out and disposing of the



"STRUCK GAS"—Drawn by J. W. Beatty.—[See Page 107.]

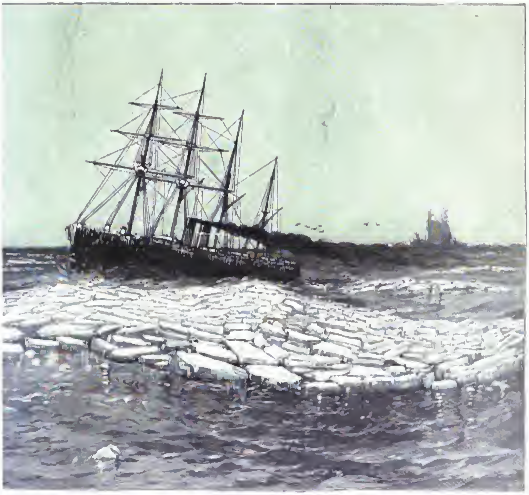
Louisiana, Missouri, Iowa, Colorado, Dakota, Utah, Wyoming, and California.

The process of boring for gas and sinking a well is precisely the same as that for oil, and the cost is equally great. It takes from two to six thousand dollars to put down a gas well, according to the depth required and the material gone through. The depth varies from a few hundred to two thousand feet; and in most cases the deeper the well, the stronger and more permanent will be the flow of gas.

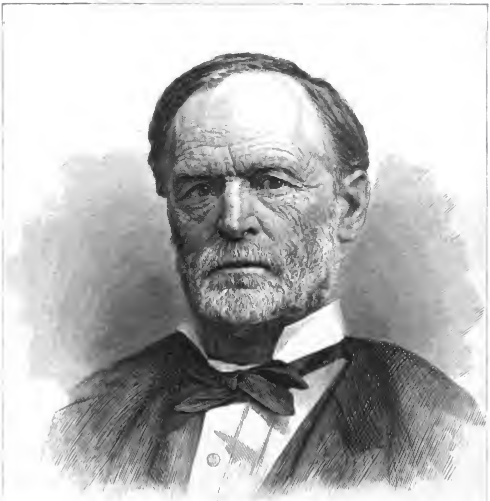
When a location has been decided upon and cleared, a derrick forty to sixty feet high is erected, and a wrought-iron eight-inch pipe is driven down through the earth until it reaches the rock, at any depth from thirty to a hundred feet. Then the great drills, weighing about three thousand pounds, are set to work. These are lifted and allowed to drop four or five feet with each stroke, and are constantly turned, so that the hole may be perfectly round and true. A diameter of eight inches is maintained to a depth of about five hundred feet, and to this depth an iron casing of that size is put down, so as to shut off the water. From this point to the required depth of the well a six-inch hole is bored, and into it a four-inch pipe is inserted.

The gas usually manifests its presence and gives warning of the vicinity of a reservoir by escaping in small quantities and finding its way up through the well long before the drilling is finished. Sometimes, though, no such warning is given. The drill is quietly thumping away; one man is sleepily turning the "temper screw," while the other sharpens the tools, works the "bull-wheel" lever, or makes himself generally useful. They have been thus monotonously employed for fifty or sixty days, perhaps, and are beginning to wonder when their "tower" (tour) of work on this well will be completed. Suddenly the drill rope slackens, the heavy tools no longer strike bottom, but begin to come up out of the well, as though they were of wood buoyantly rising on top of a column of water. The slack of the rope is reeled in on the bull-wheel shaft as rapidly as possible; but before the tools reach the surface the gas rushes forth in a blue cloud, with a deafening roar that can be heard for miles. The drillers hasten to remove their tools, and with that their work is ended. They have struck gas.

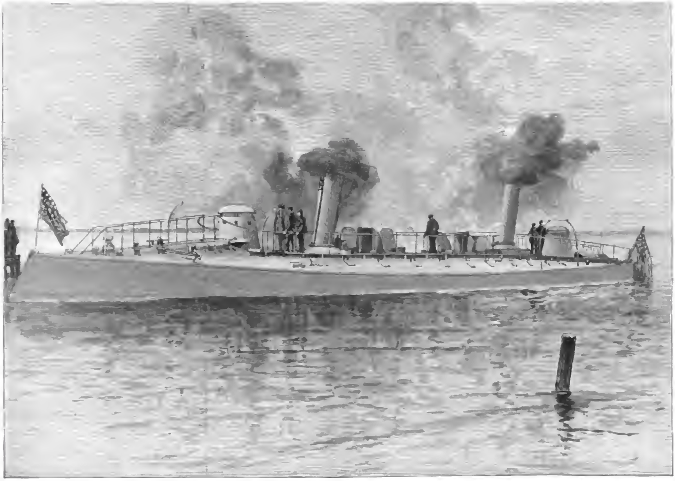
Kirk Munroe.



GH AN ICE-FIELD ON HER LAST VOYAGE FROM HAVRE TO NEW YORK.—From a Sketch made on board by John Rettig.—[See Page 107.]



GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 108.]



THE TORPEDO-BOAT "CUSHING," OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—From a Photograph by Child & Co., Newport.—[See Page 107.]

umph of the American experiment in government.

The centennial of the organization of the court was observed with appropriate ceremonies at the place of its birth, on Tuesday, the 4th of February, 1890. The Association of the Bar of the City of New York, the New York State Bar Association, and the American Bar Association united in the celebration. The Chief-Justice and the Associate Justices of the court, the President and his cabinet, and the Judiciary Committees of both Houses of Congress, were present, as well as some of the Judges of the highest appellate courts of the various States.

The occasion was one calling for the attention of the entire people. Every American citizen should be reminded by it of the debt which we owe to the judicial department of our national government. This is not merely a debt of sentimental gratitude and admiration, but an obligation calling for present payment, in effective legislation to relieve the court from the overwhelming pressure of duties beyond the power of man to accomplish.

The constitutional provisions relating to the Supreme Court would give a reader not familiar with the history of their application and development but little idea of the extent and importance of the court's power and duties. The Constitution provides that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish," and that "the judicial power shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more States; between a State and citizens of another State; between citizens of different States; between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States; and between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens or subjects."

That is all. They are to try lawsuits between litigants; to pass upon contracts; to determine property rights and claims to damages for private wrongs. There is no hint of political power, no suggestion that the Federal courts are to exercise any different functions than those exercised from time immemorial in Great Britain. Professor

tempted usurpation of power by national or State legislatures has become ineffective, and each has been confined within its proper limits. Hamilton said of the old Confederation, "The treaties of the United States under the present Constitution are liable to the infractions of thirteen different legislatures, and as many different courts of final jurisdiction acting under the authority of those legislatures. The faith, the reputation, the peace, of the whole Union are thus continually at the mercy of the prejudices, the passions, and the interests of every member of which it is composed. Is it possible that foreign nations either respect or confide in such a government? Is it possible that the people of America will longer consent to trust their honor, their happiness, their safety, on so precarious a foundation?" Our avoidance of these evils, and the discord and disruption which would follow them, are due to the existence of the Supreme Court, constantly and consistently declaring and enforcing the limitations of constitutional authority.

It seems marvellous—or it would seem so were it not that daily use robs it of strangeness—that two separate governments, each sovereign within its own sphere, each having a separate and independent legislative, executive, and judicial establishment, should at the same time rule in the same territory without clashing, discord, or conflict. It indicates a wonderful perfection and adjustment of governmental machinery. We have forty-two different States, comprising over sixty millions of people. They present a great variety of climate, productions, occupations, interests, origin, and traditions. Everywhere the right of local self-government is firmly established and vigorously maintained. In each State are separate laws, separate legislatures, judges, and executives. In each State the laws and the machinery of administration differ from the laws and machinery of administration in all the other forty-one States. Yet in all there is found one Federal law, one Federal judiciary, one Federal executive, governing and coexisting with the State government effectively and harmoniously. To the accomplishment of this miracle we owe the perpetuity of our republic, and for its accomplishment we may chiefly thank the Supreme Court of the United States.

Fortunately for the American people, a worthy finisher of the work of Washington and Hamilton and Madison was found during the early days of the republic in Chief Justice Marshall. He presided over the Supreme Court from 1801

may be attributed to the unlimited authority of the majority, which may at some future time urge the minorities to desperation, and oblige them to have recourse to physical force. Anarchy will then be the result, but it will have been brought about by despotism."

The American people, in the constitutional provisions above quoted, have established a safeguard against the possibility of their own injustice, by declaring certain great principles of justice as a law to themselves, and by incapacitating themselves from breaking this law, except through so long and general a course of constitutional amendment as to make it certain that in the mean time passion will have cooled and principle will have reasserted itself. It is the expedient of Ulysses, who had himself bound to the mast until he should be beyond the sound of the sirens' song. But a declaration of principles is ineffective except as it is interpreted, applied, and enforced by the courts. And it is the glory of the Supreme Court that it has given to this part of the Constitution, which otherwise might have been but a rhetorical flourish, the living force and power of an accepted and respected rule of action. It is chiefly due to the commanding authority and leadership of that court that to-day every bill introduced into Congress, or into any Legislature of any State, is before its passage submitted to the most rigorous test of conformity to the great principles of natural justice declared in the Constitution and essential to the preservation of free government; and that American majorities have learned to see with composure and submission their own wishes frustrated when declared to be in conflict with those principles, no matter what may be the prejudices and the passions of the hour.

This method of restraining the dangerous tendencies of democracy by the declaration of great principles, under the form of constitutional limitations, enforced by an independent judiciary, is the chief contribution which America has made to political science. It is the feature which more than any other—more than all others, in our system, claims the admiration of political thinkers. It is the chief occasion of the gratitude which we owe to the Supreme Court of the United States, and its maintenance and protection at the hands of that Court should be the subject of especial solicitude in our future. Not the tumultuous expression of prejudice and passion to-day or to-morrow, as to particular measures or particular

of an intermediate Court of Appeal in each circuit, to review the judgments of the present Circuit and District courts and would limit the right of appeal to the Supreme Court from this new tribunal substantially to cases of large amounts or special importance, and to those of purely Federal cognizance, such as cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States, and under its admiralty jurisdiction. This plan was embodied in a bill introduced in the Senate by David Davis, and in the House by Mr Payson, of Illinois, and also in a somewhat similar bill introduced in the House by Mr M'Cook, of New York, and said to have been prepared by Judge Blatchford and Judge Benedict. Lawyers and legislators are divided as to the merits of these plans and of the various modifications which have been suggested. As a natural result nothing has been done. Nothing probably will be done until aroused public opinion supplies Congress with the force to overcome the obstacle of simple indecision.

I have thus dwelt at considerable length upon the vital importance of the Supreme Court decisions upon constitutional questions, because it gives point to another and paramount reason for prompt and effective action by Congress. There are several branches of the court's jurisdiction which are of very little public importance. In most cases between citizens of different States the controversy might as well be determined by the courts of the States themselves. The Philadelphia Law Association in 1883 examined, and tabulated with reference to the grounds of jurisdiction, 729 cases, comprised in the Supreme Court reports from volume 99 to 105 inclusive, and they estimated that in 266 cases—over thirty-four per cent. of the whole number—the Federal courts took jurisdiction upon the ground of citizenship only—that is to say, the Supreme Court was required to hear the case solely because the plaintiff lived in one State or country, and the defendant in another. It is probable that in not more than an insignificant fraction of these 266 cases would there have been the slightest prejudice or failure of justice if the suits had been tried in the State courts. Most of the cases were from New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois. There is not the least ground for the supposition that the citizens of all those States do not stand upon an equal footing in the courts of each. With rare exceptions, it is of no public importance whatever that such cases should be heard in the Federal courts.

Be bold, then standest on the
Of that enchanted fairy land
The doubts have caused the
Till vanish now at the

I sighed as one who doubts
I see the throne
And fainter grew the
The bridge passed into
The mist of
Within a
The day was sinking to the
There was no

COLUMBIA COLL

The installation of the Hon. Se
dent of Columbia College took
morning of Monday, February
politan Opera-house. The
this great theatre was one of th
gathered companies ever brought
York. Presidents and professors
colleges and universities
National and State
common concern in the
the country, bound
gress
to the public through the

The exercises were opened
Rev. Dr. Cornelius R. Duffie
college, after which the Rev.
D.C.L., addressed the President
the trustees. The installation
by the Hon. Hamilton Fish, the
man of the Board of Trustees
function, Professor Henry Drisler
death of the late President,
been the acting President,
his work as the President of
Frederick Coudert, LL.D.
name of the alumni. To these
the new President made
reply;
the Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D.
New York.

The friends of the higher

from the unfair pressure of more work than can be done, and we must prevent them from being engrossed, perforce, by the mass of common litigation. We must see to it that they are not kept discussing tithes of mint, anise, and cummin to the exclusion of the weightier matters of the law.

ELIHU ROOT.

A FANCY.

Once, wandering o'er untrodden fields,
Far from the bustle of the town,
Bound by the spell which fancy wields,
I climbed a hill, and looking down,
Saw, in the valley far beneath,
A darksome wood, where oak-trees tall
Swayed in the south wind's gentle breath,
As throbbing bosoms rise and fall.

But when I reached the vale, alas!
And on the very border stood,
A mighty hedge I could not pass
Grew all about the tempting wood.
I caught within the golden ray
Of buttercups. The rippling trill
Of brooks and fountains in their play
With bird-songs seemed the wood to fill.

And, as I listened, on the wind
There came a voice, as one who sings:
"Oh, mortal, leave the world behind,
And scale the hedge on fancy's wings.
Be bold; thou standest on the edge
Of that enchanted fairy-land.
Thy doubts have raised the mighty hedge.
'Twill vanish now at thy command."

I sighed, as one who doubts his dream.
I saw the thorny hedge grow less;
And fainter grew the mystic gleam;
The hedge passed into nothingness.
The mist of eventide arose,
Within a barren vale I stood.
The day was sinking to its close—
There was no dim enchanted wood.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

The installation of the Hon. Seth Low as President of Columbia College took place on the morning of Monday, February 3d, at the Metropolitan Opera-house. The audience which filled this great theatre was one of the most distinguished companies ever brought together in New York. Presidents and professors of the leading colleges and universities, representatives of the National and State governments, and men and women eminent in the professions and society of the country, beheld with the greatest interest an event so liberal in its pledges of future benefits to the public through the cause of education.

The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Cornelius R. Duffie, the chaplain of the college, after which the Rev. Morgan Dix, S.T.D., D.C.L., addressed the President-elect on behalf of the trustees. The installation address was made by the Hon. Hamilton Fish, the venerable chairman of the Board of Trustees. On behalf of the faculties, Professor Henry Drisler, who, since the death of the late President, Dr. Barnard, has been the acting President, welcomed Mr. Low to his work as the President of the college; and Frederick Coudert, LL.D., presented the felicitations of the alumni. To these distinguished men the new President made in turn brief but appropriate replies; and having received the keys of office, he then delivered his formal inaugural address. The benediction was pronounced by the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of New York.

The friends of the higher education in this city will unite with the immediate constituency of Columbia College in believing that the ceremonies of this day, while marking no revolution in the policy of the institution, do signalize the beginning of an era of far greater prosperity and larger usefulness than the college has ever yet attained. The omens attending Mr. Low's induction—the universal respect for the man, the high esteem which his business life and his eminent public service have won from the community, the cordial loyalty of the college to him, as well as his own vigor and enthusiasm, and the open-mindedness with which he assumes the office—are all of the happiest character. His addresses at the installation were eagerly awaited by many who hoped that he would outline a "policy" with regard to the future development of the college. In a noteworthy passage of his reply to Dr. Drisler, the representative of the faculties, he declared his intention to be the President of all the departments of the college, and his opposition to any plan of reorganization which should do away, as has been proposed, with the academic department—the School of Arts:

"The faculties will appreciate that as to the technical side of their work I must be for a long time a learner. I do, indeed, bring to your counsels two new and different points of view, both of which may be valuable in the work we shall have to do together. I shall bring into your meetings the experience of a man of affairs, and the point of view of the trustees. I appreciate thoroughly the importance of the questions that are awaiting the new order of things for determination. You will not expect me to-day to outline a policy. Were I to have a policy, under existing conditions, it would seem an evidence of unfitness for my post. Two points appear to me essential to the securing of the best results. We must conceive of the college as a single institution. In my view, its various schools are as much integral parts of the college as the undergraduate department itself. This suggestion is entirely consistent, in my mind, with a belief that the School of Arts, the historic side of the college, is the foundation of the whole. I believe in doing better than ever, if we can, the work that the college has been doing from the beginning. But I see no reason why this should not be so done as to co-operate with the different schools in the work which they propose to do. Whatever can be made to grow out of the old root I should expect to be strong and sound. But I do not believe in destroying the old foundation in order to rest a new structure upon an uncertain base. While I say this, I am in entire sympathy with the desire to see the college continue its development into a complete university, adapted to the largest possible service to American needs. I hold myself open to conviction as to all details."

In his inaugural address Mr. Low discussed broadly and at length the relations between the college and the city. Starting with the proposition that "there is no such thing as the world of letters apart from the world of men," he claimed for the city a unique and indispensable part in the best university education. It was fitting that Mr. Low, who has given so large a portion of his life to the study of the social and political questions of city life, should say: "An education in New York is likely to be of special value to any man who wishes to be of especial service in meeting the great problems with which our cities confront the country. To him the atmosphere of the city will be a familiar thing, and he will know, if he is a wise man, that though the powers of evil in a city are great, the powers of good are greater. Some men, as they recognize how far short the city falls in a thousand ways of what it ought to be, and see the difficulties attending all efforts at improvement, are apt to say: 'It is no use. Let us eat and drink, and after us come the deluge.' But let it not be so with you. No more spirit-stirring call ever sounded in the ears of a generation of young men than comes to the youth of New York and America in connection with the problems of this mighty city. Splendid beyond imagination in what it may be made to be, it grieves our pride and shocks our love so frequently in what it is. Columbia may bring to you all the learning of the ages, she may surround you with all the opportunities and privileges which the times will supply, but she will fail of her truest and best work if she does not send you forth into the community earnest and patriotic men.... All this, I think, the city means to the college. Let me consider now what the college means to the city. The value of the college to New York is not to be measured by the services of her conspicuous sons. Her chief and permanent value to the city lies in the constant witness she bears to the usefulness and nobility of the intellectual life, and in the work she is always doing to develop and uplift that life. Columbia College, college and university both, as she really is, holds aloft this ideal in the great city where finance and commerce show alike their good and their bad sides. In her financial management she exhibits a business trust faithfully administered without a breach for 130 years. On her educational side, she displays the splendid usefulness of money, which is received not to be hoarded, but to be well spent. She is profoundly conscious that what she is doing is but the earnest of what she may do, if New York will but make common cause with her, and enlarge and broaden and deepen her work on every side."

WHEN EVEN COMETH ON.

The mother-heart doth yearn at eventide,
And wheresoe'er the straying ones may roam,
When even cometh on they all fare home.
'Neath feathered sheltering the brood doth hide;
In eager flight the birds wing to their nest,
While happy lambs and children miss the sun,
And to the folds do hurtle one by one.
As night doth gather slowly in the West,
All ye who hurry through life's busy day
Hark to the greeting which the ages tell,
"The sun doth rise and set. Hail, and farewell!"
But comfort ye your hearts where'er ye stray,
For those who through this little day do roam,
When even cometh on shall all fare home.

LUCY E. TILLEY.

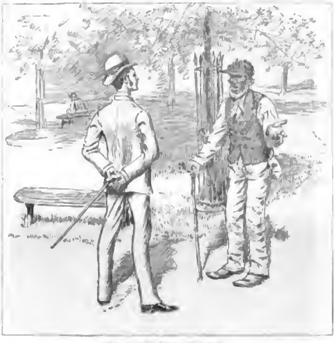
THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

Twenty-three years have passed since the formation of what is known as the American Water-color Society. The organization then was a feeble one. Its first exhibition took place in the following year, and the progress which painting in water-colors has made since that time is well illustrated by the 645 works that are now shown at the Academy of Design, and that constitute the twenty-third annual exhibition of the Society. To those who remember the early displays made by the organization, the high average excellence, as well as the wide variety of the works now on view, is very significant, as measuring the advance that has taken place in the aims and the methods of American workers in this medium. Indeed, as compared with the work that found favor even a few years ago, that which is to be seen at the Academy to-day shows an average degree of improvement that is not realized without recalling the past. The progress has been so gradual that it is not easily estimated, but it nevertheless exists.

There are 297 names of contributors in the catalogue this season, and it is interesting to notice in how wide a range of country their habitations are to be found. The usual variety of landscapes, figure pieces, portraits, and marines is offered to suit the taste of expected purchasers. Of the welcome visitors, the people who come to admire and remain to purchase, a greater number are usually found among the frequenters of water-color exhibitions than at the regular displays of painters in oils. There are several reasons for this. The attractive character both of the subjects and the methods of treatment, and the comparatively moderate prices at which water-colors are sold, commend them to the average picture buyer. Besides this, the aspect of the exhibition is decidedly a cheerful one, and is perhaps stimulating to the purchaser.

The absence of the Department of Etchings which has heretofore been a prominent feature of the water-color exhibitions, gives more space for the legitimate purposes of the display this year, and confines it to the galleries, without trespassing on the corridor. Of landscapes there is an excellent display, and not only are the familiar names well represented, but some new men are coming forward whose productions are highly creditable. The general tendency of workers in water-color is toward landscape, and the beginner as well as the veteran is apt to choose hill and valley and forest for subjects rather than figures. Yet the latter are not neglected. Our illustrations give some examples of excellent work from both these classes of artists. In Mr. Samuel Colman's "Looking across Country," we have a coast scene painted with charming simplicity and directness, and Mr. Jervis McEntee's "Northern Winter" suggests the delicate sentiment which so often distinguishes his work. "A Quiet Place with Ducks" is the joint production of Mr. N. Bastert and Mr. George Poggenbeek. It shows a bit of marshy country in Holland, and the work of both artists is highly creditable. Mr. C. Harry Eaton's "A Lowland River" has qualities that justify high praise. The foliage and the green banks of the placid stream are extremely well painted. Mr. J. Francis Murphy is at his best in his pensive version of nature as set forth in his "Willows," and Mr. J. S. H. Kévér shows the best results of the Dutch school of water-colorists in a charming picture, "A Warm Day." The rich tints of Mr. Leonard Ochtman's "Woodland" will attract the visitor, and Mr. Horatio Walker's beautifully luminous "Evening" is one of the most satisfactory works in the exhibition.

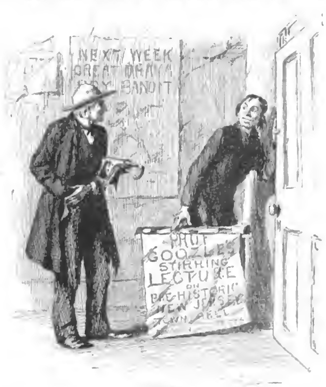
The figure-painters, although not numerous, make an excellent showing this year in the exhibition. Mr. George W. Maynard's "Mermaids and Mariners" is painted with a sure and skilful hand. The freedom, buoyancy, and suppleness of the half-seen figures of the mermaids gliding through the water, and the coloring, delicate but strong, are not marred by any shortcomings. "The Heyday of Youth" is one of Mr. William Magrath's carefully drawn compositions. The figure of the dancing girl is excellent. Mr. Clark Crum's "Foster-Mother" is the work of a promising artist who is one of the many new-comers



THE EASIEST WAY'S THE BEST.

"How do, Uncle Joe? Taking your morning walk around the Park?"

"Not exactly, sah. I finds I ain't able to walk all roun' de mo' sence my las' touch o' rheumatis', so I jes' walks *half-way* roun' an' back agin, sah."

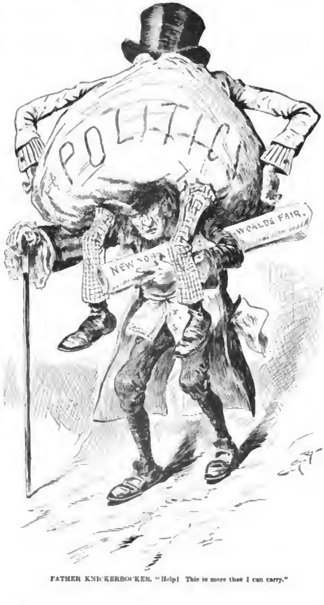


CAUTIOUS.

SQUIRE LEEDS. "Give me a good seat in the front row?"

DOOR-KEEPER. "There's just one left. Please go in as quietly as you can, most of the audience is asleep."

EDWARD KEMP TROPHY, PRESENTED TO THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AS A OMPANY PRIZE FOR RIFLE SHOOTING.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 107.]



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER. "Help! This is more than I can carry."

om, and is full of expression. "A Cold gives Mr. F. S. Church the opportunity ing fancy with humor in an agreeable

are fewer of the conventional represen- flowers this year than have been shown seasons, and, altogether, the subjects r chosen than usual. The exhibition is creditable to the Society, and its mem- well feel encouraged by the result of ors.

SHAREHOLDERS SUFFER.

the week now closing additional proof furnished of the undesirability of the tion of power in the management of a on. In no case have the results been ry where an individual or a compara- all number of persons have usurped the at are conferred upon and intended to sed by a larger number. In the case er consideration, namely, that of the tional Bank of this city, the President, nership of a bare majority of the stock titution, has jeopardized deposits aggre- er two million dollars, as well as the of his fellow-shareholders in the con- was tempted to do this by an offer of tant price for his shares, and though his ent of the bank during a long term of l been conservative and successful, he this temptation, and by so doing ad- gang of thieves to the vaults of the s forthwith proceeded to plunder it. ancial situation has, most fortunately, seriously disturbed by the discovery and of the fraudulent operations that cul- in the control of the Sixth National the most audacious adventurers that ntly demanded the attention of the pub- utor. Those operations have, neverthe- same effect upon confidence not only in dry, but abroad as well. They have the improvement in the stock market noted in this column last week, and e still in progress when the entirely un- disclosures were made. Those dealers ties who habitually favor lower prices made all the capital they could out of al looting of the Sixth National, but accomplishing more than to emphasize e that was naturally due in the market also

nerally argued in Wall Street that the ferred to should not have more than a ffect upon Stock Exchange values, since ity is circumscribed, and the chief suf- l probably be the wealthy but avari- President of the bank, and possibly the ckholders, whose interests he betrayed. a broader view than this, which takes uties of a corporate officer, especially himself controls, by ownership or other- property that he is employed to man- orcement of the National Banking Law those deal very seriously with ex-Presi- und for his unbusinesslike, not to say abandonment of his bank, in order to s personal estate. It is to be regretted laws governing other corporations are not so stringent in their provisions for the protection of creditors and stockholders, and that, so far as they go, they are not as readily enforced as the National Banking Act, under which an office is established and maintained, namely, the Comptrollership of the Currency, the functions of which are the enforcement of the law.

The principle upon which a corporation is founded is indicated in the term itself, and the purpose the State has in view in granting extraordinary powers and privileges to a company is to secure to its citizens the benefits that can best be secured by their co-operation in various industries and undertakings. The moment that the principle of co-operation in its fullest sense is abandoned, or rather when the powers conferred are relinquished through negligence to one or two persons, or secured by them by design, trouble invariably results, and disaster to the enterprise is almost certain to follow. The temptations to abuse that power are great; and as long as human nature is constituted as it is, the number of men who can resist them is exceedingly small. Yet, in spite of repeated experiences that should make all that we are now saying seem very trite, hardly a day passes that does not furnish fresh evidence of the unwisdom of surrendering to a few the rights that should be exercised by many.

Of course every enterprise of sufficient magnitude, or of a character to require co-operation, must have a head, but under no circumstances should the head be permitted to usurp the functions of the entire body. When that occurs, confidence is sure to suffer. The ideal executive of a corporation should seek to stimulate interest and activity on the part of his associates, no matter how small their share in the enterprise may be. The practice too frequently is to take advantage of their apathy and to ignore their claims. The most signal and disastrous example of the virtual substitution of an individual for a corporation was furnished in the histories of the Northern Pacific and Oregon Companies in 1883. Within the memory of the present generation the violation of the principle under discussion extends back to the Gould-Fisk scandals in the management of the Erie Company. As before noted, the list is a long one, for it seems that in respect to these matters experience teaches nothing. A year ago this time there was a partial awakening of the stockholders of the Granger Trunk Lines that was brought about by the disastrous overbuilding of railroads, and consequent rate wars in the region west of Chicago and St. Louis and east of the Rocky Mountains. The sentiment then aroused was utilized by the larger dealers in railways and their securities, and the taste of power that they then enjoyed for the first time seems to have developed an appetite for it.

It was quite proper that the banking interest, which is responsible for the distribution of the securities of railway companies, should champion the cause of the purchasers of those securities when their property is seriously endangered, as it was in the year 1888. But the action of the Voting Trustees of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company in supporting unqualifiedly the present management of that company, and the efforts of the reorganizers of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad Company to secure to its creditors the control of that system for a term of years without any adequate consideration to the stockholders, who made all the sacrifices in the reorganization, demonstrate that even the most successful and presumably most conscientious champions of security holders are capable of errors of judgment. There is only one remedy for the conditions that investors have so frequently had occasion to deplore; it is a more enlightened self-interest on the part of every shareholder in every corporation, for eternal vigilance is the price of wealth as well as of liberty.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, Saturday, *February* 1, 1890.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

This body of ours has been likened to a tenement. It often has a haunted apartment—the stomach. Scared by the eldrich sprite, dyspepsia, digestion flies and refuses to return. What can break the spell, what can raise the ban laid upon the unhappy organs? We answer unhesitatingly, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and we are warranted in the response by the recorded testimony of myriads, covering a period of over a third of a century. A course of the Bitters, begun in any stage of the affliction, and persistently followed, will terminate in cure positive, not partial. The Bitters restores tone to the epigastric nerve, renews and purifies the juices exuding from the cellular tissue that act upon the food digestively, expels bile from the stomach and the blood, and promotes a regular habit of body. Malaria, kidney complaint, nervousness, rheumatism, and neuralgia give way to this medicine.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."

For Bronchial, Asthmatic, and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

The debilitated, weakened system needs a mildly stimulating tonic. Nicholson's Liquid Bread is recommended as such by prominent physicians. Give it a trial. Grocers and druggists keep it.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP.
Prevents and cures chapped hands. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

No buffet should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits. 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

A beautiful young lady became so sadly disfigured with pimples and blotches that it was feared she would die of grief. A friend recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which she took, and was completely cured. She is now one of the fairest of the fair.—[*Adv.*]

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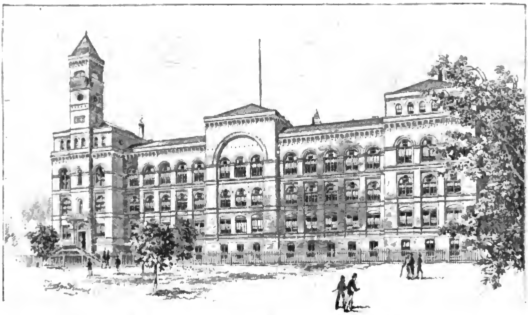
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HOW UNCLE SAM MAKES HIS PAPER-MONEY.

BY FRANKLIN P. SMITH.

THE handsome building of brick and iron on the corner of Fourteenth and B streets, in the city of Washington, known as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, owes its origin to the civil war. Although it was not built until many years after that struggle, the work now going on under its roof was forced upon the government in the autumn of 1862. Previous to this date the issues of paper-money were engraved and printed by private bank-note companies in New York city. They were shipped to Washington in sheets of four notes each. After being signed by the Treasurer of the United States and the Register of the Treasury, they were trimmed and cut up, or separated, by women with long sharp shears. So slow, laborious, and expensive was the work, that Secretary Chase gave orders that it should be done by machinery. On the 29th of August, 1862, Mr. Spencer M. Clark, then Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Construction, to whom he intrusted the execution of these orders, had procured and set up in the basement of the Treasury the presses for printing the engraved signatures of the Treasurer and Register, and the trimmers and separators for making the notes ready for circulation. From this humble beginning has expanded one of the most interesting and important branches of the Federal government.



THE BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Under Mr. Clark's energetic and efficient management the bureau was a success from the first. Overcoming the great opposition that he encountered from the private bank-note companies, he constantly enlarged the operations of the establishment. It was but a step from printing the signatures on the notes to printing the notes themselves. The further step of engraving the plates in the Treasury, instead of intrusting the work to private enterprise, was easily and naturally taken. In a few months the government owned a completely equipped engraving and printing establishment, having its own engravers and printers, and its own stock of dies, rolls, and plates for the production of every form of security. Although the bureau never failed to justify its existence by turning out work much cheaper than the bank-note companies, the policy of sharing with them the preparation of the paper issues prevailed for many years. Greater security was believed to come from having the bank-note companies engrave and print the backs, while the bureau engraved the faces. Whether justified or not by experience, the policy was finally abandoned.

To such a volume did the work of the bureau grow that the quarters in the attic of the Treasury, whither it was transferred from the basement, became entirely inadequate. During the administration of Mr. Clark he proposed that a separate building, to be connected with the Treasury by a subterranean passage, be erected on the ground opposite the Allbaugh Opera-house. It was not, however, until the administration of Mr. Edward McPherson that Congress was induced to make an appropriation for the purpose. With $27,000 for a site, and $300,000 for a building, construction was begun in the autumn of 1878, and completed in the spring of 1880. The bureau was immediately removed to its new quarters, where it now gives employment to more than a thousand people. At the time that Mr. Clark began operations he had only one male and four female assistants. He remained Chief of the Bureau until August 16, 1868. Since then the administration of the institution has been in the hands of George B. McCartee (February 21, 1868, to February 17, 1876); Henry C. Jewell (February 21, 1876, to April 30, 1876); Edward B. McPherson (May 1, 1877, to September 30, 1878); O. H. Irish (October 1, 1878, to January 27, 1883); Truman N. Burrill (March 30, 1883, to May 21, 1885); Edward O. Graves (May 21, 1885, to May 1, 1889); and William M. Meredith, appointed to succeed him.

I.—THE ENGRAVING DIVISION.

The face value of the securities that the bureau produced in whole or in part from the 1st of July, 1869, when annual reports began to be made, to the 30th of June, 1888, is $13,106,606,-631. The amount produced previously would probably bring the aggregate up to nearly twenty billions. How has this vast sum been made?

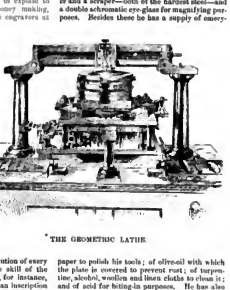
Most people suppose that the method is very simple; that a design is first drawn by an artist, and then engraved on a steel plate, and that from this plate bank-notes are printed. A more erroneous idea of the elaborate and complex processes required to convert a piece of blank paper into a bank-note could hardly be formed. Much time, infinite pains and patience, the highest order of artistic taste and skill, long years of the severest training, and many thousands of dollars in capital are needed to effect the transmutation.

The most important and difficult processes are those connected with the preparation of the steel plates. This work is done in one of the largest and handsomest rooms in the bureau. The engraving division, as it is called, is located on the first floor, and runs east and west nearly the entire length of the building. Its ceilings are lofty, and an abundance of light comes in from the large double windows along the northern side. Standing in the doorway at the eastern end, near the southern side, visitors behold a long and somewhat narrow room pervaded by a silence almost death-like. At the right, seated before a bench divided into sections by green cloth partitions, are eight or ten engravers at work. Further to the west, on the same side, are the transfer presses, with their large wheels turned back and forth by operators that stop from time to time to examine or adjust their work; and beyond them are the plainly furnished offices of the superintendent. To the left, a short distance from the entrance, are the open doors of the great vaults built into the south side of the room. Here, securely kept, are the priceless treasures of the bureau—the dies, rolls, and plates made by the engravers.

These men who are bending over the little pieces of steel under the windows have consecrated their lives to a laborious and exacting art. No form of engraving is so difficult as that of bank-notes. A bank-note engraver may become a wood-engraver—his training makes easy the transition from one art to the other—but the wood-engraver never becomes a bank-note engraver; he is obliged to master almost a new art. The methods and materials of the two arts are entirely different. The wood-engraver produces his efforts by cutting away the wood and leaving the lines in relief. The surface of the block left is slightly inked, and the impression taken is the picture that he has cut. The bank-note engraver pursues exactly the opposite course. He cuts his lines into the steel in intaglio. They are then filled with ink. Whatever is left on the surface of the plate is carefully wiped off, and a sheet of dampened paper is laid on and subjected to heavy pressure. The paper is thus forced down into the lines. When it is taken off, the ink is drawn out, and there is formed on the surface a cast of the engraver's work, readily detected by the touch. The white lines and spaces in the wood-engraving represent the surface that has been cut away; these features in a steel-engraving represent the surface that has been left intact. One consists of white lines on a black background, and the other of black lines on a white background. In wood-engraving every line must have a perceptible thickness, otherwise it will not print; in steel-engraving the finest scratch on the surface of the plate will make a line on the printed sheet.

The origin of this beautiful art is curious. It dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. At that period, in the early youth of modern art, the silversmiths of Florence used to ornament the creations of their genius with engraved work. To bring out the engraving, to make its contrast with the metal more striking, the lines were filled with enamel. If the effect was not the one intended, it was a difficult task to dig out the hardened substance and do the work over again. To provide against such a contingency a sulphur cast of the engraving was taken from a matrix of fine clay, and the lines filled with a black pigment. The effect of the engraving would thus be observed, and any change desired could be readily made, and no injury done to the original work. To some ingenious engraver it occurred to fill the lines of the cast with ink, and to make a copy of the engraving on a sheet of wetted paper. To all intents and purposes this was an example of plate-printing; but the discovery, accidentally made in the pursuit of a different object, was not utilized until a century later.

If the visitors at the door have obtained a special permit from the Chief of the Bureau, they can advance into the room. Accompanied by the guide that has been detailed to explain to them the mysteries of paper-money making, they can look more closely at the engravers at work. They now learn for the first time that no engraver ever cuts the entire plate from which a bank-note is printed. Of the several engravers employed in the bureau, one may be engaged on the design of a new silver certificate; another, on a portrait; another, on the lettering of the inscription; another, on the counters that indicate the denomination of the note; another, on a section of the border, which is never engraved in full; another, on the seal; while others may be putting the finishing touches to plates that are nearly ready to go to the printer. Nothing but this division of labor could secure that perfect execution of every part of a note that so baffles the skill of the counterfeiter. No engraver could, for instance, cut a portrait and the lettering of an inscription with equal excellence. By division of labor, which insures the high character of work that is the chief if not the only protection against counterfeiting, the bureau is enabled to limit materially the time that it would take one engraver to turn out one plate for a bond or a bank-note.



THE GEOMETRIC LATHE

To give an idea of the work of an engraver, let us follow him in the production of a portrait. An account of the mechanical part only of this product of genius can, however, be given. That part dependent upon the taste and skill of the engraver can no more be described than the mental operations that bring forth a fine statue or a great poem. No one can tell (the engraver himself cannot tell) why a line is cut in a certain direction or with a certain curve; why it is made just so much heavier or just so much lighter than it was when first cut. But the secrets that are within the reach of all may be discovered by a study, for instance, of the portrait of Martha Washington on the one-dollar silver certificates.

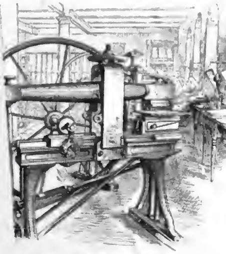
First of all, let it be remarked that the portrait of a living person is never used on government securities. It was prohibited by law many years ago under circumstances not devoid of interest. On the 22d of March, 1866, Mr. Russell Thayer, of Pennsylvania, rose in the House during a debate on an appropriation bill, and offered an amendment to forbid the use of the portraits of living persons on the paper-money issued by the government. "I believe," he said, in explanation, "it is a fact capable of being well authenticated that when the first silver dollar of the United States was struck, it had upon it the image of the greatest of Americans—George Washington. When the fact came to be known to President Washington he ordered that the die be destroyed. Whoever, therefore, has a silver dollar with the head of General Washington upon it has in his numismatic collection a coin of rare value. Sir, the modesty which seems to have distinguished the public men and the public officers of that day does not, I regret to say, seem to characterize all of the public men and public officers of the present day. If I take up now what is the representative of the smallest silver coin of the United States, I find upon it—not only upon one side, but upon both sides of it, lest the people might fail to see it—the effigy not of General Washington, but of the Superintendent of the Public Printing." Although Mr. Thayer should have said the Superintendent of Printing in the Treasury, his allusion to Mr. Clark was unmistakable. While his amendment was not adopted, the fact to which he called attention led later to the passage of the law that effected the change he had in view.

By means of photography the portrait is reduced to the proper size. Upon the copy is placed a sheet of gelatine, and with a fine steel point a tracing is made. The lines of the tracing are filled with vermilion. The gelatine is laid, tracing downward, on a piece of highly polished decarbonized steel of the finest quality, the surface of which, after being cleaned with turpentine and alcohol, has been covered with a thin coating of a kind of varnish known as etching ground. It is rubbed with a burnisher, which causes the outline to be deposited on the varnish. The fine steel point comes into play again to outline the vermilion portrait upon the steel plate itself. The varnish removed, the engraver begins the artistic part of his work.

He seats himself before the section of the bench assigned to him. Just above his head at an angle of thirty degrees is a board covered with green cloth. Over the rectangular aperture in the centre is an adjustable white tissue-paper screen, by means of which the light from the windows may be softened to suit his eyes. In front of him are fixtures for electricity, to be turned on when the day is darkened by clouds or rain. He lays his plate on the leather-covered pad, and with a few simple tools produces a beautiful work of art. They consist of a graver, a steel point, a burnisher and a scraper—both of the hardest steel—and a double achromatic eye-glass for magnifying purposes. Besides these he has a supply of emery-paper to polish his tools; of olive-oil with which the plate is covered to prevent rust; of turpentine, alcohol, woollen and linen cloths to clean it; and of acid for biting-in purposes. He has also an alcohol lamp to heat his plate whenever necessary, a hand-vise to hold it over the flame, and one or two other articles to be mentioned hereafter.

At the end of six weeks or two months his task is finished except the background. If the portrait

None of the dies—as the plates are called as they come finished from the hands of the engraver—is ever printed from. All government securities are printed from the reproductions of the transfer presses in the engraving division. It is safe to say that without these invaluable adjuncts of an engraving establishment the use of the modern bank-note could never have reached its present magnitude. No die could withstand the wear of printing the enormous issues of currency demanded by the governments of the world. The engraving of a sufficient number of duplicates would be so costly as to preclude an extensive manufacture of this invaluable device of trade and finance. But the transfer press renders pos- ble and easy the manufacture of the one or two ndred reproductions of a single die that the te presses of the bureau may be printing from the same time.



THE TRANSFER PRESS.

Before describing it in detail, let us look at designer. His, too, is a difficult task. He is lged about and hampered by the restrictions conventionality. When an order is received n the Treasury for a new note, he is directed get up a design. With proofs of portraits, etter, and other plates in stock before him, roceeds, with infinite patience and trouble, to gn something that shall, in the first place, like money; that shall, in the second place, lfferent from any money that has been print- that shall, in the third place, be pleasing and tic; that shall, in the fourth place, win the oval of the superintendent of the engraving ion, the Chief of the Bureau, and the Secre- of the Treasury. The note to be designed, every other note that has been designed, have an inscription, signatures, counters, ers, and a seal; it may or may not have usually does have) a border or a portrait or notto; it may have any two, or all three. roblem for him to solve is to combine these es, common to all notes, in such a way that w note shall be quite different from them, ill be a good deal like them. When he lved the problem to the satisfaction of ev- ly concerned, and thus earned a reward s will never receive here below, his design n to the transferrer, whose duty it is to as- upon one plate, in accordance with the the various parts of the note that have graved especially for it or selected from ck in the vaults.

first thing that the transferrer has had to take upon a roll the die of each of these A roll is a steel cylinder about three in diameter, and a little wider than the g on the die. Its surface to the depth ghth of an inch or more has been decar- The die, which was hardened after it aved, is adjusted to the bed of the press. cylinder has been inserted a mandril, ich rest the armatures of the press. By of compound levers a pressure of sev- is brought to bear upon these arma- he roll is thus pressed upon the die, and ved back and forth by means of a large ceives upon its periphery, in relief, the g of the die. In this way rolls are made rtraits, vignettes, counters, sections of r, etc. They are then hardened and the operation of assembling or "laying a single plate or bed-piece the several e note.

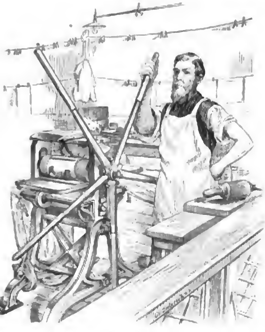
d be stated here that without the most graving successful transferring cannot Only that kind of steel-engraving line-engraving is permissible on bank- If the portrait of Martha Washing- mined, it will be discovered that it con- hing but straight or curved lines, or ranged in straight or curved lines. must be separate and distinct, and it t as deep as possible, else it cannot transferred and clearly printed. Or- -engraving, with its stipple-work and n to secure artistic effects with the would be seriously injured in its pas- a transfer press. The bank-note nnot resort to them. Whatever ar- he imparts to a portrait or vignette with lines alone—with lines in a cer- n or with a certain curvature, with t lines, with broken or continuous lines. The transfer press forbids absolutely any other treatment. In the presence of so heavy a restriction upon genius it can be understood that natural endowment and long years of study and practice are indispensable to a first-class bank-note engraver. Born with the high degree of intelligence and artistic taste and feeling essential to a work of art, he must have, in addition, the moral qualities of courage, endurance, self-denial, and fidelity to a jealous and exacting mistress; he must abandon the hope of wealth, though not of fame, and win that confidence of his fellow-men that will induce them to intrust him with the production of a work of the great possible value of a bank note plate. That bank-note engravers should, as a rule, be men of character is but the inevitable result of the necessities of their art. Only one of the bank-note engravers in this country, I am told, ever brought discredit upon a profession proud of the honor and honesty of its members.

From the bed-piece, on which are assembled in intaglio the various parts of the note, a roll of sufficient width and diameter is taken up, hardened, and used to make the plates for printing. These plates are of the finest steel, highly polished, and large enough to contain four notes, or "subjects," as they are technically termed. Each plate is numbered, and each subject, according to its position on the plate, is lettered twice with one of the first four letters of the alphabet, known as check letters. Under one of the letters, or on some other part of the note, the number of the plate is repeated. An inspection of the letter and number will, therefore, disclose the position of the note on the plate and the number of the plate. The unwary counterfeiter that disregards these apparent trifles, and omits to letter his note, or letters it with some other letter besides A, B, C, or D, brands by omission or commission his work as spurious. Or if he uses a number that never appears on the denomination that he imitates, the fact reveals his dishonest hand. The burr or ridge raised by the heavy pressure of the transfer press around the plate and between each subject is scraped off. The plate is then sent to an engraver, who remedies any defects that he may discover; he cuts more perfectly the sections of the border and the combinations of geometrical lathe-work.

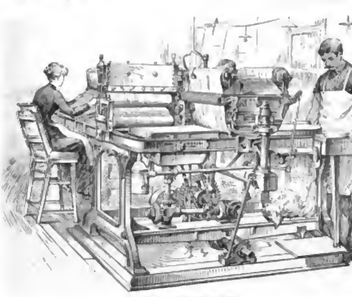
It now goes to the hardening-room, which opens off the engraving room. Here it is prepared by the hardening process for the printing-press; in this room, in fact, all dies, rolls, and plates are carbonized or decarbonized. With its crucibles, blow-pipes, and charcoal furnaces it looks as though it might be the workshop of some old alchemist. In one corner is a large sheet-iron contrivance (resembling the quarter-section of a pyramid) to carry away the smoke from the fires beneath and the fumes from a poisonous drug used to harden plates. Near by is a low, cylindrical iron stove lined with fire-brick. Inside is a small iron pot to contain a quantity of ivory carbon and the rolls or dies to be hardened. At the bottom at equal intervals are four holes, and entering each hole is a gas jet. Air is mingled with the gas, and driven by a bellows with great force against the pot. The chemical action set up by the heat transfers the carbon to the rolls or dies, which, after the lapse of an hour or two, are plunged into cold water. If they are to be decarbonised, some substance like scraps of soft iron, having a stronger affinity for carbon than the steel, is substituted for the ivory carbon, and the application of heat reverses the process.

Plates are hardened in another way. Cakes of cyanuret of potassium, a virulent poison, are melted in the large retorts suspended in the charcoal furnaces, which can be shut off from the rest of the room by sliding doors. The plate to be carbonized is locked in a frame, which is attached to a long iron rod. One of the big muscular men in the room, with sleeves rolled to the shoulders and brow dripping with perspiration, seizes the rod, and plunges the plate into the liquid. Kept there four or five minutes, or until it becomes a silver white, it is removed and cooled, first in a bath of linseed-oil, and finally in a tank of water. Immediately another muscular operative takes the plate from the frame, and laying it on a bench, pours oil and emery on it, and with a brush rubs it vigorously for a few moments. After their removal more oil and a finer kind of polishing sand are applied; it is rubbed vigorously again and wiped off. Thus thoroughly cleaned, it is carried to the proof presses in the engraving-room, and proofs are pulled, which are examined by the engravers. If the engraving is found to be satisfactory, and if the plate is not yet needed for printing purposes, it is returned to the hardening-room to be waxed to protect it against rust. It is then ready for the vaults, where it remains until drawn out for the printer.

There are two vaults, each large enough for a bedroom, one for the dies, rolls, and plates of the national securities, and the other for the dies, rolls, and plates of the national bank-notes, both containing between thirty and forty thousand separate pieces of steel. They have double doors and time locks. No cracksman could enter them in the daytime without discovery by the custodian or his assistants; nor by night, since every room in the bureau is lighted from dark until daylight, and patrolled constantly by watchmen. Having no ventilation, they are never pleasant to be in; in summer they are stifling. The electric lights with which they are illuminated during business hours disclose on every side long narrow spaces for the plates and little drawers for the dies and rolls. In the centre of the vaults are cabinets, in which are kept the plates for surface or ordinary printing. Over each plate and on each box there is a number. In the books of the custodian are recorded the number and a description of every die, roll, and plate in stock, or in the hands of the engravers, transferrers, or printers. Indeed, the moment a piece of steel has on it a mark that can give it the slightest value it is numbered, and must be turned into the vaults at the close of the day's work, and no piece can be withdrawn without a requisition from the superintendent of the engraving division or of the printing division. The requisitions are filed away, so that from an inspection of them and of the books of the custodian the whereabouts of any given die, roll, or plate can be ascertained at any given time. In the morning, in compliance with the requisitions that he has received, the custodian lays out the plates called for by the printing division and the pieces of steel on which the men in the engraving division are at work. Clerks from these divisions verify each number before accepting any die, roll, or plate, to make sure that no error has been committed. For the same reason the custodian verifies, upon their return, the number on every piece of steel delivered to him. Where so much care is exercised mistakes are impossible.



A HAND PRINTING-PRESS.



STEAM PRINTING-PRESS.

What finally becomes of these thousands of pieces of steel? When the days of their usefulness are at an end they are melted up. Every two or three years a destruction committee from the Treasury visits the bureau and examines the contents of the vaults. They bring along with them a set of books containing a record of all the dies, rolls, and plates left in the vaults the time before, and compare their numbers with this record to see that no piece has been lost in the mean while. On loose schedule sheets they note the new work added to the stock since the last examination. After going through the vaults and selecting for destruction the pieces that have become useless, they make a new record of what is left and of the new work, and return it to the Treasury for the next committee. The condemned pieces are thrown into strong boxes, fastened with bands of iron, and carried to the navy-yard. So cautious are the committee that no piece shall be stolen or lost that they will not intrust the boxes to the care of anybody else. They accompany these condemned treasures themselves, take out each piece, and after comparing its number with the schedules in their possession and in the boxes, cast it into a crucible with their own hands. They watch the metal until it melts beyond recognition. More worthless material than this steel after it is cooled can scarcely be imagined. That which has not been moulded for the committee into paper-weights of various designs, which are so hard that they cannot be cut with a file or polished with an emery wheel, is thrown away.

II.—THE PRINTING DIVISION.

Visitors to the bureau are never permitted to wander about its rooms as they like, or to examine whatever takes their fancy. So carefully watched in every avenue, that they cannot step beyond the precincts of the reception-room without being confronted by an inquisitive attendant, and warned that it is against the rules. To guard the operatives from disturbance, no one not having special permission is admitted to inspect the bureau except on Saturday. On that day the general public may visit certain divisions. They meet in the reception-room at the right of the main entrance, and after being divided into small parties, they are escorted to the upper floors, where the rooms are crowded with machinery and operatives, and where the life and activity have more popular interest than the quiet of the engraving-room. Were they to study the method of making paper-money in the natural order, they would first visit the wetting division, for it is here that the blank paper is prepared for the printer.

The Bank of England, as is well known, does not depend for protection against the counterfeiter upon the excellence of the engraving upon its notes, which bear an exceedingly simple design printed from stereotype-plates, but upon the character of its paper, which has a peculiar water-mark and is manufactured in its own mills. When the bureau was first organized, Mr. Clark conceived the idea that a similar distinctive paper, manufactured and used exclusively by the government, would enable the public to detect counterfeits more readily than the ordinary bank-note paper. Although the bureau has never followed the policy of the Bank of England, Mr. Clark, in his testimony before the Garfield investigating Committee in 1864, claimed that his experiments were successful. "Their result was," he said, "the production of a paper interspersed with a fibre of a different color and different material and perfectly insoluble in water. It could," he added, "never be reduced again to pulp. It was like cloth in that respect; you could wash it in hot or cold water, boil a pudding in it, without affecting it. If the national currency had been printed on that, when you wanted to test its genuineness at any time you had only to go to the washbowl and wash it to pieces. If you washed it away, you would put a counterfeit out of existence; and if it was a good note no harm could come to it, but it would simply be cleaned." This paper did not come into general use; but the colored fibres, known as "spider legs," were retained, and form at the present time a distinctive feature of our currency. The paper of the United States and national bank-notes, however, differs somewhat from that of silver certificates; it has, besides the fibre, a silk thread running the length of the note. But each kind, like the water-marked green paper for revenue stamps and the water-marked white paper for checks, is the finest quality of pure linen paper, manufactured from new duck cloth and canvas clippings.

The paper consumed by the bureau during the early years of its existence was manufactured in the basement of the Treasury; but the mill caused so much noise and emitted an odor so disagreeable that it was eventually abolished. The paper on which securities are now printed is manufactured by private concerns, whose mills are vigilantly guarded by government inspectors to prevent loss or theft. After its shipment to Washington it is stored in vaulted rooms in the sub-basement of the Treasury, to be drawn upon requisition whenever an order is given for the printing of any security. It is then sent in packages of a thousand sheets to the wetting division in the upper floor of the L, carefully counted by girls, who see that the requisition has been properly filled, and divided into sections of from ten to forty sheets each. These sections are laid between wet cloths and stacked on the floor. The paper is next shifted—that is, the dry sheets in the centre of the sections are turned toward the cloths and allowed to remain until they too are thoroughly damp. It is then counted a second time, and stored in an adjacent room ready for delivery to the printer.

The large room where the printing is done, and to which most visitors are first taken, occupies the third floor of the bureau. The rattle of the paper and presses, the click of the plates, and the odor and smutches of ink form a striking contrast to the stillness and cleanliness of the engraving division. Every foot of available space is occupied with machinery and the three or four hundred operatives. The printers, in colored shirts, with sleeves rolled to the shoulders, and faces and hands stained with ink, are working with noticeable rapidity and energy; and their assistants, always girls, in well-worn dresses protected by long aprons, are busy removing the printed sheets or moistening and putting on the blank sheets. Some of the men are large and muscular, others are lean and spare; some are young, and others beyond the middle age. The women are of all ages, from sixteen, with rosy cheeks, to sixty, with gray hair. Some of them have very attractive faces, but there are others not so pleasing. In spite of the unfavorable surroundings, the natural taste of the sex for ornament is not suppressed. Here and there may be seen a head elaborately frizzled, or a ruffle about a pretty neck, or above an ink-stained apron the blushing face of a rose.

A closer examination shows that the printers do not all work at the same kind of presses, nor are they all doing the same kind of work. Some are printing the black faces of the notes on the old-fashioned plate press, or the D press, while others are printing the green or brown backs, and still others the various internal revenue stamps on complicated steam-presses. The ordinary plate press, with its long radial handles, called a "spider," is a simple affair. Besides its iron framework, it consists of a plank, also of iron, propelled between two steel rollers thickly covered with felt to soften the pressure. The plate is heated slightly on a gas-stove. The printer seizes a roller, which resembles a rolling-pin, and after rolling it vigorously over an inking table, he rolls it with equal vigor over the plate. The heat and the pressure applied cause the ink to penetrate the deepest line of the engraving. The surface is, of course, covered with a thick coating of ink, which is wiped off with a piece of muslin cloth. In order to clean it perfectly, the printer rubs his hand on a ball of whiting, and polishes the plate with the greatest possible care. This part of his work requires skill and judgment. He must see to it that every particle of ink is removed from the surface of the plate, otherwise it will smutch and spoil the sheet. He must see to it, too, that he does not rub the ink out of the depressed lines, otherwise he will get no impression, or a very imperfect one. This work done to his satisfaction, he transfers the plate to the bed of the press, and upon it his assistant lays a sheet of dampened paper. Grasping the spider with both hands, he forces the bed and the plate between the rollers. The assistant pulls the sheet off, examines it to make sure that it has been properly printed, and lays it on the pile of printed sheets on the shelf at her side. If, however, it does not in her judgment or that of the printer appear to be printed perfectly, she tears a rent in it; or if both are in doubt about the matter, they leave final decision to the regular examiners in the room below, who by long experience have become wonderfully expert in deciding the fate of printed sheets. The plate is now on the other side of the press. It is again heated, inked in, and polished, as before, and run with another sheet between the rollers back to the starting-point.

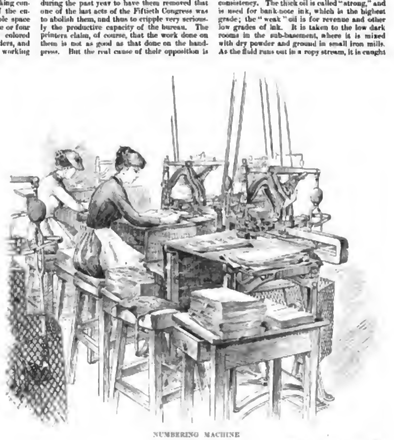
These changes of position take considerable time, and add not a little to the noise in the room. Both difficulties are obviated to a large degree by the D press, which is exactly like the other press, except that a part of the upper roller is cut away, making a cross-section look like the letter from which it derives its name. As soon as the impression is affected, the bed of the press, to which is attached a counterpoise, runs back automatically to the other side, leaving the plate untouched by the upper roller. A gas jet under the press heats the plate, so that the printer does not have to remove it. He can ink it in and polish it without changing his position. In the case of the steam-press all these operations are going on simultaneously, and all, save that of polishing, are done by machinery. The four plates that it requires move around a square frame, and while the two assistants are either putting on or taking off a sheet, and while one plate is being printed from, another inked in, and a third wiped, the fourth is being polished by the printer, who does nothing else.

With one of these presses a man can print four times as many impressions as with a hand-press. So largely have they reduced the cost of certain classes of work, like internal revenue stamps and the backs of notes, that they have been introduced into the bureau quite extensively. But the printers, like the women that trimmed and separated notes by hand in the early history of the establishment, have bitterly opposed their introduction. So strenuous have been their efforts during the past year to have them removed that one of the last acts of the Fiftieth Congress was to abolish them, and thus to cripple very seriously the productive capacity of the bureau. The printers claim, of course, that the work done on them is not as good as that done on the hand-press. But the real cause of their opposition is the fear that the steam-presses will drive out the hand-presses, and consequently deprive them of employment; for to the untrained eye, and often to the trained eye even, there is no apparent difference between the backs of notes and the revenue stamps printed on steam-presses and those on hand-presses.

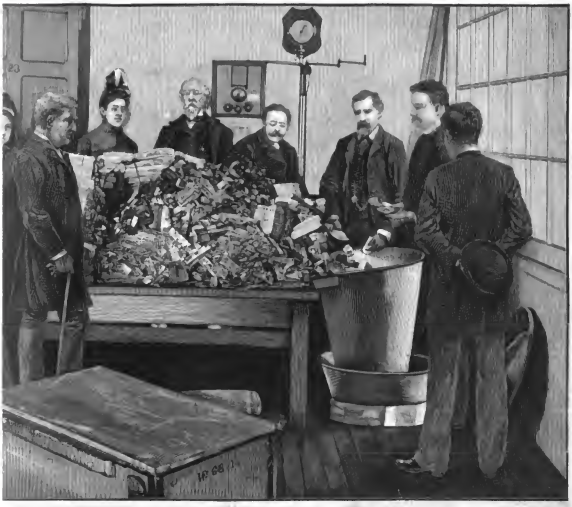
All presses, whether hand or steam, have registers attached to them. Every impression recorded calls for a sheet of printed securities, or a waste sheet, or "tissue," used in adjusting the press. At the close of the day's work a clerk in the division examines each register, notes the count indicated, and compares it with the number of printed sheets and tissues delivered by the printer. These two counts must agree not only with each other, but with the count of the wetting division. If there is no discrepancy, all is well; if there is one, it must be accounted for before a single printer or assistant is permitted to leave the building; for every sheet, whether it is only blank paper or an incompletely printed security, is as valuable, according to the rules of the bureau, as though it had been issued perfect from the Treasury; and if lost, it is assessed to the full amount of the face upon the employés of the division where it disappeared. Sometimes a sheet is mislaid, and a little search brings it to light. Perhaps the printer has neglected to call the attention of the clerk that, through a defect in the press or in the register, an impression has been recorded without the printing of a sheet to correspond, but he is seldom negligent of this duty. The moment that he discovers any trouble of so serious a nature, he summons the clerk and explains the matter. If his explanation does not seem satisfactory, his assistant is called to one side and closely questioned. If she tells a plausible story, and it agrees with his, the explanation is accepted, and both relieved of responsibility. It thus becomes absolutely impossible for a printer to smuggle in a blank sheet of paper, cover it with the impressions of thousand-dollar notes, and take it away with him. Collusion with his assistant would not enable him to do it, and no attempt at such a fraud is on record.

Does a plate ever wear out? One would imagine that a hardened piece of steel treated no worse than the moderate pressure of a press would last a lifetime; it does not, however. After it has yielded fifty or sixty thousand impressions it begins to show signs of wear. The engraving loses its delicacy, and the lines look coarse and heavy. The plate must then be discarded as worthless, or re-entered, as they say, and its usefulness renewed. The operation is effected by the transfer press. The plate is adjusted in the same way that it was when laid down, and with the original roll the work on each subject is made as sharp and distinct as at first. It may thus be restored many times, and its life prolonged, until the steel becomes so thin that it cannot be re-entered again.

If the government has not found it practical to manufacture the paper for its own securities, it has at least found it desirable to make the ink with which they are printed. As the production of this indispensable adjunct of the printer's art is simple and easy, the bureau can undoubtedly better afford to mix and grind it than to buy it. The picturesque process of burning the linseed-oil to eliminate the fat is carried on under a dingy shed in the rear. Heated in large vessels to a certain temperature, the oil is set on fire, and allowed to burn until it is reduced to the proper consistency. The thick oil is called "strong," and is used for bank-note ink, which is the highest grade; the "weak" oil is for revenue and other low grades of ink. It is taken to the low dark rooms in the sub-basement, where it is mixed with dry powder and ground in small iron mills. As the fluid runs out in a ropy stream, it is caught



NUMBERING MACHINE



THE MACERATOR ($570,000 ON THE TABLE).—From a Photograph by C. M. Bell.

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in hydraulic presses to a pressure of several thousand pounds to the square inch.

These presses, by-the-way, were bought many years ago, and were devoted to a different kind of work. To avoid the expansion and contraction of securities caused by alternate wetting and drying, Mr. Clark hit upon the plan of printing them on dry paper in hydrostatic presses. The pressure required to produce a satisfactory impression was so great, however, that the presses were often broken; and although much fractional currency was printed on them, the plan was finally abandoned, and the presses removed to the examining division, and used to give the finishing touch to printed sheets. As soon as they are removed from the mill-boards they are "shaken up"—that is, the edges made even with one another; they are then deposited in the vault division. The incomplete work goes to other divisions to be finished. Notes and certificates, for example, are returned to the wetting division. The backs having been printed first, the faces, which receive more attention because of the finer engraving on them, are printed last. After passing through the examining division the second time, they are sent to the numbering division in the L on the same floor.

To those unfamiliar with the methods of protecting securities against counterfeiters, the numbers printed in red or blue ink on the panels of the face of notes or certificates have little or no significance. Especially whimsical and unintelligible appear the letters with which the numbers begin and the odd characters with which they end. But if they add nothing to the beauty of the design, and seldom, if ever, attract attention, they do not deserve the obscurity and neglect with which they are favored, for they are indeed important features of the securities to which they are attached, and many a counterfeiter by his ignorance of numbering has omitted an indispensable safeguard against detection. All counterfeiters know, probably, that the letter indicates the series to which the note belongs, and that the odd character, varying with different series, is used, like the lines drawn in the blank spaces of a check, to prevent the addition of anything else. Some of them may know, perhaps, that only certain letters—A, B, D, E, H, K, U, V, and X—are ever printed on money, and that the employment of any other letter—like C, O, or I, for instance, or the letters R, P, and T, which appear on internal revenue work exclusively—would disclose at once the true character of their work. What many of them are entirely ignorant of is the difference between the numbering of a United States note and a national bank-note, and the relationship existing between the number and the check letter on United States notes and silver certificates. The numbers on the four subjects of a national bank-note are the same. But in the case of United States notes and silver certificates the subjects are numbered consecutively from one up to any desired number—that is, the first subject at the top of a sheet is numbered one; the second, two; the third, three; the fourth, four. The first subject of the second sheet is numbered five; of the third sheet, nine; of the fourth sheet, thirteen; etc. Or, to set forth the matter more clearly, I will append the following table:

Check letters	A	B	C	D
First sheet	1	2	3	4
Second "	5	6	7	8
Third "	9	10	11	12
Fourth "	13	14	15	16
Fifth "	17	18	19	20
Sixth "	21	22	23	24

An inspection of this table will show that the number of the first subject on every sheet after the initial sheet is divisible by four, with one remainder; the number of the second subject is divisible by four, with two remainder; the number of the third subject is divisible by four, with three remainder; the number of the fourth subject, being exactly divisible by four, leaves no remainder. The counterfeiter, overlooking this fixed relationship, engraves one plate with a check letter, and numbers his notes from one or any other initial number up to the number that he prints. Three out of every four of his notes will thus bear impossible numbers. If he selects B as his check letter, and begins with number one, only the second, sixth, tenth, fourteenth, eighteenth, twenty-second note, and so on, will have possible numbers, and these notes might, of course, escape detection if this test of relationship alone were applied. But other features of the notes, like the engraving of the portrait and vignette, or the geometrical lathe-work, would reveal their spuriousness.

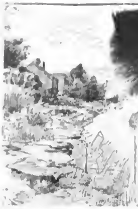
Next to the engraving division, the numbering division is the pleasantest in the bureau. It is well lighted, its ceilings are white and clean, and the smutch and litter inseparable from the printing and examining divisions are entirely absent. It is a noisy place, however, for the numbering machines make a loud and perpetual clatter. At each one of them is seated a neatly dressed operative feeding sheets under an ingenious device of circular disks, on which the numbers from one to nought are cut in relief. The work appears simple and easy, but not every girl has the "straight eye" necessary to hold a sheet so that the number will be printed on the centre of a panel; nor is every girl capable of the close attention that the work requires. Without these qualifications she is certain to spoil a large amount of work. To provide for average human fallibility, ten sheets to the thousand are allowed for mistakes; and while some girls use the full allowance, others use only two or three. Whenever a sheet is spoiled it is cancelled; that is, it is punched full of holes on a machine for the purpose, and the numbers reprinted on a new sheet.

Notes and certificates are not the only kinds of work that go to the numbering division. Bonds, checks, and certain classes of revenue stamps are also numbered. As soon as received, they are counted, as in every other division; and after they have been passed through the machines, they are examined to see that the numbers preserve their sequence and are properly printed; at the same time they are again counted to make sure that no sheet has been lost. Those not requiring any further work are trimmed, put up in packages, and sent to the vault division. Occasionally one containing forty thousand dollars, more or less, is left in view to excite the wonder and cupidity of the beholder. Upon the receipt of the packages in the Treasury, they are opened, and from a steel plate, on an ordinary press, the red seal is printed on the face of each note. The sheets of United States notes and silver certificates are separated by machinery, and made ready for circulation. The national bank-notes are shipped in sheets to the banks ordering them; and there, signed by the president and cashier, they are separated and paid out according to the demands of business.

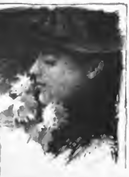
I have omitted to say that before the national bank-notes are sent from the bureau, they pass through the surface division in the basement. Here they receive upon their face and back, or upon both, the charter number of the bank to which they belong. Girls do this work on ordinary one-cylinder presses, such as may be found in any first-class job office. Each press has a register, in which is recorded every revolution of the cylinder, and, as in the printing division, the number of printed sheets and tissues must, at the close of the day's work, correspond with the record.

One kind of printing done in the surface division deserves special mention. I refer to the tint, or lace-work of fine lines, printed on securities in an ink of a different color. Many years ago a large bond robbery occurred in New York. Some of the stolen bonds, when returned to the Treasury, were discovered to have been skilfully changed by the use of acid. It was suggested to Secretary McCulloch that if the part of the bond subject to alteration were protected with a tint printed in fugitive ink, no chemicals could be applied without destroying it. He approved of the suggestion, and since then the tint has been a feature of several classes of work. At one time pension checks were without this safeguard; but when one of them was returned to the Treasury with the figures changed, and the lines in the panel, which had been removed to make the alteration, restored with a skill that almost defied detection, it was decided to protect them with a

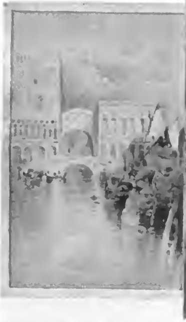
(Continued on page 123.)



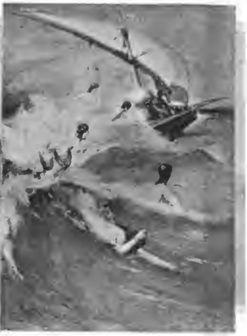
D WEEDS.—By C. Bohm.



HEAD.—By Charles C. Curran.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.—By Thomas Moran.



MERMAIDS AND MARINERS.—By G. W. Maynard.

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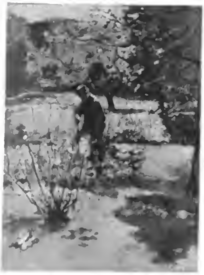
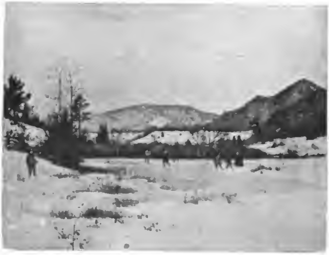
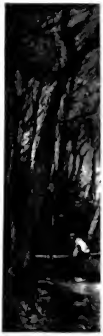


A WARM DAY.—By J. S. H. Keever.



NORTHERN WINTER.—By Jervis McEntee.



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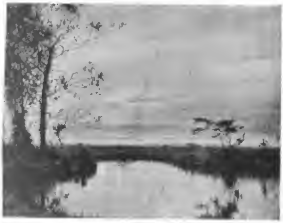
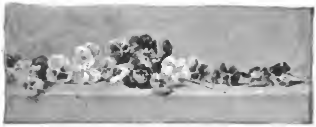
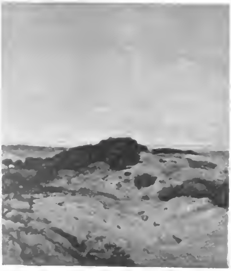


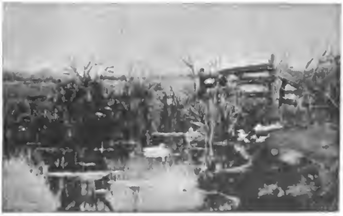
THE RIVER BANKS ARE BROWN.—By Henry Farrer.



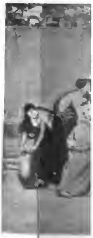
BLONDES AND BRUNETTES.—By N. S. J. Smillie.



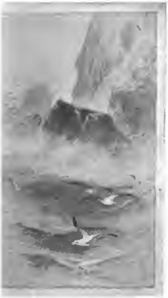
COUNTRY, EAST END OF LONG ISLAND.—By Samuel Colman.



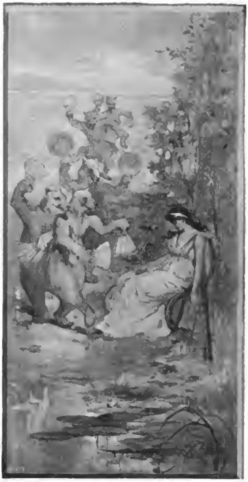
A QUIET PLACE WITH DUCKS.—By S. Bastert.



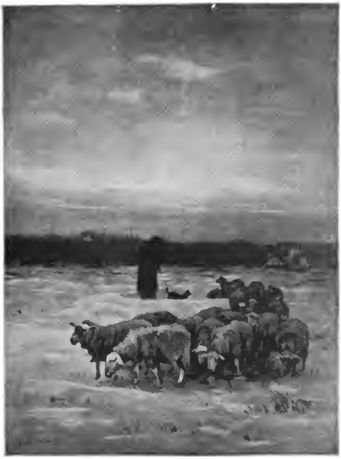
SKETCHES FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WA



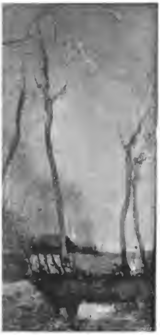
DLAND IN CASCO BAY.—By Edward Moran



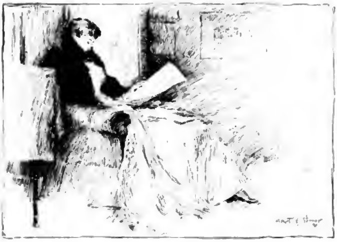
A COLD WAVE.—By F. S. Church.



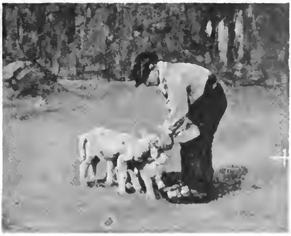
EVENING.—By Horatio Walker.



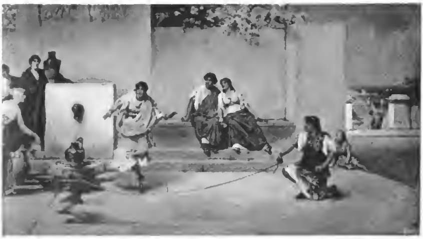
T LAREN.—By H. W. Ranger.



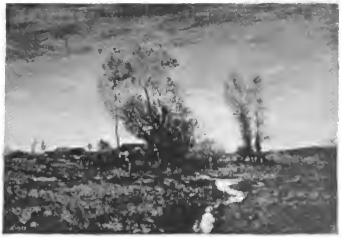
SWEETHEART.—By A. E. Sterner.



A FOSTER-MOTHER.—By C. Coyn



THE HEYDAY OF YOUTH.—By William Magrath.



WILLOWS.—By J. F. Murphy.

ERCOLOR SOCIETY AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.—[See Page 111.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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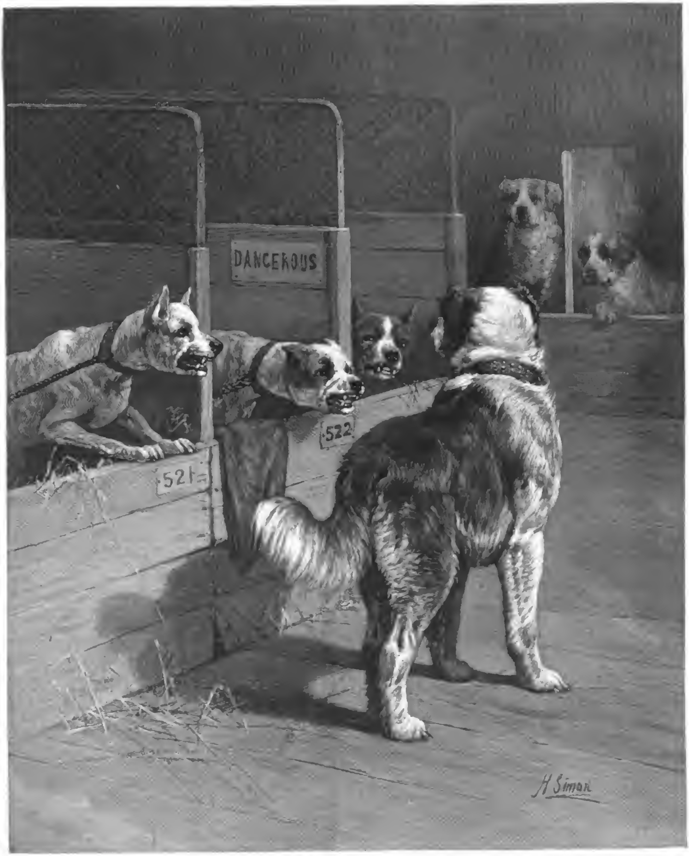

INNOCENCE ABROAD.—Drawn by Hermann Simon.—[See Article on "Monarchs of Dogdom," Page 122.]

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THE QUESTION OF A QUORUM.

THE Speaker of the House of Representatives is elected by a party majority, but, as Speaker CARLISLE showed by a service of four years, he may be so just and fair as a presiding officer that even his party opponents will gladly acknowledge his impartiality. His successor, Speaker REED, who is also the real leader of his party in the House, has already lost the opportunity of similar distinction. When the House met, there was a small Republican majority, and there were several contests for seats to be determined, and there were no rules of procedure. In this situation the patriotic and honorable, as well as the usual and traditional, course was evident. It was to make the adoption of rules the first question in order, that the settlement of contests, which were sure to produce excited debate, might not give occasion to the exercise of doubtful powers by the Speaker, which could only change excitement into exasperation. By taking this course, there would have been a code adopted by the majority to which obedience would have been a plain duty. If the minority had filibustered to prevent the adoption of rules, it would have put itself plainly in the wrong, unless it could have shown that the rules were intentionally unjust to the minority.

The attempt to settle contests and to do business without rules, and under the discretion of a relentlessly partisan Speaker, has resulted in an appeal to old passions against the minority, which is wholly unworthy of the majority. The assertion of Mr. MCKINLEY and Mr. BUTTERWORTH that the trouble was due to the unwillingness to yield to the majority was a plausible platform trick, but it was not sustained by a single fact. The very point at issue was

test of popular government is the power of the people to restrain themselves. Unless that power exists such government is impossible, and the history of the Supreme Court is the long and illustrious demonstration of the existence of that power in the American people.

This conclusion is not disproved by the civil war. It is not supposable that any form of government, under all circumstances and all conditions of exasperated passion, can maintain peace. It is enough that all the serious doubts and Constitutional controversies of a century, except one, have been happily healed under the benign influence of the Court, and that only a dispute of the fundamental character of the government—a dispute which was purposely not definitely determined in the Constitution—was brought, as was inevitable, to the decision of arms. But the serene wisdom of the Court—and this is one of its greatest claims to national respect and confidence—under the adjusting amendments in which the war resulted, in no manner or degree permitted the cardinal conditions of the government to be affected. The national power is defined, and local authority is left absolutely untouched, however specious the plea for its disturbance. There has been question of the wisdom of some of its decisions, but, upon the whole, the Court was never more strongly intrenched in the trust and affection of the people. Its dignity and moral power reside in the fact that it is not only the creation but the reflection of the people.

The celebration was simple and impressive. It was saddened by the thought of the terrible calamity which prevented the presence of the President and the cabinet, but the discourses of the day were admirably appropriate and valuable reviews of the history of the Court, of the exercise of its great functions, of reminiscences of its members, and of its relations to the people. That the prolonged series of grave essays was somewhat wearisome is undeniable, but was not unanticipated. Considering the impossibility of saying everything upon so great a theme within the hour or hour and a half which a single discourse may fairly occupy, it is questionable whether the wiser course upon such occasions is not the selection of one orator only for such treatment, as

them the leader of the House, dared to defy these awful epithets. They voted with the Democrats against the amended bill. The Republican Senate voted for it. There were dire confusion, and high words, and a conference committee, and a report, and a rejection of the report by the Assembly, and a mysterious and bewildering remark that the whole row was a scramble for Mr. EVARTS's old shoes. The week ended with a breach in the party of the majority, and another remark of great energy from a legislator that he wanted the Fair, but he didn't want, and he'd be —— if he'd have, any TOM PLATT in it, the gentleman referred to being understood to be the private Mr. PLATT who withdrew fatigued from the Senate of the United States after a service of two months. The consequences of this violent party difference may be very serious for the chance of obtaining the Fair for New York. We are assured in all the papers that there is an enthusiastic and unanimous demand for it. But does this show it? Does the bill itself, which draws the money from the city, show it? Have not politics already superseded any other active interest in the Fair? Is the petulant denunciation of everybody who asks any question about what are obviously very questionable proceedings a proof of universal interest and determination? Really the vital question of the Fair seems to be, does Mr. PLATT wish it? The only answer seems to be, that his chief wish is that if there be a Fair, there shall be no politics in it, and the performance at Albany is the process of taking politics out of it.

"A GREAT DAY FOR COLUMBIA."

THE installation of the new President of Columbia College in the city of New York was an event of very great interest and significance. A man of scholarly accomplishment and training, of great experience in public and commercial affairs, of a singularly sound and wise judgment, of tried administrative skill, and of tranquil independence and courage, blended with admirable moderation, is called, in the full vigor of his manhood and before middle age, to the conduct of a college which had a close and intimate relation to the local and national life of the last its earlier day, the probability of a generous and effective local public sympathy would soon be apparent.

In the evening, at the brilliant dinner of the Alumni, President Low made some very interesting and detailed statements in regard to the pecuniary condition and prospects of the college, and added the emphatic remark that while its resources seemed large, the expenses of such an institution, if adequately maintained and reasonably enlarged, would be very much greater than any income now possible. President Eliot, of Harvard, in a frank and friendly speech, which fitly ended the proceedings of a memorable college day with the counsel and benediction of our oldest college, mentioned some facts in regard to Harvard similar to those respecting Columbia mentioned by President Low. Upon this subject the moral of the Harvard President's speech was that Columbia required a more liberal support from New York than it had received, and that with such support it would become an institution in extent and variety, no less than in quality, worthy of the chief city of the country. His concluding remarks upon the true range and scope of such an institution were in a lofty strain, which was as delightful as it was natural, because it was the true voice of Harvard. It was the close of a day of renewed hope and faith and energy, which had recalled Jay and Hamilton, Livingston and Morris, Clinton and Verplanck, to illustrate the early leadership of Columbia, and to stimulate the just pride of a great city in its oldest school. The chief colleges which were not too distant had come to congratulate their comrade. A host of proud Alumni were gathered to cheer the happy event. "It is a great day for Columbia," said Mr. Coudert, the President of the Alumni, as with quaint humor and felicitous eloquence he presided at the dinner; "but it is a greater day for New York."

A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

The Charleston *News and Courier* replies with perfect courtesy to our late question. The *News and Courier* having said that in all the Southern States a reasonable and intelligent ballot would be counted whether cast by a white or colored voter, we asked who shall decide what is a fair and reasonable ballot? The *News and Courier* answers, "The white race of the South is going to decide for itself, unaided and unhindered by any others." But as the postulate of this answer, as given in the same article, is that "negro rule cannot and will not be borne," the answer means that if the majority of ballots at any election should be those of colored voters, they would for that reason be rejected by the white voters as not fair and reasonable. The answer, therefore, as the *News and Courier* will see, does not vindicate its original remark, which was that ballots, even if from colored voters or presumably for colored candidates, would be counted if fair and reasonable. The conclusion now is, plainly, that fair and reasonable ballots would not be counted if they resulted in what is called negro rule; and this, unquestionably, is the position of the white voters in the Southern States.

It is at least a frank and intelligible position. The resources of the national government are exhausted. The question has become one for the people of every State to decide for themselves. The Supreme Court has interpreted the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments in accordance with this view. But there are yet two points which so intelligent a journal as the *News and Courier* cannot neglect. The first is that its declaration, "negro rule," however intelligent, "cannot and will not be borne," is in direct contravention of the purpose and spirit of the declaration of the Constitution that the right to vote shall not be abridged by any State on account of color. Technically and literally it is not abridged by the State, but it is abridged in fact, and confessedly on account of color, by citizens of the State. The *News and Courier* will not deny that in such abridgment the moral purpose of the amendment is defied. Does the *News and Courier* think that a community can wisely and safely live in constant, confessed, and intentional contempt of the provision of its fundamental law upon the most vital power of a popular government—the suffrage? This is not a question of color, because it is equally applicable to any similarly disfranchised class.

The other point is of another kind. The Fourteenth Amendment provides that if the right to vote is denied to any lawful voter because of any reason except for crime, the basis of representation shall be proportionately reduced. This again contemplates State action. But there is no moral or honorable doubt of its purpose. When, therefore, the right to vote of half the voters in a State is denied by the other half, although there may be no national remedy, does the *News and Courier* think it fair or safe for that other half to enjoy the share of representation which is based upon the suppressed vote? Granting that the negro is incapable of intelligent voting, and that the whites are justified in annulling his vote, are they also justified in securing by that course a representation which in some cases is double that of their fellow-citizens in New York and elsewhere? These are questions, as we think the *News and Courier* will agree, not of mere sentiment, but of national harmony. They are asked in no spirit of dispute, but for information. They must have occurred to honorable and patriotic citizens of the Southern States. To the direct inquiry of the *News and Courier* what we should do in the same situation, we answer that before abandoning the fundamental principle of popular government and the purpose and provisions of the Constitution, we should certainly attempt a legal restriction of the suffrage, and we should insist that the State should relinquish the representation which she enjoys solely because of the assumption that the vote is actually cast which is in fact suppressed.

MR. PLATT'S ASCENDENCY.

A correspondent asks us the explanation of the singular ascendency of Mr. Thomas C. Platt in the Republican party of New York. It is not a surprising question. Mr. Platt holds no public office. He is not known as a statesman. He is not an orator nor a "magnetic man." He is not identified with important public actions. He is not even a public figure, in the sense of general familiarity with his appearance. But there is no Republican in the State, no Senator, no Representative, no leader of any mark, who has so plain and positive an influence in directing the party. If an appointment be sought, it is well for the applicant to have the influence of any one of certain gentlemen. But if a rival can gain Mr. Platt's favor, it will outweigh them all. It was naturally supposed after Mr. Warner Miller's campaign for the Governorship of New York, and the picturesque telegram of condolence with his defeat from President Harrison, that Mr. Miller would be a very influential friend of the administration, if not its chief adviser in New York. But this has not happened. Mr. Platt seems to have been the recognized power in the State.

The reason of his ascendency we suppose to be his mastery of the modern methods of party management and his political sagacity. Mr. Platt makes a business of politics. He sees the relation of events as they occur to parties and politicians, and he perceives how to turn them to party results. If a Convention is to be held, he has already and betimes decided, from his point of view, who would be a suitable candidate, and by long attention and care, like Mr. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Tilden, he has established such relations with local politicians throughout the State that when the Convention meets the advice of Mr. Platt is readily followed, because experience seems to the party politicians to have demonstrated its value. In such ways, and with the advantages of the prestige which attends such leaders, and which exaggerates both their ability and their power, he becomes practically a party autocrat. Cool, self-possessed, reticent, and ready at every point and for every emergency, he easily frustrates less well laid plans and sudden "spurts" of independence and opposition. The habit of submission leads his party, as in the case of Tweed, to do his behests, as in the action upon the World's Fair bill. It is a kind of power which a man of a certain taste and sagacity, willing to devote himself to its acquisition, may be pretty sure of obtaining.

Such ascendency is all the more attainable at a time when no great and absorbing question commands public attention, and when party union is maintained less by conviction and feeling than by tradition and discipline. In times when party politics become a game, the necessity of what is called a machine to secure party success is more evident, and it is at such times that the qualities which are recognized in Mr. Platt are found most useful. His position in his party, whether agreeable or not to party pride, is undoubtedly that of leadership, and it is not improbable that he is looking to a return to the Senate of the United States.

THE CALAMITY AT WASHINGTON.

Since the assassination of President Garfield no event of the kind has so deeply shocked the country as the calamity which has befallen Secretary Tracy. It may be almost said to have brought a pang to every household in the land, and sympathy for the Secretary has been universal and profound. This melancholy event and the double bereavement of Secretary Blaine have cast a mournful shadow upon the administration, and they call a truce to the fury of party warfare. But no sympathy, however sincere and general, no pity, however tender, can assuage the grief of the chief sufferer. It can be hoped only that time may gradually soothe the sorrow which it can never heal, and that devotion to great duties may at last reconcile him to a life from which all joy has vanished.

MR. PARNELL AND THE "TIMES."

The settlement of Mr. Parnell's suit for libel against the London *Times* by the payment by the *Times* of twenty-five thousand dollars, and the practical confession of its offence, is an exceedingly significant event. Mr. Parnell had denied in the House of Commons the truth of the charges of the *Times*, and had asked for a committee of investigation, which was refused. The subsequent proceedings before the commission revealed the forgery of the papers upon which the charges were founded, and the complete deception of the *Times*. It was a great humiliation for the Thunderer. But it was more, because it showed to the British public its mistaken estimate of Mr. Parnell.

The articles, which were designed to demonstrate the identity of Parnellism and crime, were adapted to the existing British opinion of Mr. Parnell. That he was substantially a conspirator against the unity of the empire, who would not hesitate, and had not hesitated, at crime to effect his purpose, was the belief of a great and powerful body of Englishmen, represented by the coalition of Tories and old Liberals known as the Union party. The confession and death of the forger was both a moral defeat and demoralization of this party, because it shook profoundly confidence in the wisdom of the party leaders and in the criminality of Mr. Parnell.

That the Union party view of the political situation is not extending is shown by the elections, and the strong influence upon public opinion has been undoubtedly the revelation of the forgery. This is now followed by the confession and payment of damages by the *Times*. It is the completion of the greatest disaster that has ever befallen that paper. For its willingness to pursue an opponent in the most ruthless manner upon evidence which ought not to have deceived a child has been exposed, and reliance upon its judgment and its mysterious sources of information has disappeared. It is now to be seen whether the House of Commons will bring to its bar the authors of a baseless criminal libel against one of its members, or whether such a triumph for Mr. Parnell would be too intolerable.

PERSONAL.

The late Professor C. A. Lyman, of Yale College, had during his life of seventy-six years been the pastor of a church in this country, a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, a land surveyor, a California gold miner, an editor, a teacher, and an astronomer. He was graduated from Yale in 1837, among his classmates being Senator W. M. Evarts, Chief-Justice Waite, Judge Edwards Pierrepont, and Professor Benjamin Silliman. He helped start the *Yale Literary Magazine*, and years afterward worked on the first unabridged edition of Webster's Dictionary. In 1857 he became Professor of Industrial Mechanics and Physics in the Sheffield Scientific School, and in 1870 was appointed Sheffield Professor of Astronomy and Physics.

—M. F. H. De Haas, the well-known marine painter, who has his workshop in the old Tenth Street Studio Building, resides in Brooklyn, E. D. Twice a day he crosses the East River by the Twenty-third Street Ferry, and even in the worst weather seldom fails to keep his stand outside, that he may have the opportunity of studying water and sky effects. He affirms that he has caught some of the best points he has made in painting during these trips. Mr. De Haas is a Hollander, and although he has lived in this country for many years, has never lost a certain preciseness of pronunciation that betrays his foreign birth and education.

—Among his many cares of state, Prince Bismarck yet finds time to divert his mind with other pursuits. He has just established a large brick-yard near Lauenburg, where there is a fine bed of clay, and he has for some time carried on the businesses of a paper-maker, a distiller, and a farmer.

—Another picture of Mr. Gladstone is about to be begun by the artist Bionell, but instead of giving regular sittings, the Grand Old Man requires that the painter shall set up his easel in the statesman's library, and catch such expressions as he wishes while his subject is busy with his own work. A very successful portrait is expected from these methods, and when completed it will be taken to the city of Birmingham.

—Preston Ware, of Boston, a famous chess-player, is dead, at the age of sixty-nine years. He had played in chess congresses in this and other countries, and had met nearly every famous player of his time.

—Senators Berry, of Arkansas, and Hampton and Butler, of South Carolina, have each lost a leg, while in the House, Colonel Oates, of Alabama, and General Hooker, of Mississippi, are both one-armed.

—John Rogers, the sculptor, began life as a Boston dry-goods clerk, and not till he was thirty-one years old, after he had run a locomotive on a New England railroad, worked in a machine shop, and been a surveyor, did he produce his first group, the "Slave Auction." During these years of waiting he had worked in clay in a small way, and even saved enough money for a trip to Paris and Rome. He is now sixty years old, and during the last half of his life has made and sold eighty thousand groups, "Coming to the Parson" having the largest sale.

—Miss Amy C. Fowler, or Sister Rose Gertrude, the young English nun who is going to the Sandwich Islands to devote her life to the lepers, is the daughter of Rev. Francis William Fowler, an Episcopal clergyman at Combe Down, near Bath, England. She has spent much of her time in London hospitals, and studied leprosy for two years in Pasteur's Institute in Paris. Besides her work among the disease-stricken islanders, Miss Fowler will study and cultivate leper bacilli, a complete set of instruments for this purpose being a part of her equipment. The result of her labors will be sent to the leprosy society of Boston. Miss Fowler is petite in form, weighing hardly one hundred pounds, and has a pretty and intellectual face.

—The late William Warren, of Boston, provided by will that after his wife's death $50,000 of his property shall be given to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, to purchase paintings by artists of the modern school.

—For the first time since her husband's death, Mrs. General U. S. Grant is spending a part of the winter in Washington, and sharing in the social gayeties of the season. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Washington McLean.

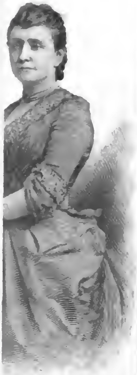
—"Aunt Dolly" Curtis died recently in Warwick, New York, at the age of one hundred and seven years. She contracted a second marriage in her ninety-second year, the bridegroom being sixty-eight years old.

—Lyman Trumbull, so much of whose life has been spent in public service, still practises law in Chicago. He is seventy-seven years old, but in good health.

—Some of the rarest chrysanthemums produced in this country had their origin from specimens sent from Japan by Rev. Joseph Neesima, the missionary who has just died in his native land. He came to America as a stowaway in 1864, was educated at Amherst and Andover, and then returned to Japan, where he labored effectively for the cause of Christianity.

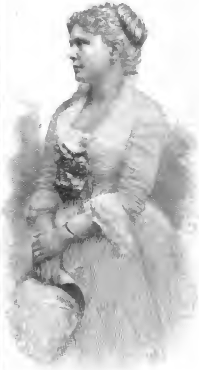
—Thomas A. Jones, who was recently discharged from some inferior position in the Washington Navy-yard because he helped John Wilkes Booth escape across the Potomac after assassinating Lincoln, is about seventy years old, and at the outbreak of the war was a prosperous planter, near Pope's Creek, Maryland. He was a rebel sympathizer during the war, and when a friend came to him with the fleeing Booth, he helped secrete the assassin for a week in the woods, and then sold him a boat with which to cross the river.

—A curious character in southwestern Maine is George S. McIntire, whose appetite for mathematics and poetry has given him a more than local reputation. He is over sixty years old, and has always led a hand-to-mouth existence, his remarkable proficiency in the branches mentioned never having proved of any particular value to him. His taste for figures was roused when he was a boy by the gift of an old algebra. He mastered this without assistance, and since then has never been able to satisfy his greed for mathematics, the most abstruse branches proving no obstacle to his strange mental acquirement. His fondness for poetry is also marked, and he recites at random from Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and Whittier. At present McIntire lives in a Biddeford garret, subsisting on the scraps which charitable acquaintances give him.

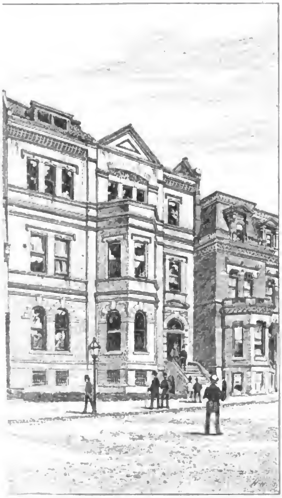


3, THE SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF
CY.—From a Photo. by Alva Pearsall.

THE LATE MRS. TRACY.—From a Photograph by Alva Pearsall.

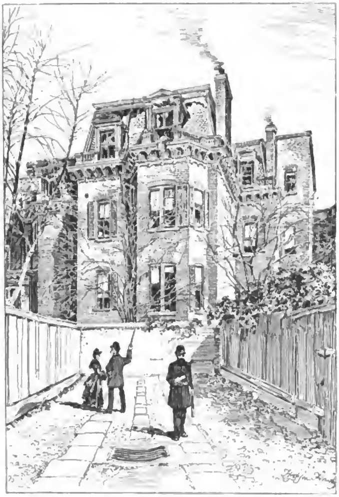


THE LATE MISS TRACY.
From a Photograph by Frank Pearsall.



Window from which Mrs. Wilmerding and her Daughter jumped.

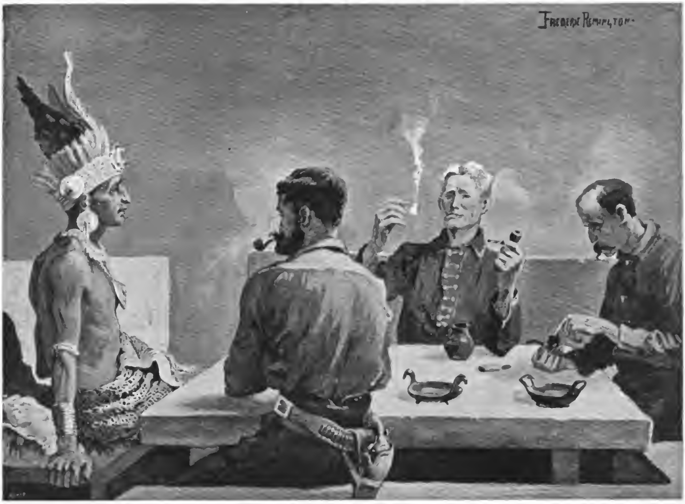
SECRETARY TRACY'S HOUSE AFTER THE FIRE.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.



* The Window from which Mrs. Tracy dropped.

THE REAR OF SECRETARY TRACY'S HOUSE AFTER THE FIRE.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

SECRETARY TRACY'S TERRIBLE BEREAVEMENT.—[See Page 127.]



"AS WE FILLED OUR PIPES HE WATCHED US CURIOUSLY."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XVII.—OF OUR COMING INTO THE VALLEY OF AZTLAN.

SO unexpectedly had we come upon these strangers, and so marvellous was the finding thus of the hidden tribe for which we had sought so long, that I could not but dread, as we advanced toward the Aztec warriors, lest I should wake suddenly and find that it all was a dream. And they also, as it seemed to me, looked upon us doubtingly, and with somewhat of awe in their regard, as though uncertain whether we were beings from another world or men of flesh and blood like themselves.

Not until we were close upon them did further words—after that first challenge and answer—pass between us; and then the elder of the two, still making the peace sign with his raised right hand, and speaking with a trembling in his voice, as though deep emotion moved him, called to us: "Have our brothers need of our strength? Bring ye the token that summons us to their aid?"

I should have been glad just then for opportunity to consult with my companions as to what answer I should make to these questions; for I perceived that our position was a very critical one, and that even our lives might depend upon the wisdom of my reply. For a moment I waited, in the hope that Fray Antonio would make answer, but as he remained silent there was nothing for it but that I should take the hazard upon myself. Therefore, bringing forth the ancient piece of gold from the snake-skin bag—for so I had carried it constantly, even as the Cacique had done before me, and others before him for more than three hundred years—I held it toward the man who had spoken, and said firmly: "Here is the token of summons left behind him by Chaltzantzin; but we came not to call you forth to battle, but to bring tidings that the fate which that wise king and prophet foresaw for his people long since was fulfilled. In the time appointed, the stranger foemen overcame and enslaved your brethren, bringing to pass that which Chaltzantzin foretold; and the message that then was sent to call you forth to their aid reached you not, because even the wisdom of Chaltzantzin was powerless against the will of the gods. Yet the gods desired not to destroy your brethren but to punish them; and their punishment now is at an end. Once more are they free, and once more is their ruler a wise and a valiant man of their own race. Therefore the news which we bring you is not sorrowful but glad."

While I was thus speaking, the ringing cries which at the first alarm had sounded over all the valley grew louder and stronger; but as yet we saw only the two men who at the first had confronted us—for we were in a deep recess in the mountain whence the ground dropped away in front; so that the immediate foreground was hid from us and we saw only some distant meadows, and then a broad lake, and over this more meadows and a sweep of heavy timber, and back of all great mountains rising against the clear blue sky.

But as my speech ended, and before those to whom it was addressed at all had digested the wonder of it, and so hesitated in their reply, a half-dozen men and a woman or two came in sight in the narrow way before us, panting after their rapid ascent of the acclivity; and the calls of others pressing up the slope behind them sounded loudly, and in a very little while a crowd of a hundred or more pressed about us; all gazing at us and questioning us with a most eager surprise. For the most part these seemed to be laborers from the near-by fields; for many of them carried agricultural implements, and their bare legs and arms were splashed with mud and were grimy of the soil. As for the look of them, save that the flowing garments of cotton cloth which the women wore were embroidered in a fanciful fashion, I could not have distinguished these people from the tallest and strongest of the Indians dwelling in the hot lands of the coast about Vera Cruz. The men, who wore only a cloth twisted about their loins, were as magnificent fellows as I ever saw. Every one of them was tall and straight, with broad shoulders and narrow hips, and the muscles of their arms and legs stood out like cords. From Pablo, who was an unusually tall and well formed lad, they differed only in the color of their skins—which were decidedly darker than his, as was to be expected in the case of men dwelling in this tropical region at the level of the sea.

Toward Pablo these people manifested a familiar curiosity quite unlike their reverential manner toward the rest of us, who so obviously were not of their own race. And Pablo was as much perplexed by their questions as they were by his answers; for never was a conversation carried on so hopelessly at cross-purposes. The boy, being spoken to by folk who obviously were as entirely Mexicans as he was himself, and in a tongue that practically was that which he had been born to—for the Indians dwelling in the Guadalajara suburb of Mexicalcingo, being the direct descendants of a pure Aztec stock, speak the Nahua language very correctly—could not at all realize that he was at last among the ancient race for which we had searched so long. It was his belief that we had come out, in accordance with Rayburn's forecast, into the coast country, and that the people around him were the ordinary dwellers in the hot lands. And the Aztecs, knowing him to be one of themselves, no doubt believed that he knew of the purpose for which they had been left to dwell apart, and so plied him with questions concerning their brethren from whom through long ages they had been separated.

As their talk went on, getting the more involved with every question and reply, a tendency toward ill-temper began to develop itself on each side; for Pablo considered that these people, who professed to be ignorant of so important a city as Guadalajara, were making game of him; and they were not less disposed to believe that he either was answering them falsely or that he was a fool. Fortunately, before any harm came of these misunderstandings, an interruption brought a temporary end to their talk.

There was a stir among the crowd, and then an opening was made in it through which came an elderly man, wearing military trappings similar to, but much handsomer than, those worn by the two warriors whom we had first encountered; and it was evident from the air of deference with which these saluted him that he was their superior officer. In spite of the dignity of his demeanor it was evident that he was greatly excited by our advent, and his voice quivered and broke a little as he asked us who we were and whence we came. As I repeated what I had already told the guard, and showed the gold token, the expression upon his face was that of extreme perplexity. That the gold token gave us a strong claim upon his respect, almost upon his reverence, was evident by his manner as I showed it to him; but the conditions under which it was presented obviously rendered him very uncertain as to what action was proper for him to take.

When I had finished my statement, and had returned the token to its place in the snake-skin bag (for the wisdom of carefully retaining this potent talisman in our possession was evident), the officer turned to the two warriors, and they conversed for a while in low tones apart from us. Of their talk I could catch only a few words; but several times I heard repeated the name Itzacoatl, and frequent reference was made to the Twenty Lords. I gathered, too, that the name of the officer was Tizoc, and that the name of the elder of the two warriors, a swarthy man, was Ixtlilton. In the mean time, out of respect to the officer, the crowd had drawn away from us—being now swelled to very considerable numbers—but those composing it gazed at us in wonder; and among them was a steady murmur of low talk like the buzzing of a hive of bees.

When his conference with the warriors was ended, Tizoc approached us, and with him came a younger man who carried a roll of paper in his hand. The face of the officer still wore a troubled, doubting expression, and these feelings were expressed also in the tones of his voice as he spoke to us. "For the coming of the token from our lord Chaltzantzin we who dwell in this Valley of Aztlan have waited through many ages," he said; "but the promise was given that the token should come to us from our brethren in the time of their need, and should be brought by those of our own race. But you tell us that the time of need long since is past, and ye who bring the token are of a race that is strange to us—and even this one among you who seems to be of our brethren speaks strangely of strange things. Had ye come in the way that long past was promised, there would have been no room for questioning your right of entry here nor your authority over us; and I, who am the Warden of the Pass—being in right succession from him whom our lord Chaltzantzin appointed to this high office—would have been the first to do you reverence and honor. But in this strange case that has arisen I hold it to be my duty to send news of your coming to the Priest Captain, Itzacoatl, that he and his Council of the Twenty Lords may decide what now is right to do. In this I mean no disrespect and no unkindness; and while be transmitted as a part of the report that Tizoc was about to make to the King concerning us, and that he must find no fault with them.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

"He's goin' to send that thing to the King an' say it's me, is he? No, he's not—not by a jugful! See here, Professor, here's a photograph that I had taken last spring in Boston; I meant to give it to a girl before I came away, but she went back on me an' I didn't. It's not much of a photograph, but it don't look like a squash trimmed with red clover. If they want to send anything, let 'em send that." And before I could stop him, Young had taken the photograph out of his pocket-book and had handed it to the secretary with the remark: "Just say to him, Professor, that he is to give that to the King; and tell him to tell the King that Mr. Seth Young, of Boston, sends it with his compliments."

After all, no harm came of this absurd performance, but rather good. For the secretary exhibited the photograph to Tizoc, and both of them, and the two warriors also, were lost in wonder at its marvellous likeness to the original; and evidently held us in increasingly great respect because we were the possessors of such an extraordinary work of art. Young was a good deal chagrined, however, because the picture of him that the secretary had drawn was forwarded as a part of Tizoc's despatches. He said that since he had set up a good likeness of himself it wasn't the square thing to send the King a bad one.

When the secretary, bearing the despatches, had departed, Tizoc requested us to accompany him to the near-by guard-house, where we could refresh ourselves by bathing, and where food and drink would be provided for us. This order, for such it was, we obeyed gladly; for we were both weary and hungry, and the prospect of what Young described as a good wash and a square meal after it was very pleasing to us. A detachment of men from the guard-house, accoutred in the same handsome fashion as Ixtlilton and his companion, had arrived while the secretary's portrait work was in progress; and I observed that all of these guardsmen (excepting only Ixtlilton, whose skin was dark) were much lighter in color and more gracious in bearing than the men in the crowd around us. So marked, indeed, was this difference that they seemed scarcely to belong to the same race.

As we moved away through the opening that the crowd made for us, with a platoon of guardsmen in advance and another in our rear, Pablo touched my arm and was about to speak to me; but before his mouth could open there sounded

the land rose in broad terraces, broken by clumps of timber and by many groups of smaller trees which, because of the regularity of their growth, I took to be fruit plantations. All the open country seemed to be one vast garden, most carefully tended, and everywhere cut up by little canals whence water for irrigation was drawn. Scattered everywhere about the valley were single houses embowered in trees, and from where we stood we could see also four or five little towns which also were plentifully shaded. And on the lake many boats were passing, of which several were of a considerable size, and were fitted with curiously shaped sails. And all this exquisite tropical beauty of ample water and luxuriant foliage shone richly beneath the bright splendor of a deep blue tropical sky.

Yet that which most strongly attracted our attention was not this charming display of the manifold excellencies of God's handiwork, but rather a wonderful manifestation of the handiwork of man. Over against us, on the far side of the lake, slantingwise from where we stood, rose a mass of buildings of such vastness and such majestic design that at the first glance we took it to be one of the square-topped mountains which are found not uncommonly in this portion of the world, and around the bases of which are sloping heaps of the fragments of rock which have broken away through countless ages from their weather-worn sides. Yet in a moment we perceived that what we saw was a walled city built upon a great promontory that jutted out from the mountain-side; and in the same breath Fray Antonio and I called out together: "It is the city of Culhuacan!"

As we uttered this name Tizoc turned toward us quickly, and with a startled, troubled look upon his face. "They are not of our race," he said, as though speaking his thoughts aloud, "yet the sacred name, that among us only a few know, is known to them!"—and the troubled look upon his face deepened as we went onward.

The way by which we descended was a narrow road carried zigzag down the cliff—for the pass by which we had entered the valley was fully a hundred feet above the level of the lake—and at short intervals along its course the road was defended by walls of very solid masonry, pierced with openings so narrow that only one man at a time could pass through them. That the walls were for defence was shown by the piles of metal bars on the inner side of each opening—the side toward the mountain—so arranged that in a moment they could be slipped into sockets in the stone-work, thus closing effectually the way.

Perceiving that we regarded with surprise this curious system of fortification, Tizoc explained:

or so square and with a slanting bottom, so that the depth of it ranged from two feet to nearly five, in which was fresh running water; and over the portion of the room that the tank occupied there was no roof but the bright blue sky. On the stone floor were beautifully woven mats, and towels of cotton cloth hung upon pegs driven into the walls, and in earthen bowls were fresh pieces of a saponaceous root that I have seen the like of in use among the Indians of New Mexico. It seemed to strike Tizoc as odd that we preferred to make use of the bath successively rather than all together; but he was too polite a man to interpose any objections to our eccentricities. Pablo only—coming last of all of us—had a companion in his bathing, in the person of El Sabio; and the sleekness of that excellent animal when Pablo had brushed carefully his long coat when his bath was ended was a wonder to behold.

Being thus refreshed, we heartily welcomed the excellent meal that was served to us in the cool shade of the veranda by which the court-yard was surrounded. Our eating was somewhat in the Roman fashion; for the table was a broad slab of stone, raised but a little from the ground, and around it we reclined upon mats with cushions woven of rushes to lean upon. The food was excellent—a small animal of the deer species, but no larger than a hare, roasted whole; birds, very like quails, delicately broiled; little cakes made of maize, which were rather like the hoe-cakes of our Southern negroes than *tortillas*; some sort of sweet marmalade; and a great abundance of oranges, mangoes, bananas, and other fruits common to the hot lands of Mexico—all of which fruits were much more delicate in flavor than Mexican fruits usually are, the result, as we found later, of the great care bestowed upon their culture. Only water was served with the meal, but at the end of it a small jar of some sort of potent liquor was brought, very cool and with an excellent spicy taste, that Tizoc warned us must be taken but sparingly; and, truly, he was right, as I found from the warm and mellow feeling of tremendous friendliness that but half a cup of it infused into me. Tizoc himself did not follow very rigidly the advice that he had given us, and to this fact probably was due the exceeding frankness with which he subsequently spoke with us concerning grave matters of which he surely would have been reticent had he been in a less genial mood.

"Just ask the Colonel if he minds my smoking a pipe, won't you, Professor?" Young said when our meal was ended; and as I myself wanted to smoke, and as I was sure that Rayburn did also,

toward us—since we also could perform a miracle that he obviously made use of as a means of manifesting his divine right to rule—must be that of strong hostility.

To Rayburn and Young, who had observed wonderingly Tizoc's extraordinary conduct, I rapidly translated what he had said, and explained how serious our situation appeared in the light of this new development.

"Well, it certainly is cold weather for this Priest Captain fellow," Young commented, "if we've got hold of his best miracle; and I guess you're about right, Professor—he'll want to take it out of our hides. Just poke up the Colonel to telling all he knows about this old dodger. The Colonel's got his tongue pretty well greased just now with his own prime old Bourbon—pass me that jar, Rayburn, I don't mind if I have another whack at it myself—and we may get something out of him that will be useful. Try it on, Professor, anyway. Here's luck, gentlemen."

That Young's tongue also was a little greased, as he put it, by this very agreeable beverage was quite evident; but his wits were sharpened rather than dulled by the drink, and his present suggestion evidently was a very good one. As for Tizoc, his disposition toward us obviously was most soft and friendly; and as his mind slowly absorbed the fact that somehow or another, the Priest Captain had made a fool of him with a miracle that was not really a miracle at all, his choler rose in a manner most favorable to our purposes. Yet this very feeling of resentful anger—showing a growing irreverence of one to whom all the traditions of his people gave reverence second only to that due to the gods themselves—was startling evidence of the menace that our presence was to the theocratic ruler's temporal and spiritual power. Therefore it was with a keen curiosity that we listened—and Tizoc needed, to induce him to talk freely, but little of the poking-up that Young had suggested—to what was told us concerning the strange people among whom we had come by ways so perilous; and of their chieftain, the Priest Captain Itzcoatl—with whom, as no spirit of prophecy was needed to tell us, we were destined soon to engage in a conflict that must be fought out to the very death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONARCHS OF DOGDOM.

The annual exhibitions of dogs at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other American cities have gained world-wide repute, and the specimen of immense proportions in union with correct type. The favorite colors are orange or orange tawny, with white front legs, breast, tip to tail, and blaze down the face, meeting the white collar on the shoulders. Dark shadings on the face are supposed to add greatly to the beauty of expression. Considering that Emmett, the actor, gave $5000 for Plinlimmon, and several other dogs of this breed have been imported at sums ranging well into the thousands, and that over $8000 has been refused for another English dog of this kind, it is evident that this breed is very highly esteemed.

The *German Mastiff or Great Dane* is a dog with many names. In America the newly formed club at Chicago has adopted the former; in England he is known as the great Dane, or boar-hound, whilst in Germany he is called boar-hund, Ulmer dogge, Deutsche dogge, or Daniske dogge. Hitherto he has not been well known in America; and until Germany's great Chancellor lost his favorite "Reichshund" many did not know of the existence of a dog indigenous to that country. Credit is undoubtedly due to the Germans for the preservation of these dogs during long years of neglect in other countries, but dogs of their conformation were common to the north of Europe, and especial care was taken to increase their agility and usefulness in the Danish provinces, which resulted in these dogs being called by several names, including that of the great Danes and boar-hound, and in there being distinct types. There is every reason to believe that they were all descended from the "dogs of war" used by the ancients; and it will be remembered that at the siege of Corinth fifty of these terrible dogs were stationed at an important outpost, and on the enemy landing they immediately attacked them, fighting till but one remained alive, and he, named Soter, fled and woke the drunken garrison, and thus saved the city. The ancient Grecian fortresses were all guarded by dogs, and there are many instances of their being used in battle in the ranks with the warriors. A bronze figure found at Herculaneum, and now in the museum at Naples, represents one of these dogs wearing mail. As civilization deprived them of their vocation in the south of Europe, they were driven north, and there utilized for clearing the forests of the wild-boar, and eventually they were used as watch-dogs and guards. Generally speaking, they have kept pace with civilization; and from the terrible dogs of war have been produced the companion of the child and the trusty watch-dog.

Attached to the different European armies are now corps of trained dogs, which will in the future be used to carry despatches and ammunition, as well as being utilized for outpost work. As a protection to the camp, these powerful German dogs are found to be particularly suitable.

The *English Blood-hound* has been talked of considerably of late, and many, viewing the dog from the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* stand-point, consider that he has an insatiable thirst for blood, and that were he used for tracking a fugitive he would proceed to tear him to pieces, and satisfy his thirst or hunger by devouring him; whereas were he put on the track of any one, on reaching him he would merely do as any other good-natured dog would, and exhibit every sign of pleasure. When it was customary for the Scottish gallants to visit the windows of the north of England gentry, and lift a whole drove of cattle at a swoop, the splendid noses of the sleuth-hounds were called into requisition; and the mode of hunting them in those times is aptly and quaintly described by Dr. Caius: "These houndes, when they are to follow such fellowes as we have before rehearsed, use not that liberty to raunge at will, but being restrained and drawne backe from running at random, by the leasse, the ende whereof, the owner holding in his hand, is led, guyded, and directed with such swiftenesse and slownesse as he himself in haste would wish, for the more easie apprehension of these venturous varlets." It is very questionable with those hounds which have been bred for generations without the use or development of their natural faculties, whether their sense of smell has not been lost to a large extent, yet it is maintained by their breeders and those interested that these qualities are merely dormant, and can be brought into play at any time; but those who have seen the blood-hound trials in England, and also witnessed the unerring scent of somewhat similar dogs which were introduced by the old Spanish cavaliers into South America, will agree that just as it is necessary to secure sporting dogs from strains noted for their good field qualities, so it is with the blood-hound; and although their faculties may be only dormant, it will require successive generations of properly trained hounds to insure a complete awakening; and it is very doubtful whether humanitarian sentiment will not prevent this grandest of the hound tribe from being anything more than a relic of the past.

The *British Bull-dog* conveys a somewhat different feeling, but even here there is a touch of the vicious; and yet, generally speaking, the bull-dog is as harmless as any lady's pet, and there are many terriers that would give him a hard fight. He is certainly a very repulsive-looking animal. If set on, it is a difficult matter to calm him; and once he takes hold, the formation of his jaw is such that there has to be almost an unlocking of the jaw in order to make him leave hold. In olden days he was used for baiting the bull, and his inherent disposition to go for and hang on to the most vulnerable part, the bull's nose, made him unsurpassed for this purpose; but since the law forbids such practices, he has been used for the improvement of other more useful strains of dogs.

It is astonishing that whilst Americans are giving such attention and investing so much capital in foreign dogs, they have allowed the only native dog of real excellence, the *Newfoundland*, to be neglected. He is perhaps more useful than ornamental, and yet he combines the grand form, intelligent expression, and massive proportions of the St. Bernard, with the noble devotion and power of the mastiff, and his almost amphibious nature gives him a superiority with which none can vie, making him the dog *par excellence* for our sea-coast and lake districts. This refers to the highest types of the breed and not to the curs of uncertain origin, which are called by the name of Newfoundlands. On some parts of the English coast the fishermen keep these dogs for the purpose of landing their spoil, and without them it would sometimes be impossible for the boats to get ashore. On nearing the shore a log of wood is thrown overboard with a rope attached to it, and this is fetched by the dog from the beach, and the boats are drawn in with it. For watch purposes the Newfoundland is excellent, and many are the accounts which could be given of his fidelity.

Canine Dudes.—Following the example of Paris and London, American belles are now adopting the *dernier cri*, or latest fashion, in regard to their canine pets, and the French poodle now seems to be the favorite. The little black and tan had his day, and has been consigned to oblivion. With the fall of the black and tan came the elevation of the pug—"so cute, you know"—all the way from China. But soon the expression on their short faces and the elegant curl of their tails became quite common, and the little sensitive pug, but lately the pet of their fair owners, was now considered quite too common for the parlor, and John, the coachman, could very well find a snug corner in the coach-house for him, for, "you know, Miss So-and-so has a French poodle, which she brought from Paris, and there it is the correct thing. Besides, they are too cunning for anything, and you can get them in black or white, trimmed in the latest style, with bracelets, tufts, and mustaches, so elegant, you know." So a real French poodle supersedes the pug, and thus are the sensitive little pets made tools of fashion. As yet, though, extremes have not been touched, and the sublime heights of the Parisian belle have not been reached. In France the ladies on visiting the sea-side or springs take their pets with them, arrayed in a dainty little travelling robe, consisting of a covering like a diminutive horse-cloth, with a pelisse bordered with colored ribbons. On their arrival at the summer resorts this is substituted by a light-colored mantle or jersey, with pockets in it for holding lumps of sugar, and a handkerchief wherewith canine snouts and eyes are wiped. The more advanced also bedeck their pets with collars and bracelets, so that they assume quite a dudish appearance, and look down with contempt upon the less-favored of their species, just as their fair owners adopt a more distinguished style. The latest fad in collars is a strip of reddish brown leather, with gold knobs, and garnished with little bells, bearing on one side of them the effigy of "Jean qui pleure," and on the other that of "Jean qui rit." The bracelets are of varied patterns, and are made to please the most developed tastes, nothing being overlooked in the endeavor to pamper the fancies and whims of the fair owners.

The education of their pets has not been neglected either, and besides shutting the door, begging, carrying, and fetching, some are quite advanced, and may be considered quite finished in every way. These dogs are naturally remarkably intelligent, and, as in the case of Lady De Clifford's black corded poodle, the coat is one mass of curls. Formerly these dogs were used for duck-shooting, and their wonderful skill in acting as decoys was simply marvellous. At times they would remain for a long while almost motionless in the water, with their black noses just above the water, and the long cords spread around like sea-weeds; with great caution they stealthily push the game on to the point where their masters lie hidden, gun in hand. When well within range, a signal is given, and then they half raise themselves out of the water, when the frightened birds take wing, many of them to quickly fall again, to be caught and landed by the faithful and well-trained dogs. Their almost human intelligence and pluck has caused their use in the smuggling of lace over the frontier from France into Belgium or Spain; and numbers of them are now trained for the purpose of conveying despatches in war-times. The fashion of clipping must be very old, for books printed in 1555 represent them trimmed; and there are sculpture bass-reliefs presenting them thus as early as the reign of Augustus. It is not an instance of wrong breeding when a coat with curls like the negro's head is found in place of the long ringlets, there being two kinds.

The *Schipperke.*—Not long since a desperate attempt was made to introduce a dog resembling the Pomeranian, with the singular name of Schipperke, and many found their way to America; but in this instance England was found to be a better market, and the dollars were not forthcoming for a Belgium "ratting terrier" specially constituted for out-of-door life, and until then the companion of the boatmen and lower classes in his native country. It was shrewdly considered that he had but few recommendations as a lap-dog; and his name and tailless condition were not thought to be such an overpowering charm to Americans.

The *Italian greyhound* has always had some votaries, his chief attractions being symmetry and grace.

The beautiful *Yorkshire terrier* is also an old favorite, his smartness and size, combined with a beautiful coat of great length and lovely tints, will ever gain for him a warm shelter and the care of all admirers of the charming and beautiful; and were it possible to insure the combination in this climate for any length of time, they would be invaluable.

The *Fox-terrier's* vocation was that of dislodging Reynard from places inaccessible to the fox hounds; but as it would now be impossible for him to keep pace with the hard and fast riders who follow the hounds to-day, or live with the hounds they use, he has to a great extent been deprived of his vocation; but being of general utility and companionable, he has continued to find admirers, and of late he has become quite a favorite with those of the fair sex who are admirers of pluck and grit, and who are not very partial to the dudish in dogdom. Although his readiness for a scrap with any of his kind, without much regard for strength and size, would seem to be objectionable in a lady's companion, still the fox terrier is undoubtedly a favorite with the ladies of to-day, and particularly in America.

Small Brussels Griffons.—The Queen of the Belgians has taken great interest in these dogs, and has done much to make them a favorite not only in their native country, but abroad. She took a large party of royal and distinguished visitors to a show recently held at Brussels, and surpassed even the judges in her knowledge of the excellence of the various exhibits. As yet the Brussels griffon has not received a very hearty reception abroad.

Toy spaniels being so admirably adapted for ladies' pets, and combining, as they do, all the beauties of coat and tint of the Yorkshires, with good size and quite an aristocratic bearing, it is more than probable that, as in England, they will outlive the fancies of fashion. In the time of Charles I. and II. the King Charlies were the favorite at court; and it is very interesting in more ways than one to know the skill of Charles II. in getting up an advertisement for a lost dog. It was inserted in the *Mercurius Publicus* of 1660, and ran as follows: "We must call upon you again" (a previous advertisement had appeared) "for a black dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel, no white about him, onely a streak on his Brest, and his Tayl a little bobbed. It is his Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stoln, for the Dog was not born nor bred in England, and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal, for the dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing his Majesty? Must he not keep a Dog? This dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg." The King Charles spaniel should be black and tan in color, without even a streak of white, and should be about seven pounds in weight.

The *Blenheims* are similar in shape and size, but are lemon or orange and white in color. They derived the name from the seat of the Duke of Marlborough—Blenheim Palace—and were almost as popular as the King Charlies, sometimes called Prince Charlies. The present duke's consort has taken a great interest in these little pets. She won the first and a special prize quite recently at one of the English exhibitions with some very charming specimens. The dog found concealed in the garments of Mary Queen of Scots after her execution was of this variety, and Queen Elizabeth and other royal and noble ladies have favored this breed.

The *ruby spaniel* is similar, but in color being a golden red, from which the name is derived.

The *Japanese spaniel* is also very similar, and generally a dark liver or black and white in color; the chief differences is a smaller and less pendulous ear, and a peculiar expression, which can be better seen than explained. These dogs are very rare and hard to raise, and consequently many that are not true bred are passed off as "Japs." In their native country they are carried in the ladies' sleeves, and hence are very small, generally weighing not more than four to six pounds.

In Mr. Simon's sketch on the front page of this number of the WEEKLY is given a fine young St. Bernard just in that happy period which the lady judge, Miss Whitney, so aptly termed "neither hay nor grass." He had never been to a show before, so after the visitors had gone home and all was quiet, or rather there was a little less noise than usual, he got loose, and determined to make the acquaintance of some of the dogs he had heard so much of. His nearest neighbors were the larger breeds, and they had little to say for themselves, and his presence was only hailed by a look of dignity. Next came the hunting dogs, that would scarcely notice a purely ornamental sprig of dogdom of any dimensions. So on he went to the dudes, only to be greeted with a look of unutterable contempt from the dandy poodles. But the pugs were more cordial. They twisted their tails into the orthodox curl, and carried their ears just as their fair owners would like to see them in the ring when the prizes were being awarded. Next he visited the toy spaniels, who would not deign to rise from their comfortable beds to give him a welcome. So on he went to the terriers. Oh, what music greeted him here! These were the dogs that had so much to say for themselves, and now their expressions were being made in very positive terms. Although neither of them was much more than a mouthful for the monster they snarled and barked at, yet each seemed to say that were he at liberty the intruder's inquisitiveness would be finished with one snap of his little jaw. Not being disposed to cultivate their acquaintance, he leisurely strolled on to the bull-dogs. Without rising, these repulsive-looking fellows opened one eye, and seemed to critically estimate the youngster's powers for harm, and then settled down again to calm repose. None seemed to be desirable companions, and he was just making for his place again when he was greeted with a peal from some dogs with savage expressions and pricked ears, with a sign over them marked "bull terriers." This was enough. Man had outdone nature, and combined the fiery combative nature of the terrier with the tenacity of the bull-dog, and then clipped the ears to heighten and intensify the expression. So, putting on an air of dignity, he calmly passed them by, and seemed contented to be a big, innocent, docile, ornamental St. Bernard, and thanked goodness he was not as other dogs were. E. H. M.

HOW UNCLE SAM MAKES HIS PAPER-MONEY.

(Continued from page 114, Supplement.)

tint, which in this case was printed in blue ink. Other colors, like green on disbursing checks, and yellow on requests for transportation for the Quartermaster's Department, are also used. In case of beer stamps, the color of the tint indicates their denomination.

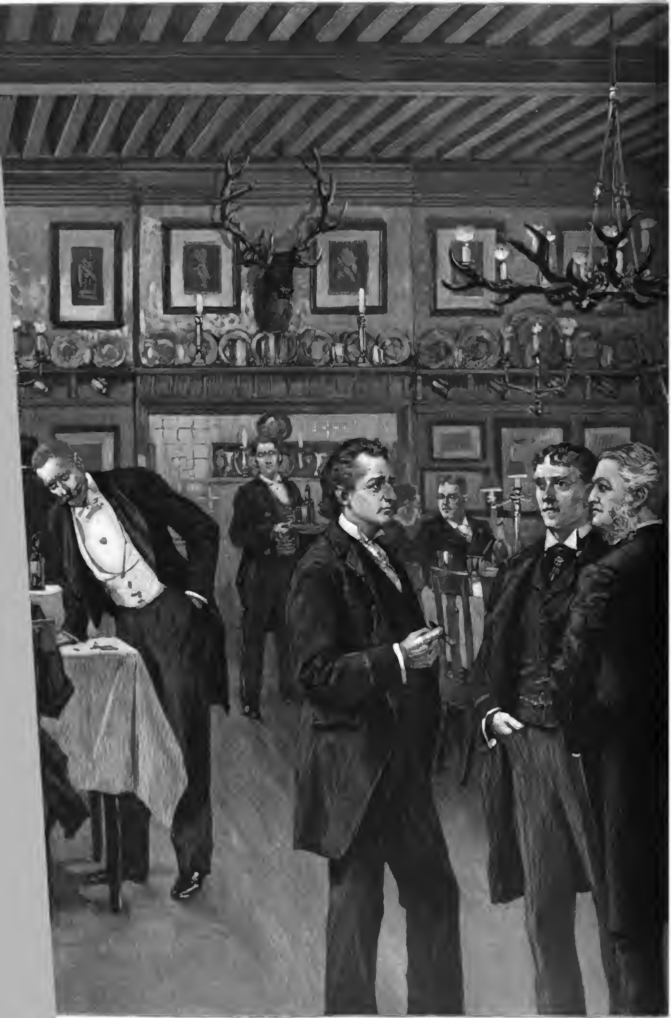
The other processes carried on in the bureau are in no way connected with the protection of securities against the skill and rascality of the counterfeiter; their object is simply the convenience of the public. In order that the strip stamps on cigars and cigarettes, for example, may be the more easily detached, the sheets are perforated; revenue stamps of larger denominations, as well as checks, drafts, and warrants, are made more portable by being bound into books. Certain kinds of work, like pension checks, are both perforated and bound, while other kinds, like cigarette stamps and fee stamps for the New York Custom-house, are gummed. All these processes belong to the binding and perforating division, which also trims and separates such work as requires it, and all, except the binding, are facilitated by the use of machinery.

The protection of securities against loss or theft is constantly present in the minds of the officers of the bureau. They omit no count and no lock to insure perfect safety, and so successful have they been that during the administration of Mr. Graves not the smallest loss occurred. In the printing division, therefore, vaults form, as in the engraving division, an indispensable adjunct. Every incomplete sheet, like every incomplete die or plate, is placed in them at night. Checks and stamps of small value are deposited in the locker-like safes along the sides of the hall on the second floor, and in the basement near the binding and perforating division. The more valuable work, like notes and bonds, is deposited in the large vault near the examining division.

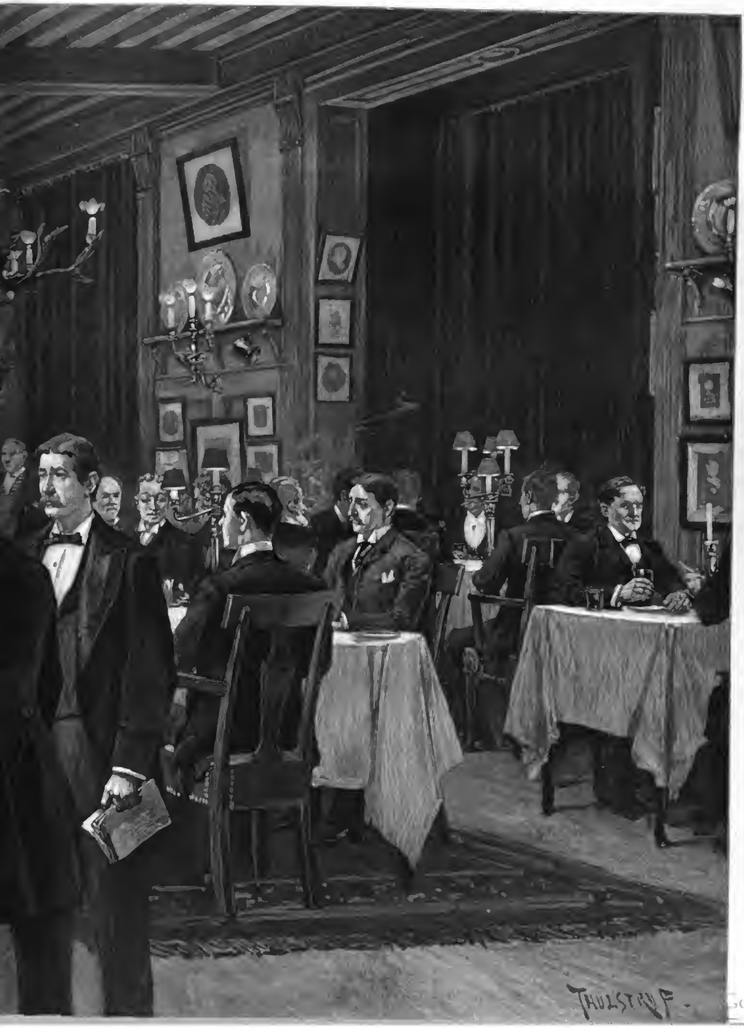
As I have already said, all completed work goes to the vault division for delivery to the Treasury. Had the bureau been built in accordance with Mr. Clark's plan, the transportation of securities to the Treasury would not have been the stately and interesting affair that it now is. Many visitors going to the bureau have doubtless observed rolling out of the yard, behind a spanking team of horses, a large covered wagon resembling a moving van, and wondered what it could possibly be. Inquiry always brings out the fact that it is "the security wagon"; that it carries the printed securities from the bureau to the Treasury; that it is plated with iron to make it fire-proof; that it is surmounted by a guard to protect it against the assaults of any highwaymen that may be bold enough to attack it on the streets of Washington. In it also is carried to the bureau the blank paper stored in the sub-basement of the Treasury. In it, too, is brought back to the bureau the worn and mutilated currency that has been returned for redemption; for all the notes printed in the bureau that are not lost in circulation come back in from two to four years to be destroyed under official supervision.

Ignoble as the last end of these pieces of paper is, visitors to the bureau are always eager to see it. Like them, I was unable to resist the temptation to witness the solemn ceremony. In company with ten or fifteen ladies and gentlemen, I went one morning about half past eleven o'clock to a room in the rear of the laundry. The Destruction Committee of the Treasury, with their old and decrepit treasures, had not yet arrived. We had therefore twenty minutes or more to look about. Through two large round holes in the floor we saw two great cylinders of the size of locomotive boilers, called macerators. Into these cylinders the worn-out notes, imperfectly printed securities, etc., are poured, by means of funnels inserted in the holes through which we were looking. After they are mixed with lime and soda-ash, caps are placed over the ventricles, and fastened with a separate lock and key by each of the three members of the Destruction Committee, the steam is turned on, and the cylinders set in motion. When the notes are thoroughly macerated, the mixture is drawn off into a stone trench under the cylinders, pumped up to a paper machine on the floor where we were, and manufactured into thick sheets of paper, which are made up in packages, and sold to paper-makers. Some of the pulp of notes is cast into images and other forms, and sold in the fancy stores in Washington to the relic hunter. The fabulous figures marked on them to indicate the face value of the notes in them seldom fail to stimulate his imagination and inflame his desire for possession.

In the mean time several boxes, securely fastened, have arrived; later followed the Destruction Committee. A large funnel is inserted in one of the holes in the floor, and on a table drawn near it are emptied the contents of the boxes. The spectators crowd around, and watch every movement of the committee. With rude and inconsiderate haste the members cut the packages of notes, and push them into the mouth of the funnel. When it becomes clogged, one of them seizes a long stick and clears away the obstruction. Finally the last packages are reached, ripped open, and thrown after their fellows. As I turned away with a feeling of melancholy I saw a pretty woman, clinging to the arm of the gentleman at her side, look up into his face, and exclaim, in a low voice, "Oh, Harry, doesn't that seem too bad!" And I could not help thinking that it was the ignoble end of these old and most faithful of friends that millions of men and women struggle for from morning till night, that they fight for, that they die for—that it was the thought of the tales of battle and intrigue, of toil and crime that each might tell if given a voice, that brought the glistening dew to her soft brown eyes.



A SATURDAY NIGHT AT "THE PLAYE



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the world through but a scene of mirth; The Players have the first and best of it—they are in at the drawing of the cork. William J. Florence, scenting a good story, joins the group, and very soon the smile broadens into a laugh, for Florence is ready to pay his footing in any company where a merry jest passes current. It would be pleasant to retail some of the "good things" that float so lavishly in the air of this brightest of clubs; many of them would stand the wit-withering ordeal of cold type; but it may not be. Over the broad, open fireplace, in quaint old characters that wink in the flickering light of the glorious log, stands an admonition which no Player may disregard.

> "Good frends for Friendship's sake forbeare
> To utter what is gossipt heare
> In social chat, lest unawares
> Thy tonge offende thy Fellowe plaiers."

Now, in close converse, enter Stanford White and Henry French. Perhaps some weighty detail concerning the management of the new building on Madison Square is in course of adjustment between them; perhaps they are only talking at large, for all subjects are tolerated here except shop—that is to say, shop of the outside world, for art shop is a staple. But woe to the merchant who talks of "the market, and woe to the broker who babbles of "the street." They receive scant mercy; yet will Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton gossip by the hour on rare and curious bindings—ay, and on the literary treasures those bindings may enclose. They will appeal to Beverly Chew as to an expert, and will draw in T. W. Dewing when it comes to a question of illustration, and none will reprove them. So, in like manner, will William H. Crane lay aside his Senatorial dignity and compare notes with William F. Owen of the irresistible laugh on the proper conception of the character of Sir Toby Belch, and no one will resent their conversation as smacking of the shop. But the broker and the lawyer and the merchant leave business behind them, and bow to the superior advantages of Art—at once the recreation and the livelihood, the business and the pleasure, of her votaries.

And still the rooms continue to fill. It is early yet, not much past midnight, and the groups each moment grow larger and more frequent; the pensive haze of cigar smoke settles down more thickly, obliterating rude angles and blending all the figures into the tone of the picture. It is a picture full of life and motion, as the little knots gather, disperse, and melt into one another with true clubbable fraternity. The Players are out in force to-night. Some are seated or reclining on the broad crimson divans and sofas ... never before were there collected ...

years is long enough to wait? If I couldn't go to-morrow, I couldn't stand it anyhow. If Emeretta can't come and stay with grandmarm, I must go down and get Lucy Fernald. 'Tain't any odds if I have to pay her."

As she uttered this last clause, Calista was conscious that she was a desperate woman. But the consciousness brought with it such an elation that she laughed aloud. "I don't expect I ever see the time when I darst to say such a thing before in all my born days," she said to herself.

As she passed the lighted windows of her living-room she stopped and looked in. Grandmarm sat beside the cheerful fire that burned in the old-fashioned Franklin-stove, knitting and talking and nodding. Grandmarm had had a slight shock of palsy, which caused her to nod like the Chinese mandarin in front of a tea store. She was almost as proud of this as of the fact that she was ninety years old; it was, in fact, a more satisfactory distinction, since no one could call it in question, while grandmarm had quarrelled hopelessly with two of her oldest friends because they promulgated skeptical opinions concerning her age. Nancy Pettis, whose son kept the poor-house, a social centre in Hebron, could show by numerous dates, from the burning of 'Siah Griffin's barn to the Millerite preparations for ascension, that grandmarm was but eighty-seven, while old Captain Baron West, who "sat in the store"—a form of recreation that took the place of the operas and dinner parties of a less primitive civilization—could bring forth incontestable proofs, starting somewhat oddly but impressively from the date of the Lisbon earthquake, that she was just eighty-eight. Each time that these heresies were freshly revived, grandmarm was threatened with apoplexy.

Grandmarm was a little woman, and she wore a red flannel skull-cap on her small round head, which was as bare as a robin's. the neighborhood children all thought that the red skull-cap added to the fascination of her nods. She had a most decorous black lace cap which Calista ran for when the minister called. Grandmarm sternly refused to don it for any other occasion. She talked constantly, unconcerned whether any one listened, in a high-keyed voice, cracked like an ancient bell. Grandmarm nodded over her knitting, and the black kitten in the rocking-chair opposite her nodded too, dreaming and awakening with jerks; the floor shone with yellow paint and cleanliness in the spaces between gay home-made rugs, and the fire-light danced in cheerful shadows on the wall.

"It's real cozy," said Calista to herself; "but I have been so dreadful mortified havin' to take

ly, said Calista, as placidly as if ... first time she had said it instead of the fifteenth. "She writes short-hand in a lawyer's office; and bein' she's used to city ways, I thought I would—would kind of furnish up the front room for a parlor before she came."

"A parlor? I don't know what you're a-talkin' about, C'lista. I don't know what you want of a parlor, without you're a-calc'latin' to have a weddin' or a funeral, and I ain't a-goin' to help you out on neither one of 'em. And if I was, I ain't too proud to be buried out of this settin'-room. And I should like to know what you'd do with the brain board and the clo'es-horse, and your quince jell and barberry preserve, and it is comfortin' to me to know that I can go in the dark and put my hand right on the old bellowses."

"They could hang right where they be, grandmarm," said Calista, eagerly. "It's real fashionable to gild 'em and tie a blue ribbon round 'em. The minister's daughter has got a pair that's fixed so."

"Cat's foot!" said grandmarm, with intense scorn. "Them bel- ... are mine, and when I want 'em cock-turkeys that way I'll let you know."

"There's a good many things that I never felt like hangin' up here, where folks come and went so free," said Calista, discreetly leaving the bellows to an uncertain fate. "There's 'Sacred to the Memory of Uncle Pliny,' all worked off in worsted and in a beautiful pop-corn frame, and 'Washington crossin' the Delaware,' and the wreath that was made of little Pliny's hair, and the coffin plates, that would look real handsome on a parlor mantel-piece instead of hid away in a drawer, doin' no credit to anybody."

"You was always fond of show, C'lista. You got it from the Bolton side, 'long of your crooked nose. Your aunt, C'lista Bolton, that you was named for, wouldn't eat a mite of rye or Injin, and used her best chiny every day. I shouldn't be surprised if you was a-thinkin' of stuffed furniture."

"Hair-cloth is real durable," said Calista. She stifled a little sigh. Her aspirations had soared toward plush, but she had clipped their wings, having a realizing sense of the danger of being carried away by worldly vanities. Hair-cloth, with its durability and its uninviting aspect, had something of a religious character to Calista's mind. Thrift was almost one with godliness in the faith in which she had been reared. She would have been r... ly to admit that plush and lax religious views would be apt to go together.

"If you was a girl, and somebody was keepin' company with you, I should know what you

Nancy Pettis will be tryin', but she can't be no more so than some other folks."

Calista patiently rehearsed the story of her recent good fortune, which grandmarm had heard at least a dozen times, but she still held to her resolve not to give way to grandmarm. Her courage mounted with the occasion, so that she went to sleep that night, with the door open between grandmarm's bedroom and her own, while grandmarm was still talking, in a high-keyed, excited voice, about the downward career of Lot Pettigrew's extravagant wife, who finished by driving her husband to suicide by means of—thrilling culmination!—a set of stuffed furniture.

But grandmarm had forgotten all about the proposed parlor in the morning, which was very comfortable if one could forget that the scene, with all her tears and objections, would have to be repeated. She had happened to think of Lucretty Spencer and the time when she and Lucretty went on a sleigh-ride with Job Stilson, and the drifts were so high that Job had driven them right over old Mis' Sackett's one-story house, and old Mis' Sackett had thought it was the day of judgment. That had happened when she (grandmarm) and Lucretty were just sixteen. Didn't Calista remember it?

Grandmarm laughed softly at this recollection all breakfast-time, and afterward her good nature was increased by the arrival of Emeretta Mann, who was fourteen, and always flattered her by fixing a fascinated stare upon her nodding head. She had forgotten that Calista had given up dress-making, and thought that she was going to the city for patterns.

It was a great day for Calista, and a happy one, although her recklessness almost savored to herself of irreligion, especially when she bought furniture of light gray hair-cloth instead of black, because the clerk assured her it was just as durable, and it looked more cheerful. After that she went back and changed the gayly flowered carpet she had bought for a more sombre one. But she said to herself that she would have an organ. All the people in Hebron who were "thought anything of" had either organs or pianos in their parlors. Calista had never aspired to a piano. An organ was less expensive, and also less light-minded, than a piano. Delight would be sure to learn how to play, and she herself might learn to pick out her favorite tunes—"The Sweet By-and-by" and "The Evergreen Shore." She enjoined strict secrecy upon old Mrs. Tapley when she stopped, on her way home in the stage, to ask her to come and help her make the carpet. When she had her own way curchey to more or less, for the sake of livin' peaceable. I don't know as it's any more apt to be a man than a woman. I declare I don't know but what I've seen more women than men amongst them that thought the world was made for 'em. Beats all what a yoke relationship can be! And yet there ain't but very few that seems to be afraid of matrimony. I've always thought 'twas real fortunate that Mis' Maxon hadn't no children; some of 'em would have been sure to take after their father, and then she'd have had more'n one to curchey to."

Calista heaved a little sigh. She knew what it was to "curchey" to other people's wills. She had been doing it all her life. Over some to whom she had been subservient the grass grew and the rain fell as it would. She could not "think hard" of them. She had seen the others go "out West" to homes of their own with mingled sorrow and relief; they were her own, and Calista had a loyal soul. Now there was grandmarm. Calista clung to her with an affection at which many wondered, knowing grandmarm's "trying" peculiarities; and it had been hard to withstand grandmarm's tearful objections to the parlor; but Calista had not repented as she sewed with stiff fingers on the carpet, which was hard to match.

The carpet was finished and put down the next day, and the new stove, an air-tight with a profusion of nickel trimmings, came, and was set up. When the furniture was unloaded at the door, there was a great neighborhood sensation. The Mayo children, who had the whooping-cough, ran out of doors bareheaded, and Mrs. Isaiah Pitkin pulled up her green paper parlor shades that had not been touched for a year, and Mrs. Deacon Mann put her shawl over her head and went over to Mrs. 'Siah Pingree's. When the gray hair-cloth furniture greeted grandmarm's eyes she took her bed and sent for the minister. Calista's soul was shaken with a sense of guilt, but, nevertheless, she arranged her furniture with resolute hands, and hung up her treasures: the funeral memorials, "Washington crossing the Delaware," a motto "Home, sweet Home," and an "air castle" of beads and worsted, which she had made with great painstaking in her few leisure moments, and when the parlor was but a vague hope. Emerette Mann had told her, with the unfeeling candor of extreme youth, that "air castles" were all out of fashion, and mottoes were going out; but Calista decided that she would not discard her works of art. They were full of sentiment for her, she had treasured them so long, and they were really beautiful, she thought, whatever might be the fashion.

In a few days grandmarm had forgotten that they had not always had a parlor. She blamed Calista querulously for "tryin' to hide her away in the back part of the house, and never bein' willin' that she should set in the parlor winder and see the passin'. She wa'n't so old but what she could feel it when folks was always manœuvrin' to keep her out of the parlor. And she didn't know how Calista reconciled such treatment of the aged with her Christian perfession."

But the new stove would not "draw," and grandmarm took cold. The chimney had to be cleaned, and that involved a long delay, and Calista had the organ moved out into the sitting-room, and also the gray hair-cloth arm-chair, which grandmarm liked.

Delight had written that she had failed to get her expected vacation, and must postpone her visit until spring. When a fire could be built in the stove, it seemed scarcely worth the while. Grandmarm declared, with tears, that Calista had designs upon her life, when she wished her to sit there where she had taken such a cold. On Sunday afternoons Calista built a fire in the nickel-trimmed stove, and sat by the window with her Bible and her Sunday-school paper; but it was not home-like and cheerful like the sitting-room. She was conscious of a feeling of relief when tea-time came. And after the neighborhood curiosity had been satiated, every one would come as usual to the back door, and step into the sitting-room as a matter of course.

"The pleasures of the world is deceitful," Calista admitted to herself toward spring. "There 'ain't been skurcely a mite of comfort in that parlor. I ain't half so happy as I was workin' hard at dress-makin' and longin' for it. Mebbe it's come too late."

One day in the early spring Squire Maxon alighted from his wagon and came around to Calista's back door. He was a tall man, with a large nose, thin lips, and cold gray eyes, and an important air, which he seemed to make genial by an effort.

"It must be the rest of the swamp land. What can it be?" said Calista, all in a flutter, for, except at a wedding or a funeral, Eben Maxon had never been in her house before.

He sat down in the sitting-room without explaining his errand, and addressed himself to grandmarm. "A pretty hard winter for old folks like you and me, ain't it? Lonesome too, up to my house. But I s'pose we've got to stand it."

Grandmarm fell into reminiscences, in which the squire persisted in setting her right, until they threatened to quarrel. Then he turned to Calista.

"You don't seem to grow old much, C'listy; cheeks jest about as red as they used to be when we sat in the singin' seats. They don't have no such singin' there nowadays."

"If her cheeks is red, it's because she's been a-cookin' over the stove," said grandmarm, with uncompromising candor. "She's forty-four and she looks her age, every day of it. The Boltons were always jest so peaked."

"I heard you was goin' to have company, and I thought I'd ask you to fetch her up to my house. It needs livenin' up."

Squire Maxon arose, and Calista went with him to the door. In her uncertainty as to what grandmarm would say next, it was a relief to have him go. He turned and faced her, with his back against the door.

"Well, what do you think of a match between your family and mine?" he said. "They're good families, now, ain't they? No better in Hebron. And you and I used to be good friends when we were young, if we 'ain't seen much of one another since."

No fire could make Calista's cheeks so red as they were now; her light blue eyes, faded with many nights of stitching, dilated as she gazed at him.

Had it really come at last? Was Eben saying to her what her "hopeless fancy had feigned" so many times? It seemed like something heard in a dream!

"I—I never expected it. I can't say right off sudden like this. I—I'll let you know," she stammered.

"Oh, take your time! I don't s'pose it 'll make much difference what the old fogies say. And it's my opinion that folks have a right to suit themselves about marryin'. There's Dr. Bemis, and I want to see him."

Squire Maxon hurried off, and Calista went, with shaking knees, and dropped down upon the parlor sofa. His words repeated themselves over and over in her mind.

"He meant that I mustn't let grandmarm interfere with me, I expect," she said to herself. "How blunt he come out with it! He never said he thought anything of me, nor nothin'. But then that would be kind of ridickerlous—such old folks. Beats all how different it seems from what I should have thought it would! Seems as if Eben wa'n't Eben, and I wa'n't myself. I expect I wound a gauze round him when I was young, and time has wore it out. If I should have him I b'lieve 'twould be jest like the parlor. And yet I be lonesome, and 'twould be kind of consolin' to set up at the head of his pew, and have folks know that I wa'n't one that couldn't get anybody to have me. Worst of it is he ain't Eben."

Squire Maxon, after an interview with Dr. Bemis concerning some lumber, which drove all thoughts of his recent visit out of his mind, was suddenly reminded, as he drove into his own lane, of Calista's behavior, which had struck him at the time as being very singular.

"By George, if that wa'n't it!" he exclaimed, suddenly, bestowing a vigorous thump upon his knee. "I thought I knew something about the vanity of women-folks, but I never thought that that crooked-nosed little old maid could get it into her head that I wanted to marry her! I thought I was bein' pretty condescendin' in givin' my consent to my nephew's marryin' her niece. Can't be she was givin' herself such airs about that? No; she wouldn't have been so worked up as that about her niece anyhow. She'll let me know! Good land! a pretty fix I've got myself into! If I was a marryin' man that's about the last woman—"

It happened that a surprise awaited Squire Maxon when he entered his house that day. Mrs. Snowden, who had kept house for him during the two years of his widowerhood, announced that she had just heard of the death of her son-in-law, and had received an invitation to make her home with her widowed daughter. It was a severe blow to the squire, for Mrs. Snowden was a woman who obeyed orders and never spoke her mind—a woman after his own heart. And she was nearly twenty years older than he, a fact which made it certain both to her and to the gossips that he did not wish to marry her—a matter about which Squire Maxon was very sensitive. He was practical himself; and considering the practical advantages which he had to offer to a wife, he could not have believed that there was a marriageable woman in the town who would not be more than willing to share his lot.

Where could he find a meek and docile housekeeper who would not try to marry him?

Two days later, while he was still in the throes of uncertainty, and Mrs. Snowden's trunk was packed, he received this letter from Calista Peebles:

"DEAR SQUIRE MAXON,—I hope you won't think hard of me, or feel as if I wa'n't sensible of what a great honor 'twould be for me to be your wife, but I can't help thinking it's better for me to stay as I be. Perhaps you've heard that folks want me to have the post-office. They would have got up the petition jest as soon as it was known that Emerline Giles was going to give it up, only they didn't know as I'd be willing to give up my parlor to it; but I'd jest as leave as not, and 'twill be a sight of company for grandmarm and me." Here followed a sentence which was crossed out by heavy pen strokes. Calista had written, "There was a time, Eben, when I thought a sight of you," and then she had stayed her hand suddenly and upon reflection had crossed the words out. "He never said a word like that to me," she thought, with a touch of womanly pride. "I feel real honored, and I want you to believe it; but I don't want to marry you."

Squire Maxon read this letter over three times before he felt sure that he understood it. That poor, lonely, plain-featured, little old maid had declined to marry him!

"Well, I needn't have worried, and that's a fact," he said to himself. "I wonder what 'twas that she scratched out so carefully after she wrote it?"

He was suddenly filled with a curious interest in Calista. He was not sure that she was not an altogether new type of woman.

He found an ink eraser, after some difficulty, in the depths of his old-fashioned secretary. He worked away for an hour on the illegible sentence. The squire was a man whose bump of curiosity was largely developed. At last, by supplying a lost letter here and there, he was able to read, "There was a time, Eben, when I thought a sight of you." Squire Maxon blushed and laughed as sheepishly as a school-boy. He recalled the Calista Peebles who had sat in the singing seats, and remembered that in spite of her nose she was pretty. He thought of her, more or less, all day, and by the next morning he had decided upon what seemed to him the best way out of his difficulty. Calista was meek; at least, he would not be troubled by an attempt at "home rule," which was his great dread in matrimony.

In the mean time Calista had made a discovery. Her niece Delight had arrived on her long-promised visit, and in a very short time had confided to her aunt the important fact that she was engaged to Frank Maxon, the squire's nephew, who was studying law in the same office in which she was a stenographer. In a moment Calista saw the mistake she had made. She felt wholly crushed by shame when the squire's words, with their new meaning, flashed across her mind. One reflection had a little comfort in it.

"It ain't as if I'd said yes," she said to herself.

She could hardly force herself to go to the door when she saw the squire getting out of his wagon again.

"So you'd rather have the post-office than to have me!" were the first words he said.

"I tried to get the letter back," she stammered. "I—I don't know how I come to be so foolish as to think that you could mean—"

"I mean that I want you for my wife, that I think more of you than of any woman in the world. That's plain enough, ain't it? And I think you're just about as pretty as you was when you used to sit in the singin' seats."

The squire was overdoing things, no doubt; he was vaguely aware of it himself; but I am not at all sure that Calista did not, for the moment, believe him. But she only said,

"There's something that seems to suit me particular about bein' postmistress; it's real cheerful; and I 'ain't never been mistress of nothing, and I was always one that would have liked to have my own way consid'able."

Delight, who had no doubt that the visit was intended for her, came in just then, and the talk was all about Frank and the future prospects of the youthful pair. But as the squire was going away he called back to Calista:

"I'm comin' again. *I mean to have my own way!*"

But grandmarm, who awaked from a nap just as Calista returned to the sitting-room, remarked that she had "a terrible set look on her face."

"It's a dretful pity that you've got to sell the parlor furniture, C'listy," she said. "You won't get nothin' nigh what it's worth if Emerline Giles is goin' to set up house-keepin'. Folks won't pay for second-handed things. I remember when your mother furnished that parlor she give a sight for the things. Never was a Bolton that wa'n't extravagant."

"I expect I shall lose some money," said Calista; "but I've had the experience."

SECRETARY TRACY'S BEREAVEMENT.

By a fire, the origin of which at the time of writing is unascertained, the handsome Washington residence which General Tracy had rebuilt, altered, decorated, and furnished, and in which his family had been settled but a few weeks, was almost entirely destroyed, the wife, who had been a faithful companion for more than forty years, was killed, and the youngest daughter—talented, amiable, beloved by all who knew her—was suffocated to death, undoubtedly while trying to save her father's life. Mrs. Wilmerding, the widowed daughter, and her child were saved by jumping from the window of their bedroom to the ground, and, although sprained and bruised, suffered apparently no permanent injury. The Secretary himself, awakened by the alarm of fire, but not fully realizing its extent or danger, had started to dress, when, overcome by the smoke, he fell unconscious to the floor. His heroic wife vainly tried to move him toward the window, and when Chief Parris burst into the room, and, calling for help, carried him to where a ladder could be reached, she, bewildered, clambered out of a window, and, unable to hold on to the sill, slipped and fell to the stone area below. Only the most vigorous measures, promptly applied by the medical attendants, resuscitated the Secretary. To the list of dead must be added a French maid—a native of Switzerland, and a stranger in this country—whose escape was cut off from her attic chamber by the fire and smoke, and who was burned to death.

Messages of condolence and sympathy have been sent from almost every quarter of the globe. The Queen of England, the King of Italy, the President of the French Republic, expressed their personal sympathy, voiced for all foreign nations by their accredited representatives in Washington. State Legislatures, municipal corporations, Grand Army posts, and countless private organizations testified to the public sorrow by the kindest testimonials of their sympathy. Once again is "all the world made kin" by its presence, with words of comfort, at the side of those who are left. And no man brought more loving, brotherly sympathy and encouragement to the mourning husband and father, fighting for his own life, than the President, on whom devolved the task, which others shrank from assuming, of communicating to the bereaved Secretary the full measure of his loss.

The house in which the tragic scenes of Monday morning last took place, and which, with blackened walls, fallen roof, and staring, dismal windows, is now a marked contrast to the handsome residence bought by Secretary Tracy for his Washington home, is a three-story and attic brick structure, occupied during the last administration by Postmaster General Dickinson, and owned at that time by Paymaster Bacon, United States navy. It faced on Farragut Square, in a delightful neighborhood, with one of the most charming outlooks in the capital, over the flowers and shrubbery of the pretty little park, and up broad Connecticut Avenue to the heights beyond. The house itself from the outside was plain in appearance. Within, the ceilings were unusually high, the staircase broad and easy, the rooms large and well arranged. For the needs of his family, and the exercise of that generous hospitality the Secretary so much enjoys extending to his friends, the house seemed to him too small, and an addition was built on the eastern side, filling up the vacant space between it and the next house, and adding five rooms to its capacity. The mansard-roof was also removed, and the brick-work carried all the way up, thus giving an attic over the third floor. The first story was three rooms deep. In front, the library, panelled in handsome woods on walls and ceiling; east of it, the new drawing-room, handsomely decorated in white and gold; back of it, the reception-room, finished in pink and gold, where Mrs. Tracy and her daughters received their guests on cabinet days; and opening out of this was the large dining-room, with butler's pantry at the side. On the second floor the front rooms were occupied by Mrs. Wilmerding and her daughter, the middle room was the son's—who at the time of the fire was at the family's country home in Owego—and over the dining-room was the bedchamber, with bath-room adjoining, occupied by General and Mrs. Tracy. The front rooms on the third floor were Miss Tracy's. One she was using temporarily as a bedroom until her own was ready, and the latter, with her artistic skill and admirable taste, she was decorating and arranging to suit herself. Here after the fire were found left lying on a chair her palette and brushes, paints, and other materials, while on the head-board of the bed, spared in the general ruin, the skilful artist fingers had limned festoons of poppies and morning-glories pendent from true-lovers' knots. Back of these rooms were the servants' quarters, and in the attic slept the French maid.

On Sunday night, the second of this month, Secretary Tracy, who had been sitting in the library with his daughter, reading, retired to his room about half past ten. Mrs. Tracy came down stairs as he went up, and remained in the library perhaps an hour. Miss Tracy went upstairs about eleven, and was heard playing to herself on the zither—an instrument of which she was very fond, and on which she was an expert performer. At half past six in the morning the laundress and kitchen girl came down, lit the gas in the kitchen, called the men who slept in the basement, and while one of them went to church, the other pursued her usual duties. There was then no apparent sign or smell of fire or smoke. A few minutes before seven a colored man passing by on the other side of the street saw flames through the library windows. Ringing the bell, he informed the astonished butler that the house was on fire. Without any thought of the fatal consequences, the servant threw open the folding doors of the library, and the fire, which had originated in that room in some mysterious manner, and had been feeding on the oiled woodwork for no one knows how long, fanned by the draught, was drawn out into the hall. The frightened butler rushed upstairs and sought to arouse the household; then stumbled and tumbled down the stairs into the open air. The flames spread with terrific rapidity. The wooden panellings were at once the beauty of the house and its destruction. The alarm had been turned in, but before the ladders could be raised to the front windows, Mrs. Wilmerding, wrapping her daughter in her ulster, bade her jump, and immediately followed herself. They were picked up and carried to a neighbor's, where their bruises, which were fortunately not serious, were carefully attended to. A policeman, rushing in through the smoke, found the body of the daughter outside her father's door. She had started to dress, but had then rushed down to arouse her parents, when the smoke overcame her, and falling unconscious, she became an easy victim. The French maid perished in her own room, cut off from all escape by fire and smoke. Another servant was rescued from the cornice of the roof.

After Mrs. Tracy fell she was taken to the house of a Mr. Rheem near by, and here she lived for some time, perfectly conscious and free from pain, dying peacefully of rupture of the lungs, with a loving message to her husband on her lips. The Chief of the Fire Department, with the assistance of another, had taken the unconscious and apparently dying Secretary down the ladder and into Mr. Rheem's house, from which, as soon as able, he was removed to the residence of Bancroft Davis, and from there, on Tuesday afternoon, went to the Executive Mansion as the guest of the President, who had been early at his bedside, and had been constant and unremitting in his attentions and kind offices. At his desire the remains of Mrs. and of Miss Tracy were taken from the residence of Attorney-General Miller to the White House, and from there, with appropriate ceremonies, with as tender consideration as though from their own home, and amid the unrestrained sorrow of the gathered friends, were removed to a place of temporary burial at Rock Creek Cemetery receiving vault. The final interment will probably be at Owego.

Such are, in brief, the details of a calamity which has saddened Washington as but few events have ever affected it before. A nation's heart beats in sympathy with the sorely afflicted husband and father. His home was one of the happiest and brightest; his affection for his family a marked trait in his character; and their devotion to him noticeable at all times to those who had the privilege of their friendship. Mrs. Tracy was gentle, quiet, unassuming, beloved by all who knew her, and a great favorite within the official circle into which she had so lately come. Her quiet birthplace at Owego, New York, was her delightful retreat from the busy scenes of city life.

LEMING, GOVERNOR OF WEST VIRGINIA
a Photograph by Parsons, Wheeling.

ere each summer was always anticipated with e. Her long residence in Brooklyn had made all its citizens, and from the little town in west- d the City of Churches comes the same loving ction and of sorrow. Miss Tracy was like her eats. Petite of figure, a decided blonde in ap- the most winning manners, and a sweet smile for all. Her thoughtfulness for others became ss of self. Although in Washington but so had endeared herself to many, and Mary Tracy with all who knew her for all that was lovable s artist she had remarkable talent and skill, excellent musician. Unobtrusive, tender, con- le nature was ever prompting her to good deeds

imself has but a slight tenderness in the bron- reminder of the physical shock, but his mental picture or even imagine? The American people strong, and aid him with their sympathy and ue the work he has so well begun.

OVERNOR FLEMING.

lected Governor of West Virginia in November, n fifteen months to decide who that somebody atic claimant was Judge A. B. Fleming; the eneral Nathan Goff, Jun., ex-Secretary of the Navy. At first it was supposed that the State had gone for Harrison, and for Goff by a much larger majority, but as the returns came in it was soon found that Cleveland had carried the electoral vote. Finally the returns gave Goff about one hundred majority. A contest was at once begun. The Democrats alleged that hundreds of negroes, "colonized" from Virginia, had voted illegally for Goff. The Republicans claimed that the returns should be accepted at their face value. The contest in the Legislature was hot, but the Democrats finally won, and General Goff was not seated. When inauguration day came the Republican claimant took the oath as Governor, and tried to assume the office. Governor Wilson refused to give it up, and has held over, pending the result of the contest, until now.

For eleven months the Legislative Committee heard arguments and testimony on the case. Finally two reports were presented. The case was argued last week before the State Senate, and the vote at last stood—for Fleming, 42 Democrats and 1 Union Labor man; for Goff, 40 Republicans. Judge Fleming was thus at last entitled to take his seat. He has only two years now to serve.

The new Governor is a young man comparatively. He has distinguished himself as a lawyer and on the bench, and is personally popular.

TWO MUNIFICENT GIFTS.

On Thursday, February 13th, the magnificent building comprising a public library, art gallery, and music-hall, presented by Andrew Carnegie to Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, was opened with appropriate dedicatory ceremonies.

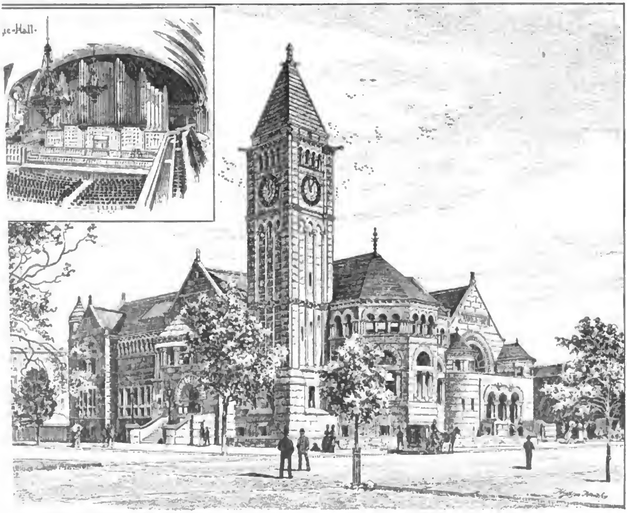
With the single stipulation that the city maintain it for the designated purposes, the structure, which cost $300,000, is an unconditional gift to Allegheny City. It stands opposite the City Hall, on the northeasterly one of the four parks, each 200 feet square, which William Penn gave to the city to be used for municipal purposes. These parks lie at the corners formed by the junction at right angles of the two principal thoroughfares, near the centre of the city. Allegheny City already has a large collection of books to serve as the nucleus of the library collection, and its citizens have begun to show their appreciation of æsthetic culture by the presentation of works of art to the gallery.

The building thus generously given, of which we present an illustration, is a massive, symmetrical, and beautiful fire-proof structure, built wholly of granite and iron. The plans were selected from a large number offered in a public competition. Smithmeyer & Pelz, the designers of the great National Library in Washington, were the architects chosen. The building was constructed under the direction of a citizens' committee, of which Mr. James B. Scott is chairman.

But this princely gift to Allegheny City has been surpassed by Mr. Carnegie's recent offer to Pittsburgh of $1,000,000 for the purpose of founding a central free library with several branches. In return for his magnificent donation he asks the city to pay $40,000 annually—four per cent. of amount invested in the buildings—for its maintenance, the money to be raised by taxation. Mr. Carnegie, who has spent much time in the examination and study of public buildings of an educational character, proposes first to construct and furnish a grand central library building, the books of which are to be used both for reference and circulating purposes. The central building, which is to be fire proof, will contain a fine room for the reception of works of art, it being intended by the giver that in time it will become a magnificent art museum. The building also will contain rooms for the meetings of the various learned and scientific societies comprised in the Academy of Sciences. The intention of Mr. Carnegie is to furnish rooms for such societies to meet in, leaving it for other wealthy men of Pittsburgh to raise a fund for scientific research. The branch buildings will contain portions of the circulating library from the main structure, and books are to be dealt out in the manner that experience may demonstrate to be most in accordance with the needs of the people. These branch libraries will contain rooms for reading and literary societies, and such other organizations as will lead people to read, which is the great object desired.

ALANSON W. BEARD, THE NEW COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF BOSTON.—From a Photograph by Marshall.—[See Page 130.]

The proposition includes site and building of a monumental character, and it is intended that the central building and the branch buildings shall be models of architectural skill. As far as has now been determined, the Commission or Board of Trustees in the management of the library will consist of twenty-one members; nine of these, who will represent the city government, are to comprise the Mayor, the presidents of the Common Council, the Select Council, and the Central Board of Education, and five members of a Library Committee, to be appointed by the Councils; and twelve citizens, to be chosen by the giver of the fund. The twelve citizens upon the commission will provide for the election of their successors; and the officers representing the city government are directly responsible, of course, to the people, and their places, when vacant, will be filled in the ordinary manner of municipal elections. Mr. Carnegie will furnish some books for the library, but the city revenue of $40,000 is the one relied upon to maintain the annual growth of desirable literature.



THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY AND MUSIC-HALL AT ALLEGHENY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Photograph by Dobbs, Pittsburgh.

to Boston to seek his fortune, and for the next two years acted as a clothing salesman. In 1856 he went into the clothing business, the firm at first being Beecher, Beard, & Co., and subsequently assuming the form of Freeland, Beard, & Co., and later Beard, Moulton, & Hoove. In 1878 Mr. Beard retired from business. Ever since he began business for himself Mr. Beard had had the management of from 200 to 600 workmen, the manufacturing department being invariably under his charge. From the beginning of his career he had taken great interest in politics, and had exercised no little influence both in primaries and in party conventions. While a resident of Boston, in 1864, Mr. Beard was placed on the Republican State Central Committee, a position he held during the years 1865 and 1866, and in 1868 he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention which nominated General Grant. In 1870 and 1871 he represented the town of Brookline in the lower branch of the Legislature. It was at that time that he began the agitation against the imperfect corporation laws, which resulted in the enactment of the present laws in their greatly improved form. In the latter year he began the long fight against the double taxation of mortgaged real estate, which was continued vigorously for ten years, when his efforts were successful. In 1875 Mr. Beard was again chosen a member of the Republican State Central Committee, acting as chairman for that year. On the 26th of February, 1878, he was appointed Collector for the Port of Boston, and upon his confirmation by the Senate succeeded Hon. William A. Simmons. During Mr. Beard's term as Collector there was an increase of twenty per cent. in the receipts over those of his predecessor in office, while there was at the same time a large decrease in the expenses. Mr. Beard served as Collector until 1882, when he was succeeded by Colonel Roland Worthington, the proprietor of the Boston *Traveller*. In 1884 and 1885 he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and was the chairman of the Committee on Taxation in 1884, and was also a member of the Committee on Finance, to the chairmanship of which he was advanced during the following session. He was again a member of the Republican State Central Committee in 1883, 1884, and 1885, and for the second time was elected chairman in 1885. During the latter year he was unanimously nominated and elected Treasurer of the Commonwealth, a position he held during the years 1886, 1887, and 1888. He was a Delegate at Large to the National Republican Convention in 1888. A fine specimen of physical manhood, Mr. Beard stands six feet and two inches high, weighs 220 pounds, enjoys excellent health, and has a constitution of iron, but the wear and tear of an unusually active life have left a silver tinge in his hair and a stoop in his shoulders. His close-cropped hair and iron-gray mustache give him a somewhat stern look, but personally he is one of the most genial and approachable of men.

The office is one of the highest under the Federal government in the State, and on all great occasions the Collector is called upon to respond for the President of the United States. From the days of Sir Harry Frankland—the impetuous young Englishman who collected customs "when George the Third was King," and improved the intervals in making love to Agnes Surriage, the barefooted Marblehead girl, whom he afterward educated and finally married because she saved his life at Lisbon—to the present time the place has been filled with men of mark. Under the Continental government the Collector was General Benjamin Lincoln, who had served under Washington with distinction, and was rewarded with this place when peace was declared. A Vice-President of the United States—Hon. Hannibal Hamlin—John Z. Goodrich, Hon. Thomas Russell, David Henshaw, Hon. George Bancroft (the historian), Hon. Robert Rantoul, Hon. Marcus Morton, Arthur W. Austin, General James S. Whitney (father of ex-Secretary Whitney, of the Cleveland administration), General Darius N. Couch (who served with distinction in the war), and the retiring Collector, Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, a direct descendant of Governor Saltonstall, have each performed its duties with eminent fitness.

WHAT IS ASPHALT?

Asphalt, or more properly asphaltum, since the former word is applied in a generic way to include all the compounds of that substance, is one of the forms of bitumen found very widely scattered over the earth's surface, and in very small percentages permeating many rocks. Its formation is, without doubt, due to natural causes, similar to those producing petroleum, natural gas, and many forms of mineral hydrocarbons. To account for it, several theories have been proposed. By some it has been maintained that it originated in the rocks where it is found, by others that it is a distillate from vegetable or animal remains, and again that it is the result of purely inorganic chemical reactions. It is difficult to believe, in view of the general distribution of bitumen, and its occurrence in rocks of all ages and geological formations in such immense quantities, that it is possible to attribute its origin to either of the first two theories, no matter how plausible they may seem as applied to particular localities; nor is there, from a chemical point of view, any necessity for supposing the bitumens to be of the same origin as coal merely because they consist of carbon and hydrogen.

The chemical theory of their inorganic origin has been advanced by many investigators, but that which Mendeleff proposed in 1877, founded upon his extended experience in the Russian oil-fields, seems more generally acceptable and probable. The deposits of oil and bitumen occur along or in the neighborhood of lines of geographical upheaval or mountain ranges, as, for example, in Pennsylvania and in Russia. The dislocation of the strata during the disturbances connected with the upheavals must have caused fissures and cavities between the strata which naturally would be larger at greater depths, where the angular displacement was more obtuse and therefore wider. In these cavities the bituminous products would be formed and accumulate. They would originate (in the way to be presently described) in the lower ones, where the temperature was great, and then be forced to higher levels, into the porous overlying strata, or into sands themselves. In some cases they eventually reach the surface, but usually require the aid of borings for the plentiful escape of the products.

Of the interior of the earth's crust we are led to believe, from its great density, that it must be composed to a large degree of matter in the metallic form; and reasoning from the analogy of meteorites, it seems very probable that it consists largely of metallic iron; and from more extended geological and physical reasoning it is to be inferred that the iron and other metals are, most probably in the form of carbides, containing (like cast-iron and steel) considerable proportions of carbon, free and combined. Water penetrating into the fissures which have been mentioned, where these carbides exist at a high temperature, would be converted into steam, and reacting in the usual way with carbon, would produce hydrogen or hydrocarbons, varying in character with the temperature, pressure, length of action and other conditions which might exist. These then would from their own pressure eventually reach the surface or higher levels. Hydrocarbons have been prepared in this way in the laboratory by Cloez, and if this theory be correct, there is no reason why their formation should not continue in the earth's crust for ages to come, so that the supply of gas, oil, and bitumen may be continually renewed.

Under certain of the above conditions, gas would be formed; under others, oil; and again, asphalt. With the asphalts and their origin we are alone concerned. Whether they are the result of simpler processes or of complicated ones cannot be determined; but it is more than probable that they originate from the modification of some originally simpler bituminous substances, either by condensation or polymerization, by evaporation, or by oxidation. The last process is certainly a minor element in any change, since oxygen is not probably available in the lower strata, and most asphalts with which we are acquainted contain comparatively small amounts of oxygen. Polymerization, or the condensation of two or more molecules of a substance into one—a change well known in the laboratory in hydrocarbon compounds—is probably the most effective agent in the production of asphalt. In fact, some petroleums can be converted, artificially, to asphalt by the aid of heat. Evaporation alone can be the cause of but little change, although it may be the means of separating asphalt products from others; as for oxidation, it is natural to suppose that it must influence such material destructively, and not productively, as the oxidation products of soft asphalts are brittle and non-adhesive.

The gradations of the processes of formation, whatever they may be, are such as to produce asphalts, varying all the way from "maltha," or soft mineral tar, to "glance-pitch," which is as brittle as glass; while other varying conditions produce minerals more like the soft coals, which are not true asphalt. The asphalts are found in the free state mixed with earthy matter, and impregnating siliceous and calcareous rocks, scattered very widely over the world. In Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, Central America, Venezuela, California, and in many parts of Europe are found springs of maltha, or mineral tar, of viscous consistency, and closely resembling gas-tar, in which the bitumen is quite free from admixture of foreign matter. The same peculiarity is also noticeable in the solid, glassy, and brittle glance-pitch of Texas, Mexico, Cuba, and other localities. Mixed with a large amount of siliceous earthy matter derived from the bed through which it rises to the surface, it occurs in the celebrated pitch lake of Trinidad, in the West Indies. It is also widely found impregnating loose sandstones in West Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, and California. In France, Germany, Sicily, and Switzerland it is found forming bituminous limestones, and these deposits, together with the pitch lakes in Trinidad, furnish the great commercial supplies of the world.

Asphaltum, excluding the viscous bitumen or maltha, which is more properly classed separately, is an amorphous, lustrous solid, of bituminous odor, melting or softening at the temperature of boiling water, burning with a smoky flame, readily soluble in carbon bisulphide, largely soluble in turpentine, and somewhat in ether or alcohol. It is a complicated mixture of hydrocarbons, of whose constitution little is known. On distillation a rank, light yellow oil is obtained, boiling below 510° F., and a residuum is left which cannot be further volatilized without destructive distillation, the products then being rank and heavy oils, with some crystals like paraffine. Distillation with a current of steam removes the light oils more readily. Boussingault found the pale light oil, which he called petroline, to have a specific gravity of 0.89, and a composition corresponding to $C_{20}H_{32}$. The residue, called asphaltine, contained a small proportion of oxygen. The softer asphalts contain more of the oily petroline, and the harder the reverse. Analysis of the portion of the Trinidad asphalt which is soluble in ether shows that it contains carbon 85.87 per cent., hydrogen 11.06, sulphur 2.48 undetermined, nitrogen and oxygen 0.56 per cent. Beyond this we know but little of the chemistry of asphalt, all other results being unreliable, and any investigation surrounded with considerable difficulties.

On this side of the ocean the chief source of supply of asphalt is the pitch lake of Trinidad. In Europe the bituminous limestones of France, Germany, Sicily, and Switzerland furnish the chief material for paving purposes. At Seyssel, in the Department of the Ain, France, at Ragusa, Sicily, at Limmer, near Hanover, Germany, at Vorwohle, in the Duchy of Brunswick, Germany, and in Val de Travers, Canton Neufchâtel, Switzerland, limestones are found impregnated quite uniformly with from 9 to 11 per cent. of bitumen. These are mined on a large scale, and after preparation, or heating alone, are used for roadways and sidewalks. The limestone is of fine hard grain, but not crystalline, that of Seyssel being harder and containing somewhat less bitumen. From these rocks two classes of pavement are made, one by the "hot compression" process, the other by the "mastic" process. The compressed asphalt is used for roadways, the mastic for sidewalks, floors, etc. In the first the rock is reduced to a fine powder by disintegrators and rolls, and then heated in cylinders with revolving blades or paddles, in a current of hot air, until softened and freed from the more volatile oils. It is then hauled to the street in carts. It loses its heat very slowly. There it is spread, and evenly raked, tamped, and rammed until compact and resonant. As soon as cool it is ready to bear traffic.

In the mastic process the original crushed rock is heated in kettles containing a certain amount of melted refined bitumen or asphalt, now generally the Trinidad variety, the amount varying according to the richness of the rock. With the addition of this asphalt the rock melts, without it it will not melt. It is then thoroughly mixed, and cooked for several hours below 300°, and then run into moulds. This preparation, in the form of blocks, containing about 15 per cent. of asphalt, is then again manipulated on the streets. Alone it will not melt, so that another proportion of refined asphalt (Trinidad), softened with oil of some description (in this country, heavy oil of gastar; abroad, shale oil), is added to the broken cakes. After complete softening, under continued stirring in the heating kettle, sand and coarse grit are added, and after being thoroughly mixed, the material is taken and poured upon the prepared surface from buckets, to the thickness of from one inch to one-half inch, and spread like plaster with wooden smoothing tools, smoothed, then dusted over with clean sand, and while cooling rubbed down to a fine surface with slabs of stone and sand. The proportions in the mixture are about as follows: Broken prepared mastic, 60 per cent.; Trinidad asphalt cement, 4 per cent.; sand and grit, 36 per cent. This form of surface is preferred for walks, the hot compressed form for roadways. Mastic is distinguished by its greater elasticity, owing to the high proportion of asphalt it contains, which makes it suitable for use in floors and roofs, which must be water-tight and free from cracks, and in places where there is much expansion and contraction. Good examples of its use may be seen in City Hall Square, New York, and in the floors of the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Washington.

The Sicilian rock asphalt has been used considerably for the last four years in Rochester, New York, and St. Augustine, Florida. Its introduction on Madison Avenue, New York, during the present year is being undertaken. Nearly all the asphalt surface in existence, amounting, according to Captain Green, to over 5,500,000 square yards, is composed of compressed concrete of Trinidad asphalt, cement, and sand. The source of this asphalt is the pitch lake in the island of Trinidad. This is a flat expanse of over one hundred acres of rough brownish bitumen, of an earthy look, very much cracked, and honey-combed with, here and there, pools of water and patches of soil upon its surface. In the centre is a soft spot which will not bear a man's weight, though over the remainder carts can be driven, so that it can hardly properly be called a lake. From borings, which were at one time made to reach oil, it appears to be about 18 feet deep. Beneath there is a bed of sandy clay, through which the asphalt seems to rise, contaminating itself in this way with the mineral matter. The deposits must contain, in all, several million tons of crude asphalt. It is about three miles from the sea, and a hundred feet above the sea-level. It is excavated with picks, hauled to the shore, carried through the surf by laborers to lighters, and loaded on vessels, which bring it to this country. It possesses the properties of viscosity to a sufficient degree to flow together in a solid mass in the hold of the vessel, from which it is again removed by picks in discharging the cargo. The character of the material from different parts of the lake, and from the old deposits between the lake and the shore, is very different, the older deposits being much harder and drier, containing less of the oily constituents, and at times showing portions resembling coke.

The asphalt as unloaded from the vessel is a dull brownish black, earthy-looking substance, containing much water and some earth and vegetable remains. It is heated in large tanks for several days, with the result of driving off the water and bringing it to a liquid condition, the temperature reaching between 300° and 400° Fahr. Much of the earthy matter settles, and the organic or vegetable remains rise to the top and are skimmed off. It can then be drawn off as refined asphalt.

The water in going off carries with it several other volatile ingredients. If condensed there will be found floating on it a light yellow oil, the petroline previously referred to, which is easily volatile in steam. It is very rank and sulphurous, and it is a question whether it is of any value. In some cases it is returned to the melted asphalt. The water also will be found to be of strongly acid reaction, and to contain a considerable amount of matter in solution. As yet the nature of this matter has not been made out, but it is probably connected in some way with the chemical processes involved in the original production of the bitumen. At the lake considerable quantities of hydrogen sulphide gas are evolved at the soft spot, and the water in the bitumen becomes impregnated at the same time with the crystalline salts and acid found in it on refining. Refined asphalt has a dull fracture, darker than the crude asphalt, and a homogeneous appearance. It is very brittle at ordinary temperature, and possesses little cementitious value. To give it the necessary tenacity it is mixed, while at a temperature of about 325° Fahr., with from seventeen to twenty pounds per hundred of the residuum from the distillation of petroleum, a thick heavy paraffine oil, varying considerably in composition, according to the source of the petroleum and method of distillation. Thorough agitation is very necessary to produce an even product, which in summer, on cooling, can be easily indented with the finger, and on slight warming, drawn out into strings, and showing great tenacity. This is the asphalt cement of the paving industry. It must be prepared with great care, and it requires considerable experience to obtain a regular product of the proper consistency. A mistake in this regard is fatal to the life of the surface. It is a good cementing material, and has only the disadvantage of the presence of the foreign organic matter not of a bituminous nature, which is undesirable, for reasons which need not be considered here. The fine mineral matter is scarcely a disadvantage, since it would necessarily be added in the preparation of the surface mixture. It is, in fact, generally supplemented by a proportion of fine powder of limestone, for the purpose of filling the voids in the sand. It consists very largely of fine siliceous sand and some clay. An analysis of the mineral residue from an asphalt cement shows:

Sand insoluble in acids	82.08 per cent.	
Containing silica		15.16 per cent.
Iron, alumina, and lime	12.27 per cent.	
	100.00	

The non-bituminous residue, from the last drawn portion of a tank of cement, which was coarser than the above material, consisted of:

		Per Cent.
Organic matter		7.50
Silica and silicates insoluble in acid		57.67
Containing silica	81.04	
Alumina and trace of iron	7.53	
Alumina		2.90
Iron		1.17
Lime		.50
		99.94

Asphaltic cement of this description contains from 65 to 70 per cent. of bitumen, and is mixed with the following materials for the production of the paving surface:

Clean sharp sand	65 to 58	per cent.
Crushed stone dust	28 to 23	"
Powder of limestone	0 to 8	"
Asphalt cement	12 to 18	"

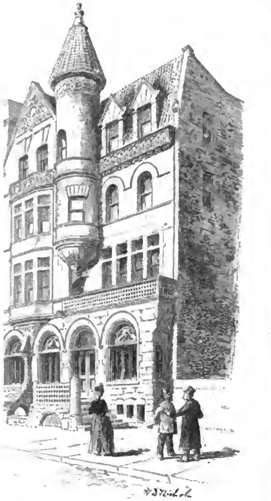
The details of the operation are as follows: The mixture of sand and stone-dust is heated in rotary drums to a temperature of not less than 250° Fahr. nor more than 325°. A portion of this is measured out in a box of known contents, together with the proper amount of cold powdered limestone. It is then dumped into a double-bladed mixer revolving from 45 to 60 times per minute, and the required weight of melted asphalt cement at a temperature of about 300° added. Mixing for about a minute or two produces a homogeneous mass, which is dropped into carts and hauled to where it is to be used. There it is spread upon the foundation to the requisite depth, and rolled with heavy hand-rollers of iron oiled with petroleum. After this preliminary compression hydraulic cement is scattered upon the surface, and the final work of compressing it is done by continued cross-rolling with heavy stone and steam rollers until the mixture is cold. The surface is then ready to be thrown open to traffic.

Refined asphalt is used for various purposes other than that of paving cement; as, for example, in engineering works like an ordinary cement, as a water-proofing material, and for roofing purposes, and as a paint or varnish. Varnish is made by dissolving the asphalt in oil of turpentine, with the addition of alcohol and other minor ingredients. Paper-felt is saturated with it for roofing purposes, and some patent insulators contain it as a constituent. In masonry it is used with great advantage where the walls must be water-tight, as in the arches of aqueducts or tunnels, and also where rigidity is undesirable, as in the concrete foundations for machinery to prevent vibration in the neighborhood due to high speed or shocks.

THE NEW LINCOLN CLUB HOUSE, OF BROOKLYN.

Among the most prosperous of the purely social clubs of Brooklyn, now so numerous, is the Lincoln Club, which has just celebrated Lincoln's birthday, February 12th, by formally opening its new club-house, at 65 and 67 Putnam Avenue, with a ladies' reception. This club, which was at first formed for political purposes, soon after its incorporation entirely dropped its political features and became a purely social organization, a change which speedily resulted in increased membership. Everything about the new edifice, which is the work of Architect R. L. Daus, of Brooklyn, is solid, substantial, and comfortable. It is four stories high, with a frontage of forty-five feet by fifty feet deep, and with a two-storied extension in rear of equal depth, on the top story of which there is a splendidly lit and ventilated billiard-room, which has not its equal in size in any club-house in New York or Brooklyn.

The style of the building is that of the early French Renaissance, the material consisting of a tasteful blending of pressed brick, Lake Superior brown-stone, and terra-cotta, the whole embel-



.N CLUB HOUSE, BROOKLYN.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 131.]

carving, and relieved on first story by decorative on which are represented and Concord. The three . of the exterior are an , a large bay-window, and a tower, whose base con- ne of seven tons' weight. e most prominent object on-room, just facing the mantel, ten feet wide, and ceiling. A large arched at for use as well as for ntral fact of the mantel. lway is the main dining- ;ht are a hat and cloak n for callers. The recep- arch of twenty-five feet parlors, and beyond is a to serve in the future as are the chief features of e finished throughout in n simple designs.

, besides the magnificent dme tables and unmatch- ts, there is a large card- tantial tables, and chairs or contains a private din- attached, five bedrooms, ms with tessellated floor; ddition of the third, omit- Several staircases lead to he house, with a separate vants; and down in the our well-patronized bowl- shop, refrigerating-room, For the present gas is to us, the fixtures for which ome, and harmonize well wod-work.

was erected at a cost of he large extension, which ost of $9000. The mem- 383. The officers of the t, president; Joseph B. Charles K. Wallace, trea- f. Keyes, secretary. The club-house is Mr. William

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.Y PROSPEROUS?

l Street has been directed e financial condition of a of our population. The has been importuning the ads traversing that State r carrying corn. Finally, of other State officials, lu lroad companies to make an "emergency rate" on ction that has been conceded is not a large one, being a cent and a half a bushel, or about ten per cent. upon the previous tariff. The basis of the appeals for this reduction is the abject poverty of the farmers, and their inability to market their corn, even at the exceedingly low yet nominal prices quoted along the lines of the railroads. The idea in making the reduction is that the slight difference in price will take Nebraska corn to market in preference to that from other localities, and thus enable the farmer to get a little money, though only a partial return for his labor in raising it. The success of the effort has stimulated the State authorities of Kansas to make a similar one in behalf of the farmers of that State. This sort of relief can at best be only temporary, for the market at Chicago and other centres of shipment will very soon reflect the stimulated movement.

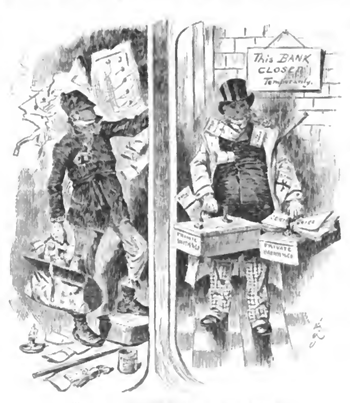
It should be noted that the railroads were not averse to making this reduction, but were reluctant to do it, because under the Inter-State Commerce Law, they believed they would have to revise nearly their entire tariff in order to make it conform to it. They would, at least in the ordinary course of business, have to lower the rates on all kinds of freight graded approximately as low as corn. They were also afraid that the rates they might make solely for the purpose of mitigating the hardships of the farmers might be used against them by State Railroad Commissioners to force the establishment of those rates permanently. The railroads recognized the desirability of some sacrifice on their part, and have doubtless made it upon an understanding with the State authorities that is indicated in the term "emergency rate."

Wall Street has been well advised of this movement, and it has raised there, as it possibly has throughout the country, skepticism of the current reports of general prosperity. It has been fashionable ever since last year's crops were assured to refer to their magnitude as an unanswerable argument in favor of an improvement in general business and more profitable railroad traffic. It appears now that the luckiest farmers were those who were the quickest to market their wheat and corn, for the enormous yields of both have been a constant weight upon prices. As an agricultural nation we have to face a condition of excessive production, and it is a condition that affects not only the poverty-stricken farmers of Kansas and Nebraska, but is felt seriously through all of the richer agricultural sections farther east. It is a condition that may have its uses, since it may force upon the farmers perception of the fact that the price of their cereals, which is their principal product, is determined by the price of the surplus of each crop, and that surplus is marketed in Liverpool in free competition with the surplus of all other grain-producing countries. So far as grain is concerned, it is a free-trade market. After an appreciation of that fact has obtained, an important factor in the prices of most of the staple articles that the farmer buys or needs to buy, namely, the tariff, may be estimated by him for what it is really worth. This phase of the matter is beginning to receive serious attention at the financial centre of the country, since it is still held there that the fullest prosperity of the country must spring from its agricultural development. If the millions who depend upon tilling the soil for support do not get an adequate return for their labor, their ability to buy is curtailed, and trade with them is correspondingly reduced.

The fact that the earnings of the railroads all over the country continue to show increases, as compared with last year, suggests the inquiry whether business, as a whole, is as largely dependent upon the agricultural community as heretofore. The condition described and the figures referred to, taken together, rather encourage one to take the negative of such a proposition. The acquisition of wealth in mercantile and other pursuits than farming, and the rapid growth of manufacturing industries, are unquestionably changing the character of our population, so that it may be, as in the older countries of Europe, that prosperity upon a certain level will conceal increasing poverty below it, and thus give an appearance—superficial, to be sure—of general welfare. Wall Street is not an over-thoughtful community, but questions like those that have been touched upon are forcing themselves upon it. The community that lives in and about the Stock Exchange is depressed because its business is nothing like what it used to be, and the times contain no signs of a revival of it. And there is a searching for the causes that have produced the present apathy of the public toward the stock market, and which appear to be still operating. The experiences of the last few months in the money market, though by no means new, appear to have impressed upon Wall Street the necessity for a modification of our financial system or methods. It has begun to view the constant accumulation of money in the Treasury with repugnance, and is therefore likely to regard the next national campaign not as an educational movement, but as an occasion for earnest work. If the people who are engaged in the unprofitable business of raising grain, which they are forced to sell in a free-trade market, while they supply their own wants in a protected market, could be brought to see the Treasury surplus and the manner in which it is accumulated in the same light that Wall Street now quite universally regards it, a bond of interest between the two would soon become apparent. The most important interest of both is at stake in this matter, and it is identical with that of the entire country.

Collis Armstrong.

New York, *Saturday, February 8, 1890.*



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Could scarcely devise more excruciating tortures than those of which you see the evidences in the face of a rheumatic or neuralgic sufferer. The agonies are the consequence of not checking a rheumatic or neuralgic attack at the outset. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been found by skilful medical practitioners to possess not only remedial, but defensive efficacy, where those diseases exist, or a tendency to them is exhibited. Surely this pleasant but safe botanic medicine, bearing, too, such high specific sanction, is better than the poisons often employed, but most unsafe, not only in continuance, but in isolated doses. The blood is depurated thoroughly from the rheumatic virus, and the nerves, slightly impinged upon, saved from ailments and direful throes by this benign, saving medicine, which likewise exhibits marked efficacy for malaria, kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, and liver complaint.—[*Adv.*]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

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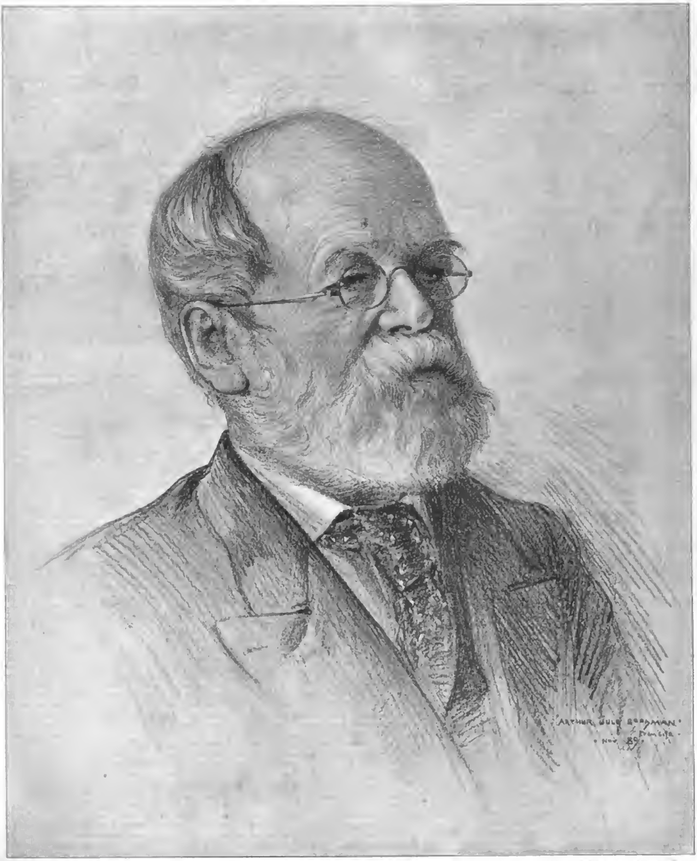
ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN
From life
NOV. 89

GEORGE JONES, OF THE "NEW YORK TIMES."—Drawn from Life by Arthur J. Goodman.—[See Page 142.]

are better now than they ever were before. How much that means, everybody knows who has been Harper bred."—*N. Y. Sun, Feb. 10, 1890.*

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THE RULES.

THERE ought to be no serious dispute about proper rules of procedure in Congress, because, however strong party spirit may be, every member is aware that such rules should secure the right of the majority to act, after full and fair debate. The rules certainly ought not to enable the minority, after full and fair debate, to prevent the majority from acting. But it must never be forgotten that a majority, like a king, tends to tyranny, and that the rules should equally secure the rights of minorities. Majorities can take care of themselves, while bills of rights and constitutions are designed to take care of minorities by restraining and regulating the power of majorities. Twenty years ago LABOULAYE said that France was not ready for a republic, because Frenchmen could

eral RAWLEY against the propo...

be a wanton and arbitrary exercise of the power of the party majority, which rules of procedure are intended to restrain, if the rule should be adopted. There is no measure which the party majority in the House approves which it cannot adopt if it chooses to appear. Rules which it may adopt to prevent a wholly unreasonable obstruction of the action of a majority, present and ready to act after fair and full debate, will be sustained, we believe, by the intelligent opinion of the country. But this is not such a rule. It is a blow at the just rights of the minority, which the majority, in the interest of honest government, ought to protect and secure.

IMPERIALISM AND SOCIALISM.

THE late "rescripts" of the Emperor of Germany are as significant as they are extraordinary. He proposes a conference of England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland, and possibly other powers, to agree upon some scheme of securing regular and remunerative employment to working men, limiting the hours of labor, and adjusting the rate of wages. This is an imperial revival of LOUIS BLANC's plan of national workshops in France forty years ago—a plan which was then felt to be Quixotic, and which ended in disaster. The question of state socialism has made great progress since that time, however, and Germany has gone farther than most states in its practical recognition. But the present imperial step is very much longer than the most democratic state has contemplated. The Emperor declares it to be the duty of the state to regulate labor so as to insure the health, morality, and economic wants of working men.

That is a plain declaration of the duty of a state to support its citizens. Working men is an arbitrary term, which in this case must be construed to mean the great mass of the German people, because the multitude everywhere earns its livelihood by working for wages. It is not surprising that this announcement of the Emperor is interpreted in various ways. It is supposed on one side to be a serious proposition; on another, to be an ingenious device to expose the utter futility of any such scheme; on another, to be "a good enough MORGAN till after elec-

to keep the place within the ...

tion. The office has been administered without regard to politics, and strictly upon the reformed system, which the Republican platform declared ought to be extended, while the Republican President said that only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office.

Mr. SALTONSTALL's term expires in May, but in defiance of the party platform and of his own pledges, and in deference to the urgency of Senators HOAR, DAWES, and other politicians, the President has removed him. Mr. HOAR, who sharply censured President CLEVELAND for such performances, naturally hastens to say that the removal has nothing to do with a just view of reform, which is certainly true, and that the office is political. It is political, however, solely because it has been treated as the Senator and the President now treat it, as spoils. A Massachusetts Secretary of the Treasury once said that by a party change of administration the people meant to change the messenger at his door. He held a messenger to be a political officer. The implication that Collector SALTONSTALL, or any other honorable officer, would have allowed his views of a tariff to influence the discharge of his duty under the law is simply absurd.

President HARRISON asked his Secretary of the Treasury to try to obtain Mr. SALTONSTALL's resignation. Mr. SALTONSTALL replied with perfect courtesy that, placing entire confidence in the declaration of the President concerning tenure of office, he was prepared to serve out his term unless removed by the President for such cause as he had announced to be controlling in such cases, and the Collector respectfully asked to be informed if such cause existed. He enclosed a copy of the letter to the President, and the President forthwith removed him. President HARRISON came in upon the strongest declaration of reform in the civil service that any party ever made. He said that he should promote reform, and hoped to extend it. There were not in the whole service three more conspicuous illustrations of upright, non-partisan, capable, and efficient public officers than Postmaster PEARSON, Collector SALTONSTALL, and Naval Officer BURT. They were precisely the kind of offi-

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taken out of the enterprise by making it a World's International Fair of the Republican party. The great work for which I am ardently anxious will then be a Fair for Republican revenue, with the incidental election of a Republican President."

This is a view which would undoubtedly have caused the late Mr. Squeers to exclaim, "Here's richness!" But it has its serious side also. Not many months ago, just after the election of Mr. Harrison, the *bien aimé* of happy Republicanism, the comic papers presented us weekly with exhilarating pictures of the "Big Four," representing the non-partisan Mr. Platt and Mr. Warner Miller and Mr. Depew and Mr. Hiscock, dancing merry dances—gavottes, perhaps, and boleros and joyous hornpipes and other saltatory exercises expressive of harmonious happiness. Then the beautiful vision of a World's Fair arose above the horizon of 1892 like the summer morn. The cup seemed almost too full. The bill which was to secure the prize was made ready, and the suave Democratic leader in the Republican Assembly moved its immediate passage, when one of the Four suddenly called a halt. The summons recalled the direction in old plays, "Alarum: enter an army." Wild confusion ensued. At last, in the meeting of the General Committee, Mr. Warner Miller said that he would not serve upon the Fair Commission if it should be made political. Mr. Miller and Mr. Depew both voted for the adoption of the report which scouted and flouted the non-partisan Mr. Platt; and simultaneously Mr. Hiscock telegraphed from Washington substantially, "The Platt bill, or no Fair."

In such woful disaster that hilarious dancing ends! As the grieving pen writes these lines there really seems to be danger that we shall be laughed at. We are on the perilous edge of being ridiculous. The enthusiasm of last summer, the great assembly of distinguished citizens at the City Hall, the appointment of eminent committees, the daily jeers at Chicago, the munificent subscriptions, the solemn hearing in Washington, the proud assumption that Paris and the Eiffel Tower were to be easily outdone—all these ending in the apparent demonstration that we cannot manage a worthy commemoration of the discovery of the continent and the marvellous development and progress of America because of party intrigue and jealousy! If, as is now plainly alleged, Chicago has never wanted the Fair, and has been playing merely a game of bluff, and New York has ruined it in advance by trying to impose upon it a party character, we cannot complain, however we may chafe, if a ripple of inextinguishable laughter runs around the globe.

McCARTHY'S "FOUR GEORGES."

The second volume of Justin McCarthy's *History of the Four Georges* has just been issued by the Harpers. It is a very entertaining popular summary of the chief events of the reign of George the Second, with vivid sketches of its famous persons. The chief figure is of course Sir Robert Walpole, and it is interesting to observe that, with less apparent sympathy with him than Mr. Morley shows in his recent work, Mr. McCarthy makes the same general estimate of the statesman, reckoning him, with his great ability and invaluable service to England, only just short of a great man.

Mr. Morley justly holds Walpole to have been a true patriot, and is not content to explain his conduct, even when he condemns it, as the result of mere love of office. It is curious, however, that while Walpole's control for twenty years is generally conceded to have established securely the results of the revolution of 1688 and the Hanoverian succession, Mr. McCarthy is of opinion that the rising of Prince Charlie in the year after Walpole's death would probably have succeeded, for the time at least, had he only pushed on to London. George the Second was ready to go, and would have gone without the regret of England. Morley also states that Walpole apprehended that the Pretender might perhaps have returned if he would have favored the English Church and have abjured vindictive retaliation.

Mr. McCarthy has the art of interesting narration and skilful avoidance. His task is to make a picture of the times by a selection of its characteristic points and characters, and he has performed it with the same success as in his *History of Our Own Times*. When he has completed his sketches of the Third and Fourth Georges he will have finished a compact and popular history of England under Hanoverian rule, written with democratic sympathies and with the kindliest feeling. The story will have been told with accurate knowledge and in a most entertaining manner.

AN ANNUAL PROD.

The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, which furnishes reading to the sick and suffering, makes its sixteenth annual appeal. The appeal is not a sign of declining public interest in the work, for the distributions of the society during the year were, we believe, larger than ever before. If the impatient reader should therefore inquire: "Why, then, prod us again? If the thing is doing so well, why not let it do well, and spare us one, at least, of the incessant appeals?" the answer is very simple. The impatient reader fills his life with such constant well-doing that if he is not specifically prodded, any one of the opportunities which it is his wish to improve is sure to drop from his memory.

This is the precise case with this noiseless and admirable charity, which asks of all patient and impatient friends but two simple things: one is to drop magazines and weekly, illustrated, and daily papers in the boxes conveniently provided at the railway and ferry stations and elsewhere, and to send other reading matter to 20 University Place; and the other is to send little sums of money to the treasurer, Mrs. Fordham Morris, 20 Fifth Avenue, for the necessary expenses of the good work.

Nothing could be simpler or more practicable. This busy and pleasure-diffusing society offers everybody the happiness of eating his cake and having it. It invites us all to do good at no cost to ourselves—a most unworthy motive, indeed, and one which is not consciously proffered by the Society. But it is none the less true that we are asked to make over the paper or magazine from which we have already taken our two cents' or ten cents' or twenty-five cents' worth of enjoyment, and so balanced our books, to others, who will derive from it similar if not greater pleasure. There is no annual prodding which a newspaper can perform with greater satisfaction than that which spurs the fruitful recollection of this excellent charity.

THE NEW MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

In securing the nomination of Mr. Blaine at Chicago in 1884, no three friends of his were more efficient than Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. William Walter Phelps, and Mr. Charles Emory Smith. It is not surprising, therefore, that these gentlemen have all been called to distinguished posts under the present administration. Mr. Reid's appointment to the French mission and Mr Phelps's to Germany is now followed by that of Mr. Smith to Russia. Like Mr. Reid, he is a journalist of ability, distinction, and long experience. If his party zeal seems sometimes to make him unjust to his own true and generous impulses, it is plain that it cannot extinguish them, and that his heart and judgment support most willingly the best aims and professions of his party. Personally a cultivated, courteous, honorable, and genial man, he is admirably qualified to represent America. But his withdrawal from his present chair will be a serious loss to the Republican party. Perhaps, however, in the next campaign his opponents may find that it is but *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

COMIC OPERA ROYALTY.

The small excitement which was produced by the opera bouffe performance of the young Duke of Orleans in Paris is significant of the firmer foundation of the French Republic. There is always, of course, a doubt what effect such an incident may have upon so volatile a multitude as the inhabitants of Paris, but it is pretty evident that the danger of a serious royalist rising in France is very greatly diminished. The law prohibiting the return of certain persons to the country has been enforced in this instance by a trial and sentence of two years' imprisonment.

The old romantic legitimate sentiment which was represented by the Count of Chambord could not be transferred to the Count of Paris. He might be acknowledged perfunctorily as the heir of the monarchy, but not with any rapture of royalty; while the Orleanist régime itself could make an effective appeal only by demonstrating its greater practical expediency for the country—a task which it would hardly undertake. It is much more than a generation since Louis Philippe suddenly left the Tuileries, and it cannot be said, with all the good sense in many ways of the Citizen King, that he left any family prestige behind him. He was himself a compromise between the monarchy and the republic, and the republic has outgrown the necessity of such further compromise.

The young man of the present movement would offer France either the monarchy of Charles Tenth or of Louis Philippe. But the former is impossible, and the latter is unnecessary. His only reliance, therefore, would be a possible restless dissatisfaction in the country with the existing order, which would accept his leadership not from preference of a monarchy, but from a desire of change. To control successfully such a movement under such circumstances would have baffled Napoleon himself. Louis Philippe would never have tried it. What qualities for the enterprise his great-grandson may have, he will hardly have an opportunity to demonstrate.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

In a recent article upon Dom Pedro's patriotism we credited inadvertently the report of his remarks to the Associated Press, instead of the Press News Association, to whose enterprise and energy the interesting interview with the ex-Emperor was due.

SAVING THE FORESTS.

The Governor's suggestion of an Adirondack Park has been followed by the revival of the State Forestry Association, under the presidency of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, and the association with him as officers of many conspicuous citizens. The sanitary aspect of the subject, also, has been presented by a committee of physicians. The elevation of the Adirondack forest, its equable temperature, and the hygienic qualities of its evergreen timber make it an incomparable health resort, especially valuable in incipient stages of consumption.

The destruction of lumber for charcoal by the iron interest is a very serious blow at the forests, and the great benefits of the region will be lost if there is general public indifference. The committee of physicians propose that the whole region be acquired as a park, either by an immediate appropriation or by annual grants, and that the destructive extension of railroads into the forests be prohibited. Judicious planting and cutting will make the timber supply of great advantage to the State, and Mr. Clinton L. Merriam, who is thoroughly familiar with the subject, says that many of the lumber owners now admit that the destruction of young trees is greatly injurious to their own interests.

At the present time the Adirondack forests are threatened by four railroads—one from each point of the compass. The danger from them to the whole community in the destruction of the woods is greater than the advantage to be gained by any number of private companies. New York has proved by the Niagara reservation that if properly aroused it has quite public spirit enough for such great enterprises. In that case, however, there was a system of organized and persistent appeal and diffusion of information and wise assiduity in pressing legislation. The movement also had the invaluable assistance of two or three members of the Legislature who were personally deeply interested in its success. All these the association means to provide. The Adirondacks should not want personal friends in the New York Legislature, supported, as they would be, by the most intelligent sentiment of the State.

PERSONAL.

Major Serpa Pinto, whose impetuous and unauthorized methods of territorial aggrandizement in Africa gave England a plausible excuse for bullying Portugal, has always been more or less of a source of anxiety to his country. He is forty-four years old, and entered the army while still a youth. Having distinguished himself in war and exploration—his principal feat being his journey across Africa, from Benguela on the west coast to Durban on the east—he was welcomed back to Portugal with marked distinction, and received honors from many of the governments and learned societies of Europe. His restless and roaming disposition would not permit him to remain at home, however, although he had been elected to the Chamber of Deputies, so he was appointed Consul-General at Zanzibar, where he soon became embroiled with the English and German authorities, and finally declared unwarranted war against the Sultan. Then he was given a roving commission to develop and extend the Portuguese settlements on the Zambesi, an expansion of power which succeeding events have apparently proved to have been unwise. Now the Major is in apparent disgrace with his home government, although his rashness has endeared him to the radical hot heads, by whom he is already hailed as the "first President of the Portuguese Republic." Serpa Pinto is small in stature, but lithe and muscular. He wears his hair and beard long, his dress is foppish, and he has the yellow complexion of a tropical explorer. He is a thorough man of the world, and an eloquent speaker.

—Reminiscences of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis are always interesting, and no one is better fitted to write entertainingly of them than Morris Phillips, the present editor of the *Home Journal*. In recently changing the form of his paper from four to eight pages, Mr. Phillips publishes an illustrated article devoted to these well-known poets and *littérateurs*, who founded the paper forty-five years ago. Mr. Phillips's acquaintance with them began in 1854, when he entered the service of the *Home Journal*, and he learned their characteristics as he met them at work or in their homes. He has life-size portraits of both men, that of Morris being a pastel by Julius Gollman, a famous German artist, while Willis's was painted by Elliott, the famous American portrait-painter.

—For some years before her death Mrs. Prudence Crandall Philleo received an annuity of $400, voted her by the Connecticut Legislature in recompense for the injury done her years ago by the same body in breaking up her school for colored girls.

—A graceful and well-deserved tribute has been paid Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster by the Freshman class at Wells College in electing her an honorary member. Mrs. Sangster's popularity among the youth of both sexes is proverbial. Besides those who know her only by reputation she has many warm personal friends, not the least among these being the young ladies of the large and flourishing Bible class which meets her every Sunday afternoon in Brooklyn.

—Ex-President Cleveland has taken a pew in the Central Presbyterian Church in this city, and his wife has transferred her membership to it from a Washington church. Their pastor is Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, who was graduated from Princeton in 1877, and is now about thirty-four years old. Rev. Mr. Smith distinguished himself as a base-ball pitcher in college, and has not considered it beneath his dignity to engage in out-door sports since entering the ministry.

—Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist and poet, has been happily married for over thirty years, but has only one child, a son, who was formerly connected with the Swedish legation at Washington. Mrs. Ibsen is the step-daughter of Magdalena Thoresen, the Norwegian poetess. The poet left his native land in 1864, and has since lived in Rome and other Italian cities.

—Evidence accumulates that Mary Anderson is engaged to Antonio de Navarro, the son of José F. de Navarro, of this city, and the fair actress is said to have written William Black, the novelist, a letter announcing the fact. Meanwhile her friends in this country are not so zealously denying the report as they were.

—Captain William John Logan, who died in Brooklyn on the 10th inst., aged sixty-eight years, was widely known as the captain of many famous clipper ships during the California gold fever. At nineteen years of age he commanded his first ship, and subsequently the *Lawrence*, *Napier*, *Winged Rover*, and *Red Rover*. Captain Logan was always accompanied on his voyages by his wife, who still survives him.

—Notwithstanding his seventy years, General Sherman is one of the best-known club and society men in New York. Evening dinners and receptions furnish him his recreation, for during the day he is kept busy by an enormous correspondence and by numerous callers. He never grudges the demands upon his time made by old soldiers, many of whom write to him or call upon him for advice.

—The death of Cardinal Pecci, the brother of the Pope, has taken from the latter a valued adviser. He was raised to the cardinalate in 1879 by his brother.

—Stepniak, the exiled Russian nihilist, lives quietly in London with his gifted wife, and the two spend much time in the British Museum, ransacking books and making many notes. Stepniak is an industrious writer, and is rarely seen at the clubs or in society, although he has a host of friends.

—Sam Wah Kee, the wealthiest and most influential Chinese resident of Boston, has obtained leave from the government to visit his native land and return to this country. The Chinese restriction law seems to be elastic enough to admit a Celestial "merchant," who is not a "laborer."

—An extraordinary career was closed by the death of Photius Fisk at Boston the other day. Over seventy-five years ago an American missionary picked up in the streets of Smyrna a little Greek boy whose parents had evidently died of the plague, and sent him to this country. He spent several years in Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher's household, and then was educated for the ministry. In due time he became a clergyman, but the defence of slavery by the Church, and the tenets held by some of the Congregational theologians under whom he had studied, were too much for him, and he turned into a radical. He worked with Gerrit Smith and Joshua Giddings in the cause of abolition, and was finally appointed a chaplain in the navy, principally through the influence of John Quincy Adams, then in Congress.

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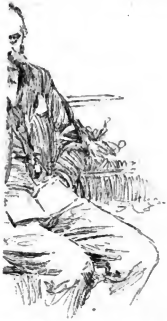

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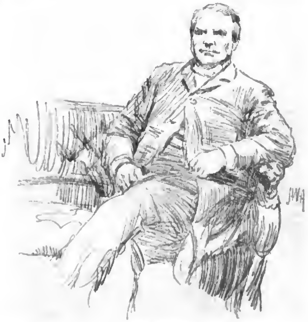

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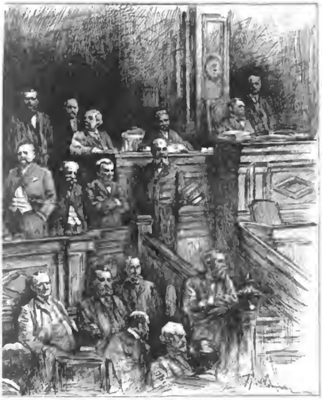
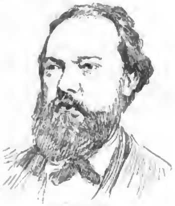
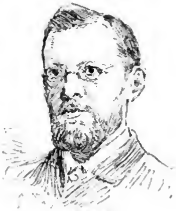


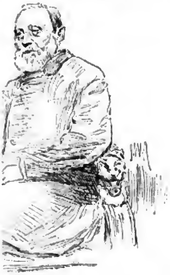
HE CHAIR OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REICHSTAG.



EUGEN RICHTER.



DR. BARTH.



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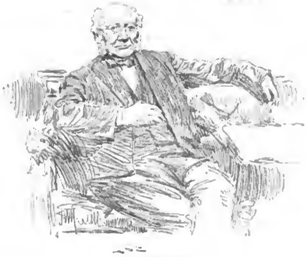
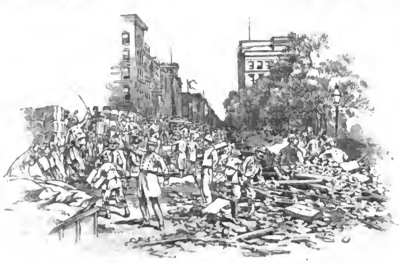


DR. WINDTHORST.

RESENTATIVE MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.—From Photographs.—[See Page 135.]



RECENT ASPECT OF BROADWAY AT CITY HALL PARK.

STREET OBSTRUCTIONS IN NEW YORK.

An indisposition on the part of the public to assert and protect a certain class of its rights has become an acknowledged feature in American cities as compared with those of Europe, and in none perhaps is this more strongly marked than in New York. A contemplation of the patient and long-suffering crowds that morning and evening are jammed into the elevated trains and street cars of the metropolis, and who apparently accept with meekness the strap-hanging and aisle- and platform-filling situation as a permanent condition, supplies a ready illustration of the fact. Incivilities from ticket-sellers and other corporation employés whose business it is to serve the public are borne with as they would be in no other civilized country.

Especially is indifference to and disregard for the rights of the community at large manifested in the unwarranted obstruction of the streets. The abuse takes many forms. It includes the appropriation of parts of the highway to private uses, the practice of regarding it as a refuse receptacle, and the failure of the authorities to properly pave and otherwise care for it. The prevailing gas, water, sewerage, electric subway, and steam-heating systems involve a tearing up of the roadway which at best interferes greatly with traffic; but where the excavating and refilling are carried on in a slovenly and reckless way the evil is immeasurably increased. The multiplying subterranean uses to which the streets of a modern city are put call for a thorough method of treatment, whereby the present frequent and obstructing breaking up of the surface shall be avoided. Perhaps nothing less than connecting series of roomy tunnels will solve the problem. The urgency of remedying the existing state of affairs has been emphasized in a marked way by the condition of lower Broadway for several months past. Street cars between South Ferry and the Post-office have much of the time been useless to any one having business on hand. As a rule, walking has been the speedier mode of covering the distance. The pavement has been in a continual process of irruption, and a goodly share of the much-needed highway closed. But even under the barbarous plan of permitting the managers of each underground system to dig their own independent trenches, there is room for great improvement—a fact that is sufficiently demonstrated in London, where the contracting constructor of the pavement attends to its breaks and repairs under bonds, the cost being paid by the proper party.

Obstructions that are trivial elsewhere are of importance in crowded streets. A bad or rough road-bed hinders traffic materially. Over a smooth one the stream flows easily and more rapidly, and the capacity for service is increased. It is estimated that the effective draught power of horses is some forty per cent. greater on good asphalt than it is on the Belgian blocks so much used in New York. The latter, of course, are very much better than the unspeakable cobblestones that still afflict certain parts of the city. The unnecessary wear and tear of vehicles and the waste of horse-power due to the inferior pavements of the metropolis cost enough to pay in a very short time for placing the latter in a condition equal to that of the streets in London and Paris. The raised car rail in common use in one thoroughfares is an abomination that would not be tolerated on the other side of the Atlantic. In the narrow down-town streets it is responsible for a considerable share of the "jams," and the pecuniary loss that is incurred by the constantly recurring delays involved. Wagons that might otherwise pass each other in the small available space are prevented through the sliding of their wheels along the iron ridge, and long lines of them are stopped indefinitely in consequence. In all parts of the city this rail remains a perennial wrecker of wheels and axles. It is the bane of carriages and cabs and the dread and discomfort of their occupants, and all because the public permits the railroad companies to impose upon it. A partial improvement in the shape of a compromise rail is slowly being instituted, but it will be some years before even this grudgingly granted amelioration is effected. The result will fall short of being satisfactory, in view of the fact that still better rails, which offer practically no obstacle or injury to traffic, are in vogue in other great cities of the world.

The encroachments of builders upon the highways form a notable class of obstructions. The legal restrictions are very generally disregarded, except in the busiest parts of the city. The law permits the use of one-third of the street in front of the lot upon which the structure is being erected, proper provision being made for the safe passage of pedestrians on the sidewalk. The rule of the builder appears to be to take at least half the street, and the frontage of as many adjacent lots as suit his convenience. He, moreover, usually prefers to have his sand piles more or less tracked and distributed by passing wheels to properly shoring them up for his own and the general benefit. The sidewalk requisition is often ignored altogether. In the crowded business centre, where a similar contempt for the rights of the community obviously cannot be tolerated, the situation is more as it should be, and demonstrates the feasibility of bettering matters in the other districts if the authorities are so disposed. The truckman who takes the trouble to protest against a brick pile abutting on or beyond the middle of the street, or the pedestrian who complains in proper quarters of the splashings of mortar beds, is rare, and as there is an absence of official action the general imposition assumes large proportions.

The storage in the highways of trucks, carts, delivery and peddlers' wagons, when not in use, constitutes another and serious form of obstruction. It is estimated that there are no less than eighty thousand vehicles of various descriptions standing nightly in the thoroughfares of the metropolis, and a large percentage of them throughout the day also. The plea for this occupation of public property for private uses is that the owners or users of the wagons cannot well afford to otherwise care for them. The law is lenient with respect to the usage. Owners can legally store their wagons in front of their own premises, or in front of other premises with permission of the occupier, provided that two or more vehicles are not placed side by side, and that the authorities—who may use their discretion in the matter—do not see fit to interfere. In the poorer districts the aldermen are on the side of the wagon men, and interference with the objectionable custom is not often ventured upon. During his recent term of office Mayor Hewitt made a determined move to stop the practice. But notwithstanding his vigorous will the force of circumstances was too strong for him, and the effort proved futile. The necessity for keeping the highway clear must be of a specially direct and imperative character to secure official action. The objections to thus encumbering the thoroughfares are grave and marked. In some streets the curbs on both sides are literally lined with vehicles for blocks. They materially limit the capacity of the roadways, which are none too wide, and in cases of fire cannot help being hinderances and productive of expensive delays. Where they prevail, the street-cleaning machines are rendered useless. Coverts are supplied by them for dirt and rubbish which collect under them. Not infrequently they are lairs of crime and shelters for vagrants. However preposterous the proposition that the streets are maintained to be choked up in this way to save private individuals stable-room, the meek New York public quietly endures the abuse with all the inconvenience, additional fire risk, dirt, and other considerations involved.

The elevated railway company also appropriates space in the public highways which has not been granted it, by the simple process of taking it. It habitually stores large numbers of its cars on a third track in the streets through which its structure is built. The privilege of constructing occasional switches, such as may be really necessary for the operating of the road, has been stretched, especially in the case of Third Avenue, until the result is an unauthorized new track throughout much of the entire line. This third track darkens the street, and when occupied with unused cars that should be stored on the company's own property, obscures the view more or less to the discomfort of the residents affected. But the situation is accepted with characteristic American submissiveness. The posts of the elevated roads, which are planted directly in the roadways, are obstructions that perhaps, under the circumstances, are unavoidable. Still they limit the capacity of the street below, and more than one death has ensued by passengers of the surface cars heedlessly jumping against them in alighting.

The obstructions on the sidewalks are more numerous, if less serious, than those of the roadway. Those resulting from building operations have already been alluded to. The most marked are the appropriations for private business purposes. The stores and warehouses of the city are rarely supplied with courts or rear facilities for the delivery and shipping of goods. Public rights in the sidewalk have been practically ignored in the local commercial architecture. Either the wagons to unload or receive merchandise are backed directly up to the front doors of the warehouses, as is generally the case in South, Front, Water, and a number of other streets, or the boxes of wares occupy the greater part of the space between the curb and the building. In the wholesale grocery and dry-goods regions the sidewalks are mainly added rent free to the available business area of the abutting establishments. The plea of the offenders is that it would be impossible for them to do business otherwise. Owing to the faulty construction of the buildings there is much truth in what they say, but efforts to reduce the evil to a minimum are wofully lacking. The usurpation of the sidewalks by the retail men is of a widely varied character. There are instances to be found where a cellar only is rented by the dealer, and the street at its door utilized for exhibition and sale purposes. Grocers, fruiterers, cheap clothing and furniture men usually extend their wares far out on the public domain, and dealers of all classes put forth signs, portable show cases, or what not, with little or no regard for the ordinances regulating such practices. It is illegal to place signs or goods at a greater distance than twelve inches from the building line. Awnings must be "eight feet six inches high and no more" at the curb, and no "part of any cloth or canvas used as an awning shall hang loosely down from the same" under penalties. There are hundreds of awnings in the city which a man of medium size with a high hat cannot pass under without stooping. Petitions for the privilege of establishing booths and stands for the sale of small wares, refreshments, etc., have resulted in the issue of innumerable permits to that end, generally at the behest of men having influence to dispose of in return for votes. The chairs of the boot-blacking fraternity, in the aggregate, occupy a very considerable amount of out-door space. In some instances these booths and stands do not appreciably obstruct the highway, but in many cases they do, and as the effort of their proprietors is to place them where the greatest number of people pass, there is a constant tendency for them to accumulate precisely where they are the most objectionable. The venders who have no booths or stands, but carry their wares in baskets or suspended from their necks and arms, are obstacles to the currents of humanity that flow through the busy streets. The swinging of shoe-strings and other pendants in the faces of pedestrians and the solicitations to purchase are annoying, but the worst of this class of nuisances is the oratorical salesman of some catch-penny trinket or nostrum, who gathers a crowd about him which dams and delays the stream of people who have business of some importance to attend to.

The long-continued but languid and ineffective efforts to remove the obstructions created by the telegraph and electric-light systems have recently been stimulated into something like vigor by the killing of an uncomfortable number of people by electricity. Even after the dangerous features of the situation had been tragically demonstrated by repeated loss of life, the electric-light companies, consideration of the public safety notwithstanding, insisted upon keeping their deadly wires in the highway; and it was not until the Supreme Court of the State came to the rescue that the authorities could successfully assert their right to control the public property as against the companies. A telegraph pole eighteen inches or more in diameter, on a narrow sidewalk in a busy street, like Nassau or William, is an obstacle of some moment. It is a disfigurement besides, and its burden of wires, which in some cases number over a hundred, obstructs the space before the upper stories of buildings, and at critical times embarrasses firemen in their operations. Though it remains to be satisfactorily shown that the present subway system will serve all the purposes for which it was intended, a start has been made in the desired direction, and there is a prospect that the class of obstructions in question will be almost wholly removed before very long.

Another unpleasant occupier of the sidewalk is the ash and garbage barrel or box. In the better parts of the city this institution is kept in a reasonable state of subjection, and gives the pedestrian small cause for complaint save when its contents are in process of being dumped into a cart, and powdery portions thereof, wafted by the breezes, whiten his garments and get into his eyes. But in the poorer and tenement districts it is ever obnoxiously present. Often it is overflowing at the top or broken out at the sides, and the pavement is littered accordingly. Frequently the dwellers in these regions dispense with the form of throwing their refuse into barrels or boxes, and scatter it broadcast in the thoroughfare, where it remains for an indefinite period. Given this practice, trains of standing wagons at either curb, a snowy winter, and many of the city's side streets become practically impassable by the early spring. The idea that the highway is a proper place to throw refuse appears to be so deeply seated with a large part of the population as to be instinctive. Many proprietors and residents sweep out their shops and halls directly into the streets, and the passer-by is sometimes called upon either to dodge a broom load that is shot from a doorway, or receive it on his boots and trousers. The house-maid may not infrequently be seen shaking a rug out of an upstairs window, in serene unconsciousness of the fact that the highway is intended for people to walk in and for purposes of communication generally. It is scarcely necessary to say that there are laws in plenty against these offences. The fact that they have not been enforced has supplied the Street Cleaning Department with a ready explanation for part of its apparent remissness. It alleges lack of co-operation on the part of the Police, the Health, and the Board of Public Works bureaus. Certainly bad pavements, the constant tearing up of the surface, the out-door storage of wagons, the slovenliness of builders, and the throwing of refuse into the streets greatly add to the difficulty of keeping them clean.

The tides of city humanity meet with another class of obstacles caused by thoughtless individual conduct. The motives of the stout and presumably good-hearted old lady who keeps an impatient crowd waiting at the ticket office of the elevated road, bridge, or ferry while she is engaged in searching for the ever-elusive female pocket, deciding upon an appropriate coin, or counting her change, are not to be impugned; but she is a trying obstruction nevertheless. And there is in some unfortunately constituted individuals a natural perversity which seems to make them believe that they gain something by needlessly standing in the way of others. The understanding and appreciation of the value of the ethics of the thoroughfare have much room to grow in New York, with respect to both public and individual action. The desired improvement involves both a diminution in the usurpations of the selfish and inconsiderate, and the increase, on the part of the citizen, of the disposition to resist infractions on his rights as a member of the public. It moreover involves a growing determination that public officials shall do their duty, and that the advances of modern civilization as manifested in the streets of other great cities of the world shall be profited by in the American metropolis. Amos W. Wright.

THE NEW HARVARD GATES.

The new Harvard gates, of which we give a picture on another page, were completed in December last, just before Christmas. They are built so as to practically close the end of the quadrangle between Harvard and Massachusetts halls—two of the oldest buildings of the college. Formerly a plain rail-fence terminated here in two rough-hewn granite posts of Quincy stone, gray and cold-looking, between which swung an insignificant cast-iron gate; on class day a high board fence was built between the two old halls to exclude strangers. The present gates are the gift of the late Samuel Johnston, of Chicago, a member of the class of 1855, who desired that the approach to the college grounds should be made more dignified and impressive. He accordingly bequeathed $10,000 for a gateway, the building of which was, after a delay of some two years, intrusted to the architects Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White. The result of their labors has been to secure a design in perfect harmony with the venerable and dignified character of its surroundings. The buildings and gates are both in the style of the architecture of the Georgian period; and in the brick posts and walls of the gates the same mode of bricklaying is pursued as in the adjoining buildings, and even the color and texture of the older erections are obtained by a careful selection of brick from the Boston yards, so laid as to give an alternating effect of buff and black, and which, contrasted with the coping and massive caps of the posts, surmounted by huge round spheres, also the carved panels of Yorkshire sandstone, gives an impression at once of warmth and of age. The central gate posts are about six feet square and nineteen feet high. They bear on carved panels of Yorkshire stone, with fitting inscriptions, the seals of Harvard College, Massachusetts, and the city of Cambridge, the fourth being reserved to the donor of the gates, and bearing an appropriate memorial inscription. On the college side of the walls, to right and left of the gate posts, are two niches, crowned by sea-shells cut in Yorkshire stone, in one of which is a fountain springing from a small satyr's head, carved in bronze, set in the wall. The foundation of the entire structure is of the Conway granite of yellow tone, and of this stone is also cut the seat to the right of the entrance, another exactly like it on the other side of the inner wall, and the basin for the fountain. To right and left of the entrance are panels of Yorkshire stone sunk in the walls, the arc of one of which bears a quaint inscription taken from the first records of the college, and the other tells, with a certain pathetic simplicity, why those first pioneers stinted their household necessities to satisfy a spiritual one they considered the nearest of all. They little thought how their primitive "schoole" would burst the modest limits they had planned for it! By far the most elaborate feature of the whole design, however, is (very properly too) the gates themselves and the canopy above them, which form the centre of construction. These, like the forged iron fence and the smaller bay-yard gates at either side, are of the finest and most

ʼTT, THE FIRST GENTILE MAYOR OF
ʼom a Photo. by [illegible].—[See Page [illegible].]

ven the long bars of the fence being each
hammered metal, as well as the smallest
canopy, thus giving a delicacy and refine-
such as has never before been attained in
successful execution of this feature of the
founder of New York deserves the credit.
gates are not only beautiful in themselves,
e difficult problem—how to build a struc-
surroundings which time and association
ed—they are a triumph of good taste and

.ES EMORY SMITH.

les Emory Smith, editor of the Philadelphia
Russia, the President has conferred a long-
me of the most conspicuous citizens of
ith is noted quite as much for his ability and sagacity as a journalist and man of affairs as for his prominence as a member of the Republican party. In either capacity his record has been admirable. As a journalist Mr. Smith has achieved for himself, and for the paper which he now controls, one of the most brilliant successes of modern journalism. It is in respect of this, rather than for his upright and consistent course in politics, that Mr. Smith deserves the honor bestowed upon him.

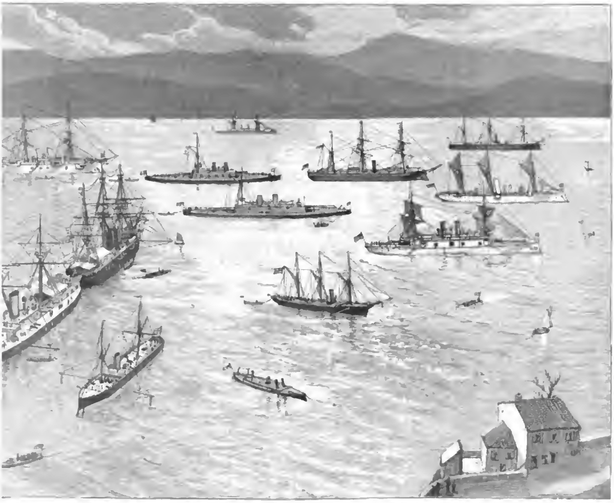
To persons at all familiar with the history of Philadelphia journalism, the work of Mr. Smith during the past ten years has been worthy of the highest commendation. When Mr. Smith removed to Philadelphia in March, 1880, the *Press*, of which he became editor and part proprietor, was in a sad state generally. Its fortunes were at a low ebb, while its rivals, the *Ledger*, the *Times*, and the *Record*, were riotously prosperous. Even the most casual observers soon saw, however, that the young man who had so rashly ventured in upon Philadelphia conservatism knew his business. The *Press* began to get the news and plenty of it, which must have surprised even the proof press in the composing-room beyond measure. Colonel McClure's *Times* no longer had a close monopoly of interesting Sunday papers, nor did the rivalry diminish during the other days of the week. Mr. Smith engaged in no quarrels with his neighbors, but contented himself with crowding his paper so full of news seven mornings a week that people had to buy it whether they agreed with it politically or not. As a newspaper's success is almost invariably proportionate to the quality and quantity of news that it contains, Mr Smith's policy had its reward. The *Press* grew in prosperity and influence year by year, until to-day it ranks with the best in the country.

Although he has always been a sincere Republican in political matters, Mr. Smith has never gone to extremes in partisan service, but has followed a middle course that has gained for him and for his paper the respect and confidence of the best elements of all parties. His utterances on political questions have been independent rather than partisan, with always a strong touch of sincerity that showed the earnestness of purpose behind them.

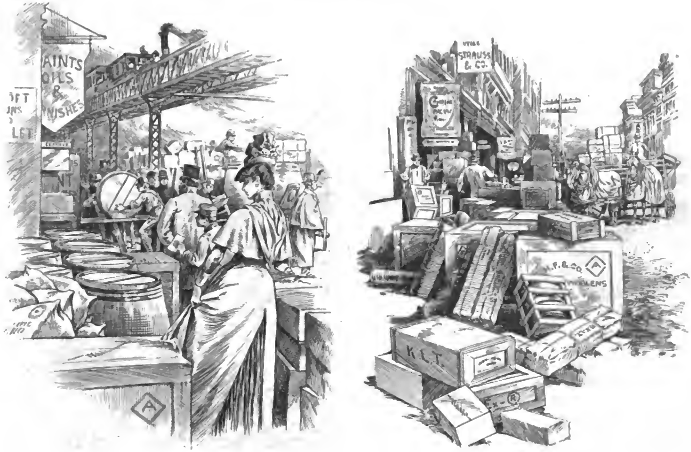
For the work which he has done in Philadelphia Mr. Smith had an excellent training in the city of Albany, New York, where he had been prominently engaged in journalistic work for fifteen years. During the ten years prior to his removal to Philadelphia he had been connected with the Albany *Journal*, first as an associate with Mr. George Dawson, and then as editor, after Mr. Dawson's retirement. Before that time he had been for five years editor of the Albany *Express*. For several months in 1868, while editor of the *Express*, he undertook, in addition, the duties of private secretary to Governor Reuben E. Fenton. Mr. Smith had shown an aptitude for journalism several years before he became connected with it. In 1858, after graduating from the Albany Academy at the age of sixteen years, he wrote leading articles for the Albany *Evening Transcript*. Six months later he entered the Schenectady University, from which he was graduated in 1861. Upon leaving college he became a member of the staff of General Rathbone, and for two years he assisted in the work of recruiting and organizing volunteers for the war of the rebellion. He exchanged this work for a position in the faculty of the Albany Academy, where he remained until he took editorial charge of the Albany *Express* in 1865. His interest in educational matters did not cease, however, for in 1871 he was made a trustee of Union College, and in 1879 a regent of the University of the State of New York.

MR. CHARLES EMORY SMITH, OF PHILADELPHIA, THE NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTER TO RUSSIA.
From a Photograph by Gutekunst.

While working as a journalist in Albany Mr Smith was well known also as an influential member of the Republican party. For six successive years he served as a delegate to the Republican State Convention. In the February Convention of 1880 he was selected as temporary and permanent president. In each of the other years he was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, except in 1877, when Roscoe Conkling was chairman and Mr. Smith secretary. As New York member of the Committee on Resolutions at the National Republican Convention at Cincinnati in 1876 he drafted a large part of the platform. During important campaigns Mr. Smith has taken excellent rank as a Republican orator. His abilities as an after-dinner speaker also have made him popular socially, not only in Philadelphia, but elsewhere. It is the opinion of his friends that he will prove to be a highly successful representative of the United States at the court of St. Petersburg. Mr. Smith is still a young man in years and intellectual energy. He was born at Mansfield, Connecticut, on February 18, 1842.



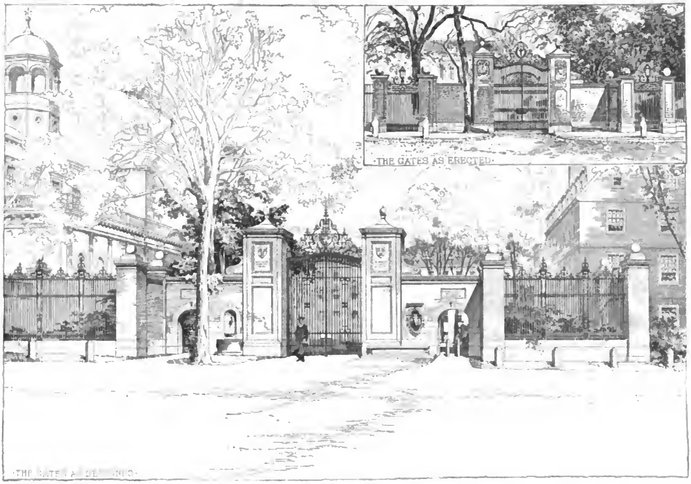
AMERICAN AND BRITISH WAR SHIPS AT GIBRALTAR.


PAINTS
OILS
&
VARNISHES
STRAUSS
& CO.
K.L.T.
WOOLENS

A SCENE IN PEARL STREET.

A BROADWAY SIDEWALK.

NEW YORK'S BLOCKADED STREETS.—Drawn by Bert Wilder.—[See Page 143.]


THE GATES AS ERECTED.
THE GATES AS DESIGNED.

THE NEW HARVARD GATES, AS DESIGNED, AND AS EXECUTED.—[See Page 143.]

particularly of those who were unused to high altitudes, and several deaths occurred among them during their long detention. The only doctor in the blockaded trains at Truckee was taken ill with a congestive chill, so that medical advice was lacking, and the medical stores obtainable were insufficient for the needs of the imprisoned travellers. The passengers sought every means to enliven the weary days of their waiting, and tried to forget the bleakness of their surroundings in cards, dominoes, extemporised games, and even by amateur theatricals. These cars were kept lighted and comfortably warm; and in every case where a passenger requested it, he was supplied with food by the railway company. About a hundred miles of track was blockaded, the deepest and least penetrable snows being near the summit of the mountain range, at a point known as Cascade, where a bridge spans a foaming stream. Here the snow-shed ordinarily relied on to protect the track had been burned during the past summer, and the snow lay upon the track twenty feet deep.

At Blue Cañon and other parts of the line near the summit not only the roadway but the station buildings and the houses of the little towns were literally buried in snow. So deeply were some of the smaller dwellings covered that, in order to keep up the fires within, the chimneys had to be dug down to, and extended by means of stovepipe or barrels, and people went in and out of their houses through holes in the roof. The hotel at Blue Cañon was so nearly overwhelmed by snow that its lower door could only be reached by means of a tunnel thirty feet long. Previous to the blockade, in anticipation of severe winter storms, the railway company had stationed snow-ploughs, extra men, and boarding camps along the line, and other extraordinary precautions had been taken to meet the contingency of the heavy snowfall; and when it came, the efforts of the railroad managers to reopen the line of traffic were incessant and untiring, all the knowledge gained by previous experience and every expedient suggested by the immediate emergency were used.

At the beginning of the great storm the railway company had two great snow-ploughs of different models at each end of the blockaded track, and they were set to work with vigor to break a way through the snow. The rotary plough, coming from the Pacific slope, worked eastward, and the cyclone plough, starting from Reno, worked westward toward the centre of the

could keep awake no longer, the fires in the engines were allowed to burn low, the brakes were set, and all hands tried to snatch a few hours' sleep. The last and greatest struggle during the blockade took place on the easterly side of the Cascade bridge. A passage had been broken to the bridge, and all the track on the westward behind the plough was clear, but beyond the bridge rose a high bank of hard snow, which, for a mile and a quarter, varied from fourteen to twenty feet in depth. Against that mass the rotary plough started, and pushing across the bridge, which shook beneath the grinding driving-wheels of the locomotives, attacked with its blades the face of the bank, and slowly forced its way into it, while the hoppers hurled the snow in a mighty stream far over the bank and into the cañon below.

The cyclone plough, a gigantic machine which works on the principle of an auger, did not give good results during the last storm. Its trial upon the road on this occasion being of the nature of an experiment, everything seemed to go wrong with it. The machinery got quickly out of order; it was delayed a number of times, broke down on the road once, was for a while lost sight of, then laid up with a hot box, and when it reached the snow it was found unfit to combat with drifts of considerable depths. It was too large to pass through the snow-sheds wherever they were at all crushed out of shape; and thus the heaviest labor fell upon the rotary plough. The cyclone plough is shaped like a large box car. Projecting in front is a large worm, or auger, which bores in, and draws the snow into a hopper that revolves at a high rate of speed. The hopper throws the snow through a funnel to a distance of about two hundred feet from the track. The cyclone plough is operated by six engines, representing 600 horse-power. In future experiments it may give better results.

Besides the two great snow-ploughs, which represented the heavy artillery used in the attack on the snow, a force of 2500 men, picked up wherever they could be found, and paid high wages, was at work with shovels and pickaxes upon the snow. The railway company estimates its loss during the blockade at $75,000 a day, or more than $1,000,000 during the entire period, and this reckoning is exclusive of the coming repairs which the disaster has necessitated. The telegraph companies found great difficulty in keeping their lines open, and despatches were greatly delayed. In places the snow lay two feet upon the

was received with great enthusiasm. His correct habits of life and his just dealings with his neighbors led them, irrespective of their political predilections, to part with an unusually large number of compliments. All this made Abner's wife Jane happy. Politics wasn't such a bad thing, after all.

But gradually the enthusiasm began to cool. Abner's party opponents, seeing the necessity of finding some weakness in his candidacy, quieted their consciences with the fine things that they had said, and proceeded to manufacture campaign material, with that busy and irresponsible iconoclast Rumor at the head of the enterprise. It then came about that Abner's just dealings were nothing more than extortion, and that his success was an affront to every neighbor of different political belief who had not succeeded. Who was he, anyhow? Simply a poor country boy, who had got along in some mysterious way, and had now reached the eminence of a high place on the ticket, when there were older men in the district who should have had the honor. This talk pleased the older men, and although outwardly supporting Abner, they had hard feelings in their hearts, and seemed to listen to the talk against him with a complaisant air of secret gratification.

All this Abner saw and appreciated. He went down to town, and had a long talk with Colonel Short, the party leader, or better known as the "boss." The colonel was affable and interested.

"I understand it perfectly," he said. "It is always that way, and we'll have to whip those fellows into line. We're going to have a pretty hard fight this year, and we've got to pile up a handsome majority in Sussex District to help us out. The best way is to begin by getting up the biggest meeting you have ever held. Your store at the Cross-roads is a central point, and there is no reason why you should not draw a crowd. Who is the worst man you've got to deal with?"

"Old Silas Legg is about as bad as anybody. I traded horses with him once, and he has never got over it."

"Yes; I know him. He isn't much account, but you can make him chairman of the meeting. How about the speakers?"

"There is Major Powderdry. We'll have to have him, and yet if he gets started he'll talk all night."

"And say nothing. Well, invent some means to shut him off. I'll send Carr, and you can get some of your neighbors to make a few remarks,

Erastus Crawley had a conscious air, and occasionally his lips moved, as if he were trying to keep his impromptu speech well in memory. Young Carr sat with the easy grace of an experienced speaker, and, like a good politician, looked for his inspiration in the faces of the rosy-cheeked country girls in the audience. More prominent than all of these was Major Powderdry, who was trembling on the threshold of his greatest effort. He crossed and recrossed his legs until his trousers were in danger of being worn out. He talked first to one neighbor and then to another, and waited with great impatience until the party men of the district had got seated on the stage. Then arising, and kicking down his trousers, which through too much movement had climbed up to his shoe tops, he exhibited his large expanse of cuffs, and said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I move that the Honorable Silas Legg, our distinguished fellow citizen, be made chairman of this splendid outpouring of the people."

The motion was seconded, and Mr. Legg, whose "honorable" had come from one brief term in the Legislature twenty years before, arose, and slowly moved to the small table in front. He bowed to the applause, bowed to the platform, and bowed to the audience. Then, in a piping voice, he thanked the people for the compliment, and spoke of the pride of the district in the nomination of "that citizen whom we all love for his ability and integrity, Mr. Abner Green, our next sheriff." There was great applause; and Jane blushed, and felt very proud indeed that she had such a husband. Mr. Legg referred to the party; told the people that they ought to cast their votes "early but not often," and then said he would not delay the proceedings with any further remarks, but would introduce a man whom they all knew and all honored—the Honorable Erastus Crawley.

Mr. Crawley, who likewise had been in the Legislature, moved to the front with the easy grace of a Dutch steam-ship lurching into port. He raised his hand and began.

"Fellow-citizens, I did not expect to make a speech, but no man who loves this party as I love it can face this assemblage and wish to be quiet. It is a proud privilege to appear before you, and to say a few words in behalf of the splendid ticket that our party has placed in the field—a ticket sound as a dollar and good as gold—a ticket which contains the name of our friend and neigh-

"the ides of November" from the major, and made him change his words. But fortunately the rest of the speech differed entirely from Mr. Crawley's, and the major had no difficulty in rolling off his long and tedious phrases. Once fully started, he was like a boat launched in the tide; he kept on going until—until—

Yes, until something happened. It was while he was growing eloquent over the "matchless and deathless principles of our glorious old party" that a strain of music with sundry shouts came from down the road, about a hundred yards away. The major drowned it with his voice; but up it came again, louder than ever. Quickly some secret telegraph spread it around that there was a performing bear in the vicinity. The news had a wonderful effect. At first, those on the outside slipped away. Then the benches began to be emptied. The major talked on with brave resolution; but what was a mere orator in a country district to a performing bear?

Abner Green was in dismay. Only the women and a few men were left in the audience. His meeting was on the verge of failure. He called a man, and found out the trouble. He did not hesitate.

"Keep it going, gentlemen, till I get back," he said. And jumping off the platform, he hurried to the road.

The plotters of the opposition quickly mingled with the crowd when they saw him approaching. He came on, with his face full of determination. It had been many years since he had seen a bear, but his curiosity was overwhelmed in his desire to save the meeting.

There, in the centre of the crowd, the poor old bear was dancing to the discord of an asthmatic bagpipe. Abner marched boldly into the arena, and demanded the cause of the interference. The man promptly replied that he was on his way to town, and that some young gentlemen had paid him a dollar to give a performance.

"Come with me," whispered Abner, "and I'll give you two dollars; and if you don't come, I'll have you arrested."

The two dollars was a stronger attraction than the threat. Very promptly the man, leading the bear, followed Abner Green, and behind them came the crowd that had forsaken the meeting. The animal produced a great sensation. Major Powderdry took a recess; and when it was seen that Abner was going to have that bear give a brief performance on the platform, the excitement reached an intensity that had never been known in that neighborhood.

"He is harmless, gentlemen," was Abner's assurance; but it did not assure the distinguished committee-men and officers. They did not care to share the honors of the platform with a bear. Hon. Silas Legg surrendered the chairmanship, and became an humble spectator; Hon. Erastus Crawley thought he would rather see the proceedings from the audience; and Major Powderdry, with a look of supreme contempt, retired to the corner of the stage, where he could easily jump off at the first sign of hostility. Abner Green remained bravely at his post.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we not only defy the opposition, but we capture their ammunition; and we are going to show you the kind of arguments that they use, by letting their animals give a little show." (Applause.)

Abner motioned to the man, and he came forward with the bagpipe and the bear. He played a tune—or an apology for a tune—and Bruin danced to the music. Everybody was all attention. The performance met with great applause, and a second instalment was called for. Abner had secured the undivided respect of every man and woman in the place.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will have some more speech-making. Nothing like variety, you know."

The man and the bear retired. The animal laid down on the far corner of the platform. Major Powderdry saw the field open, and he advanced to finish his speech. Abner was sorely disappointed. He had hoped the major would not try again; but the major was not the kind of man to spend a week over his greatest effort, and have it ruined by such untoward circumstances. He began at the safe corner of the platform, but his eloquence being of the moving sort—especially in its effects on himself—he gradually warmed up to his words and moved to the centre of the stage. His oratory was never better. The audience was interested, and the bear was quiet. Presently he reached a climax that called for applause. It came vociferously. Abner joined in it by stamping on the platform. The bear woke up and growled. The major looked around, and seeing Bruin, promptly returned to his safe corner for security.

Again he proceeded. Again he waxed eloquent. Again there was applause. Again Bruin growled, and again the major retired from the centre of the stage to his corner.

A third time he started out to awake the echoes.

"In the multiplied industries, the diverse interests of our glorious nation," he said, "what party has afforded the most sacred security to our advancing progress? What principles founded on justice and built by experience, compassing the munificent wisdom of past history with the magnificent practicalities of the golden age of the present, have given the rich incentives to our expanding civilization, the splendid promise of freedom and safety to our sovereign citizenship, and the sure protection against extravagance in our public affairs? What principles I say—and I repeat it with all the earnestness of my soul—what principles except those which are embodied, like jewels in rich settings of gold, in the platform and practices of our great and glorious old party?"

There was tremendous applause. The people clapped their hands and hurrahed. Abner stamped on the platform with all the force of his heavy new boots. And suddenly the bear, with a noisier growl than ever, arose to his feet, and made a step forward. The major heard him, and saw him advance. In his heated imagination, warmed by the fires of eloquence, he fancied a whole drove of bears coming upon him with distended jaws. He did not tarry, but with a leap cleared the stage, and took refuge in the audience.

Great excitement began, but a panic was easily averted by the man, who took hold of the chain and pulled the animal back.

Abner again came to the front. "That was a beautiful speech of Major Powderdry's," he said. "It was sound and reasonable and eloquent. Now, to show you a contrast, we'll have another of the sort of speeches our enemies use."

This reassured the people, who caught the full spirit of the fun. The music began, and the bear advanced in the usual way. While the performance was in progress, Abner retired, and called some of his men to him.

"Get this man and this bear away from here," he whispered. "Drive them down the road, and threaten to hang the man to a tree if he don't get out of this neighborhood. And mind, do it quietly."

When the dance was over, Abner took the man to the rear of the stage, and placed two dollars in his hand. As he did so, he whispered:

"Get away from here as quietly as you can, and leave the neighborhood. If you don't, we'll string you to a tree."

The event had filled the poor wanderer with astonishment. He had been so dazed that he scarcely remembered his old tunes. The amazement kept on increasing, and this last admonition settled him. Grabbing the money and holding it tightly, he got off the platform, and pulled the bear after him. Then, plunging into the darkness, he fled from the place.

Quite promptly and complacently Abner came to the front again. He had bloomed out on the platform all at once. It surprised no one more than himself to find that he was talking in a good voice to so many people whom he had never faced collectively before. It was the excitement and the needs of the hour that developed him. He introduced Mr. Carr with a vigorous flourish of compliments, and the young orator proceeded to give the people a strong, practical, persuasive speech, illustrated and brightened by good stories that kept every one amused and interested, his remarks being so entertaining that the bear was for the time forgotten.

It was getting rather late—late for the country, of course—when Carr finished; but he saw that the people were not especially tired, and he took Abner's breath away by saying that he was sure everybody wanted to hear a few words from the candidate for sheriff. He was shrewd enough to observe that Abner had in him a strong vein of eloquent common-sense. His handling of the bear incident showed that. Abner hesitated; but when the demand became urgent, he arose and tried to say something, looking to Jane for his inspiration.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I am no speech-maker; but as the representative of this district on the ticket, I feel proud of the honor, and I tell you squarely that I want your votes. ["You'll get 'em," shouted a voice.] I believe I will, my friend; and I tell you now that some people will have about as much success in downing our ticket as they did in trying to stop this meeting. [Great applause.] We'll not only capture them, but their bears and all the other animals in their menagerie. [Renewed demonstrations.] Fellow-citizens, I'd like to say one word about that bear. You noticed him, didn't you? Did you ever see such a bear? [Laughter.] He was strong and healthy, and yet he looked poor and weak and ashamed—looked as if he had lost his self-respect and independence. Now think a minute. What does that bear do? He does all the work. He does the dancing, while the man with the wind-bag plays the music. So far so good. Now, when the money comes in, who gets it? The bear that makes the show a success, or the man with the wind? Why, the poor old bear don't get anything. If sugar-cured hams were a cent apiece, he would never know the taste of them in a year. [Laughter.] The man just plays, and the old bear dances, and I wouldn't wonder if he was fool enough to think that he was doing the right thing. [Laughter.] Now, it strikes me, fellow-citizens, that our friends on the other side have sent us a first-class specimen of their way of running their party. ["That's so!" said a voice.] I see before me some good members of that party, and I see some colored voters who belong to it, too. Now I ask them if their bosses have not been playing on the wind-bag, and making them do the dancing. [Laughter.] Haven't they cast the votes, while the bosses stood around and waited for the prizes? Who got the proceeds? Why, fellow-citizens of the other side of the fence, you have been doing all the work, and you haven't got a smell of the results. [Laughter and applause.] You are the bear, and the bosses are the firm that plays a little campaign music, and takes all the offices. [Great laughter.] Why don't you come into a party that treats you like men, that respects your independence, and glories in your manhood? [Great applause.] You have heard the splendid speeches here to-night. These men talked to your reason; they didn't play on wind, and expect you to do the dancing, while they put the money in their pockets, and left you to prowl around the corn fields for your supper. [More laughter and renewed applause.] Come into an honest party. We've already got a big majority, but there's always room for more; and we will see that you will be treated like free American citizens, and not like animals to be trotted out once a year to do the voting for somebody else's profit. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind attention."

There wasn't any applause too fervent for Abner Green. He had spoken in a homely, forcible way, carrying everybody with him. Mr. Legg's piping words, Mr. Crawley's tumultuous blows, Major Powderdry's voluble rhetoric, and even Carr's able arguments, were forgotten in the apt and telling illustration of the candidate for sheriff. The people were astonished at his performance, and were proud of his success, and they crowded to the front to shake him by the hand.

"Abner," said Carr, "that is worth a hundred votes."

But Abner shook his head, and began to compliment the other speakers. He thanked the Hon. Silas Legg for his kindness and his eloquent words; he thanked the Hon. Erastus Crawley for his magnificent speech; he thanked Major Powderdry for his splendid address—"the best I ever heard, major; as fine as anything any orator could do."

And so everybody went home pleased and satisfied.

Carr spent the night at Abner Green's. When all the people had gone, Carr and Abner and Jane sat down to a little supper which Jane had prepared. Jane was prouder than ever of her husband.

"That bear was very funny," she said; "but it was too bad for it to scare poor Major Powderdry so! Wasn't it, Mr. Carr?"

Carr looked at Abner, and noticed a vagrant smile steal over his face.

"Abner, how did you manage it?" he asked.

"Oh, I didn't do anything! There was a loose board on the platform. I was sitting on one end of it and the bear was on the other end, and somehow when I applauded, the board flew up and hit the bear, and the bear didn't seem to like it. Carr," exclaimed Abner, "that bear saved the meeting. Some kind Providence sent him here to-night. If it hadn't been for him, the major would have talked all night."

Jane laid down her knife and fork, and gazed sadly at her husband.

"Abner," she said, as she shook her head, "I'm afraid politics will be the ruination of you."

But Carr declared that it was the best thing he had ever heard of, and he accused Abner of having the bear around on purpose; but Abner denied this, and said it was nothing but pure good-luck, "which," he added, "is better than riches, and almost as good as a campaign fund."

A HIGHLY DEVELOPED POSTAL SYSTEM.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

It seemed to me that in England the biblical adage should be altered to read, "The poor and the post-office ye have always with you." It may have been mere coincidences, but wherever I lived or stopped, there was always a post-office around the corner. When I was at the Hotel Victoria, in London, the post-office was at the Strand and Trafalgar Square; at the Tavistock it was on the next corner. So it was when I tried boarding in Bayswater, and so it continued at Henley, through Kent and Devonshire, and in Birmingham and Liverpool. I may have been in little villages that boast no post-offices, but I am inclined to doubt it, for whenever I wanted one, in no matter how tiny a place—even in Clovelly or smaller places in Devonshire—it was always close at hand. There are 9000 post-offices according to the penny hand-book of the department; but whether they include the ones I found maintained in little stationery and general shops is a question. The one nearest to the Stork Hotel in Birmingham consists of one counter in a little shop for the sale of pens, ink, paper, and penny goods for children; and the one in Clovelly is inextricably combined with painted shells and watering-place kickshaws of all sorts.

But an English post-office is very little like an American one. In no other single view one gets of English life is there such a wide contrast between our customs and theirs, or so marked an example of the lengths to which monarchy, even as diluted as the English, may lead as in the British post-offices. An American may entertain a Jacksonian hostility to the principle underlying that postal system, but he cannot help finding the finished result a very convenient institution. At any one of these always handy offices he may post a letter, express a package of or under eleven pounds weight, send a telegram, or procure a money-order. But to the Britisher the neighboring post-office is vastly more important. There he may mail, register, or insure his letters, obtain postal money-orders, send telegrams, insure his life, express his parcels, deposit his weekly or daily savings, buy an old-age fund or arrange for an annuity, obtain the correct time from the Greenwich Observatory, post himself upon the arrival and departure of all trains and of all ships sailing to and from every nook and corner of the world, and get a forecast of the next day's weather.

There is little about the arrangement of or methods in an English post-office that strikes an American as peculiar. One strange fact is that everything done there necessitates the use of stamps, and they must always be affixed by the purchaser. When you send a telegram, you must put the price of it in stamps in the upper right-hand corner of the printed form, and when you deposit money for insurance, annuities, or as a savings fund, you make the payment or deposit in stamps, which no one behind the counter may paste on the form that they are to go upon. Another oddity is that though you get your letter weighed and buy your stamps in-doors, you must always go out-of-doors to post it. The employés in the office are separated from the mail matter—plain or registered or insured, whichever it may be. The letter slits are in the outer wall of the building, and you must pass out of the door to mail your letter.

The English go further than to merely register a letter. They insure letters as well. Every letter on which only the stamps for postage have been put is insured to the amount of one pound ($5), and that sum will be paid if it be damaged or goes astray, and if the Postmaster-General be satisfied that it was of that value. Registered letters cost twopence extra, and carry with them a guarantee of five pounds, in case they are lost or damaged. For still another twopence the insurance is raised to ten pounds, or whatever part of that sum the proven loss or damage amounts to.

The government or post-office savings-banks are distinctly the depositories of the poor. You cannot bank money at a post-office if you have an account in any other savings-bank, and you may not deposit more than $150 in a year or $750 altogether. Interest is not paid on less than a pound, and then only at the rate of twelve cents a year on five dollars. After the limit of deposit is reached, the depositor can buy government stock, provided he does not buy more than $500 worth in a year, or more than $1500 worth altogether. He may withdraw all his money from the post-office bank at a day's notice, and he can sell his government stock at the market-price the moment he desires, a commission being charged for the sale. There is also a charge of a commission of ninepence on all purchases exceeding twenty-five pounds' worth of stock. Thus, in all ways, private banks and brokers are measurably protected against undue rivalry by the government. Whenever a deposit is made in a post-office bank the depositor gets an acknowledgment. Deposits are made by filling regularly prepared forms with postage-stamps representing the amount deposited; but in opening an account the depositor must also hand in a written declaration that he has no savings in any other savings institution. This declaration must be witnessed by an officer of the Postmaster-General, or a clergyman of any faith, or a justice of the peace, or a commissioner to administer oaths—that is to say, a notary public.

The life-insurance business is a feature of the banking business. Any person of fourteen years or not more than sixty-five years of age can insure his or her life for any amount from £5 ($25) to £100 ($500). The sum insured for may be made payable at death, at sixty years of age, or sooner if death occurs before that age is reached, or on the expiration of 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, or 40 years, in case death does not occur before such period is closed. The payments for life-insurance are made in the same way as savings-bank accounts are kept, and the annual payments may be made in any sums convenient to the insurer. Interest on a bank deposit may be credited to the insurance account. No medical certificate is required when the insurance desired is only $125 or less. If an insurant cannot continue his payments for any reason, the National Debt Commissioners will specify what proportion of what he has paid shall be returned to him.

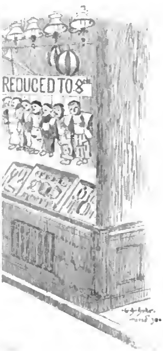
Annuities are popular, I was going to say, in England; but, upon second thought, it occurs to me that they are equally highly regarded everywhere. But in the older countries, where there is a greater proportion of inherited wealth than in ours, it is in the annual form that incomes are calculated or received; and the English government shows an appreciation of this in establishing these funds, by which what may be called self-pensioning may be effected. Immediate annuities are purchased by the payment of a lump sum. A pound a year can be gotten for a five-year-old boy for £25, 9s. A thirty-year-old man must pay £224, 10s., 10d. for £10 a year; a woman of that age must pay one pound and six shillings more, because her "expectations of life" are better. The government will not contract for a greater annuity than £100.

There is also provision for what is called Old Age Pay, or deferred annuities. In this branch of what the crown calls its "Aids to Thrift," a contract is made with the government for the payment of a fixed sum after a certain lapse of time, when the insurant shall have reached a specified age. A man aged twenty-four, who wants to be sure of a pound a year when and after he is fifty-four years old, must pay $1.08 cents (or four shillings and fourpence a year—two cents a week); or he may pay down a lump sum of £3, 19s. 11d. Deposits upon a contract for Old Age Pay are made at all the post-offices in precisely the same way as savings are deposited; indeed, an account like a savings account must be opened in order to make such a contract.

As the government owns the telegraphs, the post-offices are the only telegraph offices excepting those in railway depots and the stations of the cable companies. The rate for telegraphing is sixpence for a dozen words, and half a cent for each additional word. You must pay for every word you write, including the address, and to insure accuracy by repetition half the price of the telegram must be added; but that is done as little there as here. If you are expecting a great deal of telegraphic correspondence you may effect a saving by registering a cipher address such as "Andes, London," instead of "J. Hammersmith Mitchell-Andrews, 312 Archer Street, Notting Hill, London." This will cost you only £1 1s. or $5 25 a year. You may write all your telegrams in Latin or in any European language for no extra cost; but if you use invented and unintelligible words, they will cost you ten cents extra each. In the cities, telegrams are delivered at the distance of a mile for nothing; but in the country this so-called porterage costs a quarter of a dollar a mile, and in Ireland sixteen cents. Persons living in the country may hand their telegrams to the letter-carriers, or stamp them and drop them in the letter-boxes.

You may rent a private wire wherever you live, and have it run from any point to any point. It

Google



NIONS IN DISTRESS.

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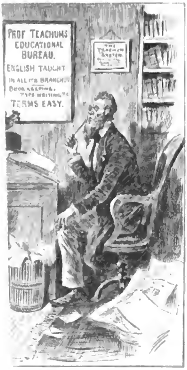
servant for the sum of $3 75 a year, or for keeping a carriage. A one-horse team costs $5 25 a year, and a double team twice as much. If you possess a coat of arms, but never use it or display it, there is no tax upon it; but if you paint it on your carriage, you must pay $10 50 for the pleasure. If you have no carriage but display your bearings on your letter-paper, that amusement is considered worth £1 1s. A game license costs $15 a year, and $10 extra for a gamekeeper.

Naturally a person who lives by his pen would have more occasion to use the post-offices than an ordinary tourist, and better ability to judge them fairly, under which heading I have nothing but praise for all the foreign posts I used, though they could not be more reliable than ours at home. But I found the English postal stations of great service beyond my requirements from the mail. When separated from friends, and when travelling to meet them, without accurate knowledge of their whereabouts, it became my tried and satisfactory habit to leave written word at the village post-offices. Once I lost a document of great value. Discovering the loss in one village, I imagined it to have occurred in another, and it was eminently satisfactory to be able to pick out one in six or eight houses as a telegraph and post office, and communicate instantly with the village we had just left. That could not be done in such small places in America. Later, while retracing my steps, I posted notices of the loss in the post-offices of the villages I had stopped in, confident that practically all the people in each place would see the placards there more quickly than anywhere else. When I reached London the lost document was awaiting me there.

The thrift of the British government and of the British people is shown in the manner in which the Post-office is "worked," and in the manner in which the people support it. Every branch of the department is maintained on business principles that have increased its profits from £1,280,000 sterling twenty years ago, to £4,000,000 sterling to-day. This is quite as creditable a showing for the government as the four million separate accounts in the Post-office savings-banks (representing deposits of £54,000,000) is for the people.



ALIAN SYSTEM.

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nds, Dem., Rep., and Prohib. It's meself as kin attind

BANKS AND BANKERS.

WALL STREET has ceased to occupy itself much with the affairs of the Sixth National Bank and the two small State banks—the Equitable and the Lenox Hill. The Sixth National is known to be in good condition again, and its restoration to the Clearing-house is only a matter of time, while its daily clearances are at present made through the Gallatin National Bank. The scandals and crimes, however, which caused the suspension of the Sixth National and the Equitable and Lenox Hill concerns are not yet done with, and the whole affair still properly claims space in the columns of the daily papers. The proper steps to fix the guilt of the bank wreckers, and to bring upon them the penalties of the law, are being taken in the manner contemplated by the law, and the incident has accordingly ceased to figure among the causes which influence the money and stock markets.

It is noticeable, however, that the general public does not take so positive a view of the recent bank scandals as that which is taken in Wall Street. The stoppage or failure of a bank, from whatever cause, always excites a storm of feeling in the public mind, faithfully represented in the daily press, and usually so violent as to include in its condemnation all who are brought into important connection with the broken institution, even if they touch it only to repair loss or prevent the disaster from spreading. The business of a bank of deposit and discount, though of the most matter-of-fact nature, is a mystery to the mass of the community, and stories which would find few believers if told about men engaged in mercantile business are quite popular when told about bank managers. Hence on every occasion of a bank failure we read in the papers statements that are well suited to frighten people who have some money and very little knowledge of business—statements which would imply a general looseness of bank management, such as in fact could not long exist without wide-spread disaster as its natural result.

The banking business has been very largely developed of late years, and the number of people directly interested in it as depositors is correspondingly increased. Experience has shown the general safety of the system, so that fortunately we have gone along for many years without any general uneasiness on this score, and even without cause for it. And why? Chiefly because of the effective measures promptly taken in every case of trouble. The Bank Clearing-house of New York, comprising in its membership practically all of the important banks, with the less important concerns making their clearances, or daily settlements, through individual members of the Clearing-house, has a standing committee which has special powers to act in cases of embarrassment. A report of trouble reaches the Clearing-house, and the Clearing-house Committee at once visits the bank in question, examines its affairs, and proceeds to act, with the controlling purpose not to let the bank fail if it is solvent. If the securities requisite are there, the embarrassed bank is carried safely through its period of difficulty, and the mischief is not allowed to spread. This applies to banks that are members of the Clearing-house; if they become embarrassed, but yet are solvent, they are saved by the Clearing-house Committee—have been saved in the past, and will be in the future. In the case of a bank not a member of the Clearing-house, it still has its connections more powerful than itself, and it is saved if worth saving. The action of bank managers generally in such cases is conservative in a high degree, and has always been successful when the materials for success existed.

Nor does this action of the Clearing-house Committee involve any covering up of wrong-doing. There is discipline as well as help in it; the interests at stake are too great to permit of trifling, and the committee, from official position no less than from personal character, feels responsibility equal to its power. Moreover, and this is very important, wrong-doing in such cases could not be concealed even if bank presidents conspired to conceal it. The greater part of our banks are under the national system, and are open to the visits and examinations of Bank Examiners appointed by the Comptroller of the Currency. One of the great benefits of the National Bank system is that it has bred a class of Bank Examiners to become real experts in their business; and their responsibility to the Comptroller of the Currency makes them independent of local influences. They have the advantage of great experience and constant practice, and the public gets the benefit of this when their services are needed. In the case of the Sixth National Bank, for instance, when Mr. Hepburn, the Examiner, stepped in, he became virtually the Receiver of the concern, and so held it until the action of the committee and Mr. Leland enabled it to resume business. Concurrently with Mr. Hepburn's action began the proceedings before the United States Commissioner, now going on; the whole machinery of the National Bank law having been promptly set in motion to bring to justice the conspirators who robbed the bank. In the case of the defrauded State banks the State law is taking its course; not so quickly as the national law, but with every prospect of substantial justice being done. The agents of the State banking laws have a smaller field and less practice, but we may depend upon it that they are on their mettle, and will give a good account of themselves.

The recent cases are cases of atrocious robbery, and bear no resemblance to the insidious dangers caused by bad debts and decaying investments. In such cases the Bank Examiners have great power, and can force a bank to charge its real losses to profit and loss. This is naturally a slow process, owing to the enormous mass of securities to be investigated. But every calamity among the banks makes bank officers more strict and vigilant, and we may also count upon its increasing the vigilance of the official independent Bank Examiners.

HENRY J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Friday Evening, February* 14, 1890.

TAKE CARE! THERE IS DANGER

In allowing inactivity of the kidneys to grow through neglect. The deadly shoals of Bright's disease and diabetes will wreck the goodly bark of health if it is allowed to drift rudderless upon them. The bladder, too, if inactive, and judicious medication does not speedily direct the helm toward the port of safety, will be whelmed by the quicksand of disease. In selecting a diuretic, let your choice fall upon Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the renal organs without irritating and exciting them, two effects to be apprehended from the unmedicated stimuli largely resorted to. These have a tendency to react prejudicially. The Bitters invigorate the kidneys and bladder, in common with the nerves and the digestive organs, and so afford lasting aid. It also affords dual assistance in preventing and curing intermittent and remittent fever. Biliousness, constipation, and rheumatism it also subjugates.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

COUGHS AND COLDS.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effective remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM
Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome FOOD for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious FOOD for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE strong feature of Nicholson's Liquid Bread is that while a pleasant, refreshing beverage, it assists the constitution to overcome the various weakening and wasting maladies. Ask your druggist or grocer for it. Do not fail to try it.—[*Adv.*]

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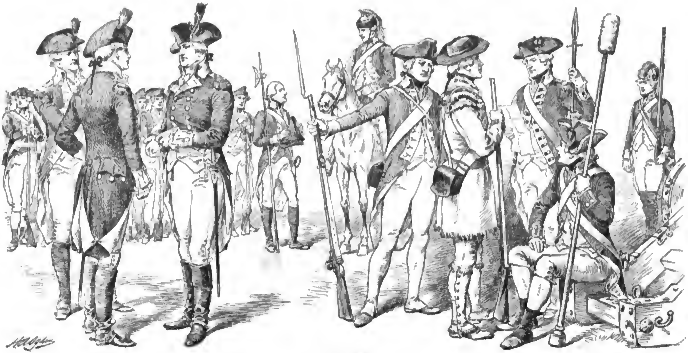


1775–1783.

ARMY UNIFORMS IN THE UNITED STATES.

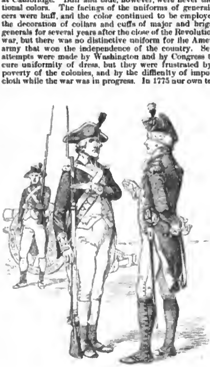
BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.—ILLUSTRATED BY H. A. OGDEN.

THE uniform of the United States Army is not splendid. It is hardly interesting. It would be very easy to secure from officers and men adverse verdicts of its adaptation to the needs of those who wear it. There is something sombre about the dark blue blouse and the light blue trousers of the enlisted men—the former relieved by a single row of buttons, and the latter by a red, yellow, or white stripe, according as the wearer is artilleryman, cavalryman, or infantryman. It is not the best uniform that can be devised for field work. The trousers are always too tight, and there are no gaiters into which their bottoms can be gathered and prevented from catching up and accumulating all the loose stuff of the highways and byways, the fields and forests. We are behind the rest of the world in our uniforms, as we are in arms and all munitions of war. The United States Army is not equipped either for show or service. Some of its officers, indeed, make a gallant spectacle in their full-dress—a major-general, for example, with his broad buff sash over his shoulder—is an imposing person; but even he could stand a good deal more gold-lace than the regulations permit. Perhaps the officer who is most impressive is a handsome young cavalry adjutant, with yellow plume and facings and his gleaming golden aiguillette. In a long parade of American soldiers there will be some bright spots, but they will be only here and there; there will be very little of the pomp and circumstance of the military shows of Europe. Wherever the army is a leading institution of the state, there is not only a great deal of magnificence, but very much variety in the uniforms of the troops. Although the prevailing color of the coats of the British Army is red, there are other colors worn by some of the regiments. The Household Cavalry of the Guards, and the Third Regiment of the Foot-Guards, for example, are clad in blue; while the buff coats and cuirasses of the Lifeguards and the Buffs date back to the days of Charles II. There are also the Scotch and Irish regiments, who wear their national colors. On the Continent the variety is quite as great. A great procession of handsomely uniformed troops is the finest spectacle that men can present to their fellows; but ten thousand men in blue, in heavy marching order, trudging behind a half-score of inefficient buglers, do not inspire the on-lookers with anything but a sense of weariness. It is true that the troops who show themselves in this garb look to be capable of attending thoroughly to their soldierly duties, but it ought not to be necessary to give that assurance on gala-days. What the spectators want on such an occasion is all the splendor in which the soldiers, regular and militia, can array themselves. When a command is as large as the Seventh Regiment of New York, there is no reason why it should not have its distinctive uniform, at least for holiday and parade occasions. If the regular army were as large as it ought to be, there could be no objection to variety of uniform in its ranks, especially in facings or peculiar forms of hat, or other distinctive features of dress, indicating any event or recalling any heroic incident in the history of a corps. However that may be, it is now useless to urge a change of the uniform system of the regular army, and it is undoubtedly well to insist on a State dress for all but large bodies of militia. The objection to variety is that it breaks the apparent solidity of a column, and it is unquestionably true that variety of color in small patches, such as we used to have in New York before the State adopted the regiment as the unit of organization, makes processions look a good deal like huge party-colored clowns.

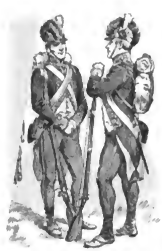
Uniforms, determined and designed by the government, are of comparatively modern origin. In Great Britain, for example, it was not until the seventeenth century that the government defined uniforms for the army, and it was not until George III. was on the throne that a uniform was prescribed for the Navy. There was a time when each man-at-arms wore whatever defensive armor his lord gave to him. Before Charles II. began the formation of the Household Guards, the basis of the present standing army of Great Britain, the military force of the kingdom was the militia of the counties, commanded by the lord-lieutenants, and officered by the gentry. The law of that day did not exempt any Englishman from the burdens of arms, but he was not necessarily compelled to do service himself. He was simply obliged to maintain, or to help maintain, a man. If his landed property returned to him an income of five hundred pounds a year, or if he had personal estate of six thousand pounds, he was obliged to provide, equip, and pay, at his own charge, one horseman. If his income from land was fifty pounds, or if his personal estate was six hundred pounds in value, he was charged with the maintenance of a pikeman or musketeer. Persons not so well endowed with worldly goods were united into a society, each society being charged with the support of a soldier. It is probable that these bands of militia were uniformed according to the taste, pride, or penuriousness of those at whose expense they were maintained. The life of the soldier was of value to the person charged with him, for, in the event of his death, a new equipment would have to be purchased for the recruit who took his place. Those parts of the soldier's dress, therefore, that were intended for protection—like the helmet, the leather jerkin, and the breastplate—were undoubtedly provided, but the only uniformity that existed in the costumes of the men-at-arms was due to the fact that makers of accoutrements of the early day the world over had a very slender list of patterns. When fire-arms made metal armor useless, and the government undertook the charge of a standing army, officers and military tailors set themselves to the invention of new forms and to attractive combinations of color. It was late in the time of the Stuarts when all this happened, for the foot-soldiers of the army of Charles II. still carried pikes as well as muskets, and the dagger worn in a hanger or thrust into the muzzle was just beginning to develop into the bayonet.

It would be exceedingly interesting to trace the evolution of modern military uniforms from the armor of mediæval knights and men-at-arms, and the gradual development of what is now mere ornament from that which once was wholly utilitarian. The breast and back plates of the cuirassiers of Europe are the showy remnants of what was once the leather jerkin and subsequently the protective mail. The gorget worn by Washington had the same origin. The helmet of to-day is the natural descendant of the casque of the Middle Ages. The aiguillette, whose glittering loops and coils of gold now adorn mounted officers, used to be a cord and pencil for the writing of despatches. It is merely for show in these days, but at its end the form of the pencil is preserved. There is no doubt, I believe, concerning the origin of this particular bit of bravery, although there may be about the suggestion that epaulettes, wings, shoulder-knots and straps are the ornamental reminiscences of the plates, straps, and lacings which in olden times fastened together the front and back plates of armor. In the eighteenth century officers of the infantry still carried spontoons and half pikes, suggestions of the day when foot-soldiers were pikemen. The body sash, no longer worn in the United States Army, except by general officers, served a purpose generations before standing armies existed. When a warrior was sore wounded, and was prone on the ground in the midst of a fight, but was not yet killed or a prisoner, his comrades laid hold of the sash, and by means of it drew him out of the crowd. There is now no helmet designating rank by the quality or number of the bars of its bearer, but plumes and metal cap ornaments are insignia of rank and corps. We have no longer the shield which proclaimed with its coat-of-arms the identity of its owner; but we have the embroidered epaulette, or knot, or strap, each of which declares the rank of its wearer and the arm of the service to which he belongs. Uniforms developed very slowly, and many years elapsed before the comfort and convenience of the foot-soldiers were considered by those who designed and designated his clothes. His head covering is even yet a matter of apparently very little importance to those who are not obliged to stagger under the burdens which go to make up his necessary equipment. The helmet worn by our troops is neither handsome nor convenient, while the forage-cap is a mere pretence, so far as it is supposed to furnish any protection to its wearer.

The colors used in the uniforms of troops were probably first suggested by the colors and metals of heraldry. Therefore red and blue prevail, while yellow and white, representing gold and silver, are the usual facings. The other colors of heraldry, green and purple, are less frequently employed, and black, or sable, still less often. Modifications of color have naturally followed their introduction into the dress of troops, and the facings of regiments, which also may be said to have taken the place of the blazon on the knight's shield, are no longer limited to the colors of heraldry. We have, at least, the various shades of reds, blues, and yellows, and we do not follow the old rule of the blazoner, that metal may not go on metal and color on color. How our troops of the old French and Indian wars, and of the Revolution, came to adopt the colors of their uniforms is a difficult matter to determine. The theory has been advanced that we wore the blue of the English Whigs, of the Scotch Covenanters, and of the Dutch. It is true that blue, "true blue," was the color of the Covenanters of the Commonwealth and of the Whigs. It is also true that orange and its modification, buff, combined with blue, became distinctive regimental colors in honor of William III., whose Royal Artillery Regiment was clad in blue and buff, very like the uniform adopted by Washington for himself when he took command of the army at Cambridge. Buff and blue, however, were never the national colors. The facings of the uniforms of general officers were buff, and the color continued to be employed in the decoration of collars and cuffs of major and brigadier generals for several years after the close of the Revolutionary war, but there was no distinctive uniform for the American army that won the independence of the country. Several attempts were made by Washington and by Congress to secure uniformity of dress, but they were frustrated by the poverty of the colonies, and by the difficulty of importing cloth while the war was in progress. In 1775 our own textile



1783–1799.



a. Artillery. Infantry.

1802–1810.

ıade on hand-looms, and it was in the linen unting shirts woven and put together by the ur troops were mostly clad when they were

ıy of the thirteen had its military force. The ne of the cities was well drilled and dressed. commands that fought in the colonial wars ench and Indians, paraded in honor of royal scorted the dignitaries to the Commencements College, and bore their part in the struggle an independence, are still in existence. The Foot Guards, of Hartford, Connecticut, not only this day, but continue to wear the scarlet coats, hats, and half-gaiters which originally composed orm. The City Troop of Philadelphia was with on, and its dress of to-day is a modification of that wore a hundred years ago. There are other mili- nizations in other cities, whose warrants or charters the Constitution or the battles of Lexington and . There was a good deal of military spirit in the . The necessities of a new country and the neigh- l of hostile Frenchmen and Indians compelled strict ent acts. In 1755 a volunteer militia regiment was in Pennsylvania, of which Franklin was colonel. all the inhabitants, except the Quakers, joined the which thus early excited the fears of the extreme sts in England, although it formed part of the perma- army in America, of which the Earl of Loudoun was ommander-in-chief. In Abercrombie's army, in 1758, Stark and Israel Putnam served with a force of 9000 incial troops. In this army appeared a body of men se like, afterward, always carried dismay to the hearts of ish regulars. They were "The New England Rangers." y wore the dress of woodmen, and were armed with chets in addition to their firelocks. Powder-horns were ng over their shoulders, and at their waists they carried ather bags filled with bullets. Pitt expected that New England and New York would capture Canada, and that the mid- e colonies would drive the French out of the Ohio Valley. The Virginia militia formed the best part of all the pro- ncial forces that co-operated with the regulars in the move- ents in the Ohio Valley. In this service Washington was st an adjutant of a district, then lieutenant-colonel, and en colonel and commander-in-chief of the forces of the col- y. His troops were ill-clad, and his own ideas of disci- ine were constantly thwarted by Governor Dinwiddie. niforms were not plentiful, and, at Winchester, he sug- sted the hunting dress, which he afterward advised for the volutionary troops. Uniforms had been so scarce that olonel Bouquet, of the regular army, expressed his delight th the new dress, writing: "We see nothing but shirts d blankets . . . Their dress should be one pattern for this pedition." It is evident that the use of the American rifle ess for troops originated in the French and Indian war, er Abercrombie had taken command of the army, and it had stirred the colonies to warlike activity.

As to Washington's own uniform at this time, the best thority is doubtless the portrait painted from life by C. Peale. There is no reason to suppose that, at this time, ashington had any sentimental reverence for the Whig nbination of buff and blue. His old friend Lord Fair- had been an officer in the Blues, and Peale represents his ject in a blue coat with red facings, and with red waist- it and breeches. This was then, and is now, the combi- lon of color in the uniform of the British and our own llery service. If Washington had any choice in the mat- of his militia uniform, it is probable that he was influ- ed by the dress of the independent cavalry company ich Fairfax maintained at Greenway Court. Sixteen rs after his resignation as an officer of the Virginia mili- he was a member of the Continental Congress, and one its military committee. After the news of Concord and cington reached Philadelphia, Washington appeared every in his place in Congress in uniform. John Adams, who ntions the fact in a letter to his wife, does not describe uniform, but it is reasonable to assume that it was the which he wore as a colonel of Virginia militia, and ich Peale painted. The buff and blue uniform that he re when he appeared at Cambridge was doubtless adopted r Congress appointed him commander-in-chief. He was ıctilious in the matter of rank designations, and it is likely t he selected the buff and blue as a designation for gen- l officers, and because of its marked contrast with the rlet uniforms of the enemy.

here is some confusion concerning Washington's uni- m. Col. Asa Bird Gardner, whose study of the history American uniforms has been most thorough, and who st be accepted as an authority on the subject, says that uniform of Washington's Virginia regiment was blue buff, and that "this was also the uniform of the '1st ned Associates' at Alexandria, of which he acted as col- l *ex officio* in 1775." With all deference to Colonel Gard- s authority in general, however, we must prefer that of le on this point. His portrait was painted from life in l at Mount Vernon, and there is no reason to doubt its absolute correctness in detail, except for the testimony of J. F. D. Smyth in his *Tour in America*. Smyth felt very bitterly against Washington, and apparently never saw him. His statement as to the color of the Virginia uniform, published nine years after the event in connection with which he mentions it, is not first-rate authority.

No sooner had the affairs at Concord and Lexington occurred than the provincial militia rose. In a letter to Mrs. Adams, written from Philadelphia June 10, 1775, John Adams says:

"Two days ago we saw a very wonderful phenomenon in this city: a field-day, on which three battalions of soldiers were reviewed, making full 2000 men—battalion men, light-infantry, grenadiers, riflemen, light-horse, artillerymen, with a fine train—all in uniforms, going through the manual of exercise and the manœuvres with remarkable dexterity."

The militia of the Middle States were generally clad in blue, with scarlet facings. They wore the cocked hat, or a small round felt hat turned up on one side and fastened with a cockade. Colonel Gardner, in his article on American Uniforms, mentions a New Jersey force of 1100 or 1200 men who, in 1758, were called the "Jersey Blues." They wore blue coats with red facings, gray stockings, and buckskin breeches. A number of the Massachusetts militia wore the red coat of the British service. In a print made in Boston in 1775, representing the fight at Lexington, the provincials are clad in coats of different colors; there are red coats, among others, in combination with buff waistcoats and breeches; while with the blue coats the small-clothes are red. The prevailing uniform in colonial New York was also blue and red. Some companies wore bear-skin caps; some wore green, with crimson facings; others green and buff. Most of the underclothes were white. The uniformed militia, however, were confined to the cities, where wealth and its displays were far from being unknown in the pre-revolutionary days. John Adams, in describing the party which attended Generals Washington, Lee, and Schuyler "a little way on their journey," when they started to go to the army at Cambridge, mentioned "all the delegates from the Massachusetts, with their servants and carriages; many others of the delegates from the Congress; a large troop of the light-horse in their uniforms; many officers of militia besides in theirs; music playing, etc., etc. Such is the pride and pomp of war."

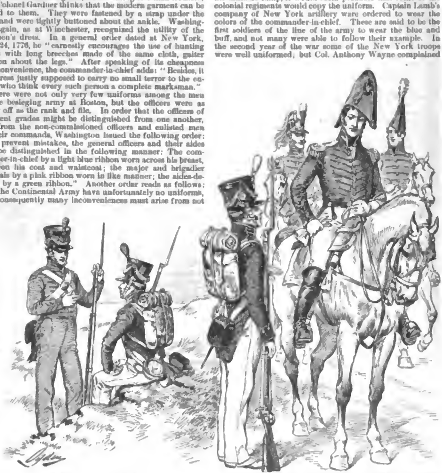
Whatever pride and pomp there was about the departure of the three generals from Philadelphia, and the field-day of the city's militia, there was very little to be found among the troops that were beleaguering Boston. There was never a more unsoldierly gathering than that which besieged the British Army, drove Gage to England in disgrace, and saw the fleet of Howe sail out of the harbor for New York. The New England men had very few uniforms. Here and there were militia companies, who soon wore out the regimentals of their colonial service. The first troops to march into camp, raised under the authority of the Continental Congress, were Morgan's riflemen. They came from Virginia, Maryland, and western Pennsylvania. Nearly all of them were clothed in white linen hunting shirts with furbelows at the wrists, elbows, shoulders, and around the neck. Whenever they appeared they caused a panic among the British troops, who had never met such marksmen, and whose smooth-bores were no match for the rifles of the woodsmen. When they emerged from the forests into Canada they were declared to be clothed in sheet-iron. The first Frenchmen who saw them announced that they were *vêtu en toile*, which, in the course of oral transmission, easily became *vêtu en tôle*. Captain Rawlings's company of Maryland Riflemen were clothed in green hunting shirts and leggings. These leggings, both white and green, were nothing less than trousers, and Colonel Gardner thinks that the modern garment can be traced to them. They were fastened by a strap under the foot, and were tightly buttoned about the ankle. Washington again, as at Winchester, recognized the utility of the riflemen's dress. In a general order dated at New York, July 24, 1776, he "earnestly encourages the use of hunting shirts with long breeches made of the same cloth, gaiter fashion about the legs." After speaking of its cheapness and convenience, the commander-in-chief adds: "Besides, it is a dress justly supposed to carry no small terror to the enemy, who think every such person a complete marksman."

There were not only very few uniforms among the men in the besieging army at Boston, but the officers were as badly off as the rank and file. In order that the officers of different grades might be distinguished from one another, and from the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of their commands, Washington issued the following order: "To prevent mistakes, the general officers and their aides will be distinguished in the following manner: The commander-in-chief by a light blue ribbon worn across his breast, between his coat and waistcoat; the major and brigadier generals by a pink ribbon worn in like manner; the aides-de-camp by a green ribbon." Another order reads as follows: "As the Continental Army have unfortunately no uniforms, and consequently many inconveniences must arise from not being able to distinguish the commissioned officers from the privates, it is desired that some badges of distinction may be immediately provided, for instance, that the field-officers may have red or pink colored cockades in their hats, the captains yellow or buff, and the subalterns green. They are to furnish themselves accordingly. The sergeants may be distinguished by an epaulette or stripe of red cloth sewed upon their right shoulder; the corporals by one of green." One more order was necessary to complete the series. It provided that the major generals should be distinguished from the brigadier-generals by a purple instead of a pink ribbon.

These devices continued to mark the distinctions of rank, at least during the first years of the war. At the battles of Harlem and White Plains there were no uniforms. The officers still wore the colored cockades which Washington had prescribed, and by them alone were they distinguished from their men. Another mark of distinction at these fights was a white stripe worn on the arm by the riflemen. The pretty general adoption of Washington's suggestion, that as many of the troops as were not uniformed should procure hunting shirts, is shown by the fact, mentioned by Colonel Gardner, upon whose researches many of the statements in this article are based, that, at the battle of Long Island, many of the militia were clothed in hunting shirts of different colors, some in black, and others in yellow, green, or blue.

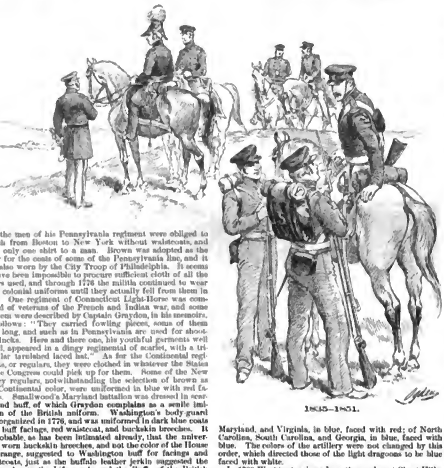
After the first year the army's need was not so much a question of uniforms as of clothes. Washington was continually begging for clothes, food, and ammunition for his troops. From the moment that he took command of the army until the close of the war he was in distress for supplies. At the very outset he found that his army had only nine rounds of ammunition, and Congress would not send him the powder that was absolutely necessary. All the provision that was made came from the colonies themselves. They raised the men, and were responsible for their pay, their clothing, and subsistence. Washington marched his men from Boston to New York, through the Jerseys, and to Yorktown. Often they were without shoes, sometimes without hats, or coats, or breeches. So destitute were they in New Jersey that the women of Philadelphia were begged to send to the army all the cast-off clothing they could find. It was a long time before the Continental Congress could be induced to authorize the enlistment of a standing army, and finally ended by giving Washington sole power in raising forces. Even then, it neglected to provide clothing and supplies for its regulars, who were as destitute as the militia of the colonies had been. In 1775 it enacted that the color of the uniform coats should be brown, and that the regiments should be designated by their facings and their buttons. It was also provided that the uniforms should be paid for by stoppages out of the men's pay. Brown, thereafter, became a prevailing color in the dress of the Continental Army. Buff underclothes were more common than those of any other color, mainly because most of the troops who were fortunate enough to have any substantial garments wore buckskin breeches. The independent companies of New York had gone into the war with their blue coats and red facings, the green of the Bold Foresters, and the silver-lace and gray and scarlet of the other commands. The Connecticut militia had worn out the scarlet coats which the government had on hand when the war began. The two colonies undertook to follow the direction of Congress, but New York only succeeded in procuring a lot of brown, gray, and blue cloth, which had been imported from Canada by an enterprising Albany merchant. The blue coats were faced with crimson, the brown with blue, and the gray with green.

Blue and buff being worn by the commander-in-chief and his aides-de-camp, it would seem probable that some of the colonial regiments would copy the uniform. Captain Lamb's company of New York artillery were ordered to wear the colors of the commander-in-chief. These are said to be the first soldiers of the line of the army to wear the blue and buff, and not many were able to follow their example. In the second year of the war some of the New York troops were well uniformed, but Col. Anthony Wayne complained



Rifle. Artillery Infantry. Dragoon. Major-General. Field-officer of Infantry.

1813–1821.



1835–1851.

that the men of his Pennsylvania regiment were obliged to march from Boston to New York without waistcoats, and with only one shirt to a man. Brown was adopted as the color for the coats of some of the Pennsylvania line, and it was also worn by the City Troop of Philadelphia. It seems to have been impossible to procure sufficient cloth of all the colors used, and through 1778 the militia continued to wear their colonial uniforms until they actually fell from them in rags. One regiment of Connecticut Light-Horse was composed of veterans of the French and Indian war, and some of them were described by Captain Graydon, in his memoirs, as follows: "They carried fowling pieces, some of them very long, and such as in Pennsylvania are used for shooting ducks. Here and there one, his youthful garments well saved, appeared in a dingy regimental of scarlet, with a triangular tarnished laced hat." As for the Continental regiments, or regulars, they were clothed in whatever the States or the Congress could pick up for them. Some of the New Jersey regulars, notwithstanding the selection of brown as the Continental color, were uniformed in blue with red facings. Smallwood's Maryland battalion was dressed in scarlet and buff, of which Graydon complains as a senile imitation of the British uniform. Washington's body-guard was organized in 1776, and was uniformed in dark blue coats with buff facings, red waistcoat, and buckskin breeches. It is probable, as has been intimated already, that the universally worn buckskin breeches, and not the color of the House of Orange, suggested to Washington buff for facings and waistcoats, just as the buffalo leather jerkin suggested the same color to the Lifeguards and the Buffs of the British Army many years before William and Mary ascended the English throne. Colonel Gardner gives the uniforms of the Pennsylvania regiments of the Continental line as follows: First Regiment, brown and buff; Second, blue and red; Third, brown and white, pewter buttons with "3" stamped upon them, black cocked hats with white tape binding, and buckskin breeches; Fourth and Fifth, blue and white; Sixth, blue and red. Some companies of the Virginia Light Dragoons, a Continental regiment, wore blue coats with red facings, and others were clad in brown coats with green facings. All wore leather breeches.

By 1777 uniforms were even scarcer than they had been during the first two years of the war. There was very little cloth to be had. Many of Washington's army wore the cast-off coats and breeches that had been sent to them in New Jersey by the women of Philadelphia. Colonel Anthony Wayne, of the Fourth Pennsylvania, whose uniform should have been blue and white, describes himself as "dressed in character for Mr. Heath or Captain Gibbes, in a dingy red coat and tarnished laced hat." General Gates is represented in a London engraving dressed in a red coat and buff facings. A uniform in all its details had been prescribed for the four regular artillery regiments. It was to consist of a blue or black coat, reaching to the knee, full lapels, "with ten open-worked button holes in yellow silk on each lappel (*sic*), and ten large regimental yellow buttons at equal distances on each side, three large yellow regimental buttons on each cuff, and a like number on each pocket-flap." The skirts were to hook back, in order that the red lining might be shown; and the lapels and cuffs were also to be red. The waistcoat and breeches were to be white, the half gaiters black, and the stock white. The shirts were to be ruffled, the hats cocked and bound with yellow. There were to be red plumes, black cockades, gilt-handled small swords, and gilt epaulettes. Congress and the States at last undertook to procure cloth for both officers and men, but their efforts were fruitless; and regulations of color and cut of coats, of ruffled shirts and gilt epaulettes, of white belts and stocks, must have appeared grimly humorous to the men at Valley Forge, who had neither breeches, shoes, stockings, nor blankets, and who, to perform their camp duties, borrowed the garments of their comrades, who went to bed until their turn came to go on guard, to dig in the trenches, or to fight. Most of the rank and file of the army to which Burgoyne surrendered were in the rags of what had been the working-dress of citizens, principally of farmers. And this was not the worst, for many of the troops were reduced to blankets and bed-coverings for coats, while the officers were clothed in motley, each one wearing a color and fashion not of his taste, but of his necessity. Although uniforms were the exception, both among the regulars and the militia, the variety of dress that had been adopted by the different States was wonderful. The artillery was pretty generally supposed to be clothed in blue and red, but the infantry wore all manner of facings with their blue, brown, and gray coats. Colonel Sumpter's South Carolina regiment wore red coats and black facings. Moylan's cavalry wore green coats faced with red, and round leather hats turned up with bear-skin. Some regiments had sky-blue coats and pale blue facings, supposed to be the origin of the light blue of our present uniform. The uniforms were prescribed, but they were largely imaginary.

Finally, in 1779, in anticipation of material aid from France, Congress authorized Washington to "fix and prescribe" the color, facings, and cut of the clothes to be worn by the troops. Accordingly the commander-in-chief issued an order at New Windsor, New York, in which he urged the soldiers to uniform themselves as follows. The regiments of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, in blue, faced with white; of New York and New Jersey, in blue, faced with buff; of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, in blue, faced with red; of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, in blue, faced with blue. The colors of the artillery were not changed by this order, which directed those of the light dragoons to be blue faced with white.

In 1780 Washington issued another order, at Short Hills, New Jersey, designating the uniforms for general officers and the staff. The major-generals were directed to wear blue coats with buff facings and linings, white or buff underclothes, two epaulettes with two stars on each, and a black and white feather in the hat. The uniform of the brigadier-generals was to be the same, with the exception that their rank should be designated by one star on each epaulette and the feather white. The stars were furnished at head-quarters; and they continue to distinguish the general officers of our army, precisely as was prescribed by Washington in 1780. The field-officers were ordered to wear two epaulettes, the captains one epaulette on the right shoulder, and the subalterns one on the left shoulder. The aides-de-camp were directed to wear the uniforms of their rank and corps, or, if they were not of any arm of the service, the colors of the grade of their general officers. Aides of a major or brigadier general were to wear green feathers, and those of Washington white and green. The feathers of the inspectors were to be blue. The order directed that the uniform of the engineers and sappers should be blue, buff facings, red linings, and buff underclothes. "All officers, as well warrant as commissioned, to wear a cockade and side arms, either a sword or a genteel bayonet." A few days later, Washington advised his officers to wear black and white cockades, typifying the union of France and America, the uniform of the French line being white.

The union of the armies was close at hand when Washington issued this order. His careful attention to details, and his insistence upon strict adherence to his prescriptions, showed that he was determined that his soldiers should appear as smart as possible when they were joined by their French allies. French aid was supposed to have opened to the Congress and the States the markets of Europe, and orders were sent abroad for the cloths and other articles necessary for the new uniforms. Lafayette had purchased the uniforms for the Division of Light-Infantry, and had presented the men with muskets and the officers with swords. This corps was composed of picked men from the infantry line. They were dressed in blue coats with white facings, white waistcoats and breeches, full black leggings, or spatterdashes, and round leather caps crested with horse-hair. They wore white crossed belts, and were almost exact counterparts of the French infantry of the line, except that their coats were blue instead of white. Notwithstanding the French alliance, however, cloth was obtained slowly and in small quantities, and, in 1783, Washington, in order that the regulation blue coats with red facings might be retained, notwithstanding the non-arrival of the cloth expected from Europe, ordered that the coats be turned and refaced with red cloth that would be furnished. The red, however, was also not forth-coming, and Washington then directed that the facings of the infantry coat be white. This order was never rescinded, so the facings remained white.

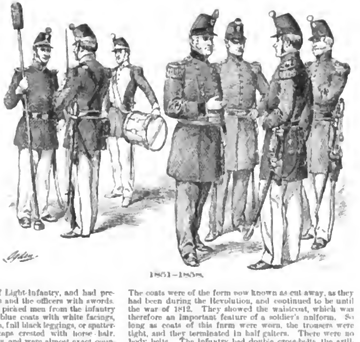
The Army of the Revolution was never properly clothed, and buff and blue were never the colors of its rank and file, with the exception of the prescribed uniform of the New York and New Jersey regiments, and of the engineers and sappers. They were made the colors of the general officers and the staff near the close of the war, and when Washington saw the opportunity and the occasion for maintaining the military rank and dignity consistent with the cause he served and with his own achievements and character.

From the close of the war of the Revolution until 1861 the uniform of the army has followed very closely the patterns of the French line. The few troops that remained in the service were organized into the "First American Regiment" of infantry, and two companies of artillery. The dress of the infantry regiment was blue, a coat with white facings and linings, white waistcoat and breeches, black cocked-hats, white shoulder-knots, silver epaulettes for officers, white cross-belts, black stocks, black gaiters, and black plumes. The artillery uniform remained blue with red facings, yellow worsted shoulder-knots, buff belts, and a red top to the black plume. These were the colors, reversed in the case of the infantry, of the French troops of the period.

The evolution of the uniform of the army of the United States accords mainly with the movement and development of French military fashions. In the Mexican war, and in 1861, the demand of active campaigns necessitated some modifications for the comfort and convenience of the troops in the field; and in 1881 we adopted the German helmet. The first substantial change in uniform, after the close of the Revolution, was in 1794, when the cavalry were ordered to wear helmets with white horse-hair plumes. Until 1810, the round leather hat of Lafayette's Light Guard was worn by American foot soldiers, and white was for a long time the distinguishing color of the infantry. The distinction was marked in every detail of the soldier's dress, not only in the color and metal of the epaulettes, but in the scabbards, the artillery wearing gilt, and the infantry steel scabbards. In 1796 both the infantry and artillery wore red facings, but the linings and buttons of the infantry uniforms continued to be white. In this year officers of infantry were authorized to wear boots instead of half-gaiters or spatterdashes. In 1794 the artillery adopted the French helmet. It was ornamented with a red plume.

For many years the company and regimental musicians wore red coats and blue waistcoats and trousers.

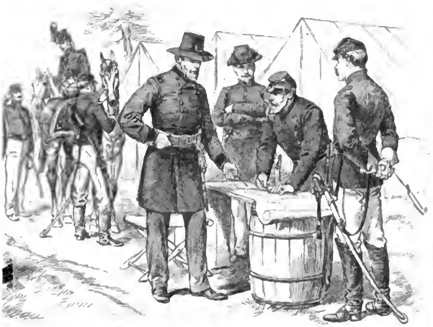
The colors of the uniforms of general officers had not changed: they remained blue and buff. Their long boots were lined with red, and so made that a little of the red was necessarily displayed. The commander-in-chief wore a white plume; a major-general black and white, and brigadier-generals red and white. At this time the infantry wore white pantaloons on occasions of parades and reviews, and on other occasions blue pantaloons edged with red. The difference between the artillery and the infantry dress consisted mainly in the color of the linings, not in the facings. The tight pantaloons, the black half-gaiter, were still in use, and continued to form part of the uniform for several years. The flank companies of the infantry were distinguished by white and red plumes, and of the artillery by black and red. Other changes were made by the order of 1799. The coat of the cavalry, early in the year green and white, was subsequently made green with black collar, cuffs, and lapels, the skirts turned up with black. The waistcoat was white, and the breeches of white leather. The cap was a leather helmet with a black horse-hair plume, which resembled a little more closely the helmet of the French cuirassiers. It was in 1802 that Jefferson ordered the French leather cap with a strip of bear skin on the top. Otherwise the changes in the uniform were not very great. By this time blue cloth had displaced buckskin leather or buff for winter pantaloons. White pantaloons were worn only in summer. The hat of the officers at this time was the immense *chapeau bras*. It was worn by general, field, and line officers. Artillery officers continued to wear gold epaulettes, and infantry officers silver.



1851–1858.

The coats were of the form now known as cut away, as they had been during the Revolution, and continued to be until the war of 1812. They showed the waistcoat, which was therefore an important feature of a soldier's uniform. So long as coats of this form were worn, the trousers were tight, and they terminated in half gaiters. There were no body belts. The infantry had double cross-belts, the artillery and cavalry single shoulder belts, to which hangers, swords, cartridge boxes, and bayonets were attached. The gorget, which was worn through the Revolution, the survivor of the breast-plate, disappeared, and an oval plate on the belt took its place.

The hair was tied up in cues, the length of which and the manner of arranging, it being minutely described in General Alexander Hamilton's order of 1799. But in 1801 Gen-



1858–1870.

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blue trousers were permitted in winter and white in summer. The medical staff was dressed in black. The two stars for the epaulettes of major-generals and the one star for brigadier-generals, which were prescribed by Washington in 1780, were ordered again in the regulations of 1813. High military boots, gilt spurs, were ordered. The general staff were directed to carry yellow-mounted sabres with black or yellow grip. The rest carried straight swords. Sashes went out for the first time, and black waist belts were worn by the staff, and by cavalry and artillery officers. The form of the buttons changed. They had been flat, now they were bullet-shaped. The coats were braided both on the breast and the skirts. The braiding on the skirts was in the herring-bone form. The buttons and loops of the artillery *chapeau* were yellow. The sword was what was known as "cut and thrust."

The light dragoons, for undress, wore a blue single-breasted coat, with one row of plated bullet buttons with straight blind hole. The stand-up collar, characteristic of the new coat, which was also closely buttoned, was worked with silver braid. The trousers were made, as they had always been, with a fall, and the fall of the dragoons' was worked with silk braid. Their full-dress consisted of a hussar jacket with three rows of plated bullet buttons. There was a wealth of blue silk braiding on the breast, collar, sleeves, and skirts of the coat. The vest was white, and the trousers, for parade, were white or buckskin. Dark blue trousers were worn for service. The dragoon boots covered the knee, and the spurs were white. The epaulettes were silver. The adjutant wore a white plume with a blue top, the quartermaster a green plume, the paymaster a blue plume and red top. The cloak was of the hussar pattern, with sleeves. Bars were used on the housings to denote the rank of troop officers—three for captains, two for lieutenants, and one for cornets. The holsters were bear-skin. Sergeants wore two white worsted epaulettes, and corporals one epaulette on the right shoulder. The dragoon armament consisted of pistols, sabres, steel scabbards, buff leather waist belt, white plate in front with the eagle in relief, and silver sword-knot.

In 1814 an order was issued taking the white lace and cords from the jackets of the officers and men.

The light artillery officers wore a coatee which was in form like the present dress coat of the West Point cadets. There were three rows of buttons, the button-holes being worked diagonally in blue twist. The collars were high, and ornamented with blind button-holes. The vest was white cassimere or doeskin for winter, and white jean or nankeen for summer. The trousers, white for parade, and dark blue for service. Hussar boots were worn. The cocked hat gave way to the black leather bell-crowned shako with visor, which had been adopted by the French. A gold band and tassel fell from the crown of the right side, and there was a gilt plate in front. The plumes were white, tipped with red. Epaulettes were worn as in the Revolutionary army. In this respect also we followed the French. The plumes of the quartermaster were green, and of the paymaster red. The bursings were red, and of the medical staff, blue. The armament consisted of sabres, gilt scabbards, black waist belt, a plate in front with eagle in relief, red sash, sabre suspended by a chain, cut-and-thrust swords, with black scabbards, for undress.

The undress coat was long, the skirts sloping from the hips. On social occasions, knee-breeches and shoes were permitted, and yellow knee-buckles were prescribed. Chapeaux bras without plumes were permitted. Non-commissioned officers wore yellow epaulettes.

The officers of the infantry dressed like those of the artillery, except that the sword was of sabre form, with silver or plated mountings. The epaulettes, buttons, spurs, and trimmings of the infantry were silver or plated.

A new uniform was adopted in the army at this time. It was the gray of the enlisted men of the riflemen. Colonel Gardner is of the opinion that the selection of this color was due to the difficulty of procuring blue cloth while the embargo lasted. The coat was short and single-breasted. The buttons were flat and yellow, and were ornamented with a bugle surrounded by stars, the number of the regiment being within the curve of the bugle. The blind button-holes, in herring-bone form, were worked in black, and the leather cap, ornamented like the buttons, bore a green pompon in front. Here, again, in the adoption of green for riflemen, we followed the French. Waistcoats and trousers were also gray. The officers wore artillery uniforms except in active service, when they dressed like their men. Most of the troops who fought in Canada wore the gray uniform, which was adopted in 1815 for the West Point cadets, in honor of the victories won in Canada, when the high silk hat was also prescribed.

In 1816 wings of gold bullion were authorized for officers of artillery and light infantry. The uniform of the ordnance corps was like that of the artillery, except that the buttons bore a significant device.

The army regulations of 1821 declare dark blue to be the national color. Chapeaux bras were ordered for all officers except company officers, who were directed to wear the bell-crown leather caps with gilt scales, yellow eagle in front, and the number of the regiment cut in the shield. A black cockade with a yellow button in the centre ornamented the cap. No plumes or pompons were worn with the chapeaux bras, but with the caps the artillery wore yellow pompons; the light artillery, white with red tops; the infantry, white; the light infantry companies, yellow; rifles, green. The artillery trimmings are all yellow, and those of the infantry white. The epaulettes and wings of the officers of the foot troops were silver.

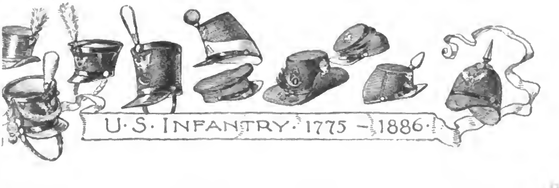
A new rank mark was introduced at this time. Captains wore a chevron above the elbow on each arm; subalterns wore their chevrons below the elbow. Green jackets trimmed with black braid were ordered for the riflemen, and gray jackets with sleeves took the place of vests. Gray pantaloons were worn by the enlisted men of the artillery and infantry for winter service, and green for riflemen. Mounted officers wore high boots, and the enlisted men wore what from that time until recently were called "bootees," which were simply laced shoes a little higher than the old Jefferson shoe, which came two inches above the ankle. In these regulations the devices for buttons now in use in the army were prescribed. Officers were still advised that they might wear "white pantaloons or breeches with white silk stockings and shoes" on "unofficial occasions and in private societies."

In 1825 a cloth shako, or foraging cap, was introduced. It was blue trimmed with white lace. The colors of the pompons were changed in the following respects: light artillery, yellow with red tops; light infantry, white with red tops; grenadiers, red. The chevron was ordered for the non-commissioned officer this year. Sergeants wore one chevron above the elbow, and corporals one below the elbow. Uniforms were prescribed for the pay corps this year. In 1831 chaplains, commissaries, judge-advocates, and paymasters had no uniforms.

In 1833 the army returned to colored facings and trimmings, and some features of its uniform were then adopted that are to be seen to-day. General officers wore double-breasted coats with buff turn-backs, dark blue trousers with buff stripes, a buff sash. A cocked hat, such as General Scott continued to wear to the day of his retirement, much higher than the modern chapeau, ornamented with plumes, was prescribed. The major-general commanding wore three stars on his epaulettes; all other major-generals wore their coat buttons in threes, as they do at present, and had two stars; the buttons of brigadier-generals were ranged in twos, and the epaulette carried one star. The plume of the commanding general was a yellow swan feather; of other major-generals, black and white; of brigadier-generals, red and white; of adjutant-general, inspector general, aides-de-camp of the commanding general, yellow; of other staff officers, the color of their chief; of the quartermaster general, light blue; of subsistence department, half blue and half white.

The lining of the cloaks of general officers was buff. Red became the distinguishing color of the artillery. The coats had red edgings and turn-backs; the plumes were red cock feathers; the cloaks were lined with red; the trousers were

(Continued on page 163.)



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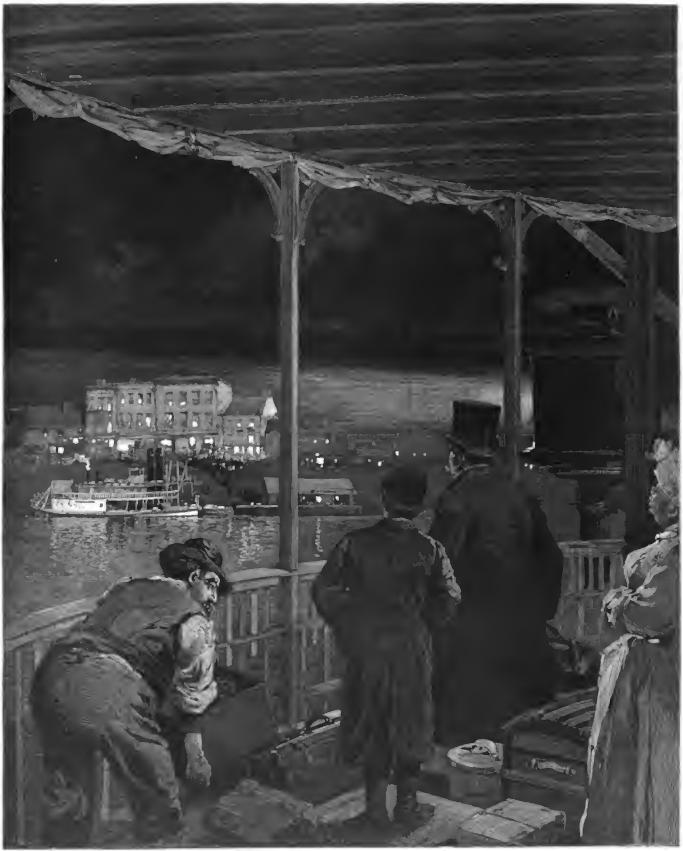

MAKING A LANDING BY SEARCH-LIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 163.]

POEMS. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, George Horton, Joseph B. Gilder, Charles Washington Coleman, and Florence Henniker.

"I MUST HAVE THIS TOOTH OUT." Full-page illustration drawn by George du Maurier.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.—The Easy Chair. By George William Curtis.—The Study. By William Dean Howells.—The Drawer. Conducted by Charles Dudley Warner.

LITERARY NOTES. By Laurence Hutton.

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THE SPEAKER'S VICTORY.

THE Speaker of the House of Representatives has long been one of the most important of public officers. He appoints the committees of the House, which prepare all legislation, and the House generally follows the committees. It is thus largely in the power of the Speaker to control legislation. Under the old rules of procedure, however, the minority could delay and even baffle the action of the House, and some method of restraining filibustering was unquestionably necessary. But the Republican majority, under Mr. REED's leadership, has adopted rules which greatly increase the power of the Speaker, and make him a still more important figure in the government. This is done by depriving the minority of a power which the Republican minority has always justly claimed to be of the highest conservative value—the power of imperatively calling the attention of the country to proposed acts of the political majority

THE disposition and the ability of the people to restrain themselves are the vindication of popular government. In other words, it is the moderation, not the inflammation, of party spirit which is the security of such a government. It used to be accepted almost as a truism that popular governments inevitably perished by the madness and fury of factions, and the Roman proscriptions and the civil contests of the so-called mediæval republics were cited as awful warnings. But the history of the American republic traverses this tradition. It is especially interesting as an illustration of peaceful popular acquiescence in the will of the majority lawfully expressed. Obedience to law is the distinction and the security of the republic. This is due largely to the temperament of the dominant race in the country, to its traditions, and to its training. These have given us the disposition and the power to restrain ourselves. It follows that the tendency to magnify and intensify party spirit is one that patriotism will vigorously oppose, because such a tendency involves the destruction of our chief political safeguard.

The assertion of party organs and orators that our government is one of party, that therefore every citizen ought to be a partisan, and the more completely partisan the better, is a great mistake. The very reverse of this proposition is the truth. The more effectively a man restrains his party spirit the better citizen is he, and the more wisely he serves the country. No man ought to be a partisan in the sense in which the assertions about party are generally made. A party is properly an agency: it is a convenient form of association and action to obtain certain results; but its transformation into a continuing organization to be supported for its own sake, which is the theory of ardent partisans, is both ridiculous and dangerous. It was this conviction which led Mr. GREELEY to say that parties ought to be reconstructed every few years, and the will and power practically to oppose the tendency to magnify party are the conservative forces of popular government. This is the source of interest of the late contest about the World's Fair in New York. Party spirit, or what is familiarly called politics, suddenly intervened, and

all reforms aiming at honester political methods—a spirit which is unquestionably powerful—has hitherto prevented the passage of the reform bill. In doing this he opposes a very strong and increasing feeling in his own party, and he must foresee that his party would not dare, in a national platform, to pronounce against ballot reform, or even to omit to declare its approval of it. He is playing a dangerous game for himself, unless he is persuaded that the controlling sentiment of his party is really hostile to the reform, or unless he is desperately conscious that its best sentiment approves it, and for that reason would reject him as the party candidate.

There can be no doubt of the passage of the bill by the Republican Legislature, and no doubt, also, of the great benefit to honest elections if it should become law. The prompt and general demand of ballot reform, and its complete success wherever applied, are very suggestive facts for every shrewd politician. The Governor undoubtedly sees in its support by Mr. PLATT and his State Committee reason to believe that it must somehow benefit the Republican party, because otherwise the PLATT power would not favor it. The tone of the Governor's friends in the press shows that the objection will be raised that the reform disfranchises illiterate voters. This point, however, has been foreseen, and due provision made to secure the casting of such ballots according to the will of the voter. The illiterate voter must in any case be aided, and the law secures honest aid for him. The dishonest manipulation of such voters is one of the chief and most familiar corruptions of elections, and it is one of the notorious wrongs upon honest voters which the law is intended to correct. Moreover, in a community which taxes itself enormously to provide free education for every citizen, illiteracy cannot be justly urged as a bar against equitable measures for securing honest elections. The general registry which has been proposed is a good scheme, but it has nothing whatever to do with the ballot law. The registry records the right to vote; the reformed ballot law prescribes the method of voting. If the Democratic representatives in the Legislature generally sustain Governor HILL in opposing the SAXTON bill, to a community for fabulous wealth, for the happiness of its people, and their increase in intelligence is now offered," while he playfully disposed of Mr. Platt's theory of the Tammany drift of the Commission by remarking that it was of a kind to make a brass monkey get up on his hind legs and laugh his head off.

But it is probably "Tom Platt" who laughs last. He said that there was a Tammany majority on the Commission, and it must be annulled by adding twenty-two Republican names. "Oh no," said the other side, "there is no Tammany majority whatever, but let us annul it by requiring a two-thirds vote." "All right," said "Tom"; "I agree, for that annuls the Tammany majority." Thereupon three cheers for the Honorable Thomas C. Platt shook the circumambient air. Everybody claimed the victory. "Traitors," "assassins," "Judas Iscariots," "Benedict Arnolds," "renegades," and "enemies of the Fair" fell to mutual embracing, and all made one happy family. Once more the Great Four are cutting pigeon wings of harmony, and as the curtain descends on the good old comedy, they advance to the foot-lights, tripping in time, and singing, gayly,

"On with the dance; let joy be unconfined."

PARNELLISM AND CRIME.

The report of the Parnell Commission is an important document, with which, according to the London correspondents, both sides seem to be satisfied. The direct criminal complicity, as charged by the *Times* in its articles upon "Parnellism and Crime," is denied. But an encouragement of methods which led to crime is affirmed, and forty-four members of the House are found guilty, in this sense, of criminal conspiracy. They countenanced boycotting and intimidation.

This, however, is a refinement which will be lost practically upon the British mind. If the distinct criminal charges against Mr. Parnell are unfounded, Mr. Parnell is a better man than we took him for. This will be the general conclusion. For any man who warmly supports a cause may be in a certain sense held to be responsible for acts done to advance it. The New York Whigs and Tories of the Revolution were classed respectively as friends of Skinners and Cow-boys. The supporters of the Land League, in the same way, promoted boycotting and the wrongs which resulted from it. In finding the Irish members named guilty of criminal conspiracy the Commission embarrasses the government more than the members or the country, which will regard the phrase as Pickwickian.

The report is undoubtedly an impartial judgment of the situation, and as such it must be interpreted as favorable to Mr. Parnell and his friends. The real charge was that they were engaged in a conspiracy to separate Ireland from England, and were practically accessory to crimes to promote that object. This charge has failed wholly, and the Irish members appear as engaged in a lawful scheme for what they hold to be for the benefit of their country, and in the pursuit of that object many excesses have been committed and laws have been resisted. The vague background of criminal suspicion against which the Home Rulers stood, to their immense disadvantage, has vanished. They may be unwise, and many of their followers may be lawless, but they are fighting a legitimate constitutional battle. This must be considered to be the verdict, and it cannot but be considered a great victory for Mr. Parnell and his friends.

FROM SANTA FE.

Here is a Santa Fe view of ballot reform:

"The Australian system is good just this far—it makes every voter *independent*. Let's have it by all means. But the idea that secrecy will stop vote-buying seems more than doubtful. The chances that a floater will take a bribe, and then break his word and vote the other way, are about one in a hundred. Does the floater wish to see his 'occupation gone'? Not quite. Is there no honor among thieves? Will the doubtful but wealthy candidate save his money, and let slip a 9-10 or even a 1-2 chance that his floaters will vote as they agree? Not by one hundred years more of dilly-dallying with the question. Why not add a clincher to the Australian system by taking all penalty from the vote-seller, and making it no less than five years in the penitentiary to buy a vote? That would make the business dangerous—positively dangerous—and give detectives a chance. So long as buyer and seller are equally punishable, they protect each other.

"But we can't do it. Why? Just this:

"There are enough political hogs in both parties who don't want reform to block all progress."

Our correspondent must not lose heart. Experience shows that there are not enough "political hogs" in both parties to defeat any reform which the public conviction really demands. In such cases the "hogs" may root, but they must die.

MR. DOUGLAS ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The speech of Mr. Douglas, the son of Mr. Lincoln's old rival and opponent, at the late dinner in Brooklyn on Lincoln's birthday was very interesting. He said that there is a general tendency to extol Mr. Lincoln's tenderness and gentleness and childlikeness, in practical disregard of the positive, practical, masterful qualities which made him a true leader of men. Mr. Douglas regards him as the clearest-headed and shrewdest, as well as the cleanest-handed and purest, of American politicians; or, as we should prefer to say, public men; for the word politician, however good a word, has come to be used in a sense which fits many men, but not Mr. Lincoln.

This view is fully justified by the Hay and Nicolay life of Mr. Lincoln, and by that of Mr. Herndon. The revelations made by his secretaries of Mr. Lincoln's command of his cabinet and administration, of his tranquil but absolute self-reliance, of his extraordinary ability in affairs of which he might be supposed to have been practically ignorant, his singular tact in dealing with men, and of his marvellous diplomatic instinct, as illustrated in his correction of Mr. Seward's despatches, are as surprising as they are agreeable.

Such facts are as pleasant as the details of the ability and wisdom of Washington to one who has taken only the mythological view of him. The goodness of both men is obvious. It is their greatness which with the lapse of time is constantly more striking. The successful leadership of colonies in active revolution requires something more than goodness and tenderness and sweetness, and the wise conduct of a great country convulsed with civil war, under the conditions of our contest, demands the greatest and noblest human qualities. This truth was recalled and illustrated admirably by the son of Mr. Douglas in speaking of Mr. Lincoln.

THE PENDING COPYRIGHT BILL.

There seems to be little reason to doubt that the Senate, which last year passed the copyright bill, is as friendly to the measure, or even more friendly, this year. The Judiciary Committee of the House has unanimously agreed to report an international bill, which is substantially the Chace-Breckenridge bill, and the House Committee on Patents has already reported favorably a similar bill. As the bills are not materially different, if the favorable reports are honest, final agreement may be assumed, and the passage of a compromise bill. But the ways of Congress temper the ardor of anticipation, and the progress of the measure must be watched closely.

The recognition of an author's moral property right in his production, and the necessity of considering both vested interests and the fundamental law, have produced the bill known as the Chace, or Chace-Breckenridge bill. This is supported by authors, publishers, and the various branches of book manufacture. It is the first and only bill which has united that support, and the union, of course, is due to mutual concessions. The plea against the bill is practically one of confiscation. It calls itself a plea for cheap literature, but it really urges cheapness at any cost.

In fact, as is shown by the testimony of the most sagacious experts, the cost of no class of books would be affected by the bill, except possibly future novels. The logic of the adverse argument would abolish all copyright, domestic as well as foreign. But if the public welfare is to be the final consideration, it is undeniable that the confiscation of any rights instinctively recognized by a just public sentiment is an injury to the public welfare whether it makes books cheaper or dearer.

THE NEW YORK CAPITOL.

The New York Capitol has already cost more than four times its contemplated cost, and a sum equal to that originally contemplated is necessary to complete it. The sum first mentioned was $4,000,000. The outlay thus far has been, according to the report of the Comptroller, $18,260,255.23, and undoubtedly $4,000,000 more would be necessary to complete it properly. The project first took form in the Constitutional Convention twenty-three years ago, and the narrative of the progress of the work is not a pleasing tale for the pride or the purse of New York.

It is, however, in many ways a noble building. Except the Capitol at Washington, there is no public building in the country so impressive. Certain parts, like the chamber of the Court of Appeals and the stately Library, are unequalled. That there have been monstrous carelessness and jobbery, however, during the course of the work the exposure of the ceiling scandal showed, and that under private auspices the building would have been finished long ago, no less substantially and very much more cheaply, is unquestionable.

But there can be no doubt that it should be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. If the people of the State could be polled upon the question they would not decree that the Capitol should remain unfinished. They would, however, undoubtedly demand to know exactly what needs yet to be done, and what the estimated cost may be. Politics and jobbery are the Gog and Magog of public buildings, and it is only with labor and pains that the public work gets done. But labor and pains can ascertain what is necessary to complete the Capitol, and the same good genii can then complete it.

KNICKERBOCKER "WORTHIES."

The loiterer who admires Union Square and Gramercy Park and Madison Square—pleasant parks amid busy streets—naturally rejoices that there was an intelligent public spirit which would not suffer those open spaces to be obliterated by the encroaching city. But a recent paper in the *Tribune* reminds us of the pertinence of the cadi's question, "Who is she?" Every great movement is apt to resolve itself largely into the heroic tenacity of one man or woman whose name historically represents it, as Romilly the reform of the penal laws in England, or Garrison the abolition of slavery in the United States, or Florence Nightingale the sanitary care of an army. Such men and women do not accomplish results alone, but when known they typify the result to the public mind.

We say when known, because it is often necessary to ask the cadi's question. Here is a result, but who mainly achieved it? Union Square, within the memory of men living, was a waste and neglected ground. But a citizen of great public spirit and mental grasp, whose official reports upon internal improvements and the Erie Canal are of very great value, and whose figure was familiar until within a few years, Samuel B. Ruggles, was the real founder of Union Square as we know it, and a bust of him might well be placed there. He also gave the area of Gramercy Park to the owners of sixty adjoining lots, on condition that they would build fine houses around it. Mr. Ruggles must be ranked among the "worthies" of the city.

In a similar way Madison Square, a delightful pleasure-ground, the city mainly owes to James Harper, who was Mayor of New York forty-six years ago. The land had been a Potter's Field, and was partly covered with a pond. The city authorities proposed to build upon it a House of Refuge, but Mr. Harper rescued it and saved it for the public ground which is a great ornament of the city. It is pleasant to associate such pleasant spots with eminent citizens, and to be reminded that it is just such individual perception and persistence, which show and lead the way, that secure great public benefits.

PERSONAL.

Among the earliest lecturers on Russian Nihilism in this country was John Baker, now of Boston, an escaped Siberian exile, who carries the marks of the knout on his back. His father was beheaded in the latter part of the '50s for participation in a Polish insurrection, and he, his mother, sisters, and sweetheart were packed off to Siberia by different routes. The band of exiles which included Baker rose against their guards while on their way to Siberia. Some of the prisoners were shot down and others escaped, Baker being among the latter. He came to this country near the opening of the war, entered the Union army, and fought with the boys in blue till peace was restored. Then he joined the regular army, and saw service on the frontier. The loss of a hand by an accident forced his discharge, and he has since been engaged in literary and other pursuits. Now he is married to an American lady, and lives in Boston, where he holds some government position. When Mr. Baker first told in this country his story of Russian cruelty and oppression, it was pronounced untruthful and greatly overdrawn by George Kennan, who had been to the land of the Muscovite, but only had a surface glimpse of its institutions and government. Since his later investigations Mr. Kennan has materially changed his views. Mr. Baker's name is of course assumed, and he preserves his homely pseudonym out of regard for his friends in Siberia and in Russian Poland, for he, like other exiles, is active in secret work which it is hoped may some time bring peace and light to his native land.

—The late Empress Augusta maintained a strict dietary for many years before her death. Her first meal of the day was a cup of cocoa or of strong tea, taken early in the morning, and this was followed at 11 A.M. by a large cup of bouillon. About two o'clock she ate her principal meal, consisting usually of a small piece of fowl, a few vegetables, and a glass of wine and water, while her supper consisted only of an ice, a slice of cake, and a cup of tea. Among other anecdotes now circulated concerning the Empress is the one that during the Berlin riots of 1848 she disguised herself in the uniform of a lieutenant of artillery, and carried some valuable papers she could confide to no one else from the residence of the Prince of Prussia to the royal palace. The Empress is said to have left a fortune of over ten million marks. The Grand Duchess of Baden inherits half of this sum, and all of the Empress's jewels.

—Solomon Sulzer, the reformer of the Jewish liturgy, and composer of most of the ritual music used everywhere by the reformed Jews, died recently at Vienna at the age of eighty-six. He had been chief cantor in the synagogue of that city for the past sixty years.

—Beethoven's musical instruments have been exciting a good deal of public interest lately. A Guarnerius violin, supposed to be his on the strength of the initials L. v. B. scratched upon it, has recently been proved spurious; but the last piano used by him, made expressly for him by Conrad Graff, and declared by competent judges to be genuine, has just been secured by the Beethoven Society of Bonn.

—Greene's celebrated "Ride to Khiva" is to be outdone by a Cossack officer named Pyevtzoff. Mounted on a cavalry horse, and carrying his provisions with him, he started alone from Blagovetchensk, on the river Amoor, in November. He expects to reach St. Petersburg in April, having made the longest ride on record, a distance of 5300 miles. When met near Irkutsk he had made about a quarter of the distance, and was in excellent health and spirits.

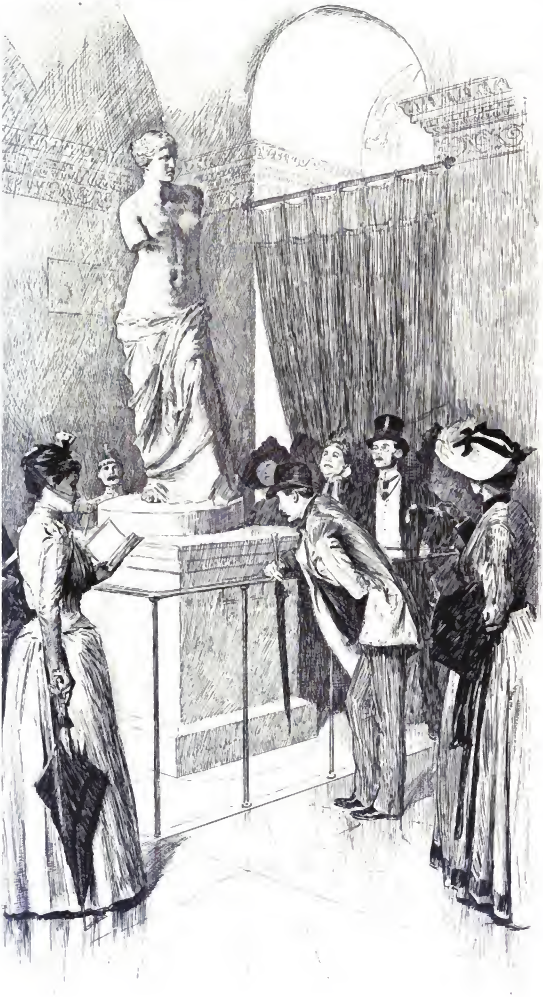
—Señor Castelar, the great Spanish republican, has recently brought himself into ill odor among his own party by the display of his personal esteem for Queen Christina and his solicitude during the illness of the baby King. His gallantry in making inquiries concerning his illness has been construed into disloyalty to his principles. His regard for the Queen dates back to the loss of his sister, to whom he was deeply attached, and at whose death the Queen sent many kind expressions of sympathy. This bereavement is said to have altered Castelar's whole nature, converting him into a melancholy, reserved man.

—Dwight L. Moody, the well-known evangelist, is growing gray and portly in these later years of his useful life, but his aptness of metaphor and the force with which he is in the habit of driving home unpalatable truths have not diminished. He seems to work just as hard as ever, too, and his schools at Northfield, Massachusetts, and his mission at Chicago do not keep him from filling appointments for longer or shorter periods in different parts of the country.

—A laboratory for the free treatment of patients suffering from hydrophobia is soon to be opened at 178 East Tenth Street, in this city, by Dr. Paul Gibier, a professor of pathology at the Paris Museum of Natural History, and a collaborator of Pasteur and other distinguished scientists. He is one of the greatest of experts in hydrophobia, and has also made especial studies of the yellow-fever and cholera. His laboratory here will be patterned after the one in Paris.

—Miss Susanna Warfield, who composed the grand inaugural march which was rendered at the inauguration of President William Henry Harrison forty-eight years ago, has just died at her home near Sykesville, Maryland. She was ninety-five years old.

—Miss Susan B. Anthony celebrated her seventieth birthday at Washington in a characteristic manner the other day. After holding an all-day reception, during which many friends called upon her to express their congratulations, she attended a banquet given in her honor, where about two hundred and fifty people sat down. Miss Anthony escorted Senator Blair to dinner and placed him at her right, while Dr. Robert Purvis, of Pennsylvania, a colored man, sat at her left. The tables were prettily decorated with flowers, and there were many good things to eat. After the feasting there were poems and responses to toasts, among those who contributed being Phœbe Couzins, Harriet Hosmer, Rev. Anna H. Shaw, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mary Wright Sewell, Laura Ormiston Chant, of England, and Miss Anthony herself. Miss Anthony wore a trained gown of garnet, with lace at the neck and shoulders, and looked as bright and happy as the occasion required.



NG ABROAD—THE VENUS OF MILO, IN THE LOUVRE.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 163.]

this our satisfaction was short-lived, for the Priest Captain quickly ordered the officer to relieve us of them, and of our cartridge belts as well. Nor was it until we had been thus entirely disarmed that he arose from his undignified position and resumed his seat upon the throne.

While the disagreeable process of disarming us was going on I spoke to Fray Antonio of the curious possibilities suggested by the knowledge of fire-arms which the Priest Captain, alone among all the Aztlanecas, so obviously possessed; and he in reply, bade me remember what Tizoc had told us of the use that Itzacoatl made of wax matches in lighting the sacred fire. "Can it possibly be, then, that he is in communication with the outside world?" I exclaimed.

As I uttered these words I glanced at Itzacoatl, and the expression on his face was that of one who listens intently and who is greatly enraged by what he hears. At the same moment Rayburn cried: "That man understands Spanish. He is listening to you!"

Doubtless some sort of an explanation would have followed this strange discovery, for that we had made it was very obvious, but at that moment a man—seemingly, from his dress, a priest of high rank—came into the hall hurriedly and very earnestly delivered a communication to Itzacoatl in low, excited tones. That the substance of this communication was highly disagreeable to him was shown by his manner of receiving it; and for a moment he slightly hesitated, as though very grave consequences might attend upon the decision that he then made. But it was for a moment only that he stood in doubt. Then he called the barge-master to him and gave some order in a low voice, and then, accompanied by the priest, went out rapidly from the hall.

Evidently in obedience to the order that he had received, the barge-master bade us follow him, and so led us into the court-yard again. Young proposed, since we had only this one man to deal with, that we should make short work of him and so get back our arms—which remained where he had placed them, in a pile beside the throne. But Rayburn's more prudent counsel overcame this tempting proposition. As he pointed out, the promptness with which the curtains had been pulled back showed that attendants of some sort were close at hand; and in addition to these we knew that the guard of soldiers was just outside of the entrance to the hall. It was certain, therefore, that we could not regain our arms without immediately using them in very active fighting—and, no matter how well we fought, under these conditions we must certainly be defeated in the end. All of which was so just and so reasonable that Young could not in any wise gainsay its propriety; but he was in a very ill humor at being restrained from the pleasure of "havin' it out with 'em," as he grumblingly declared, and as we passed forth into the court-yard he relieved his mind by swearing most vigorously.

For my part, even the peril that we were in did not suffice to distract my mind from curious consideration of the strange state of affairs that existed among the folk dwelling in this hidden valley if our surmise in regard to the Priest Captain's knowledge of the outer world should prove to be well-founded—and unless it were well-founded there seemed to be no possible way by which to account for his possession of friction matches, his acquaintance with fire-arms, and his knowledge of the Spanish tongue. The implication was unavoidable that this extraordinary man actually had a more or less complete knowledge of the powers and appliances of the nineteenth century; and that he was using his nineteenth century knowledge to maintain his supremacy over a people whose civilization was about on a par with that of European communities of a thousand years ago. From the stand-point of the ethnologist a more interesting situation than the one thus developed could not possibly be devised. What I most longed for was the establishment of such friendly relations with Itzacoatl that I could carry out a systematized series of scientific investigations among the Aztlanecas before the impending crash of discovery came, and my keenest regret at that moment was caused by the conviction that the incapacity of Itzacoatl to understand the value of scientific inquiry into such curious ethnologic facts would result in his mere vulgar killing of me—whereby a precious store of knowledge would be withheld from the world at large.

As we came out into the court-yard we heard the sound of voices, which seemed to be raised in angry altercation, coming from the direction of the main entrance, with which there was also a slight clinking sound, as of arms being got in readiness, and, much further away, the sound seemingly coming from a distant quarter of the city, the tapping of a drum. When we first had crossed the court-yard it had been entirely deserted, but now many priests and soldiers were standing in groups about it, and more were coming down the stair from the temple; and all of these men had a look of eager alertness, as though some decisive event were imminent in which they expected to have a part. But we had only a moment in which to observe all this, for we were hurried away toward the corner of the building that was most remote from the street, and here, before I well could understand what was being done with me, I was thrust so suddenly and I fell heavily upon the floor. Before I could regain my feet, Young had tumbled down on top of me, and then the others tumbled on top of us both—they having been in the same rude fashion injected in the apartment; and while we thus were lying in a heap together—my own body, being undermost, having the breath wellnigh squeezed out of it—we heard the rattle of metal upon stone as the doorway was quickly closed with heavy bars.

We struggled to our feet in nearly total darkness—for outside the bars a curtain had been dropped that shut off almost wholly the light of day—and I am confident that no one room ever contained two angrier people than Rayburn and Young were then; for their very strength and hardihood made them the more ragingly resent being thus tumbled about as though they were bales or boxes rather than men. Rayburn's language was not open to the charge of weakness, but the words in which Young gave vent to his feelings were so startlingly vigorous that even a Wyoming cow-boy would have been surprised by them; yet I must confess that at the moment—so greatly was my own anger aroused—I thought his observations exceedingly appropriate to the occasion that called them forth, and I even was disposed to envy him the command of a technical vocabulary that enabled him to express so adequately his righteous wrath. However, I was for once well pleased that Fray Antonio did not understand English.

But our anger quickly was swallowed up in anxious grief as we discovered, when our eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the very faint light, that only we four were in the room together, and a great dread fell upon us because of the imminent peril to Pablo which this separation of him from the rest of us implied. Assuredly, there was strong reason why he should be an especial object of Itzacoatl's fear and hatred. He and El Sabio together were the visible sign which told that the prophecy touching the Priest Captain's downfall was about to be fulfilled; and, more than this, Pablo's simple statement of the condition of affairs among the modern Mexicans—showing that the crisis in their fate that Chalchiuitzin had foretold, and for which he had so well prepared, long since had come and gone—would be far more convincing to the masses of the Aztlanecas than would be any exhibition of these same facts that we could make to them; for we were aliens among them, while Pablo was of their own race and class. That we all were like to be done to death by this barbarous theocrat we did not for a moment doubt; but it was plain enough that every motive of self-interest must prompt him to put Pablo and the poor ass most summarily out of the way. And as the logic of these facts irresistibly presented itself in my mind, a keen and heavy sorrow overcame me: for I could not shirk the conviction that, whoever might strike the blow that killed him, I myself was the cause of this poor boy's death. Fray Antonio could not see my face in that shadowy prison; yet his fine nature divined the pain that I suffered and the cause of it, and he sought to comfort me with his sympathy. He did not speak, but he came close beside me and tenderly laid his hand upon my shoulder; and his loving touch, telling of his sorrow for me and with me, did bring a little cheer into my heavy heart.

Meanwhile the commotion outside increased greatly, and even through the thick folds of the curtain we could hear plainly the clanking of arms, and the heavy tread of men, and sharply given words of command. We pressed close to the bars and tried to push the curtain aside that we might see out into the court-yard, but the bars were so near together that our hands would not pass between them, and we therefore could gather only from the sounds which we heard what was going on outside. But the sounds were unmistakable. There could be no doubt whatever that a vigorous assault upon the building was in progress, and that those within it vigorously were defending it; and we knew that the cause of the fighting certainly must be ourselves. Already, it would seem, the prophecy of the Priest Captain's downfall was assuming a tangible reality; for this rising in arms against him could mean nothing less than that his high-handed refusal to permit us to be carried before the Council of the Twenty Lords had fairly brought matters to a crisis, and that the long-threatened revolution actually had been begun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIGHT-SEEING ABROAD.

THE VENUS OF MILO.

"I HAD not been ten minutes in the place before I fell in love with the most beautiful creature the world had ever seen. She was standing, silent and majestic, in the centre of one of the rooms of the statue gallery, and the very first glimpse of her struck one breathless with the sense of beauty. . . . She may be two-and-thirty, and she was born about two thousand years ago." So wrote Clive Newcome to Pendennis from Paris in 18—. The place was the Louvre; "the creature silent and majestic," the Venus of Milo.

To-day the Venus of Milo has changed somewhat her position, and this in a double sense. As Thackeray saw her she was in the

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majestic, at one end of a gallery, and her only rival, the Venus of Vienne, is in place at the other end. Her pose was more perpendicular in Clive's time than it is now. When, during the war with Germany, Paris was besieged, and there was the chance that a shell might shatter the greatest statue in the world—which is this Venus of Milo—she was buried. When she was exhumed, and a careful study made of the base on which she stood, it became evident that the position as the sculptor had willed it should give her more of an inclination to one side, and so she stands to-day, and, if it were possible, with increase of dignity.

This statue has made an epoch in art, purifying and elevating it. Modern reproductions in bronze and plaster are found all over the United States; for of the works made by human hands she alone fills every artistic requirement. Rescued from partial oblivion sixty-nine years ago, it is not likely that she will ever be again lost to the world.

Speculations as to whether she stood alone or formed one of a group need not be here discussed, nor is it worth while to argue whether in the hand which once existed an apple or a shield was held. As she stands, armless, she is sufficient, and her mutilation is barely appreciated.

Mr. Reinhart, in his happy sketch, draws his scene in unison with the effect this statue imposes on those who look at her. Sight-seers, with guide-books in their hands, may refresh their minds with a name, a date; but the printed page serves but for the instant, and then the greatest work of art rivets their attention. Perhaps the feeling of astonishment is the one least developed in those who see the Venus of Milo for the first time. Awe there is, with some undefined emotion akin to reverence. The young man near the railing is absorbed. He feels the grandeur of that woman the old Greek has made. Right back of him, separated by the width of the pedestal and the rail, there is the head of a young woman, thrown in apparently by the artist without much premeditation, but which shows Mr. Reinhart's cleverness. It is a little face lost in admiration, for the girl tries at a single glance to take in the whole of the august figure. The woman with the book, whose own pose is so perfect, will have impressed on that thoughtful brain of hers a remembrance of her Greek sister which will never be forgotten.

MAKING A LANDING BY SEARCH-LIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

NOT sometimes but always recent discoveries in science or their applications are used first as common conveniences before they are adopted for military or naval purposes. Electric motors and storage batteries will be thoroughly tested by various transportation companies, the advantages or disadvantages studied and compared with other methods of creating power, before they will be taken into general use by the navy. The search-light, which is so important as a means of defence for a ship of war, was long in use by the merchant steamer before it was taken by the navies of the world.

The point has been disputed whether the use of the search-light on the ocean steamer was not anticipated by the Mississippi steamer. As to the conveniences derivable from the search-light for a steamer on the great river they are conspicuous. The craft that travel up and down the Father of Waters are peripatetic—this to be understood in the sense that though there be regular landings, there are many which are not. Some of these boats are of the most accommodating kind, and will, if the river permits of it, stop, and take on or let off a single passenger, and will pick up freight all along the long route.

It is the necessities of landing which call into use the search-light, and electric illumination for this purpose is likely to be much increased. The people on the land do not always know when the steam-boat intends hauling into their shore. Conveniences such as of docks or wharves are not common. The loud whistle is often the first announcement at night of the arrival of the steam-boat. It would be impossible to make a landing of a dark night without the search-light. In an instant the carbon pencils, brought up to the highest state of incandescence by means of the interrupted electric fluid, have their intensity focused by a mirror on one exact point, and a brilliant gleam of light streams across the horizon. The light, as it were, drills its way through the murky gloom. The houses on the shore, the low wharf, the coal or the wood shed, the thickets of trees in the background, are held in the glare of the electric beams. The mimic sun sends forth its radiations. It is not as much the whistle that wakes up the ears of "the Coast," as it is their eyes. There is nothing that startles a sleeping man so strangely as an electric light thrown suddenly on him. Then the town bestirs itself, and, just as Mr. Graham has drawn it, the fifty or a hundred people rush down to the water-side.

The search-light is under charge of the pilot. A simple mechanism makes the connection between the dynamo and the wires, and the pilot not only puts in the light, but can turn the apparatus in any direction at his pleasure. In the illustration there is an old gentleman and a lad who are to make a

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baggage the advantage of the roughest kind of handling. The old colored woman, the stewardess, who always is the kindest, politest of servants, is there too to bid her passengers good-by.

It may be said that river life is not as eventful as it was in the times that are past. The Mississippi is, however, the great natural artery, and on its turbid waters there will always be carried a vast amount of freight. The build of the boats that thrash its waters, the character of their officers and men, differ from those of other days, and the present is all the better for the changes made. Quick to appreciate any advantages, those whose interests lie in steam-boats plying on "The River" the search-light is likely to be generally used. The huge stream, which never is the same, requires a skilled pilot, and besides the conveniences which the electric light gives when a landing is to be made, floating obstructions and snags are made visible of nights, and so dangers are evaded.

ARMY UNIFORMS IN THE UNITED STATES.

(Continued from page 150, Supplement.)

sky-blue with a red stripe. The uniform of the ordnance was the same, except that the stripe on the trousers was blue. The infantry uniform had white edgings and turn-backs, the trousers white stripes, and the plume was of white cock feathers. The turn-backs of the dragoon coats were yellow, as were the stripes on their "blue-gray" trousers. On their cap was a drooping white horse-hair pompon, that of the officers having a strip of red hair.

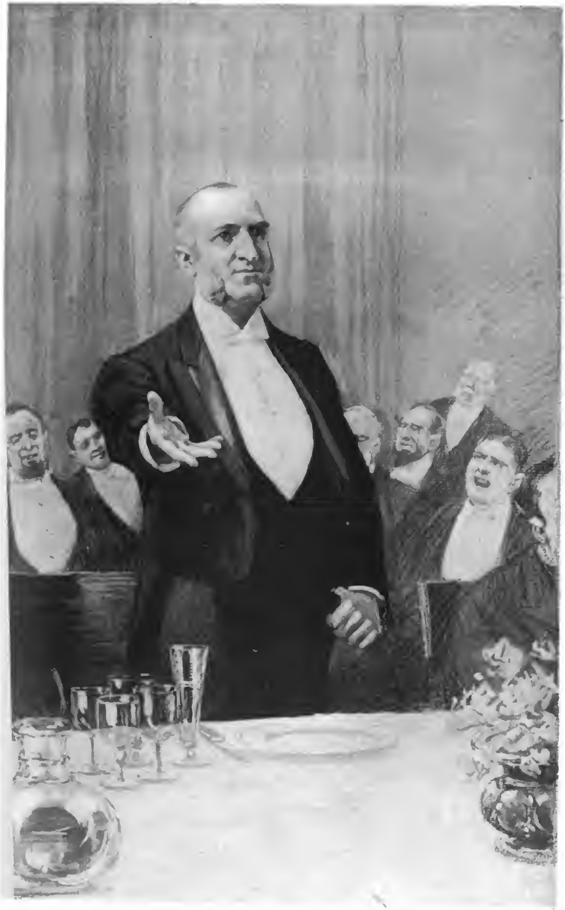
In 1835 the spread eagle was adopted as the indication of rank on the epaulettes of the colonel. The epaulettes of the major were of silver-lace instead of bullion. All officers who were entitled to epaulettes wore them on both shoulders. Aiguillettes were worn by all general staff officers, except of the engineer and ordnance corps. Shoulder-straps were also introduced.

In 1841 the major-general commanding was permitted to have his cuffs and collar embroidered with gold oak leaves on dark blue cloth. The color of the plume of the adjutant-general was changed to white, and of the inspector-general to green. Three black ostrich feathers were prescribed for the engineers not topographical. The topographical engineers wore black plumes of the same form as those of the general staff.

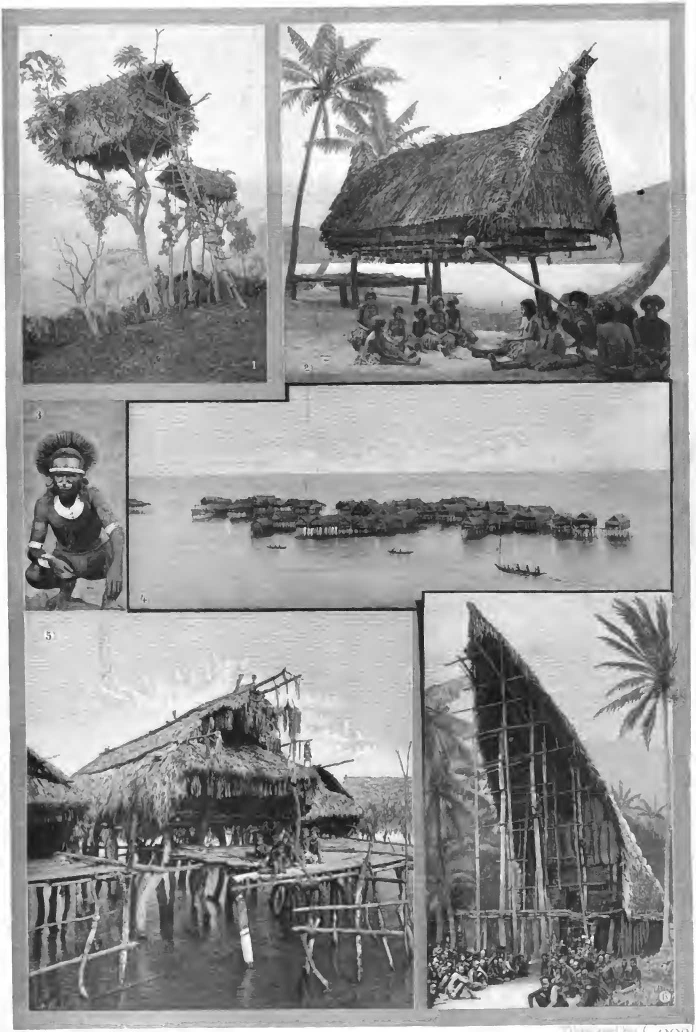
In 1847 what were the uniforms of the Mexican war were substantially provided for in regulations. Then the army wore the roundabout jacket, the infantry had waist belts, and the pancake forage-cap was introduced. Mounted riflemen were uniformed very like the dragoons, the trousers being edged with yellow cord. Foot riflemen wore dark gray coats and trousers, the seams of the latter being edged with yellow cord. Chevrons were prescribed for all non-commissioned officers. They were precisely as they are now, except those worn by ordnance sergeants, which were not determined until 1857; the point of the angle, however, was up instead of down.

Under the regulations of 1857, buff disappeared from the uniforms of general officers. The collar and cuffs of the coat were dark blue velvet. The designating colors of the different arms were fixed as follows: Infantry, sky-blue; mounted riflemen, emerald green; dragoons, orange; cavalry, yellow; artillery, scarlet; engineers, yellow; ordnance, crimson. All trousers, except those of the general officers and staff, which were dark, were sky-blue. Another monstrosity in the way of head covering was invented at this time—the soft dress hat turned up on one side, or with stiff brim, which became very familiar during the war. The infantry color remained sky-blue for several years. Recently the white was restored. From the time of the Mexican war frock-coats, with full skirts, another French invention, have been worn, and the full-dress coats of men and officers during the war of 1861–65 were long-skirted.

The service dress, well remembered, for it is not long out of date, consisted of blouses for the foot and jackets for the cavalry and artillery. Dark blue for coats and light blue for trousers and overcoats are the colors that have been recognized for years. At the present time the chapeau has been readopted for general officers and the staff, but it is a different and a lower hat than that worn by General Scott. None but general officers now wear sashes and epaulettes. Line officers wear shoulder-knots and gilt sword-belts. The colors of the various arms and staff departments are as follows: Artillery, scarlet; cavalry, yellow; infantry, white; ordnance, crimson and white; engineer, yellow; quartermaster, buff (a recent adaptation of the old combination of blue and buff); signal corps, orange; and ordnance, scarlet and white. Enlisted men of the cavalry and artillery wear scales. The old forage-cap of the last war was almost as ugly as the dress hat. It was of blue cloth, with an inclined visor, and was so high and stiff that the top fell forward. It was hooked to the visor. Since then the army wears the French képi for fatigue, but it is not so comfortable or smart in appearance as the cap of the French army. After a short experience with a modern shako for a dress hat, the helmet was



HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.—Drawn from Life by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 166.]



NATIVE LIFE OF NEW GUINEA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 166.]

1. Tree House. 2. Sleeping House. 3. A Native. 4. Marine Village of Supuselia. 5. Chief's House, Supuselia. 6. Chief's House, Olarri.

The Commodore called on him, and asked him to return his visits. Wherever they met, the Commodore put shrewd, quick questions to him, and got back just as shrewd answers, just as quickly uttered—a feature of the dialogues that greatly pleased the financier. Thus the social relations between the two came to bear fruit in the way of business for Mr Depew. He had the power to instantly concentrate his mind upon a given subject to the exclusion of all else. It is a very uncommon and remarkable gift, and has become the key-stone of his greatness. The Commodore had neither time nor patience for the traditional lawyer, who asks to have every matter for his consideration submitted in writing, with a profusion of detail, and who then buries it and himself in an office miles away, to set in force processes as mysterious and as slow as hatching chickens. The Commodore was in the last degree a difficult man to satisfy. He wanted legal advice as men get definitions from a dictionary or griddle-cakes at a restaurant. But it was not merely his lack of patience with the formula of lawyers that made him cling to a man who could dispense with them as Mr. Depew could; the matters he wanted counsel upon were too important, bold, and valuable to the speculative world to be put in writing, and handed about in a law office from lawyer to clerk and clerk to copyist. The great railroad operator avoided this risk of defeat by retaining counsellors who heard him discuss his plans, and then, taking a few notes only, went to their homes or their libraries to study and reflect. But the Commodore never was satisfied until he met Mr. Depew, who settled all his problems one way or the other on the spot; who could return answers as fast as the Commodore could put questions, and that was as fast as a cowboy can shoot, or the reader can snap his fingers.

This remarkable trial of Mr Depew's more than remarkable faculty was being made by Commodore Vanderbilt during the year that followed the young lawyer's election to the office of Secretary of State. Mr Depew declined a re-election to that office, declined the offer by W. H. Seward of the post of Minister to Japan, and would have had a chance to decline the honor of being the Collector of this port if President Johnson had not torn up the commission after signing it, because of a quarrel with the Hon. Edwin D. Morgan, who had asked it of him. Commodore Vanderbilt's influence was strong in this eventful juncture in Mr. Depew's career, for the old Commodore had no liking for politics and no patience with men who sought public office. In crowded stages time brought Mr. Depew his thirty-second year, and at that age, in 1866, the founder of the Vanderbilt fortunes appointed him attorney for the Harlem Railroad. His rise in rank as an officer of the Vanderbilt system kept pace with the growth of that gigantic foundation.

With the consolidation of the Harlem and Central roads he became a director of the system and its attorney. Other roads were taken in, and he became a Vice-president. As the ball swelled he who rode on top of it was lifted higher and higher. Before the Commodore died Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt had become attached to and dependent upon Mr. Depew. Next he died, and the world discovered what the Vanderbilts had found out far earlier, that all the while the lawyer had been giving out legal advice he had been imbibing a knowledge of railroading and of financiering. He became the President not of the comparatively little corporation built up by the Commodore, but of the majestic system that includes the Harlem, Hudson River, New York Central, Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Nickel Plate, St Paul, and West Shore roads. Better yet, he has demonstrated his fitness for the place so plainly that he who rides may read assurance of it.

Few now think of Mr. Depew as a lawyer, yet it is a question whether any consulting attorney in the country attends to anything like the volume of important business that accrues to him in his different relations. It is scarcely a question whether any man outranks him as the custodian of vast sums of money. First as a trustee, and then as a lawyer, having charge of great estates, he has the care of more millions than any other American. Not all the men who know what his responsibilities are can fathom the secret of his method of crowding into such a life all the social and political and public functions he performs. It is customary among the men who see him every day at the Grand Central Depot to dodge the question by calling him a "wizard." But that which distinguishes him in his relations to the world is the same faculty that impressed the first great Vanderbilt—that of focussing his knowledge, his memory, and all his other wits upon one matter after another, each separately and in its order. He never borrows trouble or considers a care till he comes to it. Then he thinks of nothing else, though the matter in hand may be a trifle, and he may know that in another hour the most vexatious difficulty is coming up for discussion.

He is the only man in the world, I suspect, who, having a speech to deliver at night, gives it no thought until he closes his desk at five o'clock on the evening of the event. This is his habit. Shut up in his library from half past five o'clock until half past six or seven o'clock, he emerges to dress himself for the occasion, ready then or at any subsequent moment to deliver a carefully prepared address.

NEW GUINEA.

Among the islands of the world New Guinea stands second in size to Australia, of which at one time it has evidently been a part. The geological character of the bottom of the shallow Torres Strait, which, with a width of eighty miles, separates the two islands, shows that it was a connecting isthmus before its submersion, which probably occurred in the Miocene period. New Guinea lies immediately north of Australia, between 0° 25′ and 10° 40′ south latitude, and between 130° 50′ and 150° 35′ east longitude. It is 1490 miles long, with a maximum breadth of 430 miles, and its area is 306,000 square miles. In its general configuration it is mountainous, and its coast-line is composed of steep cliffs broken by the swampy deltas of navigable rivers, some of which streams are of considerable size. A barrier reef, with openings that afford a safe harborage for large vessels, lies outside of much of its coast. From its situation, almost directly under the equator, the climate of New Guinea is hot and humid, and on the coast unhealthful. This great region thus far has baffled all attempts by explorers to penetrate it, and, except for a very scanty knowledge concerning its coasts, remains to civilized man an unrevealed tract. Though it is still practically unexplored, the existence of this island is not a recent discovery to navigators, for it is probable that it was sighted by A. Dabreu in 1511. It was apparently first visited either by the Portuguese Dom Jorge de Meneses, driven, on his way from Goa to Ternate in 1526, to take shelter on the northeast coast, or by the Spaniard Alvaro de Saavedra, two years later. By Ortiz de Retez, or Roda, who, in 1546, first laid several points along the north coast, the name of "New Guinea" was probably given to this island. In that century and the two following centuries, though the coast was visited at different times by the illustrious navigators Schouten and Lemaire, Tasman, Dampier, Torres, Bougainville, and Cook, little additional knowledge concerning it was gained.

The remoteness of New Guinea from the usual courses of merchant vessels, the steep cliffs of its coast, the dense forests, and, where the shores are low, the swamps and malarial jungles, together with the treachery and ferocity of its inhabitants, are causes which have rendered it so long a mystery to civilized eyes. While its coast-line is comparatively well mapped, but little more is known of the interior than that it contains high mountain ranges, some of which are visible from the sea, but they have so far proved inaccessible. D'Albertis, the Italian explorer, in 1776-7 steamed in the 10-ton launch *Neva* 500 miles up the Fly River, in the south part of New Guinea. He found the vegetation to be Australian in character, the river-banks low and swampy. As he penetrated the interior of the island he noted that the people were more civilized than those residing upon the coast, but they were warlike and treacherous, sometimes endeavoring to entice his party into ambuscades upon the shore, and several times attacking his launch with fleets of canoes.

Attempts by explorers to push by land into the interior have invariably failed before much progress was accomplished. All observations that have been made confirm the fact that New Guinea is rich in fruit and plant life of many descriptions, that the soil is fertile, the scenery magnificent in many parts, and that the island teems with inhabitants. It is by the great waterways into this island that the most important explorations have been made. By no other way could any part of the interior be as yet safely entered.

But little knowledge of the interior of New Guinea can be obtained from its native peoples, which consist of a great number of isolated tribes, differing much in appearance and language. These communities live at constant feud with one another, and can give little information of tribes beyond the limits of their respective domains. There are a variety of types among the people, the prevailing characteristics of race being those known as the Papuan, which are found especially in the southeast of the island. In this type is found long frizzy hair, which is dressed by its owners into the form of a mop; a skin removed just a shade from black; a prominent aquiline nose, depressed at the point, and protruding lips, which cause the chin to appear to retreat. Leprosy, elephantiasis, itch, and ophthalmia are frequent among the New Guinea natives, and fully a third of them are afflicted with a malignant ringworm caused by a microscopic insect. Among certain coast tribes of the island the intermixture of Arab and Malay blood has produced a fairer type of people, superior to the Papuans; other New Guinea tribes resemble the Polynesians. In the mountainous northern part of New Guinea, at Andai, are the Arfaks, which are described by D'Albertis as a fine, tall, strong people, superior to natives of the coast. The type of the mountain tribes is generally Papuan, and the expression of their countenances is melancholy. Among them, according to this explorer, are albinos; and some tribes have the woolly hair of the genuine negro. Among the natives the level of civilization varies, but it seldom reaches even the average Pacific island standard. They have no single name for New Guinea, nor any idea of its extent, only using terms signifying "great land" to distinguish it from the adjacent islands.

On the west coast there is a semi-civilization, due to intercourse with the Malay and Bughis traders who have settled at various points, and on the west coast Mohammedan teaching has also some civilizing effect. The natives have little religious feeling, but they are superstitious, standing in great fear of evil spirits of the dead. Music is a passion with them, and this characteristic renders them amenable to the influence of the missionaries, but as converts to Christianity they show no warmth of devotion, differing in this respect from the Polynesians. Many of the tribes at the west end of New Guinea are head hunters and cannibals, and, in fact, cannibalism is generally practised among the natives throughout New Guinea. The people display a frequent hostility and mistrust of strangers, which sentiments are perhaps partly caused by slave-hunting raids, to which they have been subjected, and ill-treatment by traders. The mountain tribes are usually despised by their coast neighbors as being ruder and more destitute of resources than themselves; but where the mountain folks are more numerous and fiercer, as in the south of West New Guinea, they repay this feeling with interest, and the coast people live in perpetual terror of their neighbors, who plunder and enslave them. When a tribe gets too strong for its neighbors, they combine to destroy it. Other causes of wars are outrages or insults which under their code must be avenged; or the sudden death of some member of a tribe is ascribed to the witchcraft of an enemy, for no death in New Guinea is believed by the natives to be the result of natural causes. But all these reasons for warfare are really excuses for cannibalism and head hunting.

There is a style of house construction common to all tribes in New Guinea, the peculiarity of which is the building of houses raised from the ground or above the water on piles. Mr. Basil H. Thomson describes the coast villages of the Motu, Saroa, Loyalupu, and other tribes, as being usually built on piles above the shallow water between the coral reef and the shore, from a quarter to half a mile distant from land, as is the case of the village of Supuselia, shown in the accompanying illustrations. This style of architecture is identical with that of the lake dwellers of old, once so common throughout Europe. The house interiors are littered with mats, pots, and the utensils of daily life. They are much crowded, and the frail structures rock in the strong wind; but as New Guinea is outside of the hurricane belt, fire destroys more of them than the storms. The piles are short-lived, owing to marine borers, but when a house becomes rickety new piles are inserted beside the old ones. Many of the houses on shore are built, as is shown in illustration 4, to represent the crocodile, the over-reaching roof imitating the upper jaw of the open mouth, and the projecting platform on the ground the lower. The poles and rafters are often decorated with the skulls and bones of enemies that the owners have killed and eaten. Those native villages which stand upon land usually have a number of tree houses—houses built in the tops of the tallest trees as a means of refuge in case of an attack upon the inhabitants.

Mr. Bell, a photographer of Australia, who accompanied one of the latest exploring expeditions, and who made some of the photographs from which the accompanying illustrations were taken, relates that on one occasion, while ascending a river in New Guinea, a number of the natives, who had never seen white men before, were induced to come on board the steam-launch, and in a short time became friendly. They were delighted with everything they saw, until they discovered in a cask some salt beef, which they evidently took for something else. They had a hurried consultation, no doubt arriving at the conclusion that the whites were cannibals like themselves, for they leaped into their canoes and paddled away as fast as possible, and could not be induced to return to the vessel. There are to-day hardly more than a score of white residents in New Guinea, and these are mostly traders and pearl fishers. An English mission is established at Port Moresby, under the care of the Rev. J. W Chalmers, of the London Missionary Society, whose teachers reside at all the principal villages of the Motu district.

A considerable trade is carried on between the different tribes along the coast. The natives in the neighborhood of Port Moresby manufacture pottery, and exchange it for sago with the tribes to the westward. The annual trading cruise is to them an important event. Large sailing craft called *lakatois* are made by lashing four or more canoes together. Masts and sails are rigged, and the whole loaded with pottery; then, taking advantage of the southeast trade winds, they sail westward to the villages on the coast and the rivers of the Papuan Gulf, exchanging their ware for sago and the other products of the region visited; then, after several weeks of feasting, they catch the northwest monsoons, which carry them homeward with their deeply loaded vessels. The natives, who have always borne a bad name as pirates, are believed to still sometimes combine a certain amount of piracy with their trading voyages along the coast.

The mammals of New Guinea are akin to those of Australia, but are limited in variety. The land swarms with wallaby of two species, and with a peculiar form of pig, opossums, a species of bandicoot, or wild rat, and mice. There is some reason to think that an exploration of the interior might reveal living specimens of the gigantic marsupials found as fossils in the Queensland Pleistocene. Of birds there is a great variety, among them the cassowary is included. The beauty and number of the birds are great, and out of 1028 species identified, 470 are peculiar to New Guinea and the adjacent islands, including Aroo. The more numerous and important genera are pre-eminently Australian in character, with many species peculiarly developed. Here abound birds-of-paradise, honeysuckers, flycatchers, parrots, crows, kingfishers, and pigeons, all rich in special forms and most of them distinguished by beauty of plumage. Birds of prey are rare. One of the most remarkable species of the bird family in New Guinea is the scrub-hen (*Megapodius tumulus*), which erects great mound nests, often more than ten feet high, and its eggs furnish the natives with animal food in the egg season, as a number of hens lay in one of these nests for several seasons. The brush turkey, a large species of the scrub-hen, lays eggs in the same mounds. The hot, moist climate on the coast becomes especially unhealthful during the transition between the monsoons, which period is long and irregular, owing to the action of the high mountain ranges on these winds. The heat is tempered by the heavy rainfall discharged by the northwest monsoon, chiefly in the west and north; the southeast monsoon also is wet, especially in the east and south districts. Over a great part of New Guinea dense forests prevail, clothing the mountains to an altitude of several thousand feet with timber of enormous height. The trees are matted with creepers, and there is a dense undergrowth of brushwood, ferns, and lycopodiums. Great reeds and grasses cover the swamps and open spaces. The plants usually found in the tropics abound; the cocoa-palm grows everywhere; the sago-palm grows wild in abundance in the swamps. Tobacco of a good quality and an indigenous cotton plant are also found.

Politically, New Guinea is divided among Holland, Germany, and Great Britain. The Dutch, who for many years have maintained a desultory trade on the coast, hold a nominal sovereignty over the northerly half of the island, claiming all the territory that lies west of 140° 47' east longitude. The southeasterly part is divided about equally between Germany and Great Britain. Germany in 1885 and 1886 made the northerly part of south-east New Guinea—the territory lying between Humboldt Bay and Huon Gulf—a German possession, and gave it the name of Kaiser Wilhelm Land. Here a German trading and colonization society, known as the New Guinea Company, has established stations on the coast at Finsch Haven, Constantine, and Hatzfeld harbors, but nowhere on the island has any power made an attempt to found a colony.

Since 1884 a British protectorate has been administered by a commissioner over the part of New Guinea claimed by Great Britain. Owing to the undefined nature of his executive and judicial powers, and the probability that an influx of Europeans would result in hostilities with natives, settlement by Europeans has been discouraged. In 1888 the territory controlled by Great Britain was declared a British possession by royal letters-patent, and the flag finally hoisted at Port Moresby on September 4th of that year. That New Guinea is ever to have a future of any great importance to the white race is uncertain. Should the climate of the uplands and plateaus of the interior prove to be salubrious, and the land suitable for planting or grazing, as has been predicted by explorers, then in a few years there may be a marked change in the country. A discovery of precious metal, of which there are indications, would hasten immigration, and pave the way for a more permanent settlement. Should none of these possibilities occur, however, then New Guinea is likely to remain for a long time as it is to-day.

COUNT ANDRASSY.

Count Julius (Gyula) Andrassy, who died on February 18th, at Volosca, near Fiume, where he had been sojourning for some time in the hope of improving his health, was a very prominent figure in the work of the reconstruction of Europe which has taken place since 1850. He was born in the county of Zemplen, Hungary, on March 8, 1823. His father, Count Charles Andrassy, was an influential member of the national diets, and a publicist of merit. His family is an old one, dating back to the sixteenth century in Hungary, and to the thirteenth in Bosnia.

Count Julius was a member of the Presburg Diet, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Zemplen, and an active mover in the revolutionary epidemic which spread over Europe in 1848. He led the militia of his district against the Austrians, who, with the aid of Russia, reduced Hungary to the condition of a province. Just previous to the collapse of the patriotic cause, Andrassy was sent as minister to Constantinople, and his absence from home doubtless saved his life, as he seems to have been condemned to death with others who suffered the penalty. As it was, he was hanged in effigy only, and reserved to render brilliant services to and receive high honors from the power which then sought his destruction. The Turkish authorities refused to deliver him up at the request of Austria; but to relieve the former of any embarrassment, Andrassy went to France, and lived there and in England until the Magyar patriots were amnestied in 1857. His talents and agreeable personality made him a notable favorite in the societies of the Western capitals.

Returning to Hungary when it had become feasible for him to do so, he soon entered into public affairs, and became Deak's most valued coadjutor. The Prussian victory at Königgrätz in 1866, in humbling Austria, led her to adopt a policy of conciliation toward the Hungarian people, with the result of granting them practically what they had fought in vain for in 1848. They were given an independent parliament, and Andrassy, at the request of Deak, who declined office himself, was made their Prime minister. One of his early official acts was to conduct the ceremonies wherein the Emperor and Empress of Austria were crowned King and Queen of Hungary, at Buda-Pesth. His term of office was signalized by the institution of important reforms, one of which was the restoration of trial by jury, and another, the removal of political disabilities from the Jews.

In 1871 he was called to succeed Count Beust as Foreign Minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the chief officer under the Emperor of the dual government. The new German Empire had just been created, and Andrassy was one of the chief factors in the formation of the triple alliance known as the *Dreikaiserbund*. This was broken up after some years by the events connected with the Turco-Russian war, and the snatching of the fruits of victory from the victor. In all the diplomacy of that troublesome period he played a conspicuous part. He represented Austria in the Berlin Conference of 1878, and was instrumental in adding Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and in extending its influence in the Balkans generally. He resigned his ministerial office in 1879, apparently because of internal complications arising out of the new order of things he had been instrumental in bringing about. Since his retirement ten years ago he has held no official position, but has retained a lively interest in governmental matters, and has been a trusted adviser.

NEAR EAST HAMPTON

(A PAINTING BY A. F. BUNNER.)

Above the new leaves of the old bent tree—
A trembling olive sea—
The light-winged bluebirds play,
And in the meadow stretching far away
The dusty bees among the flowers stray,
Where the glad bobolink
Floats on a tide of song above the clover pink.

I see the tawny fields of dimpling rye
Beneath a peaceful sky,
And hear the crystal brook
Murmur along through many a cressy nook
That weeping willows softly overlook,
And see the cloud-ships rest
In pale armadas far adown the rosy west.

Softly the purple-footed shadows creep
About the huddled sheep,
While all the happy land
Is by the amorous wing of summer fanned,
Festooned with roses, soothed by breezes bland,
And in a fairy dream
Like the light lily on the bosom of a stream.

Oh, perfect shining day, all green and gold!
What happiness untold
We'd know if so arrayed
Were all our fleeting days!—knowing no shade
Save that by brightest smiling sunshine made,
As when it gayly throws
Across the lily's face the shadow of a rose!

R. K. Munkittrick.

SOME MIDWINTER GAME BIRDS.

What an inspiring, rejuvenating, wholesomely savage sound is the "honk, honk" of the wild goose dropping down to us some morning at the close of a tiresome winter,

"As March leads forth across the leas
The wild and windy spring"!

It is a sound full of sap, and starts budding within us that seed of nomadic and wild nature inherited from those far ancestors to whom the mountain ranges were but challenges to exploration, and the ocean an invitation to travel and conquest. We look up and see the far-away triangle "harrowing the sky" on tireless pinions, cleaving its way with firm and unswerving speed toward the pole. Whence have they come? We have watched and shot at them on many a Southern bayou and inland lake; but surely these scornful emigrants are not from such near and common haunts. Whither are they bound? Imagination likes to follow—pleases itself with picturing the new scenes, the pungent adventures they must encounter from day to day before the far blue waters of Hudson's Bay and Athabasca Lake, or the desolate ice cliffs of King William's Land, invite them to pause for a summer's sojourn.

"Steering north with raucous cry,
Through tracts and provinces of sky,
Every night alighting down
In new landscapes of romance,
Where darkling feed the clamorous clans,
By lonely lakes to men unknown."

Game laws are of little service to the wild-goose. Everywhere he must run the gauntlet of the guns, and pay for his liberty the price of eternal vigilance. His arrival in his far Northern breeding grounds is hailed as the season of plenty by Esquimau, Indian, and white hunter, who search out his down-bedded nests in the morasses or on the cliffs to rob them of eggs and goslings, set snares and spread nets for the adults, chase them with spears, and kill them with gunshot by the hundred. The natives fatten upon their juicy flesh, and the fur traders preserve thousands for winter use. Foxes, weasels, ermines, and other marauders prey upon eggs and young, and the eagles, larger hawks, and great jaeger-gulls strike them down in mid-air. Finally, when the short summer is over, and their feeding grounds are skimmed with ice, and the numbing air admonishes them to be gone, the geese must run the gauntlet of the forest Indians of the Saskatchewan Valley and Upper Canada, must spring away from well-concealed gunners surrounding every pond and river head from Lac St. Jean to the Kootenay, and will find no rest from enemies when they at last settle down in the broad marshes of the United States. Yet so watchful, suspicious, and strong of wing are they that enough wild-geese escape all these perils to keep the ranks nearly as full as ever.

The migration does not seem to be continuous, but by stages, from feeding ground to feeding-ground. This is especially true in the fall, when the birds are loath to leave the North, and like to make as long halts *en route* as the weather permits. Hence they are often overtaken by storms, and then fly low, and drive through the rushing flakes almost or altogether at random, landmarks being obliterated. In the evening of such a day, as the observant Hudson's Bay Company's men inform us, the geese will sink to the ground and plunge into the fleecy drifts for shelter. But at just such a time the foxes and carcajous are most hungry, and hence most to be dreaded. Well aware of this, the geese sagaciously press their way forward for some yards, so that if a fox should trace and enter their tunnel, they may have plenty of start in making their escape.

There are no less than a dozen species and varieties of goose and brant that visit the United States in more or less numbers. Of these the *Branta canadensis* is the common wild-goose, which breeds in suitable places all along our Canadian frontier, as well as far to the northward. The brant is another large kind, furnishing capital sport along the northern Atlantic sea-shore, while some of the other species are more common in the Western States than on the Eastern seaboard.

Courageous in his sense of strength, a swan is the first bird from the South to reach the shores of arctic America, and to the native people there, almost worn out by their long contest with cold and starvation, he is a messenger of spring, and his advent the occasion of wide and hearty rejoicing. but this leader of the northward hastening column of migrant water-fowl is the great *trumpeter* of the Pacific coast—and a proper leader too!

Rear guard of that column, last of the migrants to be noted sailing over the posts of the fur traders on Hudson's Bay, on Peace River, and along the Mackenzie, goes the smaller whistling swan, the subject of our illustration, with which sportsmen of the United States are the more familiar, and which is also a resident of the polar shores and islands of the Old World. In severe winters it is forced as far south as England, central Europe, and the marshes which border the Caspian. It is daily seen in southern Siberia and Thibet, and is one of the visitants of China and northern Japan.

To the aborigines of all the semi-arctic zone this bird is of the greatest value, not only because its flesh and eggs are edible, and a grateful change from their winter diet of dried fish and moss, but because its down and feathers enter into the few materials available for clothing. At the most northerly Hudson's Bay posts great numbers of the bodies of these birds are salted down, to be served out as rations to their men and the Indian hunters during the succeeding winter.

One of the populous breeding haunts of this swan was discovered by Captain Dale near the mouth of the Yukon, in Alaska; and he tells us that in July, when the big birds are moulting and cannot fly well, the Esquimaux slaughter them by means of their cleverly barbed bone tridents, which combine the service of a spear and a grapnel. These Esquimaux, as well as their neighbors of the Tinneh, further east, flay nearly all they secure, and save the skins to be made into under-clothing; but the carcass is not refused on that account, even by the white men of that region. "In Iceland, to the inhabitants of which," according to Selby, "the down and feathers are of great value, not only for domestic comfort, but as an article of barter, they are hunted down and killed in great numbers in the month of August, at which time the old birds are unable to fly, having cast their quill feathers. At this season the natives assemble in bodies in places where the swans are most abundant, attended by dogs, and mounted upon small but active horses, purposely trained to pass over bogs and through marshy soil; the chase then commences, and many are ridden down, but the greater number are caught by the dogs, which always seize by the neck, a mode of attack that causes the bird to lose its balance and become an easy prey."

Returning from the North, the swans and their young appear in the United States in company with the geese, but seem to fly wholly by an inland route, and are rarely seen on the coast of New England. Their flight is usually at a great elevation, in a straight line, and with a rapidity no doubt exceeding 100 miles an hour when under full headway. Not the least interesting thing connected with this southward flight is the fact that upon the back of nearly every swan are perched a little company of warblers and flycatchers, which take this rapid and easy method of making the journey to and from the arctic lands, where they love to breed, but which they could rarely reach or get away from upon unaided wings.

Coming to our ears from a great height or across a wide and wind-swept marsh, the note which gives them the name "Whistling" is not disagreeable, but near at hand it seems rather a harsh and piercing scream. It drops to feed in wide marshes and estuaries, and is sometimes caught alive, when it is easily tamed, and thrives, but is said to refuse all companionship with the ordinary tame swans, from which it is easily distinguishable by its habit of holding its neck at right angles, instead of in the rounded and graceful curve the mute species affects.

"The few swans that are annually secured on the Atlantic coast are for the most part killed on the Chesapeake Bay or at Currituck. They are not systematically pursued, but are generally captured by carelessly flying too close to gunners who are lying in wait for ducks or geese."

They should always be shot through the head or neck, as the feathers of the body will resist ordinary shot.

The natural enemies—that is, those apart from man—which the swan need fear are few, since it is so wary, so large and powerful, that it can escape or resist nearly all others. The eagles, however, are able to strike it down, and no doubt the peregrine falcon or duck hawk, and the great white owl, can now and then overcome weak or disabled ones, while the foxes, wolverenes, and other prowlers often make a meal off an unguarded nest. The fact that the swan lays only two eggs, while nature thinks it needful that water-fowl generally should hatch a dozen or more young apiece, in order to insure the perpetuation of the race, is indirect but very substantial testimony to the comparative immunity from danger this king of the marshes enjoys.

One of the most interesting of Mr. Beard's present series of pictures is that of the long-billed curlew which accompanies this text. The curlews are a numerous and wide-spread family of birds, some of the species being common to both Europe and America, though he of the long bill (*Numenius longirostris*) is peculiarly our own. They are all much alike in appearance and manners, though not in size. Migratory in habit, they are during winter residents of the beaches and muddy shores of the sea and of the mouths of rivers, associating in flocks, and feeding upon marine insects, worms, minute shell-fish, roe, and other animal matter, obtained principally by repeatedly poking their sensitive bills into the ooze on the chance of striking something edible. Their tall unfeathered legs and long sickle-shaped beaks enable them to carry on this search when the flats are covered with water and the mud worms and crustacea come to the surface.

Early in spring they retire inland and northward, selecting wide plains abounding in marshes and pools of water as suitable regions in which to rear their young. It is one of the surprises of the more Northerly plains, and of the saline lake regions of the Great Basin, to come upon a pair of alarmed curlews shrilly whistling their fright where you least expected such an apparition.

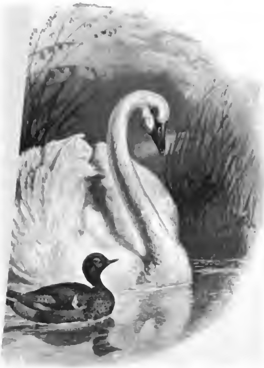
The curlew is an exceedingly timid and wary bird, and the gunner is often tempted to anathematize it as he suddenly hears its loud alarum bidding everything take heed to itself. It will usually keep just out of gunshot, but may sometimes be decoyed by waving a handkerchief on a stick, or otherwise exciting its curiosity. At the best, however, this draws it only a little nearer, and many chances of missing must be taken. In this case, however, the game is hardly worth the trouble, for high seasoning is needed to make the flesh of the curlew acceptable to a palate that has tasted plover, snipe, or woodcock.

How different from the reedy morasses or the rippling tide flats beloved by the swan, the geese, and the curlews, are the home and life of the ptarmigan! Over my desk as I write hangs a little sketch—only a few lines and patches of angular shadow—but enough to convey to the eye a sense of alpine summits:

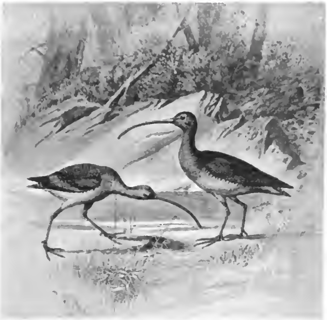
"The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky;
Dazzling and white, save where the bleak
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusty streak."

In the almost blank foreground of the sketch are half a dozen small partridge-like birds, mere outlines in the universal white, whilst another two or three are scudding away like fragments torn from a snow-cloud. These are ptarmigan. More than once, on the high and frosty peaks of the Rocky Mountains, I have come upon little coveys picking up seeds, beetles, buds, and whatever edible they could find between the last shrub of forest and the snow line, and have even met them upon broad snow tracts. Generally they were utterly unsuspicious, so that I might have caught them in my hands. On some of the high peaks miners live during the summer, and these "mountain chickens" come familiarly around their cabins, grateful for crumbs and companionship.

This Rocky Mountain species is the "white-tailed," and, so far as we know, it is confined



HISTLING-SWAN AND LITTLE BLUE-WINGED TEAL.



LONG-BILLED CURLEW.

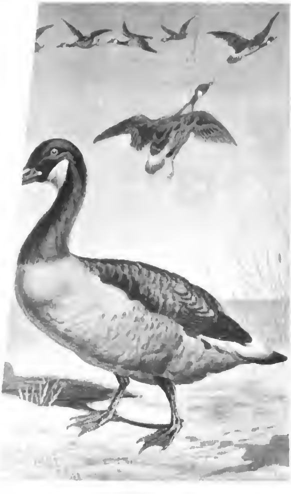
lillers, never wandering into the
quented by the black-tailed wil-
ıat species occasionally comes far
h water-sheds of the Rockies and
ːry feather in the plumage of our
ıre white, and even the sharp gaze
ds it hard to discern one against
une, however, the feathers of the
new growth, clouded and barred
ıck, but the wings and tail remain

eaves the alpine grass-plots, pairs of ptarmigans scrape together a few leaves and bits of moss under the shelter of a rock, and presently sit upon a dozen handsomely painted eggs until the gray and downy chicks arrive. These speedily run about, quite independent of motherly care, as befits one born amid such exigencies.

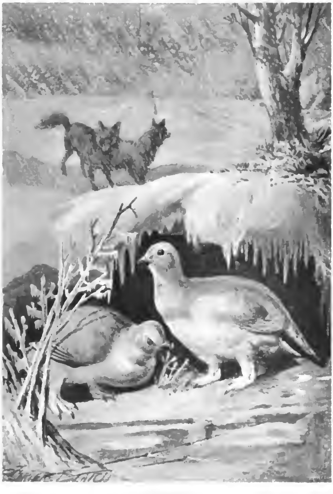
> "Child of the clouds! remote from every taint
> Of sordid industry thy lot is cast.
> Thine are the honors of the lofty waste.
> Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
> Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
> Thy cradle decks; to chant thy birth thou hast
> No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast;
> And Desolation is thy Patron Saint."

The willow-grouse is a ptarmigan whose summer plumage is reddish buff, and which in winter keeps jet-black feathers in the side of its tail, instead of turning wholly white. It is very numerous north of the Saskatchewan forests from Alaska to Greenland, and is of much importance as a food resource to the Indians and fur hunters of that region. Its fondness for willow thickets, upon the buds of which it mainly subsists, gives it its name. A third species, properly belonging to Greenland and the adjacent main-land, is occasionally seen around Hudson's Bay in severe winters, and seems to be the same as the rock-ptarmigan of boreal Europe.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

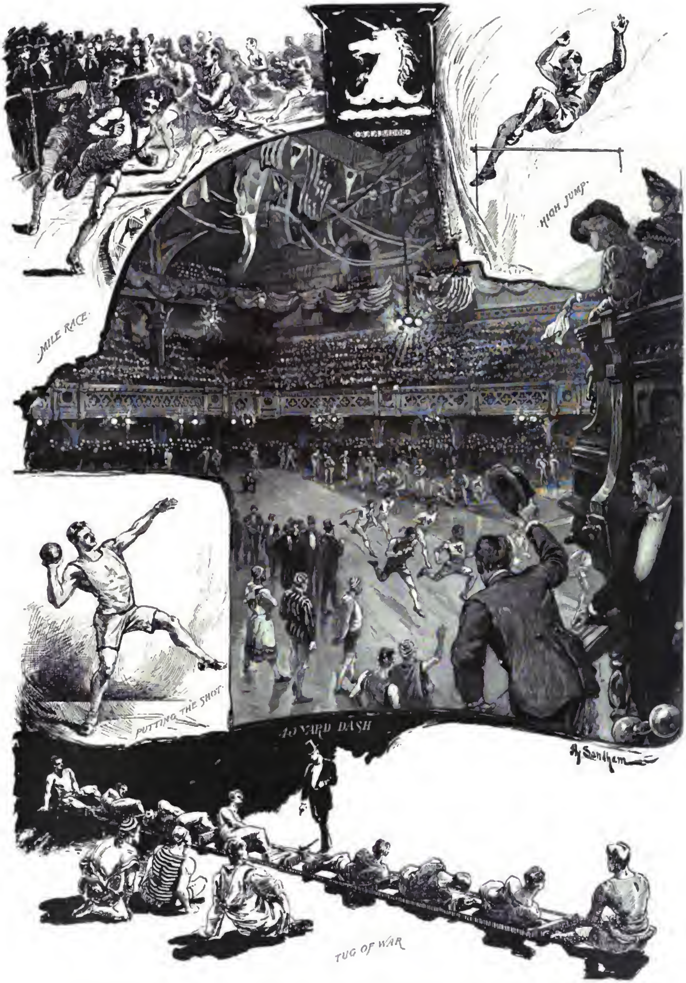


WILD-GOOSE.



PTARMIGAN.

MIDWINTER GAME BIRDS.—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 169.]


MILE RACE
HIGH JUMP
PUTTING THE SHOT
40 YARD DASH
TUG OF WAR
H. Sandham

THE GREAT MEETING OF AMATEUR ATHLETES UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BOSTON ATHLETIC CLUB.

DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

fanwise, the sticks being represented by regiments strung out along the line of route backward to the divisional transport columns, and all the lumber that trails behind an army on the move. On its right the broken left of the Army of the North was flying in mass, chased by the Southern horse and hammered by the Southern guns, till these had been pushed far beyond the limits of their last support. Then the flying Army of the North sat down to rest, while the elated commandant of the pursuing force telegraphed that he held it in check and observation.

Unluckily he did not observe that three miles to his right flank a flying column of Northern horse with a detachment of Ghoorkhas and British troops had been pushed round as fast as the failing light allowed, to cut across the entire rear of the Southern Army, to break, as it were, all the ribs of the fan where they converged, by striking at the transport reserve, ammunition, and artillery supplies. Their instructions were to go in, avoiding the few scouts who might not have been drawn off by the pursuit, and create sufficient excitement to impress the Southern Army with the wisdom of guarding their own flank and rear before they captured cities. It was a pretty manœuvre, neatly carried out.

Speaking for the second division of the Southern Army, our first intimation of it was at twilight, when the artillery were laboring in deep sand, most of the escort were trying to help them out, and the main body of the infantry had gone on. A Noah's ark of elephants, camels, and the mixed menagerie of an Indian transport train bubbled and squealed behind the guns, when there appeared from nowhere in particular British infantry to the extent of three companies, who sprang to the heads of the gun horses, and brought all to a stand-still amid oaths and cheers.

"How's that, umpire?" said the major commanding the attack, and with one voice the drivers and limber gunners answered, "Hout!" while the colonel of artillery sputtered.

"All your scouts are charging our main body," said the major. "Your flanks are unprotected for two miles. I think we've broken the back of this division. And listen! there go the Ghoorkhas!"

A weak fire broke from the rear-guard

camp, and so made the experiment of its effect. Long before the fatigue party sent to collect brushwood had returned, the men were settled down by their valises, kettles and pots had appeared from the surrounding country, and were dangling over fires as the kid and the compressed vegetables bubbled together; there rose a cheerful clinking of mess tins, outrageous demands for "a little more stuffin' with that there liver wing," and gust on gust of chaff as pointed as a bayonet and as delicate as a gun butt.

"The boys are in a good temper," said the major. "They'll be singing presently. Well, a night like this is enough to keep them happy."

Over our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in on one plane, but preserving an orderly perspective, draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a gray shadow more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry fire leagues away to the left. A native woman in some unseen hut began to sing, the mail train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story.

The men, full fed, turned to tobacco and song—their officers with them. Happy is the subaltern who can win the approval of the musical critics in his regiment, and is honored among the more intricate step-dancers. By him, as by him who plays cricket craftily, will Thomas Atkins stand in time of need when he will let a better officer go on alone. The ruined tombs of forgotten Mussulman saints heard the ballad of "Agra Town," "The Buffalo Battery," "Marching to Kabul," "The long, long Indian Day," "The Place where the Punka Coolie died," and that crashing chorus which announces

> "Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
> Firm hand, and eagle eye
> Must he acquire who would aspire
> To see the gray boar die."

To-day, of all those jovial thieves who appropriated my commissariat, and lay and laughed round that water-proof sheet, not one remains. They went to camps that were not

ould Silver made them pay for the fun. Faith, I've seen Hamlut played wid a new black eye, an' the Queen as full as a cornucopia. I remember wanst Hogin that 'listed in the Black Tyrone an' was shot in South Africa, he sejuced ould Silver into givin' him Hamlut's part instid av me, that had a fine fancy for rhetoric in those days. Av coorse I wint into the gallery an' began to fill the pit wid other people's hats, an' I passed the time av day to Hogin walkin' through Denmark like a hamstrung mule wid a pall on his back. 'Hamlut,' sez I, 'there's a hole in your heel. Pull up your shtockin's, Hamlut,' sez I. 'Hamlut, Hamlut, for the love av decency dhrop that skull an' pull up your shtockin's.' The whole house begun to tell him that. He stopped his soliloquishms mid between. 'My shtockin's may be comin' down or they may not,' sez he, screwin' his eye into the gallery, for well he knew who I was; 'but afther the performance is over me an' the Ghost 'll trample the guts out av you, Terence, wid your ass's bray.' An' that's how I come to know about Hamlut. Eyah! Those days, those days! Did you iver have onendin' devilmint an' nothin' to pay for it in your life, sorr?"

"Never without having to pay," I said.

"That's thrue. 'Tis mane, whin you considher on ut; but ut's the same wid horse or fut. A headache if you dhrink, an' a bellyache if you eat too much, an' a heartache to kape all down. Faith, the beast only gets the colic, an' he's the lucky man."

He dropped his head and stared into the fire, fingering his mustache the while. From the far side of the bivouac the voice of Corbet Nolan, senior subaltern of H Company, uplifted itself in an ancient and much-appreciated song of sentiment, the men moaning melodiously behind him:

> "The north wind blew coldly, she drooped from that hour,
> My own little Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
> Kathleen, my Kathleen, Kathleen O'Moore!"

with forty five o's in the last word. Even at that distance you might have cut the soft South Irish accent with a shovel.

"For all we take we must pay, but the price is cruel high," murmured Mulvaney when the chorus had ceased.

"What's the trouble?" I said, gently, for I knew that he was a man of an inextinguishable sorrow.

practices are too evident and too numerous to be denied. Moral precept alone is not a sufficient remedy for the school community, although high principle saves many individuals. The true antidote for idleness is, of course, enforced study; the corrective of harmful weariness is innocent sport and mirth. To this end a sound theory of education has in some measure always enforced the value of the games in which youth delights. It remained for our century and the teachers of our race to appreciate them at their true importance. The intelligent sentiment of America approves of school sports as wise masters encourage and develop them. It is to be feared, however, that the public emphasizes their material rather than their moral results. We all appreciate the health and beauty of the body; few take pains to note how near akin are physical and moral beauty at the time of life when all is plastic, and conviction has not yet hardened into principle.

Nothing could be more deplorable than the confusion which exists in many influential circles between the play of school and that of college or university, the two terms being almost interchangeable among us. There is a wise old conundrum which asks, "What is most like a man?" The answer is, "A great big boy." We all realize the distinction between the boy of ten and the man of forty; the fewest have studied that indeterminate and misty border land which separates the boy of sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen from the man of seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, or twenty. For all our ignorance, it is there, and the theory and practice of university government must reckon with it—one day, tutelage, the next, independence in some direction. This fact underlies the acrimonious controversy of late years about elective or optional studies in the universities. The question in its present form is even wider, for it now embraces the whole sphere of bodily and intellectual and moral activities.

It is not superfluous, therefore, to point out that the conditions of school sport and college sport are essentially different. The school-boy may be and generally is manly, but at bottom he is still a boy; the university student is, fortunately for him, often boyish, but his powers and his duties are those of a man. Underlying the games and contests which the thoughtless start with a certain powers in longevity: Two hours every day in the open air, not less, rain or shine; exercise if possible on horseback or in some other pleasant way, but out-of-doors whatever you do.

Work is work, however we may seek to disguise it, or for whatever end it is done. Recreation is quite another thing, and has its proper place in student life as it has in all lives. Exercise for the mere sake of exercise is a matter of conscience, and any one who has had the opportunity to observe the recluse, young or old, taking his self-imposed "constitutional" with languid and dragging steps, buried in thoughts that belong under the lamp, must admit the painfulness of the duty. It is needless to recall the scene of the playing fields as the antithesis—the eager rivalry, the intense interest, the alertness of body and mind, the breathless endeavor, the joyous shouts of his contemporaries. The one should lead in the class-room; if he does, it is an exception to the rule, however numerous such exceptions are. The others are likely to lead in the great world after the prelude is played. No logic is required to prove a self-evident proposition, and it is useless to plead the cause of college games when their value for recreation and exercise is patent. And when they furnish, in the ambition to excel which they inspire in their votaries, the strongest incentive to regular and regulated gymnasium practice, they are simply priceless in the scheme of wholesome living.

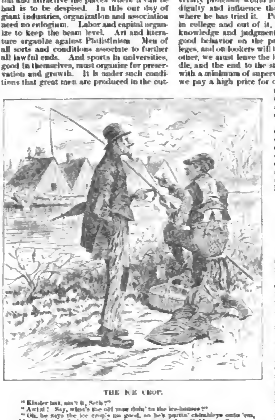
Emulation, rivalry, ambition, are the essence of sport. It might be supposed that within the organization of any college or university the existence of class or school or club feeling would be sufficient to secure quite enough of honorable pride to insure the best results. Experience proves the contrary. So centralized and homogeneous is the life of every great American institution of learning that nothing less than measuring powers with another will arouse sufficient enthusiasm for the leavening of the whole lump. This is even the case with the English universities, where the federal system of separate colleges still survives in splendid activity. It is the final struggle at "Lords" before the great London public which animates the cricketer of Oriel or Christ Church. Visions of the homestretch on the Thames, rather than the bumping races on the Cam and headship in its narrow and sedgy reaches, make the stroke and the discipline of the boating men from Johns or Trinity. How much more stimulating must similar considerations be to the out-door sports of Yale or Princeton or Harvard! New London, Mott Haven, and the Berkeley Oval furnish ideals of glory before which the lesser honors of the Charles River or the university field must pale in their calm and fainter light.

While such considerations appeal to every right-minded man, and are most important in themselves, they are but commonplaces when compared with the educational and moral results of intercollegiate contests. Victory, when nobly won and rightly used, is a splendid thing in itself. So is defeat. Nothing knits souls together like common experience. If a liberal education be desirable, nothing not harmful in itself which makes influential and attractive the places where it can be had is to be despised. In this our day of giant industries, organization and association need no eulogium. Labor and capital organize to keep the beam level. Art and literature organize against Philistinism. Men of all sorts and conditions associate to further all lawful ends. And sports in universities, good in themselves, must organize for preservation and growth. It is under such conditions that great men are produced in the outside world, and the same is true of the college world. Discipline, whether in obeying or commanding, is secured in these contests as by no other possible means. Through them every man in the college finds some place for his energy. The writer has an opportunity in the college journals, the speaker sways the mass-meetings, the man of affairs becomes an organizer, the financier deals with ways and means, the most insignificant in powers of mind can find vent for his unreasoned enthusiasm. The repression and discipline of the class-room and the devotion of the ardent student find their supplement not in spiteful mischief and disorder, as in by-gone days, but in lawful, useful activity.

Young men, emphasize the epithet as you may, are nevertheless men. To a higher degree than their elders they possess enterprise, restlessness, eagerness for doing and acting. They must have an outlet. In former days the outlet was not a safe one. The cow in the college belfry was a nuisance, laugh at the poor old joke as we do; the caricature and the rake gave pain to sensitive minds, and often inflicted wounds which never healed; the town and gown riots were debasing, and often led to criminal violence; the "burial ceremonies" of some despised text-book often developed into vice, and the vices of college students are those of adult passion. Talk about games may be trivial, the athletic hero may be but an absurd hero, though I do not believe it, but such topics and such heroes are noble in comparison with those which they have supplanted.

The man who seeks a college education consciously aims at leadership in some line of the world's work. The fierce scrutiny to which the public subjects his thinking and actions is therefore beneficial. But censoriousness and partiality too often deepen the shadows without heightening the lights of college life. College students surpass in intelligence and morality men of the same age in any other occupation. They ought to do so to a much greater extent than is the case. But no one claims perfection for them any more than for the mature men of any trade or profession. It must be freely admitted that too often their zeal outruns knowledge; that there are abuses in the sacred precincts as in the outer courts. College sports are not free from them. But are they on that account to be undervalued and relegated to the list of nuisances which are to be abolished? By no means. As patriots we want our educated men to be ready for great undertakings, fearless before the most portentous obstacles, versed in human nature, and adroit in the art of politics. There is no better school for the nurture of such qualities than the management of intercollegiate athletics.

The final consideration then is, how should they be conducted, and who should manage them? Of course we want and must have fairness and courtesy. To that end we must have regulations and maxims and a fine tradition. But we also want fire and energy; the fierce joy of struggle, if it must be. In order to have one, we might leave instruction in behavior on the arena where we put instruction in science, or the classics, or philosophy. But it would be a hazardous experiment, and it is to be feared that the university professor would lose still more of his dignity and influence than he has already where he has tried it. Public opinion, both in college and out of it, must be trained to knowledge and judgment; and when it is, good behavior on the part of players, colleges, and on-lookers will be assured. For the other, we must leave the beginning, the middle, and the end to the students themselves, with a minimum of supervision. Sometimes we pay a high price for doing so; but if we are to cultivate the sense for conduct in a most important class of young men, I believe we must do it. We dare not deprive them of either their energy or the invaluable experience which a sense of responsibility to the public alone can give.



THE ICE CROP.

"Kinder hot, ain't it, Seth?"

"Awful! Say, what's the old man doin' to the ice-houses?"

"Oh, he says the ice crop's no good, so he's puttin' chimbleys onto 'em, an' he's goin' ter fix 'em up an' rent 'em fer summer boardin'-houses."

"Gee Whickety! The summer boarders will kick themselves and the chimneys all ter pieces when they get the first month's bill."

ATHLETICS IN BOSTON.

The greatest athletic event of the season took place in the hall of the Massachusetts Mechanics' Association, Boston, Massachusetts, February 13th, when the Boston Athletic Association held their first annual in-door meeting. Invitations to the leading athletic clubs of the country had been sent out some time before, and the result was that about six hundred of the best amateur athletes of America participated in the games. The meeting was the largest of its kind ever held in Boston, and for five hours a crowd of several thousand people watched the struggles of the men. A wooden floor is not the easiest thing in the world to run on, especially when the turns of the track are abruptly made, as was the case at the Mechanics' Hall; and many of the visiting athletes were improperly shod, lacking the spiked shoes necessary to keep the foothold in rounding the sharp corners. Nevertheless, the events were all closely contested, and many surprises were in store for the athletes and visitors alike. The great runner of Princeton, Dohm, was reckoned a sure winner in the half mile run, and won the preliminary heat; but, after defeating his Harvard rival, Downes, in the final he, in turn, was distanced by Peters, of Boston, and Blake, of Harvard, and came in third place. It was another surprise for everybody when a Harvard man won the one-mile handicap run, with an Amherst and Trimount man second and third respectively, and the expected winner, Day, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, failed to get a place. The winners of the various events were as follows: 40 yards dash, E. H. Green, Harvard; half-mile run, F. R. Peters, B. A. A.; 220 yards run, J. T. McNeil, Trimount; mile walk, J. C. Keating, Pastime A. C.; 440 yards run, K. Brown, Harvard; mile run, G. Colamore, Harvard; 220 yards hurdle, J. C. Lally, Pastime A. C.; high jump, G. B. Fearing, jun., Harvard; putting the shot, J. S. Mitchell, N. J. A. C.; hammer-throwing, Coughlin, Titan A. C.; tug of war, Pastime A. C.

Handsome medals and cups were distributed to the victors, and the meeting in every way was declared a success.

THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

John Jacob Astor, who died of *angina pectoris* at his home in this city on Saturday last, leaves behind him one of the greatest private fortunes ever accumulated, and a reputation for many excellent qualities of both head and heart. The founder of the Astor family, son of a butcher at Waldorf, in Germany, and himself bred to his father's trade, came to this country in 1783, when twenty years of age. His port of destination was Baltimore, and he brought with him to sell on commission a small stock of musical instruments manufactured by his brother in London. The young man met on shipboard, however, a fur dealer, and impressed with the latter's account of profits to be made in the fur trade, determined to come to New York and enter that business. This was the first John Jacob Astor. He speedily acquired a knowledge of the fur trade in the employment of a Quaker furrier, and set up in business for himself; at the same time he became agent of the London piano-maker for whom he had once worked, and established the first music store in New York. His wife, Sarah Todd, brought him a dowry of $300, and with it a rare fund of good sense. Within fifteen years young Astor had acquired a fortune of $200,000. By hard work in his chosen business and judicious investments in real estate and various securities, he swelled this sum before his death in 1848 to $20,000,000. He left two sons and two daughters. One son, who bore his father's name, was demented; the other, William Backhouse Astor, inherited the father's business and much of his fortune.

William B. Astor, perceiving that immense profits must accrue to land holders through the growth of New York, followed his father's example, and invested large sums in urban property. The first Astor had constantly bought lands just beyond the limit of population, and the son not only imitated him in this, but improved upon his method. As a result, at his death, in 1875, he left a fortune estimated at $150,000,000. His children were John Jacob Astor, who is just dead; William Astor, a man of vast wealth; Henry Astor, who was cut off with $30,000 because of a marriage that displeased his family; and three daughters, who married, respectively, Samuel Ward, Frank Delano, and John Carey.

John Jacob Astor third was born in this city nearly sixty-eight years ago. He received his academic education at Columbia College, but failed of distinction in his collegiate course. After leaving college he passed some years in Europe, where he became proficient in the French and German languages, and saw much of fashionable society. Forty-four years ago he married the daughter of Thomas Gibbs, a cultivated South Carolinian, whose family claims descent from King John of England. Mrs. Astor was a leader of fashionable society in New York, and dispenser of many thousands—perhaps millions—in charity. She died less than two years ago, to the great grief of her husband. The income of her large private fortune he is said to have applied since that time to charity.

John Jacob Astor, following the example of his father and grandfather, invested great sums in urban land. He seldom or never sold real estate, and his leases were usually made for not more than twenty-one years, with ample safeguards as to renewals. This had been the policy of his predecessors, so that now the Astors are by far the greatest individual land owners in New York. The family holdings lie in all parts of the city. They include the Astor House, worth at least $2,000,000; the Schermerhorn Building, facing on Broadway, Pine, and Wall streets; the Exchange Court Building, on Broadway, Exchange Place, and New Street; the Guarantee and Indemnity Building, the Oriole Building, and many others in the down-town business district; besides private dwellings and tenement-houses within the residence portion of the city; and many acres of valuable land miles from the centre of population. It is said that the family owns fully 2500 dwellings within the city limits. The assessment books for the First Ward alone show between $1,000,000 and $1,500,000 worth of property set down opposite the name of Astor, and the family's holdings here are smaller than in several other wards.

John Jacob Astor was not a mere money-getter, though he was known to the public almost exclusively as a man of vast wealth, and his character as a financial magnate perhaps overshadowed for most persons his qualities as a man. His charities, though unostentatious, were large. He gave to the Astor Library, founded by his grandfather, not only over $250,000 in money and land, but much personal supervision, and contributed year by year unknown thousands to a great variety of objects. His tastes were of the simplest sort, and it was only twenty years ago that, in accordance with the wishes of his wife, his great plain brick dwelling-house at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Street was beautified with internal decorations. About that time also he and Mrs. Astor began collecting pictures. Before, the house had been almost bare of art objects, but now it contains a great number of paintings and other beautiful things. Mr. Astor was a student, and in some directions perhaps a scholar. He read much in English, French, and German literature, and at times surprised his friends not only by his familiarity with lighter works of genius, but by his mastery of difficult scientific questions. He was a lover of music, and went much to the opera.

Though Mr. Astor had several country houses, he passed nearly the whole year in New York, and attended to business winter and summer. It was his usual custom to walk down to his office in Twenty-sixth Street about nine o'clock in the morning, attend to business there until noon; walk to his lawyer's office far down town; and about three o'clock in the afternoon walk back to his home. He believed this exercise necessary to his health. He seldom rode in going about the city, even in bad weather, and less often in his own carriage than in public conveyances. In spite of his large charities he was close at a bargain, and he seemed to take pleasure in curious small economies. In telegraphing, for example, it was his custom to prune the despatch down to the fewest words that would convey his message. His social life was in keeping with his simple tastes in other matters.

Mr. Astor was a man of striking appearance. He was six feet tall, ruddy, gray, clear-eyed, and of dignified bearing. His dress was extremely simple. He wore no jewels, but was oddly scrupulous in little matters of attire. He took no active part in public affairs, though he was a stanch supporter of the government during the civil war. He attended the Episcopal Church, and was for many years a vestryman of Trinity.

On the whole, Mr. Astor's life was that of a modest, studious, well-bred man, who apparently found pleasure in preserving and increasing a vast fortune, accepted philosophically many of the onerous duties that great wealth imposes, but gladly evaded the vulgar notoriety and ostentation which it sometimes entails. It is significant of the fortune which he must have left behind that his brother William, who has troubled himself little with business, and given much time to costly pleasures, is credited with being worth seventy millions of dollars.

Although Mr. Astor died of *angina pectoris* he had been a man of unusually robust health up to within less than a year of his death. He was ill of influenza in London some months ago, and was much reduced in strength by reason of the disease. With characteristic thoughtfulness for others, he refused, when seized with his fatal illness on Friday, to have members of the family outside of his own house notified, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. William Astor, sailed for Europe early on Saturday morning without having heard of his death.

The bulk of John Jacob Astor's fortune goes to his son William Waldorf Astor, who will thus become the greatest of New York landholders, and one of the wealthiest men in the world. The secret of the Astor wealth has been so jealously guarded that no trustworthy estimate of it can be made, but William Waldorf Astor falls heir to property worth probably from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000, much of it in land that is more valuable every year, and the remainder chiefly in securities of the safest character. The heir is a tall, handsome, well-educated man, forty-two years of age, and married. His present home is a large but unpretentious house in Thirty-third Street, just east of Fifth Avenue, but he is building at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street what will probably be one of the handsomest of New York homes. He has been twice a member of the New York Legislature, once a candidate for Congress, and during President Arthur's administration was Minister to Italy. In the Italian capital he was distinguished for a magnificent hospitality. Since his return to the United States he has published a successful novel of Italian life.

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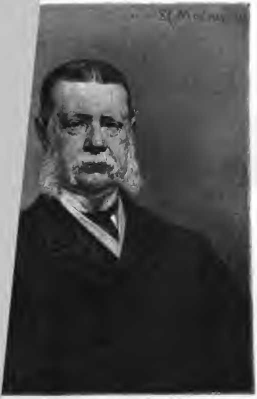

THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR.
From the Painting by Madrazo.—[See Page 171.]

EY MARKET.

tood that for some time ately since the sudden mperial government in arket has been unusually e money markets of Eu- us by London. A busy London, largely in miscel- strial stocks and South eceived a sudden warning 's unexpected fall caused rs of London to review the speculative position with a closer scrutiny. The final result of the scrutiny was that the Bank of England at the end of December raised its minimum rate of discount to 6 per cent., and that on a Monday, while the usual custom is that changes are made on Thursday, the day of the publication of its weekly statement. To make its policy more effective, the bank charged 7 per cent. for loans upon securities, and 8 per cent. where the loans were larger than usual. The open market rate for discount followed the Bank of England rate very closely, and it is only this week that it fell to 4½ per cent., and pointed the way to a reduction of the bank rate. This morning the Bank of England reduced its rate of discount to 5 per cent., and was able to show £22,911,000 sterling of gold on hand, against £17,782,000 on January 3d, and, what is more important, an increase of the proportion of assets to liabilities in the same period from 37⅜ per cent. to 50 per cent.

Plainly, therefore, the directors of the Bank of England consider that their object has been attained, at any rate for a time; and the opinion here is that speculation has been checked in the manner and the directions intended. It is certain that our securities were not specially aimed at, but the action of the bank necessarily caused large amounts to be sent here for sale, and it is already stated that for two or three days past London has been buying back in this market, and this is corroborated by testimony in the Stock Exchange and the dealings in Foreign Exchange.

In our own market the recent action or policy of the Bank of England has been very influential in checking speculation; it probably had more to do than any other single cause in bringing about the dulness which led to the violent attacks on such railroad stocks as Rock Island and Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy. There was, accordingly, a disposition to think that a reduction in the Bank of England rate would at once revive speculation here, and to-day's business at the Stock Exchange shows the disappointment of those who held this view. The reduction is certainly an important point gained toward the restoration of confidence, and therefore the speculative buying which accompanies that; but it is scarcely fair to expect the situation to show great changes immediately, and moreover the necessity to keep world-wide speculation within bounds still exists. Rich as Great Britain may be, or the leading European nations collectively, they cannot, either singly or united, furnish money to all parts of the world in the amounts asked for at one and the same time. Discrimination is imperatively required, and it is satisfactory to know that our securities are more wanted than those of any other country. This is the case with our so-called international securities, those which are quoted in foreign stock markets as well as here; and we have had evidence to the same effect with regard to many American industries, in which bona fide investments by "English Syndicates" have been made to a considerable extent of late, and even during the existence of the 6 per cent. rate at the Bank of England. It may therefore be fairly claimed that the influence of London on our money market is once more favorable, and in some specialties, Louisville and Nashville for instance, the influence may be important. But the general gain to us is that a great weight has been removed.

As far as domestic considerations are concerned, we are again obliged to look, first of all, to the Treasury, which has in these three weeks taken nearly nine millions of dollars out of the banks. The spring demand for currency for the Western and near by States is spoken of as likely to cause stringency as the 1st of April approaches. But bankers do not seem to attach much importance to this; and the experience of recent years is on their side. The local money centres have grown to be much more adequate than formerly to the local demands of the spring trade and settlements. The Treasury, with its surplus accruing at an average of two millions a week the year round, is the real cause of whatever uneasiness is actually felt. Its present absorption of money will be followed in March by the disbursement of large sums for pensions, $6,000,000 being already set aside for this purpose, and $10,000,000 more to be added before the end of February. The small amount of March interest on the 4½ per cents. will scarcely be noticed; but the larger amount due April 1st on the 4 per cents. is always felt; and Mr. Windom would be doing a public service by paying it out as many days before that date as he can, with instructions to the sub-treasuries to cash the checks and pay the coupons on presentation. It is a case where a few days make a great difference; not so great as at the end of December, but still great enough to warrant early and complete preparation.

So far, then, as domestic prospects go, the near future of the money market is considered reasonably safe. The general business situation is fairly good, and railroad traffics, down to this time, unusually so. In fact, the business of the railroads keeps up to so large a total that it is difficult to understand why the Northwestern roads have made the reductions they have in West-bound rates. These reductions are not yet explained to the satisfaction of people here who are interested in railroad securities, and the ready explanation of stock jobbing has the defect of resembling too closely an "indictment against a whole people." Something more respectable must be involved, if it is only an attempt to pave the way for better methods in competitive business. The decline of Rock Island and C., B., and Quincy also causes uneasiness, though there is no guarantee that the large short interest can be covered without loss. But these partial disturbances will have less weight as the atmosphere of the money market becomes clearer, and to-day's action by the Bank of England gives some assurance that this will happen.

Henry J. Macdonald.

New York, Thursday Evening, *February 20, 1890.*

HE LATE COUNT JULIUS ANDRASSY, THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN STATESMAN.
[See Page 167.]

PUT ON THE BRAKES

If you find you are going down hill in point of health. Falling strength, impaired digestion and assimilation are the marks of decline. Check these and other indications of premature decay with the grand vitalizing and restraining tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Beginning at the fountain-head, the stomach, the Bitters remedies its inefficiency, corrects its errors, and sets it vigorously at work. The digestive organ is thus enabled to thoroughly separate from the food its nutritive principles, which, the blood assimilating, is enriched. Thus is the system nourished, and, being nourished, strengthened, and abnormal waste of the tissues stayed. Appetite, the power to rest well, a regular habit are also re-established, and the various functions move once more in their natural and healthful groove. The Bitters, moreover, is a specific for and preventive of malarial complaints, rheumatism, biliousness, and kidney troubles.—[*Adv.*]

When two brands of the same sort of goods are selling side by side in the market, one bringing double the price of the other, what is it that enables the former to find sale? Always, because it is worth that much more; because it will wear longer, do better service while it lasts, keep one satisfied with his purchase instead of kicking himself for a fool all the time he has it, be reliable at the sharpest emergency instead of liable to give out just when it is needed most. And the concern dealing in such goods *has* to charge more for them, because it costs more to make them. That is exactly why The Travelers charges more for its Accident Policies than its competitors, why they are worth more, and why it can get more and do a greater business than they despite its higher rates. The rates are the lowest that permanent surety of paying all claims when due will justify. It paid claimants about $1,400,000 in 1887, and has paid them over $15,000,000 altogether. "Moral: Insure in The Travelers."—[*Adv.*]

The U. S. Navy, desiring to buy twenty moderate-priced watches, invited the leading American manufacturers to send watches for trial and rating at the Naval Observatory in October and November last. One hundred and thirty-eight watches of different makes were sent in. It has been officially announced that a Seth Thomas Watch stood first in the trial and the Seth Thomas Watches averaged the best.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IN 1850
"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and from that time their success as cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Nicholson's Liquid Bread is essentially a tonic. It assimilates easily with the food and makes pure blood. It is a pleasant substitute for tea or coffee. Ask your druggist or grocer for it.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

Use Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Avoid Appearances.—A worthy gentleman, having an unusually red nose, was long suspected of being a tippler on the sly, by those not well acquainted with his strictly temperate habits. His unfortunate disfigurement was readily cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

for any free community to be formally governed and its constitution fixed by a community beyond the ocean, necessarily ignorant of the needs of the dependency.

A certain sentiment of British connection survives in Canada; but the connection is evidently so slight, and mere sentiment as a practical political bond is so shadowy, that in order to save the connection a proposition of closer union with England, under the name of imperial federation, is now made. But a page of trenchant questions in the address reveals the absolute impracticability of such a plan, which is not only intrinsically illusive, but is opposed to the whole modern political tendency, which is not toward centralization but toward self government. While the airy scheme of imperial federation is academically discussed, the connection between British Canada and the United States is constantly closer in every department of industry and interest. "The structure of society, the character of the people, and their social sentiments are the same in British Canada that they are in the Northern and Western States.... British Canada and the United States are now one people under two governments, and with a customs line drawn across it." French Canada is a very different community. It is uneasily federated with its British neighbor, but its loyalty beyond its own borders is to Rome and France, and it yields largely to papal authority. But, like Ireland, it is poor, and its population increases rapidly, and overflows into New England and British Canada.

Will the dual government of British Canada and the United States, which are essentially similar communities, continue always? To this question the address replies that there are influences drawing both ways, but the horoscope of the future must be cast by reckoning the great and permanent forces which determine such problems. The proposition of immediate political union between British Canada and the United States would encounter great difficulties, because it would become at once not a question of real reasons, but a party game and a strife of local interests. It is not easy to determine the actual sentiment of Canada. Goldwin Smith's own opinion is that all along the line in the northwest and in the maritime provinces there is a general inclination for closer union. But this inclination is not deepened by the hostile American tone toward England and Canada. Meanwhile commercial union would be a natural policy for both countries, because if Canada suffers by being out of the commercial pale of her continent, the continent also suffers by her exclusion. Commercial union would involve an assimilation of the seaboard tariffs, but Goldwin Smith thinks that this need not involve the surrender of a sane principle of protection. If the interest of England in such arrangements be considered, "her one real interest on this continent is the friendship of its whole English-speaking race." The calm and friendly tone of this address is indicative of the spirit in which alone the question can be hopefully treated. With the same spirit animating the statesmanship of both countries, the relations of the two English-speaking neighbors could be happily adjusted.

CHICAGO AND THE FAIR.

With all the fun and talk about the Fair, there was little doubt in this city that Congress would award it to New York, and the surprise at the decision for Chicago was universal. Yet many weeks ago we remarked that Congress might not be unwilling to restrain the ardor of the great city, which asserts itself with a lordliness that is not always agreeable to the rest of the country. Moreover, the later incidents of the Fair movement in New York indicated plainly that it had become a political contest, and partisan politics must be necessarily fatal to an enterprise which is essentially non-partisan.

Speculation upon the reasons of the action of the House inclines to regard it as political, and Republican responsibility for the result is warmly alleged by New York Republicans. It is not doubted that the energy and resources of Chicago are equal to the management of a great Fair. But the situation will test the powers of that city to the utmost. For the standard is the late magnificent Fair in Paris—a prodigious display, which cannot be easily surpassed or rivalled.

New York, however, has little local pride, and the result of the vote was received with great general good-humor, although the opportunity was not lost to improve it politically. If Mr. Platt cherishes personal political ambitions, they have not been promoted by his course in this matter. In his zeal for what he amusingly called non-partisan management he has sown seeds of dissension in his party which will bear bitter fruit. The renewed harmony of the dance of the "Big Four" which we chronicled last week was, alas! in vain, and the adjuration that joy should be unconfined has been followed by a sudden cessation of hilarity. The Senate has yet to act, and it is not formally decided that there shall be a Fair; and even if a Fair be authorized, the date may be deferred. The time for contention, however, has passed, and that for hard and united work has arrived.

RELIEF OF THE SUPREME COURT.

There are now 1500 cases awaiting attention on the docket of the Supreme Court of the United States. It will be four years before the last case on the present docket is reached. This year 450 new cases were received, and the Court disposes of about 400 a year. For more than thirty years the business of the Court has been plainly overwhelming it, and the absolute necessity of effectual relief is imperative. Mr. Henry Hitchcock, of St. Louis, President of the American Bar Association, who has made a long and thorough study of the subject, has been recently in Washington, with an eminent committee of the Bar Association, in communication with influential Senators and Representatives, and they anticipate speedy and favorable action.

In 1854 Senator Douglas introduced a bill containing many of the provisions for relief which are now approved. But the two Houses of Congress have never been able to agree upon a scheme. The attention and interest of committees of both Houses, however, have now been secured, and Mr. Hitchcock and his friends have argued the matter with such skill and amplitude of knowledge that much longer delay is impracticable. The Court, members of Congress, and the Bar Association are opposed to the project of increasing the number of Justices of the Court. The whole Court investigates each case, and, as Justice Miller says, works as a team. Consequently it can move only as fast as the slowest.

But the simple and effectual plan approved by the Court and the Bar Association is an intermediate Court of Appeals. A court of final resort for patent appeals would greatly relieve the Supreme Bench. This is the provision of a bill now pending. But it would not alone supply the necessary relief. It is fortunate that the ablest lawyers in the country have made this important movement their own, and that Congress has the benefit in the matter of the wishes of the Bar of the Union.

"GARDEN AND FOREST."

Garden and Forest has now completed its second year, and has maintained steadily the high character with which it began. Its admirable ability as illustrated in discussions of the current public aspects of the subjects with which it deals, as, for instance, the question of forestry, in which public interest is now so general and active, and that of the seizure of Central Park for the Fair, which was agitated last summer, has given it an authority which no other such journal ever enjoyed. Its vigilance in observing and reporting events in every part of the sylvan or horticultural realm makes it an invaluable repository of information. No one who is interested in trees, flowers, landscape gardening, and the whole world of natural beauty but would find *Garden and Forest* a delightful weekly companion. Its arrival is the coming of a wise and intelligent and entertaining friend whose stimulating conversation is of topics that never tire and always refresh—a friend who enables us to live more happily, because more harmoniously with nature.

THE COLLEGE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

President Eliot, of Harvard, recently made a speech in Philadelphia in which he said that more care was needed upon the part of newspapers in the selection of their younger men, and his words received immediate and striking confirmation by a wholly misleading report of his remarks. He was represented as bitterly attacking the press, and especially maligning reporters employed upon the Boston press. But his simple explanation of the speech, which had been grossly misrepresented, was of course conclusive.

Mr. L. Clarke Davis, of the *Ledger*, had made an admirable speech in which he expressed the opinion that colleges did not take interest enough in journalism as a pursuit. President Eliot thought the speech so good that he commented upon it. He said that the true education for an editor was thorough training in writing English, and in history, political economy, and modern languages, and that this training could be secured in any college with an elective course. He therefore saw no need for special schools of journalism. Then he thought that greater care should be taken in the selection of young men for newspaper work, and said that in one year four men who had been dismissed from Harvard for disgraceful offences were immediately employed upon newspapers.

The remarks of the President of Harvard were in the interest of better journalism. It is indeed from conformity to his higher standard of selection that the newspaper force of to-day is much superior to that of the last generation. It is generally an intelligent and cultivated gentleman who now represents a great newspaper, although undoubtedly such facts as President Eliot cites show that there is improvement still possible. And the opportunity is made still more evident by the gross misrepresentation of the report of his remarks.

ADAMS'S "JEFFERSON."

No more valuable historical work has been published in this country than the history of the country during Jefferson's administration by Henry Adams. Mr. Adams is a historical student in the modern sense of intimate and detailed acquaintance not only with the documents, published and unpublished, which directly concern his subject, but with the general history of the time of which he treats, and the relation to it of his particular narrative. This gives his work the true historical perspective and proportion, and makes it what every great historical work really is—a chapter in the history of a time.

Besides this just conception and these essential qualities of the student, Mr Adams has the intellectual insight and temperament which enable him to analyze and judge both characters and events with singular candor and acuteness, and his literary style is both lucid and picturesque. The result is of the highest importance. No student of American history can neglect these volumes without irreparable loss. They are a distinct addition to American literature, and they go very far to refute the assertion that our history, dealing largely with Indian wars and frontier life and material prosperity, cannot be made interesting.

In fact it was during Jefferson's administration, which especially proposed to avoid foreign complications, that we were more entangled in the course of events in Europe than at any other time. The whole story of the Louisiana purchase, of Burr's conspiracy, and of our futile efforts to treat with Spain, England, and France, was never so copiously and clearly told, with ample familiarity with all sources of information, as in these volumes. The estimate of Jefferson's composite character, his abilities and weaknesses, his virtues and inconsistencies, is free from all partisan or other bias, and commends itself as wise and just. Upon a literary work of such admirable quality as this the country is to be congratulated.

PUBLIC SPIRIT IN NEW YORK.

There have been two refreshing illustrations of the public spirit of the city of New York during the last year. One was the prompt and successful opposition to the proposal to seize Central Park for a Fair, and the other is the repeal by the Assembly of the law which authorized the seizure of the City Hall Park for more buildings. They were both of them victories of the press. Except for the resolute and steady opposition of a part of the press to the plan of taking the Park for the Exhibition, under a truculent hurrah that the alternative was the Park or no Fair, the law expressly forbidding such a course would have been disregarded, and a precedent fatal to all pleasure-grounds in the city would have been established.

The same prompt and vigilant persistence against the invasion of the City Hall Park has apparently prevailed, and it may be now considered settled that the parks are to be reserved exclusively for their original and specific purposes—the promotion of the health and pleasure of all the people, and more especially of those who are unable to seek such recreation out of town. The principle that underlies this action is very simple; it is that a park is best promoting its highest purpose when it is maintained solely as a park.

PERSONAL.

The present head of the Shelley family, Sir Edward, a nephew of the poet, is a widower on the shady side of sixty, and lives on the family's beautiful estates in Hampshire, south of England. The house, a red brick structure, was built and lived in by Charles II. Sir Edward, till he settled down in 1868, led a wild career of adventure. Finding the life of a British cavalry officer too tame, at the opening of the Crimean war he joined the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, and was made a Pasha by the Sultan. Then he hunted in the wilds of South Africa, and afterward came to America to enjoy the rough sport of the Western prairies. The Indians captured and kept him a prisoner for years, making him a chief, but watching him closely till he found an opportunity to escape. Later he travelled in China and Japan.

—The name of John Stephenson, of New Rochelle, is a synonyme for honesty wherever he is known. In 1831 he built the first omnibus ever used in this city, and the following year the first street car. Since then he has constructed hundreds of stages, and nearly all the horse-cars used in this city, the total of the latter reaching above twenty thousand. Although over eighty years old, he remains at the head of the largest street car making concern in the country. He has long been interested in Sunday-school work, and for over forty years was a choir leader.

—Mrs. Phœbe J. Houghton, of North Easton, Massachusetts, the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, has recently celebrated her hundredth birthday. She remembers distinctly the funeral of President Washington.

—A fine monument to Joan of Arc is to be erected at Vaucouleurs. It will cost a million francs, and the Bishop of Verdun has undertaken to raise the money.

—The manner in which William Walter Phelps has had his new Berlin residence made ready for occupancy is said to have greatly scandalized the conservative Germans. The chief causes of horror were the free admission of light and air, the tearing down of dark paper and heavy draperies, and the substitution for these of light curtains and papers and furnishings of less sombre hues.

—The portrait of Henry M. Stanley is to be painted by Miss E. M. Merrick, the same English artist who went to Cairo to paint the picture of the Khedive. When Mr. Stanley's portrait is finished, he will present it to the Royal Geographical Society. It is said, in connection with other testimonials to Stanley's increased fame, that a Birmingham manager who paid him fifteen guineas the last time he lectured in that town, now offers three hundred guineas, and fears that even this sum will not be sufficient to secure an address from the explorer.

—A new explanation of short-sightedness comes from Breslau, Germany. Dr. Forster, the director of the Ophthalmic University there, declares that in three hundred cases that he has studied the pressure of tight collars upon the muscles of the neck has so disturbed the circulation of the blood as to affect the eyesight.

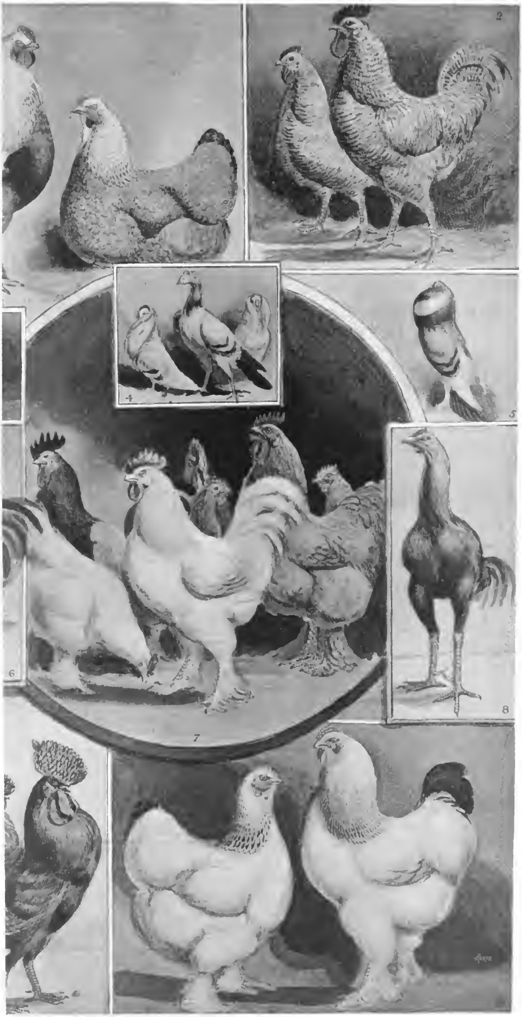
—The historic Quincy farm at Quincy, Massachusetts, which has been owned by the family for a century and a half or more, is to be cut up and a part of it disposed of for building lots. The house, built by Colonel Josiah Quincy in 1770, and under whose roof many prominent men of past generations have been entertained, will not be sold. On a window-pane in this ancient edifice are scratched with a diamond the words: "Oct. 10, 1775. Gov. Gage sailed for England with a fair wind."

—Ex-President Noah Porter, of Yale College, succeeds the late ex-President Woolsey as President of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

—P. T. Barnum's only regret as he sails back to this country probably is that he cannot bring away with him some of the royalties with whom he has hobnobbed to figure in his great moral aggregation. The £800,000 of British gold that has flowed into his coffers during the trip will, however, help to assuage his grief.

—Squire Massie Beasley, of Aberdeen, Indiana, the Gretna Green of Kentucky, has tied the knot for 4070 couples in the past nineteen years. He has never succumbed to the contagion of romance, however, but remains a bachelor at seventy-three.

—One of the prettiest and most sensible girls in Mount Carmel, Connecticut, Miss Nellie Patterson, has just finished a four years' apprenticeship, and is now earning her living as a full-fledged machinist. She had to make her way in life, so she learned the work for which she had a natural bent. Now she is pronounced as clever and efficient as any workman in the shop where she is employed, while her success has been accomplished without any sacrifice of womanliness.



IE POULTRY SHOW IN THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE BUILDING.—DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 179.]

th Rocks. 3. New Fantail Pigeon. 4. Carrier and Jacobin Pigeons 5. Pouter Pigeon. 6. White-crested Black Polands
Cochins in background, Brown Leghorns in left background. 8. Indian Game-Cock. 9. New Style Red Caps. 10. Light Brahmas

conclusion, since the Roman gate was held by Horatius; and in my admiration of it I shouted until the muscles of my throat were strained and aching. Our boat already was near the wall—having pulled in that the soldiers aboard of it might spear such of the enemy as came up to the surface alive—and we had the three out of the water and safe among us in very short order; and then we pulled away toward the other boats with all possible speed: for the wall now was manned by the enemy, and they were beginning to make things unpleasantly hot for us with the heavy stones which they heaved over the parapet that our boat might be sunk by them, and by a rapid discharge of darts. Luckily none of the stones struck us, and because of the rapid way that we were making only two of our men were struck with the darts. So, on the whole, we came out of this encounter very well; for these two men killed in our boat were all that we lost, while of the enemy at least forty were drowned or speared. However, we owed our light escape mainly to the fact that the enemy, having armed hurriedly, and expecting only to fight with us at close quarters, had with them neither bows nor slings; but for which fortunate fact it scarcely is possible that a single man in our boat would have come off alive.

Dripping wet though they were, I fairly hugged Rayburn and Young when they were safe aboard with us, as did also Fray Antonio—whose daring spirit was mightily aroused by witnessing their splendid bravery. And in giving them hearty words of praise for what they had done—which yet fell far short of their deserts—I naturally likened them to the Roman hero. Indeed, I may say that the parallel that I there drew was an apt one, and in some of its turns was not devoid of grace.

"I can't say, Professor," Young answered, when I had finished, "that I ever heard o' th' party you refer to; but if this Horace—what did you say his last name was?—pinched his fingers in th' drawbridge chains as dumnably as I pinched mine in th' chains of that infernal grating, I'll bet a hat he was sorry that he hadn't run away!" And I truly believe that Young thought more about his pinched fingers than he did about the resolute bravery that he had shown in finishing his work upon the wall in the very face of the advancing enemy.

Being once out of range of the darts, we pulled toward the other boats leisurely; for now we were entirely safe against pursuit, and were free to go upon the lake in whatsoever direction we pleased. That some positive line of action had been determined upon was evident; for the flotilla already was in motion as we came up in the rear of it—the boat containing the members of the Council leading—and the order was passed back to us that we should follow with the rest. From the direction in which we were heading, Tizoc inferred that we were bound for the only other considerable town in the valley—that which had grown up around the shafts leading to the great mine whence the Aztlanecas drew their supply of gold. There was a very grave look upon his face as he told us of our probable destination; and presently added that the population of this town—save the few freemen who were in charge of the workings, and the large guard of soldiers that always was maintained there—was made up wholly of Tlahuicos who had been selected from their fellows to be miners because of their exceptional hardiness and strength.

It was among these men, he went on to tell us, speaking in a low, guarded voice, that the most dangerous of the revolts of the Tlahuicos invariably had their origin; for the miners were fierce, half-savage creatures, naturally turbulent and rebellious, and were stirred constantly to resentful anger because of the life of crushing toil that they were condemned to lead. So dangerous were they that the only effective means of keeping them in subjection was to hold the major part of them continually prisoners underground in the mine, with a guard stationed at the mouth of each shaft under orders to kill instantly any man who attempted to come forth from the mine without authority. In order that their labor, a thing of positive value, might not be lost through their dying of being thus imprisoned in the bowels of the earth, they were divided into ten great companies; each one of which, in regular order, was employed in the surface work, under the constant supervision of a strong guard. Yet even these stern measures were not wholly effective in preventing mutiny. Many times great revolts had broken out here that had set all the valley in an uproar, and that had been crushed only after pitched battles had been fought between the rebels and the entire military force of the state. The town was a veritable volcano, Tizoc declared; and because of the dread of it that universally obtained by reason of the frequent outbursts there of lawless violence, it had received the name of Huitzilan, the Town of War.

And there could be no doubt, he added—while the tones of his voice and the look upon his face showed how great he believed to be the risk involved in this line of policy—that in now directing our course toward the mining town the deliberate purpose of the Council was to invite these semi-savage, wholly desperate miners to join forces with us in our rising against the Priest Captain's power.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STIR IN CHICKENDOM.

Ever since last November the inner circles of Chickendom have been all agog over the great New York show. A tiny sheet, called *Show-Room Squibs*, has been sent out monthly, giving full information as to the progress of the arrangements, and no stone was left unturned to make the show a great success, both for the management and also (sometimes a quite different thing) for the exhibitors. The American Institute Building proved an ideal place, and the arrangements were perfect. There was ample room, yet the 2282 entries, disposed in long solid lines of neat wire coops surrounded by the fine pens devoted to breeding yards, and these in turn by the incubators and brooders, and the poultry papers on the broad platform around the outside, filled the main hall very comfortably. The basin around the fountain in the centre was partly floored just above the water, and, surrounded and divided into compartments by netting, and trimmed with evergreen, made a congenial home for the water fowl. In fact, the only thing that was not under perfect control was the crowing of the rival cocks.

Besides the usual regular premiums there were countless specials, those in the pigeon classes alone amounting to nearly $400, while those for the other classes counted up nearly $1000 more. The largest specials were in the light Brahma classes, and as these premiums are always eagerly striven for, the offerings called out strong competition. There were 124 entries, including birds from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and even from Ohio. All these aside from the numerous pens offered for sale. So large and fine an exhibit is seldom seen. The competitive show of the lordly dark Brahmas embraced some 40 specimens. The specials for these included one of $50 in gold for the best display of dark Brahmas at the show, offered by L. Waterbury, of New York city; yet it was noticeable that all the birds exhibited, except two, belonged to two men—the one an officer of the society, and the other one of the judges.

The very large entry of beautiful though unwieldy buff Cochins, 121 in all, included 47 pullets. The well-grown pullets are always the finest birds at any show or in any breed, and this class was made specially attractive by the large number of these, and specially interesting by the presence of two huge cocks from England, valued at $200 each, which had feathers enough for a small pillow on their legs alone, they being full-feathered for their entire length. These birds, and, indeed, those of all the large breeds, are bred nowadays with *two pairs of wings*—one pair on their bodies, the other on their feet—yet, strange to say, they fly with extreme difficulty.

There were some 80 entries of black Langshans, including one from Illinois valued at $50. White Langshans showed 15 entries, most of which were from Passaic, New Jersey. The names of the chief actors in the late bitter controversy about this breed appeared in the catalogue with but a single exhibit each. This is one of the newest breeds, and its characteristics are not yet well fixed. The strife has advertised it well, but whether to its advantage or its detriment remains to be seen.

The three other breeds which are hailed as new on this side the water are the Indian games, the red caps, and the black Orpingtons. The attempt to boom these last does not seem to have amounted to much here as yet, as they did not materialize at all, no specimens being entered. The red caps were represented by 20 specimens, all but two from Lockport, New York. This is a handsome breed, but the great cap of a comb is little improvement over the single comb of the brown Leghorn, which they much resemble. Aside from their awkward, long-legged shape, there were no handsomer utility fowls at the show than the Indian games, of which specimens were shown, most of them from the Lockport red cap man. There were also a number from Long Island, 3 entries from Elmira valued at $50 each, and 5 from Scotland, Europe.

The late greatly revived interest in the barred Plymouth Rock was helped along by $120 in specials offered, and attested to by the presence of 120 specimens, mostly cockerels and pullets, and many of them extremely fine. No bird better combines utility and beauty.

The four varieties of Wyandottes—silver, golden, black, and white—showed in all 190 entries. The highest silver-laced cockerel scored, if I remember rightly, but ninety-two and a half points, due, no doubt, to the fact that it is a most difficult breed to get true to feather. Those of the golden variety shown would almost have done to photograph for ideal specimens. The whites were very numerous. They are having a special boom because of their adaptability (from color and shape) to make fine broilers.

The best Leghorns in the country were on hand, and the great popularity of these breeds was shown by the more than 200 competing specimens. In single-comb browns Rahway, (New Jersey), Waterville, East Chatham, and Owego (New York), were specially noted. There also were several fine whites from Fabius, New York.

Black Minorcas came largely from Fabius, New York, but a few high-priced ones were from Scotland. Whites were conspicuous by their absence, none being entered.

White-crested black Polish were noticeable both for number and beauty, most of them being from New York State. Some from Afton, New York, showed crests as evenly combed back as a fashionable lady's Pompadour.

The secretary showed some fine buff Pekin bantams, valued at from $18 to $20 each, and a young lady from Brooklyn showed two specimens, valued respectively at $100 and $150.

There was a light display of eggs and dressed poultry for competition, utility evidently not being a high card; but the assembled hens, learning that the eggs laid on the spot would be devoted to the New York Hospital, passed a majority resolution to shell out.

Six makes of incubators were in competition, three of them on largest hatch at the show. One man made a showing of 250 ducks and 150 chicks from a total of 480 eggs brought to the city in his trunk, and the brooders were full of small fry, and the machines piled high with shells. Ducklings were offered for sale at 50 cents each, and chicklets at 25 cents.

There was a fine lot of Chinese golden pheasants at $30 per pair, and the pigeons were wonderful in beauty and variety, being shown in 180 different classes. Numerous fine carriers were noted, both black and dun, at prices ranging from $50 to $150. Most of these were owned in New York city. Some noticeable yellow pied pouter cocks were from Lawrence, Massachusetts, and a fine red pied pouter from Scotland. There were some fine black Jacobins from Montclair, New Jersey, and one also from Scotland, and a few yellow Jacobins from Glen Riddle, Pennsylvania. About the prettiest sight at the show, however, was the flocks of white and yellow fantails. One pen of twenty whites in a prominent position was in constant motion, that made one think of white-caps in the sunshine. The effect was indescribably beautiful.

In the sales department there were 74 offerings, one pen of buff Cochins being valued at $400, and another at $250. One of Plymouth Rocks was also held at $250.

The numberless appliances on sale and the shower of circulars seemed to prove that there is plenty of money in the poultry business for those who know how to handle it. Patent water dishes, brooders, etc., were in abundance, and the newly invented clover cutter was on hand, ready "to fill a long felt want."

C. S. Valentine.

THE RACKET-COURT.

Rackets is essentially a masculine game. Whereas it is among the possibilities that a woman may make a fair lawn-tennis player, it is doubtful whether she could ever become proficient in the racket-court. It is not so much physical strength that is necessary as a call upon the player for the greatest degree of activity. A man to master the game must be as agile as a panther, and to a quick eye annex judgment with skill in the handling of his racket. It has, however, this great advantage over lawn tennis. It is a game which is easily comprehensible. The tyro at once understands the method of serving, the way of counting, and in a short time appreciates the skill of the performers.

There is no such thing as dawdling at rackets. The good player, the instant the ball is served, must know intuitively where it will land. The man with a slow personal equation can never hope to become more than a commonplace performer. The exercise is a strong one, then, and made for men. The blow imparted to the ball requires not so much main strength, but it must be sharp and quick, and delivered with precision. To be all over the court, and to take the ball on the racket and impart a new impulse to it, require a rapidity of movement in which the legs are the great factors.

There is no game which brings more in prominence the distinguishing qualities of the athlete. It is the type not of a passive but an active sport, where elegance of movement and rapidity are combined. The fumbler and potterer score no aces. As to the real pleasure in it, a game of rackets between two such fine performers as Mr. Albert Wright, of the New York Racket Club, and his clever Boston adversary was nothing short of an hour of excitement from opening to finish. The peculiarity of the game can be at once understood when the character of the ball is explained. Taking the cricket ball as the Brobdingnagian type, the racket ball is Lilliputian. It is a little sphere covered with white leather just one and five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and weighs three-quarters of an ounce. When this is struck with a catgut-covered racket, the catgut strung as tight as a piano wire, and this racket twenty-four inches long, and wielded by a muscular arm, the rapidity of the flight of that three-quarters of an ounce ball would surprise even a base-ball player accustomed to a hot delivery. The little white ball shoots like a tiny meteor.

The court is 63 feet long by 31½ feet wide, and is surrounded by walls 28 feet high. The pavement is either of cement, asphalt, or made with flagging. The walls are of brick covered with a smooth hard cement. On the front wall, against which the balls are served, there stretches a black line, ten feet from the floor; and when the ball is started or served, it must strike above it. On the base of this wall there is fastened a plank of wood painted black. When a ball is hit there, it does not count. It is called the "tell-tale," for the balls invariably go with such momentum that when they strike this board they make themselves heard at once.

Appreciating the fact that rackets are played between four walls in a certain confined place, we have a game where the ball sent by the player against the front wall may rebound and strike not the floor but the side wall, and even be carried then with another rebound toward the back wall, to be picked up on its rapid flight forward again by the adversary. Now it can be seen how quick must be the movements of the player in order to follow the minute ball in its eccentric flight.

At the New York club the courts are painted of a deep terra-cotta brown. Colors of courts vary, however, for in India they are white, and the balls are covered with black leather. It is a game requiring the best of light, with no false glares. To be counted among the oldest games, always played in England, it is now enjoying a renaissance in the United States. From the clubs now existing in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia as centres, it is believed that a love for rackets will emanate. At the match held last week at the New York Racket Club the merits of the game were manifest. If the palm of victory is to-day held in New York by Mr. Albert Wright, how long it will remain here no one can say. Skilled amateurs in all the various clubs are numerous. In the courts of the New York club the tiny ball is always whizzing, and the rattle of it as it strikes the telltale, with the clatter of the racket, is constantly heard.

IN-DOOR BASE-BALL.

Next to sailing a yacht race in-doors, the playing of base-ball in-doors appears at first sight about the most ridiculously impossible form of diversion one could conceive of. But this is a fast age; and it would be hardly safe to say for certain that during the next ten or twenty years yacht races may not be sailed under glass and before a grand stand. Certainly base-ball has been tamed.

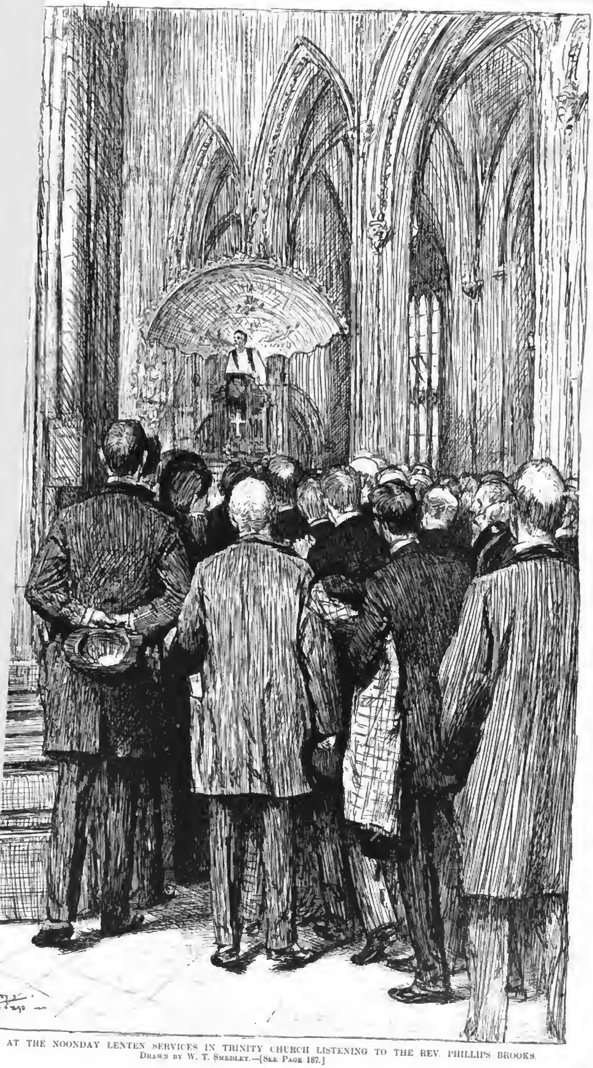
In-door base-ball has not the slightest resemblance to parlor croquet; neither does it bear exactly the same relation to the normal game that roller skating bears to skating on ice. It is more genuine than either of those, and has come now to be recognized as a legitimate form of winter sport.

The playing of base-ball takes room—lots of it—consequently it is only in some such immense hall as that of the Seventh Regiment in New York, or that of the Thirteenth Regiment in Brooklyn, that the sport can be enjoyed. The accompanying illustration shows one of the regimental games at the Brooklyn armory in progress. These games have been kept up all winter. The companies have got up a regular "league" among themselves, with a schedule and a pennant, and the whole paraphernalia. Companies H and K have been ahead most of the time. The cadets are well up on the list, and at one time threatened to beat all their elders.

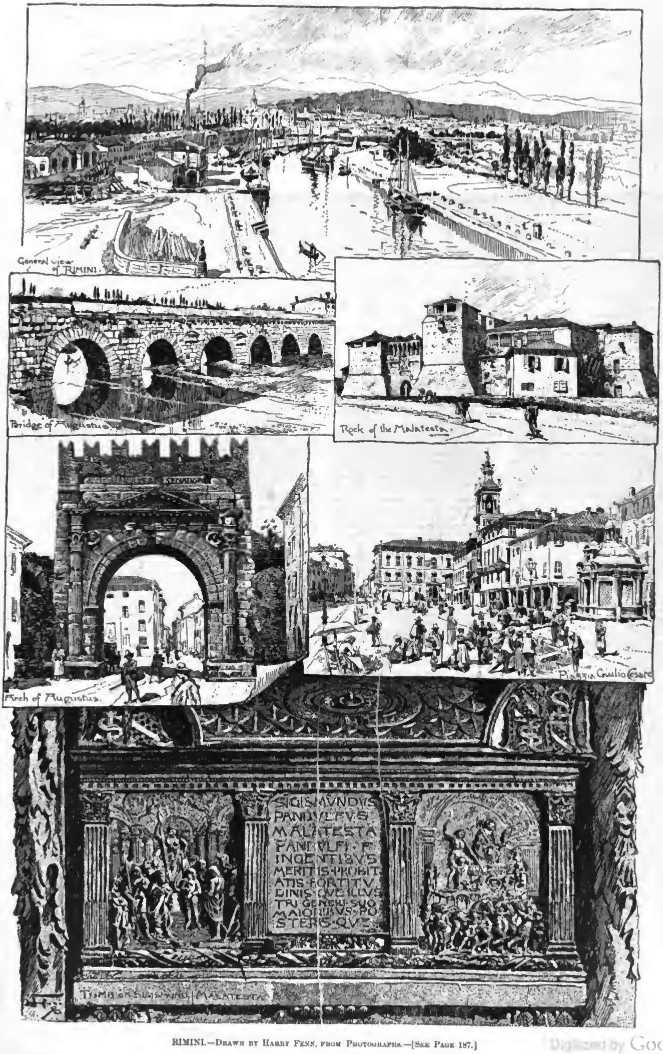
This game is one of the almost countless recreations or forms of activity that have been made possible by the electric light. A few years ago such a thing would have been utterly impossible. Base-ball by gas-light or candle-light might send a few patients to the hospital, but it could never be a recreation for anybody, or a pleasure to either players or spectators. When the light is dim or imperfect it is impossible to "judge" a ball. It reaches you sooner than you expect, and accuracy in catching is out of the question. With the electric light, however, all is different. Players still have some difficulty in "judging" balls, and at first there are a great many "muffs" and "fumbles," but the eye soon becomes accustomed to the new conditions. Whether one could play equally well both out-doors and in-doors the same day or week is doubtful.

The armory games are very welcome as a winter diversion, and that for many reasons. In the first place, they can be played in the evening—the only spare time most of the young militiamen have. Even in the summer they can play very little base-ball, because of the lack of time. During the Saturday half-holiday season they have a chance; and every Saturday afternoon Prospect Park fairly swarms with ball-players; but this opportunity of playing in the evening is just what was wanted. In the second place, this is a good winter sport. In summer it would be too hot to play ball in-doors by the electric light. Again, these games afford players a chance to keep in practice during the "off" season. They help to raise the *esprit de corps* of certain companies. They promote good-fellowship in the regiment. They help to develop the physique of a number of young men.

There is always, of course, the danger that any new sport will be overdone—as roller-skating was for instance. But the officers of the Thirteenth Regiment are not likely to allow the base-ball mania to go so far as to interfere with the regular regimental work; nor are they likely to forget that the militia is organized for military purposes primarily, and not necessarily for athletic sport at all.



AT THE NOONDAY LENTEN SERVICES IN TRINITY CHURCH LISTENING TO THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.
Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 187.]


General view of RIMINI.
Bridge of Augustus.
Rock of the Malatesta.
Arch of Augustus.
Piazza Giulio Cesare
SIGISMVNDVS
PANDVLFVS
MALATESTA
PANDVLFI·F
INGENTIBVS
MERITIS·PROBIT
ATIS·FORTITV
DINISQVE·ILLVS
TRI·GENERI·SVO
MAIORIBVS·PO
STERISQVE
TOMB OF SIGISMUND MALATESTA

RIMINI.—Drawn by Harry Fenn, from Photographs.—[See Page 187.]

barricks."

"An' the same is a cess-pit," said Mulvaney, piously. "She spoke thrue, did Dinah. 'Twas this way. Talkin' av that, have ye iver fallen in love, sorr?"

I preserved the silence of the damned. Mulvaney continued:

"Thin I will assume that ye have not. *I* did. In the days av my youth, as I have more than wanst tould you, I was a man that filled the eye an' delighted the sowl av women. Niver man was hated as I have been. Niver man was loved as I—no, not within half a day's march av ut. For the first five years av my service, whin I was what I wud give my sowl to be now, I tuk whatever was widin my reach an' digested ut, an' that's more than most men can say. Dhrink I tuk, an' ut did me no harm. By the hollow av hiven, I cud play wid four women at wanst, an' kape thim from findin' out anything about the other three, and smile like a full-blown marigold through ut all. Dick Coulhan, of the battery we'll have down on us to-night, could dhrive his team no betther than I mine, an' I hild the worser cattle. An' so I lived an' so I was happy, till afther that business wid Annie Bragin—she that turned me off as cool as a meat-safe, an' taught me where I stud in the mind av an honest woman. 'Twas no sweet dose to take.

"Afther that I sickened awhile an' tuk thought to my reg'mental work, conceiting mesilf I wud study an' be a sargint, an' a major-gineral twinty minutes afther that. But on top o' my ambitiousness there was an empty place in my sowl, an' me own opinion av mesilf cud not fill ut. Sez I to mesilf, 'Terence, you're a great man an' the best set up in the reg'ment. Go on an' get promotion.' Sez mesilf to me, 'What for?' Sez I to mesilf, 'For the glory av ut.' Sez mesilf to me, 'Will that fill these two strong arrums av yours, Terence?' 'Go to the devil,' sez I to mesilf. 'Go to the married lines,' sez mesilf to me. 'Tis the same thing,' sez I to mesilf. 'Av you're the same man, ut is,' said mesilf to me. An' wid that I considhered on ut a long while. Did you iver feel that way, sorr?"

I snored gently, knowing that if Mulvaney were uninterrupted he would go on. The clamor from the bivouac fires beat up to the stars as the rival singers of the companies were pitted against each other.

"So I felt that way, an' a bad time ut was. Wanst, bein' a fool, I went into the

cav'lryman, for the sake av the spurs to jingle.

"I wint out to think, an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that slip av a girl in the dotted blue dhress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarthers or near by on the chanst av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her? Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise, an' my heart goin' like a farrier's forge on a Saturday mornin'? 'Twas 'Good day to ye, Miss Dinah,' an' 'Good day t'you, corp'ril,' for a week or two, an' divil a bit further could I get, bekase av the respect I had to that girl that I cud ha' broken betune finger an' thumb."

Here I giggled as I recalled the gigantic figure of Dinah Shadd when she handed me my shirt.

"Ye may laugh," grunted Mulvaney. "But I'm speakin' the trut', an' 'tis you that are in fault. Dinah was a girl that wud ha' taken the imperiousness out av the Duchess av Clonmel in those days. Flower hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the mornin' she had. That is my wife to-day—ould Dinah, an' never aught else than Dinah Shadd to me.

"'Twas after three weeks standin' off an' on, an' niver makin' headway except through the eyes, that a little drummer boy grinned in me face when I had admonished him wid the buckle av my belt for riotin' all over the place. 'An' I'm not the only wan that doesn't kape to barricks,' sez he. I tuk him by the scruff av his neck—my heart was hung on a hair-thrigger those days, you will understand—an', 'Out wid ut,' sez I, 'or I'll lave no bone av you unbruk.' 'Speak to Dempsey,' sez he, howlin'. 'Dempsey which,' sez I, 'ye unwashed limb av satan?' 'Of the Bob-tailed Dhragoons,' sez he. 'He's seen her home from her aunt's house in the civil lines four times this fortnight.' 'Child,' sez I, dhroppin' him, 'your tongue's stronger than your body. Go to your quarters. I'm sorry I dhressed you down.'

"At that I went four ways to wanst huntin' Dempsey. I was mad to think that wid all my airs among women I shud ha' been ch'ated by a basin-faced fool av a cav'lryman not fit to trust on a mule thrunk. Presintly I found him in our lines—the Bobtails was quartered next us—an' a tallowy, top-heavy son av a she-mule he was, wid his big brass

duckin' her little head down on my sash (I was duty for the day), an' whimperin' like a sorrowful angel.

"Now a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best, an' my first kiss wid ut. Mother av Innocence! but I kissed her on the tip av the nose an' undher the eye, an' a girl that lets a kiss come tumbleways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we wint, hand in hand, to ould Mother Shadd like two little childher, an' she said it was no bad thing, an' ould Shadd nodded behind his pipe, an' Dinah ran away to her own room. That day I throd on rollin' clouds. All earth was too small to hould me. Begad, I cud ha' picked the sun out av the sky for a live coal to me pipe, so magnificent I was. But I tuk recruities at squad drill, an' began wid general battalion advance whin I shud ha' been balance-steppin' 'em. Eyah! that day! that day!"

A very long pause. "Well?" said I.

"It was all wrong," said Mulvaney, with an enormous sigh. "An' sure I know that ev'ry bit av ut was me own foolishness. That night I tuk maybe the half av three pints—not enough to turn the hair of a man in his natural senses. But I was more than half drunk wid pure joy, an' that canteen beer was so much whiskey to me. I can't tell how ut came about, but *bekase* I had no thought for any wan except Dinah, *bekase* I hadn't slipped her little white arms from me neck five minutes, *bekase* the breath av her kiss was not gone from me mouth, I must go through the married lines on me way to quarters, an' I must stay talkin' to a red-headed Mullingar heifer av a girl, Judy Sheehy, that was daughter to Mother Sheehy, the wife av Nick Sheehy, the canteen sergint—the black curse av Shielygh be on the whole brood that are above-groun' this day!

"'An' what are ye houldin' your head that high for, corp'ril?' sez Judy. 'Come in an' thry a cup av tay,' she sez, standin' in the doorway.

"Bein' an ontrustable fool, an' thinkin' av anythin' but tay, I wint.

"'Mother's at canteen,' sez Judy, smoothin' the hair av hers that was like red snakes, an' lookin' at me corner-ways out av her green cat's eyes. 'Ye will not mind, corp'ril?'

"'I can endure,' sez I. 'Ould Mother Shee-

talk nonsense to your mother. Get her to bed, girl.'

"'Nonsinse?' sez the ould woman, prickin' up her ears like a cat, an' grippin' the table-edge. 'Twill be the most nonsinsical nonsense for you, ye grinnin' badger, if nonsinse 'tis. Git clear, you. I'm goin' to bed.'

"I ran out into the dhark, me head in a stew an' me heart sick, but I had sinse enough to see that I'd brought ut all on mesilf. 'It's this to pass the time av day to a panjandhrum av hell-cats,' sez I. 'What I've said an' what I've not said do not matther. Judy an' her dam will hould me for a promust man, an' Dinah will give me the go, an' I desarve ut. I will go an' get dhrunk,' sez I, 'an' forget about ut, for 'tis plain I'm not a marryin' man.'

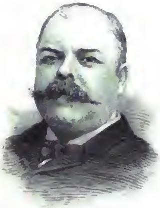
"On me way to canteen I ran against Lascelles, color-sergint that was, av E Comp'ny—a hard, hard man, wid a torment av a wife. 'You've the head av a drowned man on your shoulders,' sez he, 'an' you're goin' where you'll get a worse wan. Come back,' sez he. 'Let me go,' sez I. 'I've thrown me luck over the wall wid me own hand.' 'Then that's not the way to get ut back again,' sez he. 'Have out wid your throuble, ye fool-bhoy.' An' I tould him how the matther was.

"He sucked in his lower lip. 'You've been thrapped,' sez he. 'Ju Sheehy wud be the betther for a man's name to hers as soon as she can. An' ye thought ye'd put the comether on her. That's the natural vanity av the baste. Terence, you're a big born fool, but you're not bad enough to marry into that comp'ny. If you said anything, an' for all your protestations I'm sure ye did—or did not, which is worse—eat ut all. Lie like the father av all lies, but come out av ut free av Judy. Do I not know what ut is to marry a woman that was the very spit av Judy when she was young? I'm gettin' old, an' I've larnt patience, but you, Terence, you'd raise hand on Judy an' kill her in a year. Never mind if Dinah gives you the go, you've desarved ut. Never mind if the whole reg'mint laughs at you all day. Get shut av Judy an' her mother. They can't dhrag you to church, but if they do, they'll dhrag you to hell. Go back to your quarthers an' lie down,' says he. Thin, over his shoulder, 'You must ha' done with thim.'

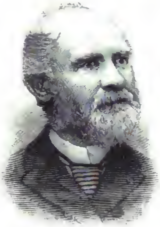
"Next day I wint to see Dinah, but there

C. E. SCHOAL THIN
OF PHILIPPIN

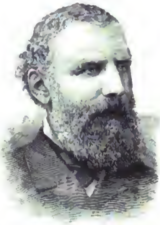
ized by Go



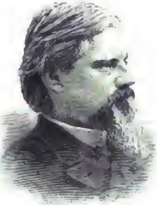
JAMES W. SCOTT, PUBLISHER OF CHICAGO "HERALD," THE CHAIRMAN OF THE PRESS COMMITTEE.



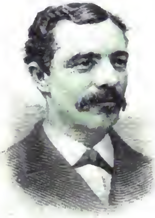
THOMAS B. BRYAN, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL AGITATION.



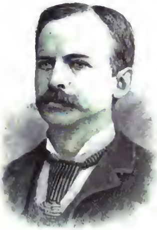
L. J. GAGE, CHAIRMAN OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE.



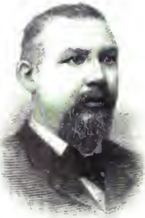
COLONEL GEORGE R. DAVIS, DIRECTOR OF THE WASHINGTON "CAMPAIGN."



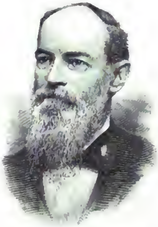
C. H. SCHWAB, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON PRELIMINARY EXPENSES.



E. F. CRAGIN, SECRETARY.

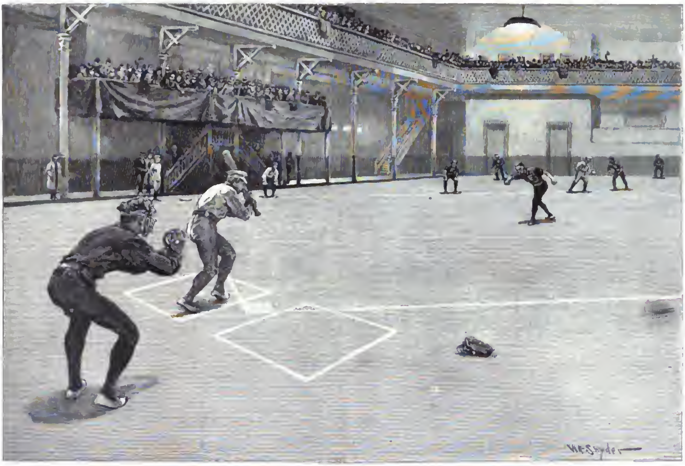


OTTO YOUNG, CHAIRMAN OF SUB-COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.



MAYOR CREGIER, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE CHIEF PROMOTERS OF THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR ENTERPRISE.—[SEE PAGE 186.]



A GAME OF BASE-BALL IN THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT ARMORY, BROOKLYN, BETWEEN MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT—"STRIKER OUT."—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 179.]

tary, but the sp
purpose and probably will continue to be for some time to come. Many of the causes which influenced Congressional action will long be matters of dispute. Chicago's efforts, however, were characterized by the energy and alertness that have long distinguished its citizens. As in New York, a mass-meeting was held, a temporary organization formed, and various committees selected. Funds in the amount of $4,499,530 were subscribed, and two per cent. of the sum paid in. Further money was advanced by men having enough confidence in the movement to take the risk of repayment. Probably over $400,000 was placed at the disposal of the workers.

Among the committees formed was one for the conduct of the campaign for legislation and one on "National Agitation." The last named committee is the peculiar product of Chicago genius. It occupied a field that New York neglected. These two committees performed their duties with particular ability. Congressmen were personally visited at their homes, the aid of influential people was sought by enlisting their interests if necessary, and resolutions without number were secured from boards of trade or other organizations in all the small cities and towns that could be induced thus to testify their allegiance to the metropolis of the West. The title which the newspapers throughout the United States have with much unanimity bestowed upon the men who are prominent in the enterprise is that of "Hustlers." Portraits of a number of them are presented in this issue of the Weekly, and their countenances do not belie their reputation for activity. However arduous the exertions by which these gentlemen have gained their spurs, the business of overcoming the difficulties before them is still more so. Chicago has yet to make the requisite pecuniary provision, fix upon the site, erect the necessary buildings, and attend to all the vast detail connected with the exhibits, domestic and foreign. It has assumed the responsibility of fulfilling the expectations of the nation and of the world, with the recent splendid success at Paris as a standard for comparison.

The hardest obstacle to be overcome is that of obtaining the money. It is asserted that none can be secured by the issue of municipal bonds, as had been provided for in New

manner in which it
discharge the enormous responsibility before it arrests the attention of the world. With less than a third of the population that is collected within eight miles on all sides of New York City Hall, with an immense outlay of some $15,000,000 to make at its own risk, it ventures to supplant New York, to rival Paris and London, and sustain the credit of the nation in the matter of a World's Fair to be held so early as 1892.

THE ASTOR HERITAGE.

In the portrait of William Waldorf Astor in this issue of the Weekly our readers may study the features of one who is in all probability the richest man of the civilized world to-day. The face is essentially one of force and character, and though less rugged than were those of his progenitors, it maintains that strength of feature which marks the race. Mr. Astor's personality is that of a strikingly handsome man. His face, aside from its strength, is decidedly pleasing; the eyes are blue, and well match a light complexion somewhat florid in tone; his hair is of that undecided hue commonly called sandy, and a mustache of the same color partly hides a well-formed mouth. He is more than six feet tall, and straight as a grenadier; his shoulders are square and well set, betokening a physique of large muscular resource, in movement he is quick and energetic, almost to abruptness.

Though his family have long been the social magnates of the metropolis, William Waldorf Astor has not cut much of a figure as a "society man." While properly regardful of the requirements of his position as the prospective head of the great Astor family, the duties it has imposed upon him have been irksome in the extreme at times. His habits of thought and ways of life have been those of the student and man of affairs. Like his uncle, Mr. William Astor, he has delegated his social duties almost entirely to his wife, a very beautiful woman, the daughter of a distinguished Philadelphia family, whom he married almost fifteen years ago. Though a member of the Union, Knickerbocker, and Union League clubs, Mr. Astor is rarely seen about the houses of any of them.

The estate left by John Jacob Astor has been variously valued in the newspapers,

almost invariably
in no way detrimental to each in his class.

It is said that so far back as 1810 John Jacob Astor was the largest real-estate holder on Manhattan Island. If this could have been true, which is doubtful, he certainly showed a wonderful ingenuity in hiding the fact of his possessions from the tax-gatherer, for in 1813 his name appears on the records as the holder of but $20,000 worth of real estate, assessed value. When, on his death, in 1848, the estate was turned over to William B. Astor in trust for the latter's two sons, it was estimated to be worth $20,000,000. This was probably an exaggerated figure, just as have been some of the recent estimates of the last John Jacob's wealth. By far the greatest additions to the Astor wealth have occurred since the death of William B. Astor in 1875, the extraordinary enhancement of real-estate values in and about New York city during ten years past alone making this possible. If such a thing could possibly be determined authoritatively, it would be found that the family wealth under the stewardship of the late John Jacob Astor had, in ratio of increase, far outstripped the results of his father's management. This fact, granted it be true, is no extraordinary testimony to his perspicacity, as he had simply to exercise the common-sense with which he was so well endowed in carrying out the policy enunciated by his grandfather and faithfully continued by his father.

He has been a purchaser, in a quiet way at private sale, of large blocks of urban and suburban property, and his acquisitions have extended into that part of Westchester County along the line of the new parkways which will sooner or later be absorbed by annexation into the city proper. The effect of a purchase by the Astors in any neighborhood has been to enhance the values of all contiguous property. The executors of a large landed estate in the annexed district had much difficulty a few years back in disposing of enough of their holdings at $1000 an acre to pay interest and taxes on the rest. A large block of land was purchased by John Jacob Astor immediately adjoining them, and within twelve months of his purchase their own property was commanding $1000 a lot twenty-five by one hundred feet. The same result followed on the acquirement by the Astors of a large block of waste and
land from the Morris estate along

portrait accompanies this. This burden of wealth has come upon William Waldorf Astor in the early vigor of his manhood. He has mingled more freely with men of all classes than either of his predecessors, and the experience thus gained should place him more *en rapport* with humanity at large.

His father and grandfather inherited, each in his turn, long after passing the prime of life, and when they had acquired that perfect poise of discretion that mature years alone can bring. For years before inheriting, their fathers had instilled into them a line of policy to be pursued, and upon their succession the duties involved were but little more than routine. The new administrator inherits vaster wealth than probably two of his predecessors ever dreamed of; he also meets social conditions such as no one of them understood or perhaps even anticipated. In carrying out the details of management Mr. Astor will have the services of Abner H. Bartlett as "man of affairs." Mr. Bartlett is now serving the Astors in the third generation, which fact alone speaks volumes in testimony of his ability and integrity.

In the centralization of immense real-estate interests that of the Astor estate is probably the most wonderful instance in the world, excepting perhaps that of the Duke of Westminster, in the city of London. Which of the two estates is the more valuable is a problem that can be settled by the principals themselves only, but it is very doubtful if the Duke could climb up into a high tower and through an ordinary field-glass gaze upon one hundred millions of dollars' worth of his own property all lying within a radius of ten miles from his point of observation. Yet that is what William Waldorf Astor can do, if he should choose to climb up into the observation tower on the old aqueduct at High Bridge.

Scott Thompson.

BILLIARDS.

The great billiard tournament at Chickering Hall which closed on Saturday night furnished abundant evidence that the graceful and scientific pastime still maintains its place as "the gentleman's game." The recent meeting was the first one of professional champions that had taken place in the metropolis

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the 6 by 12 table, the size of the balls, and the height of the cushions, it requires not a little skill, strength, and hard work successfully to accomplish carroms on that immense stretch of baize. The largest run made was 6—a contemptible bagatelle now, but it made a record then. Billiards did not flourish, however, as a public amusement, the betting on the games appearing to form a stronger feature of excitement than the playing. The greatest game of this character occurred in the spring of 1859, when Michael Phelan and John Seereiter played in Detroit for $7500 a side. Thousands of dollars were waged on the result outside of the prize money. The game was four-ball carroms on a 6 by 12 four pocket table.

The first step taken toward making billiards a game worthy the skill of great experts was when what is known as the American game of billiards was established by a tournament at Irving Hall, April 28, 1869, and the presentation by Phelan & Collender of the famous championship emblem, "the diamond cue." Almost up to that time the massé shots were unknown, and the "shove" shot was in vogue among the experts—a species of carrom that the veriest young tyro would scorn to count to-day. Fabulous runs were made at times by the great players of the day through "yawing" the balls, *i. e.*, wedging two object balls in the jaw of a pocket, so that carroms could be made *ad lib.*

The new American or four-ball game abolished these crudities and developed further the extreme delicacy of touch and the intuitively mathematical judgment of position play necessary for a high order of skill. The game was played on a 5½ by 11 four-pocket table. The cue was won by John Deery. To obtain permanent possession of the bauble, the champion was to maintain his position for two and a half years. The cue afterward passed successively to A. P. Rudolphe, Frank Parker, Cyrille Dion, Maurice Daly, Albert Garnier, and thence to Cyrille Dion again, who became the permanent owner, winning the final game of its history in 1876, his average in the last game being 40⅘, the largest ever made in the history of the "diamond cue" series of games.

The "diamond cue," by the way, had a rather ignoble career afterward. After Cyrille Dion's death, it passed into the possession of a Broadway shopkeeper as security for a loan, and for a long time ornamented a Sixth Avenue shop window. It finally became the property of a well-known book-maker. This cue was the most distinct trophy of championship that billiards has ever had. Its workmanship is exceedingly artistic.

Public interest in the American game began to wane about 1870, a fact probably largely due to the conditions which decided the ownership of the cue, and attention began to be more strongly directed to the French carrom or three-ball game, the adoption of which also marked the disuse of pockets in billiard tables proper.

The first tournament was held in this city in June, 1878, the size of the table being 5 by 10, which is still the size for championship games. Its adoption as the standard game made the French players Garnier, Vignaux, and Ubassy conspicuous in this country, and ultimately led to international contests after they had returned to their native land. When a run of 118 was made in the first tournament, it was considered remarkable, and for days furnished the theme for extraordinary comment and wonder. For several years the game was highly regarded by the public; but the experts gradually acquired complete mastery of its earlier difficulties, and developed the famous "rail" nursing, until a player could "run out" a game of several hundred points in a few innings. Vignaux, in the international game with Slosson in Paris in 1880, made the quota of 800 points on the fourth night without giving the American a chance at the table.

As public interest diminished, the players saw the necessity of making restrictions to prevent inordinately large runs, and the Champions' Game was instituted at a tournament in 1879. This introduced four triangular spaces at the different corners of the table, thus diminishing the extent of space for the rail play. These spaces were afterward increased. A short time previous the cushion-carrom game was inaugurated, but neither it nor the other ever became widely popular. Other restrictions were made later, forming what are known as the "space" and "continuous-line" games, but they never attracted prominent public notice. These changes brought about a division among the leading billiard champions. Daly and Sexton devoted themselves to the cushion-carrom game, thinking it would ultimately become the popular game, while Schaefer and Slosson applied themselves to the balk-line game, which was first established by a tournament held in March, 1883, and which may fairly be considered a sort of compromise and the natural outgrowth of the various restrictive games. At first the eight-inch line was used, but it was afterward increased by degrees to fourteen inches. Schaefer's and Slosson's close adherence to this style of billiards gradually gave them that superiority over their opponents which enabled them to successfully give the odds in the present tournament. The last important contest played in this city up to the present time was that between Schaefer and Vignaux, from January 26 to 31, 1886, in which the little American easily defeated the Frenchman in a game of 4000 points, played in a series of five nights.

But it is a noteworthy fact that notwithstanding the long interim since a champion tournament was last played in this city, due chiefly to the inequality of the leading players at any one game, the game of billiards itself has extended vastly, and is popular to-day to an extent never before approached in this country.

S. GOODFRIEND.

THE LENTEN LECTURES AT OLD TRINITY.

ON Monday, February 24th, a series of addresses was begun at Trinity Church, the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, having consented to deliver six Lenten lectures to the business men of New York. The time for the daily service was fixed at twelve o'clock, and the intention was that the exercises should be finished within the hour. The addresses were for men alone, not because of any special subject or treatment, but because it was feared that women, if permitted to attend at all, would so throng the church that men would be thereby excluded.

The announcement which preceded this service was of the briefest and most inconspicuous kind; a paragraph in the daily press and a placard exposed upon the fence which surrounds the Trinity church-yard being the only steps taken to secure attendance.

The first address was listened to by a body of business men who comfortably filled the church; but since that day, at the noon hour, the interior has been packed with a notable congregation of representative business men of New York. As early as 11.30 each day the seats were all taken, and after that hour the throng that pressed in filled the aisles, the great space at the rear, and even crowded into the chancel. For the first time in the history of Trinity Church the chancel has been thus occupied. In this congregation were many of the busiest and most influential men of affairs in New York. Bankers, brokers, lawyers, and merchants of wide repute were there, sitting or standing beside young men who are clerks or other employés in the offices in and near Wall Street.

Hundreds have been daily turned away because the capacity of the church was reached fifteen minutes before the hour set for the service to begin. Many women have applied for admission; some of them even imploring the ushers to relax their vigilance, and permit them to enter. They have been denied, and in these great congregations for six days not a woman's face has been visible.

The services have been of the simplest kind. Threading his way with some difficulty, because of the throng, from the vestry-room to the pulpit, Dr. Brooks, having mounted to the desk, announced a hymn, one of the familiar songs of the church. The singing by these men of affairs, who but a moment before were busy with the activities of life, has been one of the most impressive features of the occasion. After the song and the pronouncing of the Lord's Prayer, Dr. Brooks began his address. He speaks with marvellous rapidity, but his voice is so melodious and his utterance so distinct that this quick utterance enhances the force of his thought.

The entire series has been devoted to the presentation of a single theme, "The Freedom of the Christian Life," and on each day the theme has been presented from a different point of view. Speaking to an audience composed of representatives of all sects, and containing many men who are of no sect, Dr. Brooks's addresses have been characterized by broad catholicity of thought and the most liberal of Christian opinions. The success attending this series has far surpassed the anticipation of the Rev. Dr. Dix and his associates in the direction of Trinity Church affairs.

RIMINI AND FRANCESCA.

THE tourist rarely stops at Rimini, for his only rule of faith and practice—the guide-book—has little to say about it. He has heard of Rimini of course, but it is only as the former residence of Francesca da Rimini, and as she has been dead for a long time, he does not think it worth while to stop at Rimini, and ask if there is anything new in connection with the painful scandal associated with Francesca's name.

And yet Rimini is a delightful old town. It is even gay during the summer bathing season, and there are worse ways of spending a July night than that of sitting on the balcony of the bathing establishment, listening to the band and watching the moonlight on the Adriatic. There are scores of pretty girls from all parts of Italy passing the evening in the same way, their mothers discussing clothing, their fathers smoking and talking politics, and they themselves watching demurely out of the corners of their wonderful eyes for a discreet glance from some eligible young man.

The town itself is bounded on three sides by water, being planted on the sea-shore between two rivers—the Marecchia and the Ausa. It is surrounded with ancient walls six hundred years old, and its streets are narrow and, not to put too fine a point upon it, gloomy. I wish I could say that Rimini is a cheerful place outside of the bathing establishment, but it really is not. Nevertheless, to a man who is in search of quiet, and wants a town where he can live economically, breathe pure air, and content himself with the feeling that he has gone back at least two centuries, and is living, say, in 1690, Rimini is delightful. You cannot spend a week at the Rimini hotel, and at the end of that time believe in the nineteenth century. In fact that prosaic century has not yet reached Rimini. Even that curious person Mr. Hare, whose industrious scissors have compiled a whole series of Italian guide-books, must have lost at least ten years when he visited Rimini, for he says of the Hotel Tre Re that it is "most comfortable," and of the Hotel Agnello d'Oro that it is "very inferior." Now the latter hotel ceased to exist fully ten years before Mr. Hare found it "very inferior."

Rimini has seen a great deal of history. It was originally an Umbrian city, with intervals of Etruscan conquest. Then the Senones—a tribe of Gauls—held it for many years. Afterward it was Roman, Byzantine, and Papal. Once it set up as an independent republic, and as such was ruled by the Malatesta family. Once it belonged to France, and at last it is Italian. Of all of these adventures in government, Rimini shows but few architectural traces, except such as are Roman or Malatestan. It has the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, but they are even more out of repair than is the average Roman remain. It has, however, a fine bridge over the Marecchia, which was built by Augustus, and is in use to this day. One of the arches was recently destroyed to arrest the march of Narses; that is to say, it was destroyed in the year 552, a date which seems quite recent in Rimini. The Goths were temporarily holding the town at the time, and Narses was bent on recapturing it for Byzantium. However, the bridge was afterward repaired, and is now as good as ever.

There is also a triumphal arch erected to Augustus during his days of prosperity. It is in fairly good repair, and wears still a fantastic head-dress of machicolated brick work, which was put upon it some time in the Middle Ages, when the only idea which a monument of any kind suggested to an Italian was how to fortify it, and shoot other people who might approach it. There is a famous stone—a fragment of a column—standing in the Piazza Giulio Cesare upon which Julius Cæsar stood and addressed his troops after he had crossed the Rubicon. If you have any doubts as to the truth of this legend, it is as well not to mention them openly in Rimini. It is one of the proudest possessions of Rimini, and her people do not like to have doubts cast upon it. If you wish to know my own opinion, I will frankly say that I do not believe that Cæsar ever stood on that stone, for it is much more probable that he stood on the steps of the neighboring church of St. Francisco di Paola, which would have afforded him a much better rostrum.

The Malatestas, or Bad-heads, as the name literally and appropriately means, ruled over Rimini for several centuries. Most of the buildings that are noteworthy in Rimini were built by or in the time of the Bad-heads. The Rock of the Malatestas, an immensely strong fortress, where the head of the family usually kept himself out of reach of his subjects, was dismantled in 1826 by the then pope, and Mr. Hare in mentioning it evidently suffers grinding torments because of the hopelessness of attributing the act to the "vandalism" of the Italian government—I should say the "Sardinian" government, for, as Mr. Hare's readers know, he has never recognized united Italy, and at the very thought of it he tears off his bonnet, throws it on the ground, and dances on it, using at the same time as much strong language as is consistent with his standing as an evangelical parson. Even in its present state the Rock is a wicked-looking old place. At one end of the Piazza Giulio Cesare stands the Cisterni Palace, in which Riminese tradition says that Francesca was killed, though it is more probable that she met her death within the walls of the Rock. The Palazzo Communale, although the Gothic part of it is older than the Malatesta period, is intimately associated with those able scoundrels, who used it then, as it is used now, as the City Hall of Rimini. It contains, by-the-bye, among other pictures, a Ghirlandajo and a Giovanni Bellini, which are gems in their way.

It is perhaps due to the dread inspired by these Malatestas that Rimini has felt the need of so strong a force of patron saints. While an ordinary Italian town is satisfied with one saintly protector, Rimini has no less than eight. This is all very well, provided the eight saints will work in concert; but if they disagree, or if each one assumes that some one of his colleagues will attend to the affairs of Rimini, and thereupon devotes himself exclusively to harp-playing, the town will find eight saints less efficient than one. Among these eight, St. Anthony of Padua stands very high in the estimation of the people. He once visited Rimini, and tried to preach to the people, but they refused to hear him, whereupon he walked down to the beach, and delivered a most eloquent sermon to the fishes, who listened with devout attention. If any one doubts this, let him go to Rimini, and he can see the very identical sea-beach. But Rimini has since repented of its rudeness, and has elected St. Anthony as a patron saint, which, let us hope, has smoothed over the original difference between the saint and the people.

The cathedral is a curious jumble of heathen temple and Christian cemetery, with very little of a church about it; but it is very interesting to the lover of mediæval tombs. It was transformed from a decent Gothic church into its present indescribable condition in 1450, by order of Sigismond Malatesta, who has, so to speak, a front tomb in the best part of the house. In the same church is a statue of Signora Isotta di Atti, representing her as St. Michael—with much wealth of leg—crushing the dragon. This statue greatly pains Mr. Hare, who says that it bears the impious inscription, "*Divæ Isottæ*"—To the divine Isotta.

Now Isotta was one of the celebrities of Rimini. Sigismond Malatesta had had a great deal of trouble with his wives. In fact he was obliged to kill no less than three of them, owing to the lack of facilities for divorce. Nevertheless he lived in peace and happiness with Isotta as his mistress. She was beautiful, well educated, and humane, and she saved the lives of scores of people whom Sigismond would have killed if she had not requested him to spare them. This woman, who could partially tame such an unspeakable tiger as Sigismond Malatesta, was, on the whole, the most respectable person known in the history of Rimini under the Malatestas, and if any one in that unhappy town deserved a statue it was Isotta. The inscription, instead of running as Mr. Hare says it runs, is as follows: "D. Isottæ Ariminensi B. M.," which being translated means, "To Lady Isotta of Rimini, of good memory"; "D." standing for *Dominæ*, and not for *Divæ*. The inscription has the merit of being truthful, and Mr. Hare's hysterics are, as usual, unnecessary. The tomb of Isotta is close to her statue, and here and elsewhere in the church are curious bass-reliefs, the work of Simone di Firenze, some of which, especially those of cherubs and children, are not unworthy of Luca della Robbia.

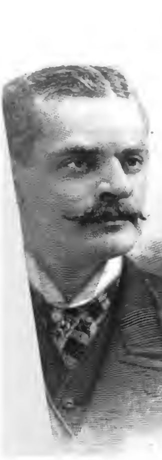
Every Italian town has or has had its own antiquarian. He is usually a priest, and he is always wonderfully painstaking and prolix in the extensive volumes which he writes concerning the antiquities of his native town. Rimini's antiquarian is a certain Doctor Luigi Tonini, and he has made a study of the story of Francesca which is a miracle of misapplied industry, but which nevertheless throws considerable new light on the tragedy which has furnished so much capital to poets of all grades and nations, from Dante to Leigh Hunt and Silvio Pellico.

Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, having fought the Malatesta, and had reason to repent of it, proposed to make peace, and as an inducement offered his daughter in marriage to Giovanni Malatesta. Parenthetically it might be remarked that Polenta means hasty-pudding; but it does not appear that the newspapers of the period made any airy jokes concerning the marriage of John Bad-head to Frances Hasty-pudding. Journalism was clearly in its infancy in the thirteenth century, which was the century in which the Malatestas and the Polentas intermarried. Giovanni Malatesta was not only a hunchback, but he was also lame, and was known to his contemporaries as Giovanni Zoppo, or Lame John. Neither did he possess any more of the beauty of holiness than did the rest of his family. Knowing his deficiencies, he did not care to shock Francesca by prematurely presenting himself to her, and he therefore hit upon the plan of sending his brother Paolo to Ravenna to marry her by proxy.

Here was where Giovanni's judgment was wrong. Paolo was a widower of more than forty years of age, and encumbered with two children; but he was rather handsome, and being a Malatesta, he was naturally anxious to do all the mischief that lay in his power. When Francesca met him she supposed that he was Giovanni, and at once fell in love with him. At least so she always said, if we are to believe Boccaccio, but as she obviously fibbed when she made her celebrated statement to Dante, we cannot implicitly believe her. She was married by proxy, according to Giovanni's plan, and Paolo conducted her to Rimini, where she met her real husband, and it is to be hoped he was satisfied with the successful way in which he had muddled the whole business.

What was Francesca's age, either at the time of her marriage or of her death, we have no means of knowing. She must, however, have lived for some years as the wife of Giovanni, for she became the mother of two children—a boy, whose name has not been preserved, and a girl named Concordia. She was evidently entitled to be regarded as a matron, and when she pictured herself to Dante as an innocent young girl, who was too impressionable to read poetry safely, she did not adhere strictly to truth. She had evidently carried on her intrigue with the middle-aged widower Paolo from the time when he escorted her from Ravenna to Rimini, and she was certainly old enough to know better. Her punishment, according to Dante, consisted in sailing serenely through the murky air of hell in perpetual company with Paolo. A pair of young lovers would hardly have regarded this as punishment, but two middle-aged persons, who had already carried on an intrigue for several years in gloomy Rimini, could hardly have had a worse punishment than that of being condemned forever to the exclusive society of one another.

Giovanni Malatesta, having learned of his wife's infidelity and his brother's treason, could not, as a mediæval gentleman, do less than to kill them both. This he did in about the year 1289, though it is fair to say that the date is not satisfactory to Dr. Tonini, who is prepared to write several octavo volumes



THE GREAT NEW YORK LANDLORD.
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means of transportation within their reach. It is to be regretted that such a broad view of international intercourse does not obtain in the West and elsewhere in respect to other commercial operations. The American roads, or those who have invested in them, are not asking for protection in this matter, but solely for justice. It has not been suggested by any one that the American roads should have advantages legislated to them in their competition with the heavily subsidized and military railways of Canada; but every one whose sense of justice is not blunted, or whose mental vision is not obstructed by self-interest, must see that the Canadian roads enjoy advantages that the American roads do not, and that through no fault of theirs, but because Congress permits it. The conditions of the unequal struggle between the American and Canadian Trunk lines could be modified in favor of the first-named by administrative action. With the license now given them, the Canadian lines are able to do what is absolutely forbidden to a foreign vessel, namely, to engage in our coastwise trade.

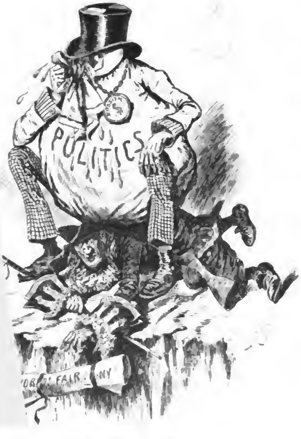
It has been contended by those familiar with the subject that the Canadian railways could be compelled to accept the essential provisions of the Inter State Commerce Law, at least those provisions that have modified the natural conditions governing competition, by making their obedience to them the price of customs facilities in transporting freight out of the United States and into them again. Up to the present time, however, it has been impossible to make any progress in that direction. Such a movement to be successful would require co-operation between the Inter-State Commerce Commission and the Treasury Department, a coalition that is not likely to be made. It appears, therefore, that the only way in which the situation can be effectively dealt with is by an amendment to the Inter-State Commerce Law, specifying distinctly the terms upon which the Canadian companies shall share the traffic that American capital and labor are entirely adequate to handle.

The railroads now have what seems to be a most excellent opportunity to demand this relief, for a large and influential class of patrons of the railroads has already begun to demand the modification in their favor of one of the most important provisions of the law—that known as the long and short haul clause. The farmers, particularly at the West, are beginning to discover that the transportation industry cannot be run entirely as a wholesale business or as a retail business any more than any other industry or trade; that it must include both; and consequently they are beginning to clamor for the re-establishment of the old principle that is grounded in nature, and has been approved by common-sense and stood the test of time.

If these changes are made, and made speedily, there may be some chance for the champions of the Inter-State Law, and for the Commission established under it, to escape the attacks that are clearly gathering to reach for its most vulnerable point. Excellent information is that the Inter-State Commerce Commission is well convinced of the unconstitutionality of the law under which it is acting, and it is for this reason that it evades rendering decisions in important cases, where one party is quite as likely as the other, if dissatisfied with the ruling of the Commission, to raise and test the question of the constitutionality of the law. For some months the Commission has been drifting, and, for various trivial causes assigned, has performed no service of real importance to the railroads or their patrons. They have held under advisement for a year, lacking two weeks, the most important case that has ever been submitted to them, and one which was presented in the most exhaustive and able manner by both sides, namely, that of Coxe Brothers against the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The issue raised in that case is of the first importance to every individual miner of anthracite coal, to every coal-carrying railroad, and indeed to every one engaged in the coal industry, and more important than all, to every consumer of coal. Yet down to the present time no intimation of a decision has been given, and it is commonly reported in Washington that the Commission hopes that interest in the matter will die out, or the contestants come to a conclusion between themselves, and thus render a decision unnecessary. Possibly the reason for this seeming apathy is that this is one of the cases in which the railroad would be very likely to ignore an adverse decision, while the complainants can confidently be counted upon to carry the matter into and through the courts to that of last resort, should they be the defeated party. The Inter-State Commerce Law contains many beneficial provisions, but it should be enforced as a whole or repealed, and not permitted to become a dead letter upon the statute-books.

Collis Armstrong.

New York, Saturday, March 1, 1890.



HENCE THESE TEARS (?)

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have been before the public many years. For relieving Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases they have been proved reliable. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
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Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Bad blood causes dyspepsia, and dyspepsia reacts by causing bad blood. So both go on, growing worse, until the whole system is poisoned. The surest means of relief for the victim is a thorough and persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

UP AND DOWN THE GREAT KANAWHA.

WEST VIRGINIA AND ITS CAPITAL.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

I HAD diligently sought in eastern, or "Old," Virginia, as the people here call it, information in regard to West Virginia, but nobody seemed to know much about the latter State away from two or three lines of railway. I was therefore much struck when I came to examine here at Charleston a large map of West Virginia by the number of details it contained. Every little creek branch, each isolated spur and peak, had its name as well as the long watercourses and dividing ranges; and roads were marked, villages and post offices exhibited, throughout the whole extent of the mountains, even where there was not a railroad within 150 miles.

"The mountains seem to be well explored and known to their remotest corners," I remarked.

"Oh yes; we know the State, but outsiders do not, because they have not been taught its consequence. We have lain between the great avenues of Western emigration north of us, and of Southern travel to the east and south, and so the world has gone around us. But that is being remedied very rapidly. Two trunk lines of railway now cross east and west, and one of these (the Chesapeake and Ohio) is the shortest route to the sea from Chicago. Several branch lines are penetrating into the heart of the State to reach her timber tracts, and her rich but remote grazing and farming districts; while coal lands which far exceed in extent those possessed by any other State in the Union are now undergoing development upon a grand scale, not only in the older districts about Wheeling and Parkersburg, but in the upper Kanawha and New River valleys, along Coal River, and over on the Bluestone. Capital is coming from Northern and Western purses, yet so quietly that few of our own people comprehend the magnitude of the investments."

That a good beginning has been made is apparent in this pleasant and thriving capital, which has a brisk air quite in contrast to the ordinary Southern town. Its situation is good, both commercially and æsthetically. Noble hills rise all around it, except to the east, wooded for the most part, but here and there showing clearings covered with verdant turf or cultivated crops, and dotted with handsome suburban residences, while the city itself is built upon a plateau overlooking on the south the Great Kanawha, and on the west Elk River, which joins the former at this point.

Charleston now numbers about 10,000 people, but is much more of a city commercially than that population elsewhere would indicate. This is due to her isolation. There is no supplying point or larger town nearer than Cincinnati, 200 miles west; and twenty counties, or nearly half the State, together with a share of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio, are directly tributary to Charleston's wholesale and jobbing houses, machine-shops, iron-works, and mills, while her civilization attracts to her as a residence many owners and managers of rich agricultural or mineral properties among the mountains, who are averse to living amid the rough and unpleasant scenes surrounding their mines and furnaces. Lastly, she is the capital of the State and the seat of the higher courts, and thus is the home not only of the officers of the commonwealth, but of leaders at the bar and aspiring politicians. A society which has furnished the State at one time a Governor, a United States Senator, and a Representative in Congress, is surely of some consequence.

It is largely a town of old families; men who descended from the pioneer settlers, and have inherited a large share of their peculiar virtues—prominently the strong bent toward personal liberty and the love of land. Naturally, however, such people are conservative; and it must be confessed that the valley is far less indebted to them for progress than to new-comers. This is equally true of the whole length of the mountain foot. The "old residenters" cannot appreciate the opportunities for expansion of business right under their feet, and must be pried out of the way before much can be done. A very small percentage of invested capital in mining, lumbering, furnaces, etc., here, or in Kentucky, Tennessee, or Alabama, is home money. For one reason, the people haven't had much to invest; but even if they had had it, they would not have done so, and consequently are losing their influence. This appears even in politics. This part of the State has been called the Gibraltar of Democracy, but now that faith has been so weakened that the Republicans expect to carry the next election. As the wheel of progress rolls on, those who were on top must necessarily be carried under, unless they can scramble up as the revolution proceeds. These Southern mountaineers are too stiff in their mental joints (with exceptions, of course), and perhaps constitutionally so. Let us see what their stock is.

Down this Great Kanawha River came the very first explorers of the mysterious "West" beyond the Alleghanies—sturdy Scotch-Irish Presbyterian people from Virginia and Pennsylvania, whose story is the most thrilling chapter in the whole exciting tale of American border adventure. As early as 1654 white men had found the head of the river in the upper part of the New, and had traced its course a little way; but it was not until 1748 that any settlement was made on these head waters, and not until 1755 that a party of captive women, hurried by raiding Shawnees back to their towns, near where Cincinnati now stands, learned in weariness and pain how the New, or Wood's River, descended through deep and rocky gorges, until expanded and re-enforced, it flowed northwestward, a strong and steady river, to the Ohio. This long watercourse, which drains a basin far larger than that of the Hudson, had names in all the Indian dialects of the West and South, for every tribe, from the Cherokees of Georgia to the Delawares and Six Nations of the North, knew the trails that led by it over the mountains; but after a while it was called among the whites after the Conoah-ways (as Daniel Boone spelled it)—an Algonkin tribe that occupied the region about its sources, and northward to the Potomac. Through many vicissitudes of spelling this name has been reduced to "Kanáwha," in which the *h* is misplaced and a terminal *y* is missing, for the phonetic orthography would be *Knaúway*.

It is a curious thing that the very earliest experiences and observations of the white people in this valley should have indicated what, until recently, was the principal industry here, and also what promises in the future to become a most important element in prosperity—salt and natural gas. As you drive up the Piedmont Road, which runs along the high river bank, as soon as you have passed Campbell's Creek, you come upon a tall and ruined chimney-stack and a large series of low roofs covering scores of rude wooden vats, all cracked and rotting together into a sort of picturesqueness most inviting to an etcher. These are abandoned salt-works on the site of the old Buffalo Lick, where fifty years ago 100,000 bushels of salt were made and sold annually. Some miles above is a quaint old village, apple-shaded and rose-embowered, once more important than Charleston itself, which was supported by other works, whose wells were bored near the famous Burning Spring, and the sites of which are marked by the crumbling memorial shafts of their tall chimneys. One establishment only persists, eight miles above town, and its methods are little varied from those of a primitive day.

When, in 1755, poor Mrs. William Ingles (who was the great-grandmother of Dr. J. P. Hale, of Charleston, author of *Trans-Alleghany Pioneers*) was carried down this way by the Shawnees, they stopped at Campbell's Creek, and spent several days in making salt. The buffalo, elk, and deer had worn a broad trail through the hills down to some saline springs on the river-bank; and while the warriors hunted and feasted, the white women were set at boiling brine in their own pans and kettles, which formed a part of the plunder; so that a supply of salt might be carried home by the Indians. The last buffalo killed in the Kanawha Valley was no longer ago than 1815, and within twelve miles of Charleston; the last elk, in 1820.

Mrs. Ingles escaped after a few months, and with almost incredible peril and endurance retraced her long route, and reached her friends in what is now Giles County, Virginia. Explorers and hunters, guided by her story, now and then went down the river, and after 1771 daring men and women were building cabins, and holding them as long as possible against the thousands of savages who swarmed in the woods; for what reason no one but their own foolhardy spirits could judge. One hears their praise sung as "heroes." Of the stuff of heroes they were made undoubtedly, but to go with families a hundred miles and more into this hostile wilderness ahead of the last man served no purpose, public or private, save the gratification of their own barbarous love of danger, and hence it was not heroism, but simply bravado; yet, being there, they acted always like true heroes in each other's defence, and it would be difficult to match some of the deeds of unselfish daring which these men and women were capable of during the Indian wars that constantly harassed the border. The best and most famous representative of them was Daniel Boone, who not only often passed up and down the Kanawha, but for eleven years, from 1788 to 1799, lived in a cabin on the south bank of the river opposite the salt lick. In 1791 he was lieutenant colonel of the local militia, and represented the new county in the Legislature at Richmond. Many traditions and relics of him remain here, such as manuscript notes of surveys, the trap which caught the first beaver west of the Alleghanies, and a walking stick of "yew pine," by which he introduced to the settlers this new tree, valuable forests of which he found covering the mountains of Pocahontas and Webster counties.

In 1773 a Colonel Bullit "took up" a thousand acres, embracing the present site of Charleston, as a reward for his military services; and two years later George Washington wandered about here, surveying for Colonel Fry, and looking up land for himself. A small pool had just been discovered about nine miles above the mouth of the Elk, which bubbled with exuding gas that would ignite and burn steadily. This spring, with 250 acres of the bottom land around it, Washington pre-empted. Now a well near by, 2500 feet deep, supplies gas enough to light the locks and dam of the Kanawha, and is soon to be utilized as fuel for a large furnace. This spring was an object of great interest to Washington, who by testament and deed left the acre of land upon which it stands as a free gift to the public, expressing his foresight that the time would come when it would be not only a curious but a most serviceable possession—just *how*, he was too unskilled to perceive; but by some defect of record the ownership soon reverted to private hands, and has remained so.

The pressure of emigration all along the mountainous frontier, from Boone's explorers in Kentucky to Cresap's "improvers' cabins," far up the Ohio, and the machinations of English loyalists, who hoped by an Indian war to so divert the attention and energies of the colonists that they would forget the grievances urging them to rebellion, resulted in the uprising under the leadership of Cornstalk, against which Virginia sent General Andrew Lewis and an army in 1774. These rough but ready troops rendezvoused at Camp Union (now Lewisburg, near White Sulphur Springs), and thence, 1200 strong, marched down the Greenbrier and Kanawha to the mouth of the latter river, where the battle of Point Pleasant was waged. It was the biggest Indian fight that had ever taken place up to that time, and a large number of its men afterward became very famous, or were the parents of famous men. But it was far more than that; for by its crushing defeat of the Indians it upset Lord Dunmore's treachery, caused the expulsion of that enemy of the colonies, and made the Revolutionary struggle possible. It was really the initial conflict of the war for independence, and one of the decisive battles of the world.

Feeling safe from the Indians after that, settlers began to multiply along the fertile bottom lands that bordered the Kanawha and its tributaries. A fort was sustained at Point Pleasant, but the settlers each had individual or neighborhood forts, and made their cabins as near bullet-proof as possible. The Salt Lick had been taken up, but this land at the junction of Kanawha and Elk rivers remained untouched until George Clendennin bought the land and went there to make his home, taking with him a party of former comrades in the Point Pleasant army, one of whom was a Ben Harrison, an indirect ancestor of the old General and of the present President of the United States. This was in 1788, and Clendennin's first move was to get the public surveyor of Greenbrier County, of which this was then a part, to lay off a town site, which he named Charlestown, in honor of his aged father, whose unmarked grave is now in the middle of a busy street. Clendennin's two-story house still stands, and is occupied, but its sound logs are concealed under weather-boarding and modern trimmings. The old stockade called Fort Lee, whence "Mad Ann" Bailey made her ride to Lewisburg during an Indian attack, and got the powder which saved the settlement, long ago disappeared.

From this beginning rose the town by slow degrees, but its progress would never have been so rapid had it not been for the neighboring salt lick. This had never been forgotten. All the pioneers resorted to it for their salt, which was boiled down in the one family kettle in which they cooked their hominy and pork, bear bacon, or other fare; in which on wash-days they scalded their clothes, and in spring made their maple sugar. Among the most prominent names now in the town and lower valley are Dickinson and Ruffner. They are leaders in mercantile matters and other enterprises. The only salt-works now in existence is managed by a Dickinson. It was the original Dickinson who sold the Lick land to the first Ruffner, who intended himself to go at salt making as a business. Circumstances prevented, and in 1797 his lessee, Elisha Brooks, setting up twenty-four small kettles in a double row over a fire, established himself as the first of the race of Kanawha salt-makers. His brine he dipped up from wells made by sinking two or three hollow logs endwise in the saline mud and quicksands, and thus managed to crystallize about one hundred and fifty pounds a day, which he could sell for eight or ten cents a pound. The brine was impregnated with iron, which gave the salt a reddish tinge, and it was to this fact that the country people attributed its peculiar strength and pungency. Orders came from far and near for "that strong red salt," which was delivered by trains of pack-horses.

Soon after Brooks, Ruffner's Sons went at manufacturing salt much more extensively. They attempted by sinking a "gum," or large hollow log, to get to the bottom of the saline ooze, but though they struck bed rock at thirteen feet, and cleaned out the bore of the gum, the brine that rose was weak and muddy. With slow toil and constantly recurring disappointment in their experiments, they at last succeeded in boring forty or more feet beneath the bottom of the gum. It was this first boring of a deep well on the western slope of the Alleghanies, where now thousands of such borings easily pierce the earth for hundreds and even thousands of feet, that called forth the simple contrivance called here "slips," and in Pennsylvania "jars," without which deep borings would probably never have been possible. The inventor was a sharp-witted mechanic named Billy Morris, who perceived that by giving his drill a chisel edge, backing it up by a heavy sinker, and attaching it to his line of driving poles by a pair of steel links, which played up and down within each other for some thirty inches, he could get a jarring or hammering stroke far more effective than when the chisel was stiffly attached to the long rod. This apparatus was also of great service in disengaging the tools when they stuck. Morris did not patent it, nor receive any special reward; yet when we consider the vast interests—petroleum, gas, artesian water, salt, etc.—it has served, this invention deserves to rank with the spinning-jenny, the electric key, or the sewing machine, and Charleston is proud of the man. The seed bag, an almost equally useful affair in well-boring, was also first thought of and applied in this same attempt to get at the subterranean source of the salt water.

When, fifty-eight feet below the surface, the strong brine was at last tapped, a new difficulty presented itself in the necessity of keeping out the muddy surface water.

"They had to invent, contrive, and construct anew. A metal tube would naturally suggest itself to them, but there were neither metal tubes, nor sheet metal, nor metal workers—save a home-made blacksmith—in all this region, and to bore a wooden tube forty feet long, and small enough in external diameter to go into the two-and-a-half-inch hole, was impracticable. What they did do was to whittle out of two long strips of wood two long half-tubes of the proper size, and fitting the edges carefully together, wrap the whole from end to end with small twine. This, with a bag of wrapping [the seed bag] near the lower end, to fit, as nearly as practicable, water-tight in the two-and-a-half-inch hole, was cautiously pressed down to its place, and found to answer the purpose perfectly. The brine flowed up freely through the tube into the gum, which was now provided with a water-tight floor or bottom, to hold it, and from which it was raised by the simple swape and bucket."

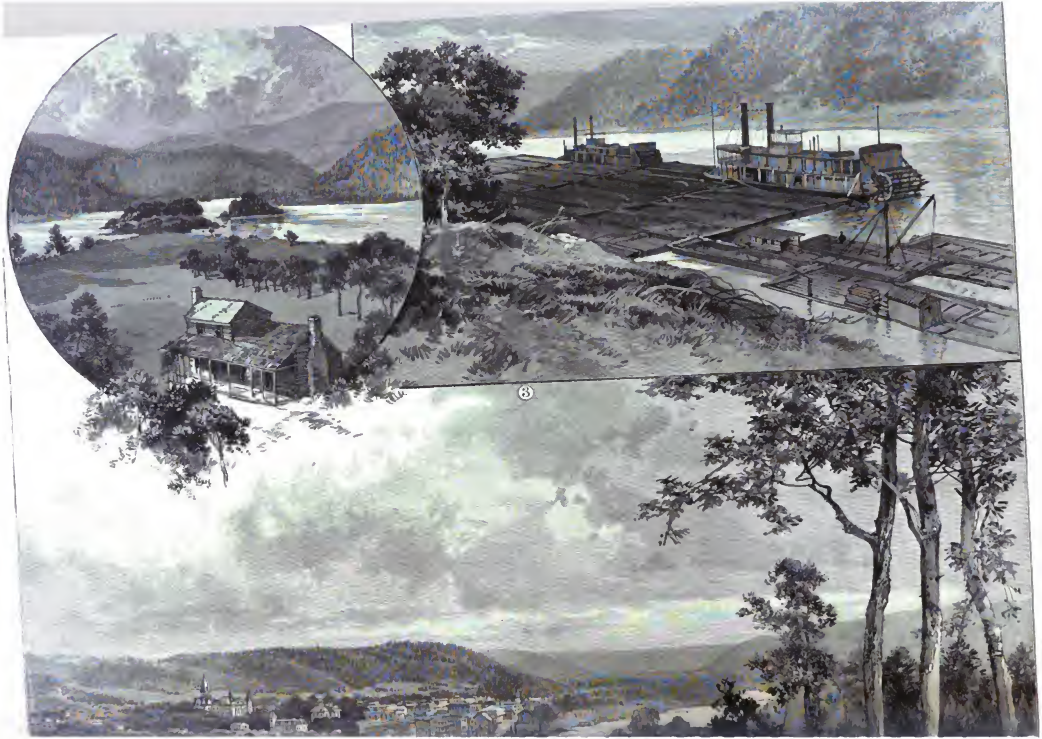
A new furnace was now built, and the price of salt fell to four cents a pound. Then other men went into it successfully, and an industry was developed which attracted a great increase of local population, for Kanawha salt was in demand in all parts of the country, especially for preserving meat—"salt-horse" and "sow-belly." By 1835 forty furnaces were evaporating two millions of bushels annually.

This product was at first sent down the river to Cincinnati and elsewhere in barrels piled upon enormous flat-boats, which were poled by hand, and the reminiscences of that period are full of amusing stories of the wild good-nature of the jolly boatmen. But after 1820 steam-boats began to come up this river, as well as along the Ohio, and the flat-boats disappeared, to the great detriment of the boat-yards. You may still see them, however, on both rivers, often covered with a house, and occupied by a migratory family of river folk. Sometimes they are gayly painted, have neat railings about the little deck at the ends to keep the children from tumbling off, and an air of coziness which makes the outsider envy their occupant his floating home. He is a tramp worth copying, for, snail-like, he carries his house with him wherever he goes, and owns at once both a carriage and a hotel.

For more than half a century the Kanawha Valley continued to be the largest salt-producing region in the United States except New York. When the Michigan fields began to compete, however, their stronger brine, cheaper fuel (sawdust), and proximity to the leading markets, forced the Virginia furnaces to close one after another, to the corresponding ruin of coopering and other attendant industries, until now one small one alone survives. Bromine and certain other chemicals are made from the bitterns at the same place.

I have dwelt upon this salt-making not only because it is interwoven with the history and is to a great extent the father of Charleston and of the prosperity of the valley, but because in its pursuit began the first use of coal and natural gas as furnace fuels.

The incident of Washington's "burning spring" will be remembered. Travellers at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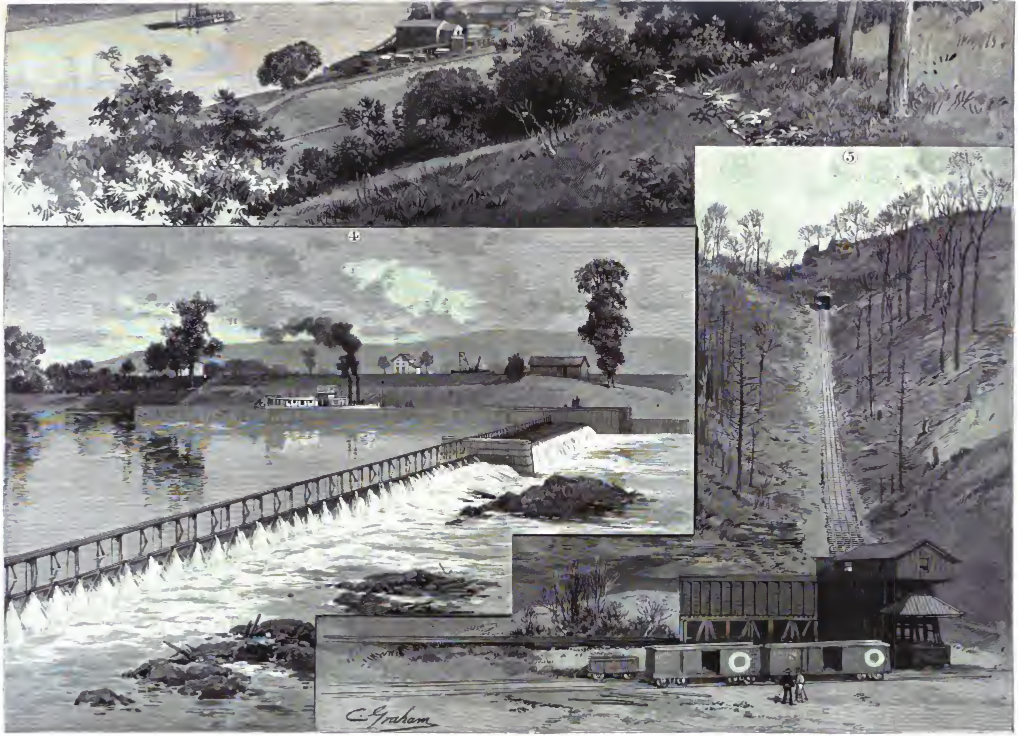


ALONG THE GREAT KANAWHA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY BECKER & FELL, CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

1. Junction of Greenbrier and New Rivers. 2. Coal Fleet (Barges and Tow-Boats) at Charleston. 3. City of Charleston, looking up the Great Kanawha. 4. Movable Dam No. 6 on Kanawha River. 5. A Coal Tipple on New River.

with a desire to know whether the gas would burn, and going quite near, lighted a match. In an instant the whole atmosphere was aflame, and the engine house on fire. The professor by jumping into the river escaped with the loss of his hair and a good many burns; but only saved himself from going to jail and other consequential punishments by confessing to Colonel Dickinson's lawyer, that he was "a natural damned fool and didn't know any better."

The great success which has followed the search for gas in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh and Wheeling, and the fact that geologically this locality is suitably situated to expect similar developments, being upon the line of Rogers's "great anticlinal," along which the northerly gas wells have been struck, lead to the supposition that deep boring will find it here. A company of Pittsburgh and Charleston capitalists are testing the validity of this theory, and have put down three wells, from one of which there has already been gained at a depth of 2540 feet, a strong and persistent flow. This is utilized at present only to illuminate the river at the locks nine miles above Charleston, but a portion of it is to be led to the salt furnace. New wells are shortly to be driven, and if successful, the gas will be piped to the city. There seems to me no reason to doubt that somebody will find the reservoir again, and when it is tapped that all the great prosperity dreamed of will come to the locality in consequence, for marvellous stores of iron and timber are close at hand, and a facility of transportation which leaves Wheeling and Pittsburgh quite in the shade, so far as the river routes are concerned, and which quite equals them in the ease and distance of railway carriage to the seaboard.

When that gas is found, no doubt petroleum will be struck also. The gas and brine that come up are both impregnated with oil, and the very first shipment of fifty barrels of petroleum (skimmed from the salt-water) ever made went from this town to a Cincinnati druggist to be bottled and sold as liniment under high-sounding names.

Just before the war something like a million dollars was spent at Cannelton, a few miles up the valley, in making oil from cannel-coal, but the discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania in 1861 put an end to this.

Socially before the war Charleston, which then had some 1500 inhabitants, combined

their edges, en echelon. This pavement has now been down on the main street over twenty years, and appears to be as good as new. It is asserted by experts that few varieties of granite block will endure traffic so well; it is as smooth as asphalt, and very easily repaired, while its cost here is less than a dollar a square yard, while good granite costs four to six dollars.

This fine red brick is employed in the new Federal building and in the State Capitol, which is a handsome edifice occupying a pretty square in the heart of the city. The decoration and furnishing of this building are on a generous scale and in excellent taste, and the city is justly proud of the final acquisition of this "Capitol on wheels," as the irreverent used to term it. One of its rooms is devoted to the State Library, made up of a valuable collection of law books, with some general literature. Formerly the town possessed a public library, but now nothing of the kind exists, nor is there a museum nor historical society, though Charleston boasts several citizens well versed in the local lore, and the possessors of relics and archives of much historical interest which ought to be preserved in some public collection. This is an intelligent and well-schooled community; but the art society, the lecture course, and the Browning club have not yet taken root. Now that she has her water works completed, two daily newspapers, her streets lighted by electricity, and the big new high-school done, perhaps the rest will be attended to without delay.

Although the town had largely augmented its population, had just been connected with the seaboard by the completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and the mineral resources were undergoing rapid development, the financial calamity of 1873 gave it and the Kanawha Valley a blow from which they have required years to recover. As the decline almost to extinction of her salt making and its attendant industries came soon after, Charleston would perhaps never—certainly not by this time—have regained her strength, had it not been for the improvement in the navigation of the river, the remarkable advance of coal mining in the valley, and increase of iron and lumber making.

If you will examine a map of West Virginia, you will see that the sources and feeders of the Kanawha drain one-third of a State hardly inferior in size to Pennsylvania. The

interstratified with the carboniferous sandstones inclined against the Alleghanies, lies bituminous coal in every variety. It is the mainstay of the country. West Virginia's coal area amounts to 16,000 square miles, while Pennsylvania, the next largest, has only 12,700. Out of 54 counties only the 6 in the extreme northwestern corner lack coal, yet hitherto West Virginia has mined less than ten per cent. of the total yield of the Appalachian field, which spreads north to central Pennsylvania and northern Ohio, and south to middle Alabama. This shows how much room there is for development here, where, as we shall see, circumstances are peculiarly favorable for building up an immense coal production and trade.

Though mining has been done here and there on its tributaries, the great body of capital—almost wholly from the North—is invested along the Kanawha and New rivers, within sixty miles above Charleston. These are the Upper Coal Measures, and three separate beds are worked. Those mines along the lower part of the river are dug into the stratum "No. XIV.," or "Pittsburgh"; the group near Kanawha Falls is on "No. XIII."; and those farther up the New River Cañon are in the lowest or "conglomerate" beds, numbered "XII."

Of course the earliest settlers knew of this coal, which crops out in half the cliffs and stream beds, and Rogers had outlined the whole field before 1840, yet no coal was burned here except by blacksmiths until 1817, when a workable seam was discovered near Charleston, and at the instance of Mr. William H. Edwards (of Coalburg, the same who is known so widely by his splendid illustrated work on American butterflies), the Ruffner Brothers experimented as to its use in the furnace at their works. Thirty salt factories were then running, and all the wood had been cut off the near hills to feed their fires.

The ability, soon acquired, to burn mineral coal gave a great impetus to salt-making not only, but led to the inauguration of the new mining industries, which now support 50,000 people in this valley alone.

Coal mines occur all along the river on both sides, from six miles to about sixty above the city, and up many of the gulches, where several short branch railways have been extended. The coal crops out above Charleston, and is dug at all altitudes in the hills where it is accessible by drifts or horizontal tunnels.

have at least begun to be realized had not the civil war intervened. When peace returned, the people renewed their clamor, the opinions of the French engineers were requoted, and President Grant sent a commission here, which recommended the deepening of the river by a series of seven dams with locks, forming what is termed a slack-water navigability in the Kanawha. This was acceded to by Congress, and the work placed in charge of Mr. Addison M. Scott, who began operations in 1875. Several of the uppermost of these structures are completed, and large tow-boats and steamers can now ascend to Kanawha Falls, the natural head of navigation. When the entire improvement planned has been accomplished, there will be a continuous channel depth of at least seven feet, and coal barges can be locked down as fast as they can be loaded, and at less expense than now, while the empty barges returning will not interfere with the traffic.

With two exceptions all these dams are of the French movable pattern, copied by our engineers from those on the Seine and Loire—another legacy of the by-gone scheme. This consists of a line of uprights hinged upon a strong foundation of masonry, which lie down flat on the bottom, out of the way of boats at high water, but when the water is low can be lifted one by one and fixed upright, until a close fence is formed across the river which effectually dams the water back to the required depth. This was the first American application of this contrivance, which has since been adopted in one or two other Western rivers.

The expenditure thus far has been about $2,000,000, but the increase of business effected, and the reduction in the price of coal ensuing upon cheapened carriage, has reimbursed the tax-payers many times over.

The coals of this region are superior in quality. Cannel is mined in two or more localities, and the "splint" or "block" variety—hard, shining, and carrying well—which is so useful for domestic service and for raw use in blast-furnaces, is plentiful. This and even the poorer grades exceed in quality those of the Pittsburgh district, and those of Ohio and Illinois, in their proportion of fixed carbon, and in having a less percentage of sulphur. Mr. William Seymour Edwards, who has made a study of this matter, and to whom I am indebted for much information, declares these coals to be

SOME NEW YORK CLUBS.

BY HENRY L. NELSON.

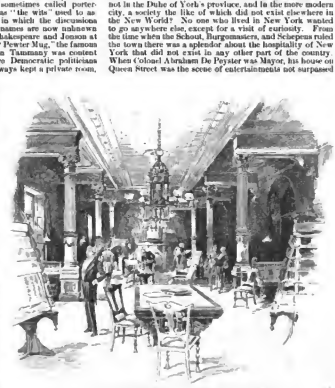
ILLUSTRATED BY T. DE THULSTRUP, CHARLES GRAHAM, AND BERT WILDER.

THERE is such a vast difference between the New York of the early part of the century and the New York of to-day, that we are not quite justified in saying that the one has developed from the other. The stream of growth has been diverted from its original course. The city, whose people once felt for it a local pride as intense as that which inspires the citizens of Boston or Philadelphia, is very largely the mere abiding-place of comparative strangers, who find it the best town of the country for making and spending money. New York, grown into a great metropolis, has suffered more than the usual fate of metropolitan cities. The native Londoner or Parisian is still fond of his birthplace, not alone of its history, but of its present achievements; the native New-Yorker—and he is rarely met—loves the memories of a cruder past. It is difficult for the stranger to find the old New-Yorker. He is crowded out of sight by the foreign immigrant, by the New-Englander—who at his first coming did not meet with a very generous welcome—by the Western millionaire, who is surcharging the social atmosphere with the ozone of extravagance. It used to be said by the late Miss Booth that all the native New-Yorkers had moved away, and that it was impossible to find one who continued to live in the city of his birth. One is less surprised to hear a resident of the town say that he was born in Massachusetts or Ohio or Ireland than that he first saw the light in New York. You will find Scotchmen, Yorkshiremen, Cornishmen, Hampshiremen, Frenchmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen in London, but there are cockneys too. Were there ever cockneys in New York? If you do not know that there were—and not many years ago at that—you do not know the metropolis.

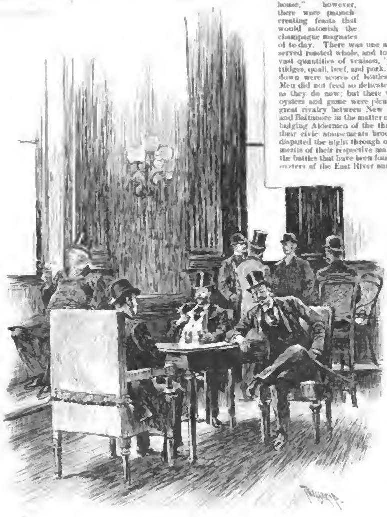
But the "Bowery Boy," with his red shirt, black doeskin trousers rolled up or tucked into his boots, his tall hat, his soap-lock, his cigar raking upward, as the masts of the old pirate crafts raked backward—this patronizing acquaintance of Mr. Thackeray's was not the only cockney of his time. He was unique and interesting. He knew the Bowery and its haunts. He hated the Irishman and the Yankee. But he was not alone. Over in the Ninth Ward were the American mechanics and carmen, who were almost the first "Know Nothings" in the city, and who not only were unacquainted with anything better than that part of the town which had been Greenwich Village, but who believed that nothing could be better. There were a host of retail shopkeepers whose idea of rural scenes was limited by the Elysian Fields at Hoboken, which were once the New-Yorker's paradise, but are now devoted to Germans and beer. There were New-Yorkers who knew about horse trots, and were convinced that there was no track but the Union track, who loved cock-fighting and an occasional battle of dogs, but to whose thinking there were no sporting men or sporting places beyond Harlem. When a Bostonian or Philadelphian chanced to visit their haunts, they spoke of his coming as a wonder, and tolerantly gave him an opportunity to lose his money. There was bliss on the Fishing Banks and joy at Coney Island; but these resorts were attractive because one might spend a day at either of them and still sleep in New York. There were tap rooms, sometimes called porter-houses, at which persons known as "the wits" used to assemble, and there are chronicles in which the discussions and scintillations of men whose names are now unknown are compared to evenings with Shakespeare and Jonson at "The Mermaid." There was the "Pewter Mug," the famous neighbor of Tammany Hall, when Tammany was content with down-town quarters, where Democratic politicians made slates, where Aaron Burr always kept a private room, and at whose bar Andrew Jackson won the admiration of the local magnates by standing up to his toddy like any ordinary American citizen. The most sturdy Democrats are often they who most abjectly appreciate undisguised condescension. Long afterward there was "Old Tom's," or the "Crooked Stoop." There were a "Shakespeare Inn" and a "Greenroom," the haunts of men who fondly thought their town rich in the life that gives to antique London its musty literary and artistic flavor. Earlier than all these was the famous "Bank Coffee-house," kept by Niblo—the great "Billy" Niblo, who afterward built the garden and theatre away up town at Broadway and Prince Street. It was here that the city politicians, at a time when New York names were very common in the Board of Aldermen, feasted after a fashion that gave point to the common joke concerning "Aldermanic proportions," not that New York was the first to fatten its Aldermen to a prize figure, the Aldermen of the Guilds of London ate their turtle and waxed fat centuries before the English did the Dutch out of New Amsterdam. At the "Bank Coffee-house," however, there were paunch-creating feasts that would astonish the champagne magnates of to-day. There was one at which a bear was served roasted whole, and to accompany it were vast quantities of venison, 'possum, ducks, partridges, quail, beef, and pork. And to wash these down were scores of bottles of sound Madeira. Men did not feed so delicately in those old days as they do now; but there were famous cooks, oysters and game were plentiful, and there was great rivalry between New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore in the matter of gastronomy. The bulging Aldermen of the three towns, whenever their civic amusements brought them together, disputed the night through over the comparative merits of their respective markets; and many are the battles that have been fought in defence of the oysters of the East River and Blue Point against the pretensions of the oysters of the Chesapeake and Lynn Haven bays.

Time mellows the memory of that period, and perhaps the fat-feeding Aldermen are more conspicuous in history than they were in their own day. They were the every-day public thoroughfare people—genial, good-natured, provincial. Their like does not now exist conspicuously, and it is hardly worth while discussing whether what has taken their place is or is not an improvement. Perhaps even those who are strenuous in asserting that all things have improved in the general advance of civilization will admit at least that when the ordinary street life of the town was American, it was perhaps as good as it is now when it is cosmopolitan. There was a great deal of local pride in New York in the early days, and there was a great deal of raw elegance. The sumptuous gluttony of the Aldermen, the unique and gusty charms of the Bowery Boy, were symptomatic. New York was the biggest place in this free and independent nation, and therefore the biggest place on earth. The plain people were content to live here, and rejoiced in what nature and man had done for them; while as to the great, was there not in the Duke of York's province, and in the more modern city, a society the like of which did not exist elsewhere in the New World? No one who lived in New York wanted to go anywhere else, except for a visit of curiosity. From the time when the Schout, Burgomasters, and Schepens ruled the town there was a splendor about the hospitality of New York that did not exist in any other part of the country. When Colonel Abraham De Peyster was Mayor, his house on Queen Street was the scene of entertainments not surpassed in pomp and magnificence even in these later days of superabundant wealth and extravagance. Outside the walls of the city, its gardens stretched to the East River, its immense rooms, some of them forty feet deep, were rich in carvings and gorgeous in furniture imported from London. From its iron balconies the Governors of the Province reviewed the civic and military processions. Mrs. Lamb tells us that the plate which Mayor De Peyster daily used on his table was valued at $8500. They were rare old times when the leading citizens were lords of manors, when gentlemen wore silks and velvets, when manners were softened by the knowledge that rudeness would be followed by the duel; but New York was not a great city in those days—not even half so great as the good people who lived here thought.

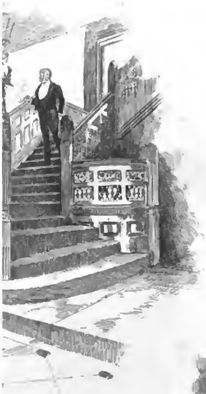
New York was rich and luxurious early in the century. John Adams was not the only rural wayfarer from Boston who wondered at the luxury of its entertainments, the costliness of its plate, the expensiveness of the dressing of both women and men, the elegance of the houses. New York was always fond of what the inventors of after-dinner pills call "the pleasures of the table," but which may be more fitly termed the delights of the stomach. The Aldermen were not the only inhabitants of the town who grew fat on good living. When Boston was dining at noon, and dissipating in simple suppers which could not possibly interfere with digestion, New York was revelling in late dinners, and was dainty about its cooking. A great cook was a great man, even down to the middle of the century. There are many men living to-day who recall the famous Henri Gussin, and the still more famous Kerner, in very early days the steward of the Union Club, and at whose annual dinner the best men of the city sat down. It was a mighty privilege to dine with Kerner on this occasion, and many a rich man has longed for the fiat of the great cook which pronounced the happy recipient a member of the best society. It was quite as great a privilege to be permitted to order shirts at Mrs. Cannon's, for that admirable and highly esteemed lady insisted that the man who wore linen from her shop should have social position; and the favored men frequented her charming parlors where the formation of the Union Club was discussed and decided upon. There is before me now a list of the men who met one another at Mrs. Cannon's, kindly written out for me by one of them—one of the few who attended the good lady's funeral. It is impossible to give all these names; but some of them are famous in politics, in society, in the literature of the time. There were John Jacob Astor, the Schuylers, Rays, Emmetts, Suydams, Lydigs, Heckschers, Hoyts, Grinnells, Binningers, Livingstons, Robinsons, Ogden Hoffman, the Le Roys, Fearings, John Van Buren. The names are redolent of old New York, of its gay, luxurious life when money was pouring into the coffers of its merchants from its foreign trade, and the city was becoming one of the great seaports of the world. In those days the greatest merchants were in the shipping business, the bankers were dealing in foreign exchange, so that there was an infusion of clever young foreigners—Germans, Swiss, French, and English—in the city. The foreigners belonged to the commercial classes of their own countries, some of them represented, and they and their sons continue to represent the leading banking and shipping houses of the Old



THE READING-ROOM OF THE UNION LEAGUE.



THE CAFÉ OF THE UNION



ICASE IN THE NEW YORK.

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us of this generation. Literature was in the care of Irving, Paulding, and Bryant in the teens, twenties, and thirties, and New York did Irving honor, and so dignified itself. When he came back from Spain, his fellow-citizens feasted him; and when Dickens first visited the country, Irving was the chairman of the public dinner. The difference between the treatment that literary men receive in New York and Boston exists now as it existed then. Boston society accepts a literary man as an entertainer, comrade, and instructor; New York worships its idols. Irving was a strange being, a startling innovation; he was the son of an old New York merchant, and nevertheless possessed literary abilities.

The first clubs of New York were such as Dr. Johnson organized and loved, with a difference. The pleasure of the Johnson club was its talk; that of the New York club was its dinner. The old New Yorkers deceived themselves into believing that they were intellectual descendants of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, of Sam Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and Reynolds, because they met in taverns at stated and regular times, but every one who has read William Irving's poetry in *Salmagundi* knows better.

This, however, is not true of the first club of the city, the lawyers' Moot Club, at which cases were tried and questions of law argued. It was founded in 1775, and among its members were John Jay, Gouverneur Morris, and Stephen De Lancey. They lived in the day when the literature of their profession was making.

In 1792 the Drone Club was founded as a social and literary organization. Afterward came the Kraut Club, which met annually for a dinner; the Turtle Club; the Bread and Cheese Club, founded by James Fenimore Cooper in 1824. All of them were on the Johnsonian model. There was a dash of literary flavor in them, at a time when every scribbler for the somewhat thin and altogether subservient press was counted a man of letters. Very humble chroniclers of the doings of the times were those scribblers who, at public dinners, when their lords, the Aldermen, fed themselves, stood in the hallway, and noted the elegant company, and smelled the savory dishes as they were borne by them. When they got inside their back rooms on club nights, however, they were the true successors of the wits of the Queen Anne Coffee-house and the clubs of the great lexicographer.

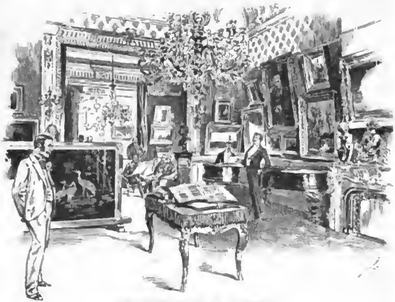
Even the best was not surpassing fair. Social life was the art of the men who were spending the fast accumulating money that was sending New York very far to the front of all the cities of the continent. They were dancing and supping at the City Hall, Washington Hall, the City Hotel, and at one greater ballroom after another, until the Academy of Music crowned the pleasure-seeking efforts of the generations before the war. "In process of time," says Salmagundi, speaking of the Gothamites after the invasion of the Hoppingtots, "they had waxed to be most flagrant, outrageous, and abandoned dancers; they ponder on naught but how to gallantize it at balls, routs, and fandangoes, insomuch that the like was in no time or place ever observed before. They do, moreover, pitifully devote their nights to the jollification of the legs, and their days, forsooth, to the instruction and edification of the heel. And to conclude: their young folk, who whilom did bestow a modicum of leisure upon the head, have of late utterly abandoned this hopeful task, and have quietly, as it were, settled themselves down into mere machines, wound up by a tune, and set in motion by a fiddle-stick!"

The most famous of the dinner-giving organizations was the Hone Club, founded in 1836, and named for Mayor Philip Hone. Its members were among the first merchants of the city, and were all admirers of Daniel Webster. Philip Hone lived in a fine house directly opposite the City Hall Park, and afterward at the corner of Broadway and Great Jones Street. He was an admirable specimen of his class—rich, generous, and hospitable. When he was Mayor his entertainments to distinguished visitors were so lavish that his friends insisted on relieving him of part of his assumed burdens. Therefore the Hone Club was established. Dinners were given by the members in turn at their own houses, and it was understood that on the days when the great Daniel looked in upon the town, the member whose turn it was should give his dinner then. Those were happy days for Webster and for the merchant princes who feasted him, for he had the noble products of a great *chef* and the rich contents of a fine cellar, while the others enjoyed the stimulating presence of the lion of his day. Sometimes Irving was a guest of the Hone Club—modest Mr. Irving, who ran away from public dinners for fear that he might be called upon for a speech, and whose happiest after-dinner effort was his confession that he had forgotten the lines of his prepared address to Charles Dickens. But the sparkle of New York life in the first half of the century did not bubble up in literature and in literary conversation. Boston was much better off in that respect, as it is to-day. There were law, theology, and commerce; and, for pleasure, eating, drinking, dancing, and the theatre.

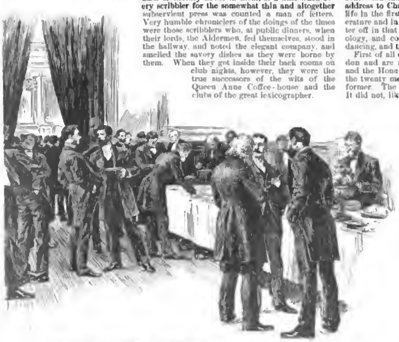
First of all clubs of the city, as clubs were known in London and are now known everywhere, was the Union. It and the Hone were established in the same year. Some of the twenty members of the latter were also members of the former. The Union Club sprang into being full fledged. It did not, like so many others of its time, develop from a room or two; first without a restaurant, then with a back-door connection with a neighboring restaurateur; at length, if successful, achieving the glories of its own *chef* and *cuisine*. It had a house of its own on Broadway, and its members were the social magnates of New York, the Astors, the Edgars, Schuylers, Suydams, Lydigs, Le Roys, Griswolds—it is unnecessary to name them all. The New-Yorker of the time knew them, and his veneration for their names was even greater than his worship of Irving's genius—the one was a pleasure, while the other was a duty.

The formal meeting for organization was held at the Athenæum. The membership was limited to 400. Philip Hone says, in his diary, that it was "to be similar in its plan and regulations to the great clubs of London, which give a tone and character to the society of the British metropolis." The first house was at 343 Broadway, and the first president was Samuel Jones.

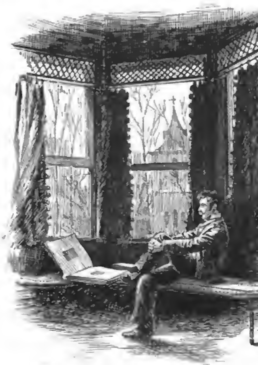
English the club was, indeed, as English manners were known to these good merchants, who thus became the founders of our local aristocracy. Yet at this time Fanny Kemble was laughing at a dinner given by Philip Hone himself, and complaining of the absence of finger-bowls from his table. "The club will be well



THE RECEPTION-ROOM OF THE LOTOS.



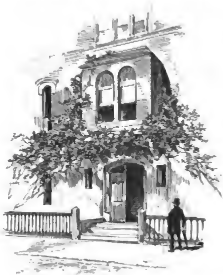
A MONTHLY RECEPTION AT THE CENTURY.



IN THE READING-ROOM OF THE FELLOWCRAFT.

suited to the times," writes the ex-Mayor in the panic year 1837. "A single gentleman will be able to get a good dinner and his wine for half the price he would have to pay at a hotel."

It was not only the first club of the city, it was the first



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CALUMET.

real club in the country—the first club intended to be a home for bachelors, and to furnish the creature comforts found by clubless men in taverns. There was some need of it. Rich bachelors were increasing, for young foreigners were coming here to engage in business, and sons of native merchants wanted their fling before they finally settled down.

The club house was formally opened May 27, 1837, with a dinner for which the *chef* was much commended. The New York palate was then in a transition state. Its ambition was to be able to enjoy artistic French cookery, but it could not help a certain wholesome longing for the rich products of the vicinage, dressed and cooked after the fashion that had prevailed since old Dutch times. The Union has always been famous for its cooking, but three months after that excellent opening dinner there was a turtle dinner at the club, which was pronounced execrable, "for a French *artiste de cuisine* knows nothing about turtle."

There seems to have been a daily *table d'hôte*, at the head of which the president, Chancellor Jones, usually sat.

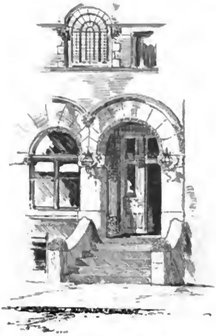
The second house of the club was at 376 Broadway, higher up, and on the opposite side of the street. It was a large and handsome dwelling that belonged to Mr. William B. Astor. It was May, 1842, when the club moved in, and there it remained until 1850, when it took Mr. Kernochan's house, on Broadway, opposite Great Jones Street.

Club men of our fathers' days talked on the same subjects that now interest their descendants. Mr. Hone says, "Horse-racing and politics are discussed by those who know little about either of those abstruse sciences." The young and old beaux lounged in the windows, and saw the gay panorama of the streets pass before them. Broadway was then, in its smaller way, what Fifth Avenue is to-day. The idle gentlemen of the town did as idle gentlemen have done always, and amused themselves and one another. The stronger men used the club for dinners and receptions to distinguished persons. The club was and has remained an expression of the prosperous life of New York. Its founders were the great merchants of the city and their sons, and its development and growth have been along the lines on which the city itself has advanced. There has been a revolt in its history against what appeared to be a change in its character; but it was not a change. It is true the old city names make less of a showing on the roll of members, but it is also true that the signs on the Broadway stores do not bear the names that were to be read there forty or even twenty years ago.

The scions of old families whose wealth came from the old ways of doing business are spending what is left of their inherited fortunes, or are trying to fit themselves to the new methods. The shipping merchant, the dealer in his own wares, and the banker, who put their money into substantial brick and stone houses, have been succeeded by the commission merchant and the broker, who invest their profits in railroad and telegraph securities. The business methods of this commercial town have shifted. New men have come in from the East and the West. There is a strong flavor of New England in our high places—a flavor which was already beginning to be perceptible when Mr. Knickerbocker wrote his veracious history. There is now a fresh and breezy impulse from the West which is chilling the old marrow of the natives, who remember the day when their fathers' stately ships went up and down the bordering rivers. But if the new order has brought new men, and if the channels of our trade have worn new ways, who shall shut the doors of clubs and society in the faces of the men who have wrought and who have thriven? Not the Union certainly, for it has hospitably taken whatever of good has come to it. The city is commercial. It has very little aristocracy that does not rest on trade. We are not a bookish people, although there are many bookish men and women among us, and it would be idle to pretend that we are. Fifty years ago there was a book club in New York which met at stated intervals for the consumption of unstinted punch and food. Its single volume was for the recording of dinner subscriptions. It was a genial reflection of the city. Its name denoted a polite respect for letters; its frank and fleshly purpose was the gratification of the stomach.

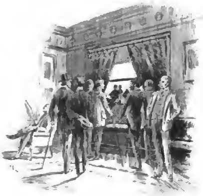
Do not let me be misunderstood. There is a strong and vigorous literary and artistic life in the city, and there has always been much erudition among our professional men. There are bookworms, bibliophiles, antiquarian book-stores, splendid and curious collections of literary treasures; but I am speaking now of the complexion of the good town as the world sees it, of the kind of life which is manifested in the daily ebb and flow of its human tide. We shall soon enough come to consider the strong under-currents and eddies.

When, in 1855, the Union Club went into its own great brown-stone palace on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, it was not the only club of its kind in the city. The New York Club was organized in 1845 by a newer element in the city than was to be found in the membership of



THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROLIER.

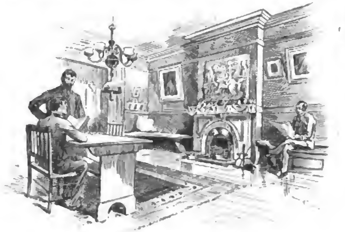
the Union. It reflected a brisker life. It was more in the centre of the active forces that gained their impetus in Wall Street. When the Union was following the northward trend of the city's homes, the New York Club established itself in Chambers Street opposite the present Court-house. It took the New York Club a long time to finally make up its mind to go uptown. It moved to the corner of Broadway and Walker Street; then to 737 Broadway, a few doors below the store now occupied by Charles Scribner's Sons; then it went back to 558 Broadway, below Prince Street; in 1851 it was at 620 Broadway, above Houston Street; in 1856 it occupied the Wolfe house, on the corner of Astor Place and Broadway; in 1862 it bought the large dwelling-house on



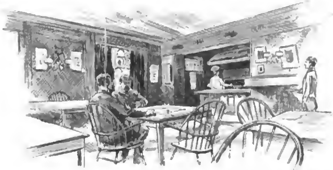
AT THE WINDOW OF THE CALUMET.

the corner of Fifteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, which is still known as the Haight house. In this elegant house, built by one of the most fastidious of the old city merchants, the club remained for eight years. It was as characteristic of New York as the Union, but very different. It was always and definitely the New York of the present. Memories and traditions did not haunt its halls or sit in its windows with their hats on. It has been always a club of the generation actively on the stage. Great lawyers and rich merchants have been among its members, but the roots of most of the club list interlaced, and had hold on some other soil than that of Manhattan Island.

In 1870 the club was suddenly and somewhat unaccountably dissolved, and it was destined not to be counted as one of the prominent clubs of the city for many years. It is true that it was at once reorganized, but it went wandering about from house to house. Now its rooms were in Union Square; now they were on Fifth Avenue. At one time it occupied



THE READING-ROOM OF THE AUTHORS'.



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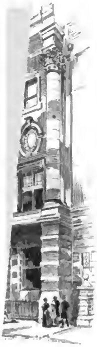

IE UNION LEAGUE

but in 1887 the club bought
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ut such men do not constitute so
city's population as they do in Bos-

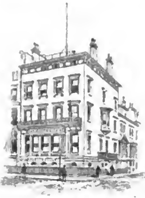
ton, where the literary worker is more likely to find congenial comradeship outside of his profession.

The Century was very humble in its early day. It had not yet taken into its membership the men of wealth who have at last succeeded in inducing it to abandon its pleasant quarters in Fifteenth Street to move into a splendid building, which will doubtless make the club a more important feature of the fashionable life of the town. In the very early years it was obliged to be content with rooms. For two years these were at 495 Broadway; in 1850 they were in Broome Street; then until 1852 at 575 Broadway; and then there came the crowning dignity of a house, which was situated in Clinton Street, then a delightful part of the city. For five years the Century enjoyed this house. The most dignified and prosperous of the guild of art and letters met in its rooms. Membership was then, as it has continued to be, a high privilege. In 1857 the club was incorporated, and its incorporators were the first citizens of the time. They were Gulian C. Verplanck, the most famous and popular New-Yorker of his generation; William Cullen Bryant, Charles M. Leupp, Asher B. Durand, John F. Kensett, William Kemble, and William H. Appleton.

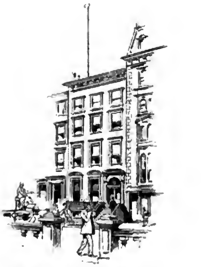
The club built a home for itself in the year of its incorporation in which it has dwelt ever since, and here have been held its Saturday evenings, known of all distinguished men who visit the metropolis. Will its evenings in the new palace on Forty-third Street be pleasanter? Some of the old men shake their heads at this, but then they always shake their heads when the car starts forward.

The Century, old, well-established, dignified, rich in character and tradition, is not the only club which has grown out of the social needs and desires of the men who write and illustrate books, paint pictures, or carve statues. There have been scores of other organizations, some of them based on economy, while others sought to maintain a more Bohemian atmosphere than can be found in a club whose members are constrained to consult the tastes and nerves of the most fastidious of their fellows. Bohemianism is not so fashionable as it once was, and what remains of it has grown to be more respectable. It has been discovered by undeveloped genius that a Sunday joint at home is better than seven days of beer and cheese in a cellar; that a man who respects and cares for his body is not only sounder in mind, but in heart; and that the cleanlier his life the more can he accomplish for that part of the world which needs his help. So the Bohemian clubs have not endured, and wherever Bohemianism in its offensive forms is an element in a club, therein the club is weak. The economical clubs have also wasted away after a brief existence, not that economy is less commendable in club life than in the household, but the organizations of which I am speaking were usually formed by men who could ill afford the most trifling of luxuries, and were doomed to failure from their inception. It would be almost impossible to name them, so brief and evanescent were their lives.

Of all the clubs which had their origin in the intellectual and cultured life of the city, with the exception of the Century, the Lotos has been the most ambitious. In many respects it has also been the most popular club in New York, for it has its ladies' days, and its semi-public exhibitions of pictures. It is a great entertainer of celebrities; but since its foundation in 1870 it has lost much of its distinctive character, the man about town rather obscuring the artist and literary man. Out of the Lotos Club grew the Arcadian, the result of discontent. The Arcadian is gone, having died of an overdose of guests. It made the fatal mistake of centring the interest of the members in its receptions. On other days and nights the rooms were empty; the members rarely met and scarcely knew one another; but there were great occasions when the rooms were filled with guests whom the members entertained. An excellent club in its time was the Palette, and the Tile Club has been most enjoyable, the members producing something at its meetings that justified the club's name, just as the Grolier Club accomplishes an object by reproducing the work of famous printers. Of all the art clubs of New York the Salmagundi has been the most prosperous, and now it has in contemplation a house of its own, where there will be a gallery for the exhibition of its pictures. If the club is wise it will be careful in extending its membership beyond the professionals. The patrons of art are worthy people and deserve encouragement. Let them subscribe liberally for a building that shall be the home of artists, and let them receive their compensation in the galleries, which should be ample for them if they are worthy of becoming subscribers at all; but the club hearth should be guarded as jealously as the domestic hearth; and while there are patrons of art who might bring with them a welcome addition of good-fellowship, there are many who would not. In dealing with this matter, a judicious board of governors is much better than a hard and fast rule.



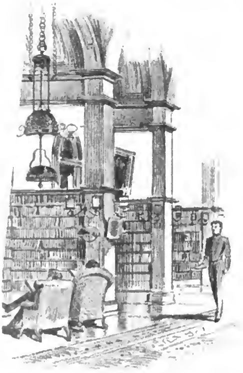
THE KNICKERBOCKER



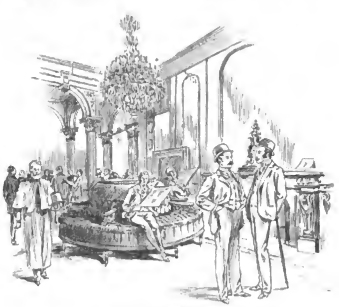
THE FRONT OF THE ST NICHOLAS.

This last observation is especially applicable to the Fellowcraft, almost, if not quite, the last addition to clubdom. Clubs have been springing up so abundantly of recent years that it would be impossible to say off-hand which is the youngest unless one took a daily census. The Fellowcraft, about two years old, is now the occupant of the house in Twenty-ninth Street once the abiding-place of the St. Nicholas, and afterward of the St. James's. Its membership is composed of writers and illustrators of periodicals. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is the only president it has had. The club has many elements of successful, vigorous life, but it has been too exclusive; it has shut the door against men who would give to it both strength and character. It has met with a wonderful success, and it is destined to become one of the most distinguished of New York's clubs, especially when its basis of membership is broadened, as it soon must

(Continued on page 211.)



CORNER IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNION LEAGUE



THE PARLOR OF THE MANHATTAN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1890.

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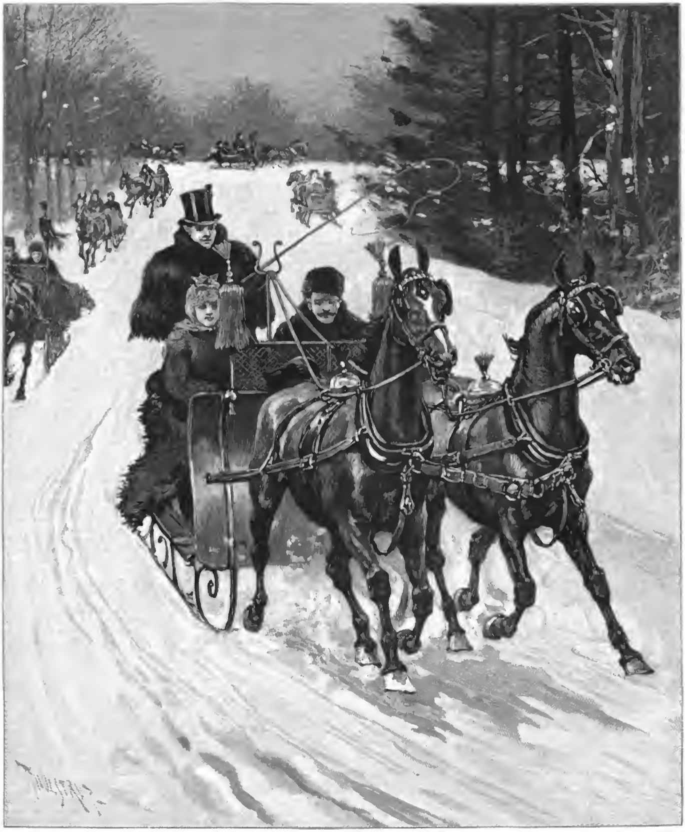

SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK DURING THE BRIEF WINTER SPELL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 211.]

"Maria" is generally considered in South America as the most original and characteristic work yet produced in Spanish-American literature.... No more typical South American book could have been chosen for translation into English.—*Fernando Cruz, LL.D., etc., President of the Council of State of Guatemala, Delegate to the Pan-American Congress, Minister from Guatemala to the United States.*

TROLLOPE'S FURTHER REMINISCENCES. What I Remember. By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, Author of "Durnton Abbey," "Lindisfarn Chase," "[illegible]," etc. Vol. II. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75. Uniform in size and price with the first volume.

The first volume, which was published about two years ago, closed with the death of Mr. Trollope's first wife in 1865; the new volume covers the period from that date to the year 1889. Among the well-known people with whom the reader becomes acquainted in these pages are Liszt, Von Bülow, General Sheridan, King Humbert, Pope Leo, Salvini, Ristori, Cardinal McCloskey, Jenny Lind, Lanciani, and Holman Hunt.

Characterized by the same cheerfulness and kindly feeling toward all manner of men, women, and children as the first volume.—*Athenæum, London.*

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THE NEW YORK FORESTS.

THE public mind in the State of New York is rapidly awakening to the very serious danger which threatens the State from the destruction of the northern woods. The agitation of the question began five or six years ago, and it has been pressed with such intelligence, persistence, and vigor that it is now a topic of general concern. The Governor has made it the subject of special recommendation, and several projects are pending in the Legislature for the care and disposition of the Adirondack woodlands. Fortunately Mr. [illegible] is interested in the question, and

The preservation of the forests and their restoration and care for public resort and recreation are the great ends in view, and no private advantage whatever should be considered, except as a necessary means of promoting the public benefit. It is a private interest—the extension of railroads—which is now among the chief dangers of the woods. The subject is of great importance, and fortunately the organization of the New York Forestry Association, which is designed to co-operate with the State Forest Commission and with all associations and persons that have in view the wise preservation of the forests, offers an opportunity for everybody to aid in the good work. The fee of membership is but one dollar annually; the payment of twenty-five dollars constitutes a life membership, and one hundred dollars, a patron. The office is at 52 William Street. The people of New York have signally demonstrated their public spirit by the reservation of the grounds at Niagara, and they will certainly rescue the Adirondack forests.

A CHANCE FOR YOUNG AMERICA.

THERE are no more intelligent, clever, quick, and capable workmen than Americans. In the discussions upon the tariff and wages, the quality and character of the American workman are always taken carefully into account. The great multitude of Americans, as in every country, work for their living, and the conditions of life in this country, and our political principles and system, tend to distribute wealth rather than to entrench it in families and social classes. In view of this character and competency of the American, it is curious to read in the census of ten years ago, the last taken, that in New York fifty-six per cent., in Chicago sixty per cent., and in Brooklyn sixty-nine per cent. of persons engaged in the trades were of foreign birth. The next census will show probably a still larger proportion. This result is largely due undoubtedly to the exclusion of boys from the trades. But from what source could trades be more effectively and beneficially reinforced than from young Americans? What workmen are more satisfactory? What public advantage is gained by their exclusion? These are questions which the situation has pressed more and more ur-

THE STRAUSS ORCHESTRA.

THE law of the 26th of February, 1885, to prohibit the importation and migration of foreigners and aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in the United States, plainly requires amendment. The questions that have arisen under it show that more precise interpretation is necessary. Experience has proved that it is susceptible of the most ludicrous construction, which puts the country in a ridiculous light before the world. The kind of amendment required can be readily perceived by considering the object of the law. It is universally known to have been intended to protect laborers in the United States against the importation of foreign laborers under contract for service. The law was a propitiation of "the labor vote," and was designed to aid labor strikes by preventing the introduction of cheap foreign labor. Naturally, therefore, the act was loosely drawn, and when it was judicially decided that it prohibited a religious society from securing the services of an English clergyman, it was obvious that a construction could be placed upon the act which was wholly foreign to its purpose.

The same question has now arisen in another form which is equally grotesque. An engagement has been made with the famous STRAUSS orchestra in Vienna to give a series of concerts in this country next summer, and it is objected that the entry of the orchestra is forbidden by the law. If this were really the fact, it would be a conclusive reason for immediate amendment or repeal. But a simple, fair, and reasonable view of the law does not justify the view, although the fact that the question is raised makes the amendment most desirable. The fifth section of the act expressly provides that the prohibition shall not apply to professional actors, artists, lecturers, or singers. The condition is that these persons shall be professional actors, etc., not that they shall have any especial degree of proficiency or excellence or reputation. It does not require that a player shall be a KEMBLE or a KEAN, nor that a singer shall be a JENNY LIND or MALIBRAN, but only that he or she shall be a professional actor or singer, and so in the other cases. The question then arises does the phrase professional the Treasury shows an actual difference of opinion, and the act therefore should be so amended as to restrict it to its intention, which, as appears from the fourth section, is the exclusion of "any alien laborer, mechanic, or artisan" who has previously made a contract for work in the United States. The good sense of Congress will certainly see that the act as it stands is obscure and liable to great abuse.

THE BLAIR SCHEME.

It is possible that a vote upon the Blair bill may be reached in the Senate before this paper is issued. The general anticipation is that if Senators vote, and vote as they think, the support of the bill will be much weaker than heretofore. Eleven Republicans are believed to be unfriendly to the scheme, and possibly four more. There is no question of the fact that profuse public aid has been given to education in this country, and is still given. The public-school system in every State is public aid, and no money is more wisely expended. But the grant of money by the national government to the State government is a wholly different question. If it be constitutional, it is not necessarily expedient. When the people of a State tax themselves heavily to support their own schools, they will watch closely and carefully the expenditure of the money. But the evil results of indiscriminate alms are as obvious in grants from the public Treasury as in gifts from the private purse. The fact that there is a surplus is not a reason for gift giving by the national government. The real question is whether the purpose is such as would authorize Congress to levy a tax to raise the money. If not, the proposed gift is but an illustration of the mischief of a surplus, and an argument for reducing the revenue.

Moreover, the expediency of the Blair bill must be judged by its own provisions, not by an abstract principle of the desirability of promoting education. A good end is not an argument for unwise means. It is desirable to promote education, but it is still more desirable to foster self-dependence in every community. It is absurd to give six millions of dollars from the national Treasury to New York in order to give a proportional sum to Florida. The bill gives the money to the States upon the basis of illiterate population, but the States are to distribute it upon the basis of school population. The more the scheme is considered the more it seems to be a crude device to spend part of the surplus, and every plea for it encounters the inexorable fact that even if some of the grant might be supposed to be appropriated to its purpose and to relieve some illiteracy, the inevitable demoralization of the community would entirely overbear the benefit. No man knows more of the necessity of education in the Southern States than General Armstrong, of the Hampton school in Virginia, and when he says, "Take out the self-help, and the rest is not worth much," he tells the truth crisply, and states the principle which should govern all national pecuniary assistance.

The strength of the American system is local self-government. Whatever strengthens that promotes the general welfare. Whatever teaches the State to look to the national government for results which it should owe to its own industry, sacrifice, intelligence, and energy is a general misfortune. Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, in opposing the Blair bill, quoted the President as saying, "Such aid should be, as it has always been, suggested by some exceptional conditions." Certainly in the great multitude of the States to which the Blair bill gives aid no exceptional conditions whatever can be alleged; and it is not easy to see, even if the bill should pass Congress, how the President could authorize by his signature a series of grants for which no necessity can be pleaded, in order to secure others for which necessity is alleged.

PAN-AMERICANA.

The Pan-American Congress has agreed upon the common principles which should govern the legislation of all American States in protecting the rights of literary, artistic, and industrial property. Literary and artistic copyrights, it is agreed, should receive the protection accorded them by the state "of origin," and patent rights should be registered according to the laws of the country in which recognition is asked for. This is amicable and pleasing. It is, however, recommendation only. No government is bound by the action of the Congress, even if unanimous. Even if a general scheme of friendly agreement should be proposed, it would be a sign of the good-will of the delegates, but nothing more.

The practical value of the Congress lies in the personal intercourse of distinguished and accomplished delegates from countries which have little association with each other. They can acquaint each other with the actual situation and condition of feeling in their respective countries, and they can learn, each for himself, the probabilities of reciprocal legislation. In really important matters, however, involving large pecuniary interests, it is obvious that valuable results are not to be anticipated. Chili undoubtedly would be willing to give our authors the same protection that they enjoy at home, and we should hardly hesitate to do likewise. Uruguay, also, would doubtless recognize our trade-marks upon similar courtesy from us.

But it is still open to question whether any of our South-American brethren would agree to pay us more for the same thing than they pay other countries. On the other hand, they might agree upon the desirability of a railroad through both the Americas, conveniently connected with all the chief cities in each country. But such projects are music in the air. The Congress ought to be at least a good school for the delegates. We shall soon know what it has done for the two Americas.

DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT ME?

The tone of the New York press comments upon the Fair which the House of Representatives has conceded to Chicago is not strictly fraternal. Chicago is taunted in the lingo of the street boy with having bitten off more than she can chew. The Chicago suggestion that the Fair ought to be deferred until a later time than 1892, and that Congress ought to grant money as well as formally countenance the project, is reviled with sneers and jeers, and the great city of the West is told impressively that she has drawn a white elephant.

This is hardly according to the understanding. If we remember correctly, the New York orators in Washington disclaimed all jealousy or unfriendly feeling toward any contestant, and expressed the warmest desire to aid any rival in the great work if the choice should go against New York. At present, however, that disposition is apparently in abeyance. The proffers of interest, sympathy, and assistance, and the declarations that the marvellous child of the setting sun will easily outstrip the feats of Hercules in his cradle, are not so fervent as the eloquent speeches assumed. "The war, Mr. Speaker, does not come up to the manifesto."

It is, however, plain that if there is to be a Fair, it will require the utmost energy and industry of a united country to produce an exhibition which will surpass that of last summer in Paris. The standard was set there, and it will not be reached or excelled by gibes and indifference between New York and Chicago. We confess that we do not see what can be done about it. Perhaps a "compromise" might be suggested in the form of an American instead of an International Fair. That would be a graceful if somewhat belated admission by Chicago that a great seaport is most suitable for a World's Fair, while New York might courteously concede that an American Fair could not be held more fitly than in the city which is in itself one of the most prodigious products of America.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

Mr. Lodge has introduced a bill providing for the appointment of fourth-class postmasters. There is no great public department which grows more rapidly, and which requires thorough reorganization more stringently, than the Post-office. It is the greatest of public business conveniences. Its duty is to receive and distribute promptly and accurately to every part of the country letters, newspapers, books, periodicals, and many kinds of portable merchandise. There is no political way of doing this, and the routine of the work does not change with the administration. Politics have nothing to do with it; and when they are brought into it they injure the work.

The bill introduced by Mr. Lodge divides the country into postal districts, and authorizes the Postmaster-General to appoint an inspector for each district.

> "Whenever a fourth-class postmaster is to be appointed in any of these districts, the district inspector shall give notice of this fact. Each candidate shall, in addition to his application papers, furnish a certificate signed by three citizens, declaring their belief that the applicant is a suitable person for the office, and no such certificate shall be signed by any person holding any Federal or State office. The inspector shall then send to the Postmaster-General all the papers received, together with a report, in which he shall grade all the applicants in the order of their fitness for office, according to the information obtained by him and from his inquiries. The Postmaster-General, upon receiving the report from the inspector, shall then appoint one of the candidates so reported. The Postmaster-General and the inspector shall prevent, as far as possible, any person from disclosing the political connections of any applicant. No appointment of a fourth-class postmaster shall be absolute until he has served one year on probation."

Honestly administered, this scheme gives every applicant an equal chance, and instead of the present system of appointment by the favor of the Representative of the district in Congress, it provides a system of selection by fitness and qualification. It has the merit, also, of confining the selection and appointment to the executive branch of the government, without reference to the legislative branch, which is unquestionably the Constitutional intent. The plan, however, like every plan, is susceptible of evasion and abuse, and it provides, like every plan, only indirectly against arbitrary removal. But it would be a very great improvement upon the present method; and the passage of such a bill by Congress would be a subject of general congratulation.

THE WELCH MEMORIAL FUND.

Everybody who knows the story of Philip H. Welch, the writer whose charming humor and sparkling gayety were the source of such constant and harmless pleasure, and who died a year ago in great suffering, but still smiling and making others smile, will rejoice to hear that the subscription for his family has been very generous, and that a sum of $25,000 has been placed in trust for his widow and children. It is the contribution of Mr. Welch's comrades in letters and of a multitude of distinguished citizens, who have thus gladly testified both their admiration for the heroic writer and their sympathy for those whom he has left. The happy result is largely due to the intelligent, persistent, and affectionate interest and energy of Mr. Edward P. Clark, of the *Evening Post*, and to the widow of Mr. Welch not the least valuable part of the result must be the tributes of high appreciation and hearty regard which accompany the gift, and which show the strong hold which her husband had taken of many hearts.

"PLEASANT ALL ROUND."

The letter from a very large number of citizens of Boston to the late Collector Saltonstall, upon his removal by President Harrison, was very significant. The signatures were those of the most representative men of every interest in the city, of all parties and views and pursuits. They commended the retiring Collector upon his conduct of the Custom-house, "for the first time in a generation" with freedom from partisan influence, "on business principles, by business methods, and by men trained in those principles and methods." Trusting and expecting that his successors will maintain the high standard that Mr. Saltonstall has raised, the signers of the letter credit him with the honor due to the pioneer.

The whole country is indebted to Mr. Saltonstall for the demonstration that the collectorship of Boston is not, as Senator Hoar calls it, a political office, and for showing that the principles of the conduct of the public service which the Republican platform of 1888 warmly commends, with a demand for their general application, are not only practicable, but productive of the best results. The President, also, although consenting to make spoils of the office, in deference to the alleged persistence of Senators Hoar and Dawes, must yet feel grateful to the officer who has illustrated to the satisfaction of all men the wisdom of the President's declaration that "fidelity and efficiency should be the essential test in appointment, and that only the interest of the public service should suggest removals from office."

The removal of Mr. Saltonstall by the author of this truthful remark has had the good effect of illustrating conspicuously to the country the truth of another remark by the same author, in which he describes such acts as Mr. Saltonstall's removal as "the frank and bold, if brutal, method of turning men and women out simply for political opinion." The platform of Mr. McKinley bitterly reproached misguided citizens who thought it possible that a Republican President could be capable of such conduct.

PERSONAL.

The annual income of John D. Rockefeller, the founder and head of the Standard Oil Company, is said to be about $6,000,000, which is equivalent to an accumulation of nearly $750 an hour. He gives away large sums for charitable and religious objects, but even with the demands made upon his generosity he is not likely to be beggared for some time to come. Mr. Rockefeller is fifty years old, and so thoroughly unpretending in his living and manners that no one meeting him in his daily routine would find an intimation of his tremendous business success. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and was modestly embarked in the produce business in that city before he literally "struck ile."

—Miss Amelia S. Given, of Mount Holly Springs, Pennsylvania, an heiress who is described as young and fair, has given the little mountain village where she was born a free library. The building is of the modern renaissance style, while the rooms are finished in Moorish designs and fitted with modern conveniences and comforts. A generous patronage of the library by the villagers has already shown how thoroughly they appreciate the gift.

—A very interesting collection of drawings in black and white by Alfred Parsons and Edwin A. Abbey is now on exhibition at Reichard & Co's., 226 Fifth Avenue. They comprise the originals of Mr. Parsons's illustrations to Wordsworth's sonnets published in Harper's Magazine, and of Mr. Abbey's illustrations of *Old Songs* and *The Quiet Life*. Their beauty, delicacy, and exquisite finish have been felt by thousands of art-lovers in both hemispheres; and as these originals are now offered for sale, the opportunity to possess some of them is likely to be eagerly and extensively embraced.

—The Czar of Russia owns about fifty million acres of land, and may claim to be the largest real-estate owner in the world.

—Emperor William probably has a grudge against the Sultan of Turkey, as he has sent him a gift of twenty-four kettle-drums for use in his army, which has gotten along very well through all these centuries without such implements of warfare.

—Sir Robert Hart, one of the most influential men in the Chinese Empire, was a student in Queen's College, Belfast, when ex-President McCosh, of Princeton, was a professor there. Young Hart was graduated with high honors, but, being too poor to study for a profession, he obtained a place in the consular service in China. He rose to be a high mandarin, and was in time appointed British Ambassador. Queen Victoria made him a Baronet in recognition of his valuable services, and he has now established a university for the education of the Chinese.

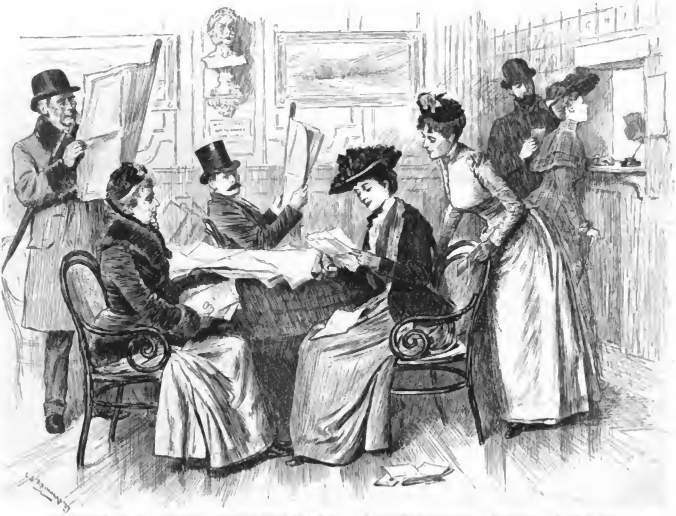
—Edwin Arnold is making a long stay in Japan, and has begun to learn the language, while Robert Louis Stevenson has bought a plantation of several hundred acres near Apia, Samoa, and talks of making the island his future home.

—The late Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Rochester, was a man of fine presence, and in his prime possessed the strength of a giant. When President of Rochester University he not infrequently checked college rows by mingling with the combatants and adopting physical force till moral suasion could be brought into play. His resemblance to Garibaldi was so striking that when in Italy at one time he was enthusiastically cheered by supporters of the great liberator, who mistook him for their leader.

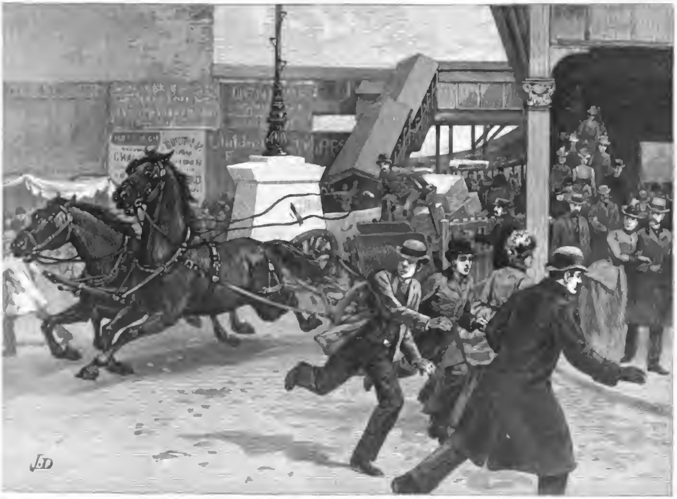
—John Caldwell, a veteran of the 1812 and Florida wars, has just died in the Soldiers' Home in Kearney, New Jersey, at the age of one hundred and six years.

—Edwin Booth has generously contributed $1000 toward a fund in memory of Mrs. J. R. Vincent, the actress, which is being raised at Boston to provide free beds for working women and girls in one of the hospitals of that city.

—Ralph Disraeli, a brother of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, has just resigned his place in the House of Lords as Clerk of Parliaments, after being for forty-nine years in the British civil service.



AMERICANS ABROAD—READING LETTERS FROM HOME AT THE BANKER'S.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 210.]



A RUNAWAY ON THE BROOKLYN SIDE OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Page 211.]

which germinated so readily had been long since sown.

Of all the disabilities under which we then labored, the most serious was the lack of an adequate supply of arms. The great arsenal of the Aztlanecas was in Culhuacan; and thus nearly the whole of the supply of munitions of war in the valley was in the Priest Captain's hands. Fortunately, the shipment of hardened gold that we had intercepted—by landing at the pier whence in a few hours it would have been despatched to the Treasure House—give us a good supply of raw material out of which spear heads, and the heads of darts, and swords could be made; and night and day the forges blazed in Huitzilan while the manufacture of these weapons went on. Of bows and arrows, it was not possible to make many in that short time; but of slings there was no difficulty in making enough to supply our entire force—and among these people, who are wonderfully skilful in the use of it, the sling is a most deadly implement of war. We lacked time, also, to make any large number of shields, and our deficiency in this respect was regarded by Tizoc and by all the military officers who were with us as a most serious matter; for not only would our men without shields be the more easily slain in battle, but their fighting value would be lessened by their consciousness that they were without this piece of furniture that all savage races hold to be so necessary in war.

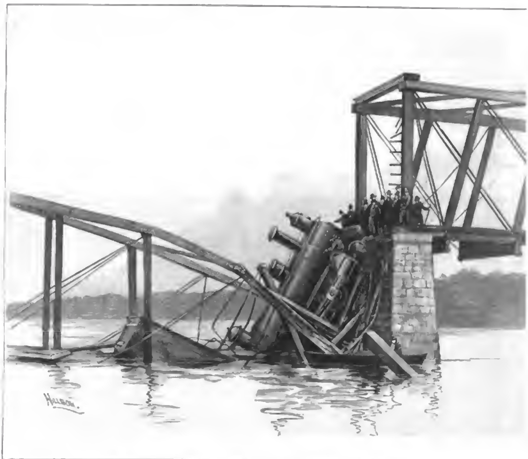
However, of defensive armor we had a good supply; for it chanced that in the Citadel there was a great store of cotton cloth suitable for making long kirtles of many thicknesses of cloth quilted together; which kirtles were arrow proof, and well protected a man from his neck downward almost to his knees. Young was disposed to think but lightly of this curious armor; but when Tizoc, to convince him of its utility, demonstrated its power to resist a well-pointed arrow shot at very short range, he was forced to confess its entire applicability to the purpose for which it was designed.

"Tell th' Colonel that I give in, an' think it a first-rate notion, Professor," he said. "But if you can get it into his head, an' I'm afraid you can't, just tell him that when this barelegged army of ours gets fitted out with those little night-shirts they'll look for all th' world like a lot o' fellows who've scrambled out of a hotel that's caught fire in th' middle o' th' night. All that 'll be wanted t' make th' thing perfect 'll be a couple o' steam fire-engines an' a crowd with all their clothes on, an' a line of policemen. I guess it's goin' t' be one o' th' funniest lookin' armies that was ever seen outside of a lunatic asylum. What I'd like to do, Professor, instead of tryin' t' do any fightin' with it, is just t' take th' whole outfit back t' th' States an' make a show of it. I'd get Benito Nichols t' go in with me—he's a first class man, Benito is, an' he's a boss hand as a show manager—an' we'd call it 'Th' Aztec Warrior Army an' Circus Combination,' an' we'd just rake in th' dollars quicker'n we could count 'em. That makes me think of that show we were talkin' about makin' with Pablo an' his burro." Young's voice changed as he spoke and there was a huskiness in it as he added: "I s'pose by this time there ain't much left for show-makin' purposes of either of 'em. No, I guess I'll stay around an' take a hand in any fightin' that's goin' on; for I'd pretty near be willin' t' be killed right away after it myself for th' chance t' square things with that old devil for killin' our boy. He was a good boy, Professor, an'— How this devilish dust does get into my eyes an' make 'em water!" With which highly irrelevant remark, for their was no dust blowing just then, Young suddenly ceased speaking and walked away.

This was the only time that we spoke of Pablo while we lay at Huitzilan, for talk about the boy only increased the bitter sorrow for him that was in all our hearts. As for my own heart, it was wellnigh broken as I thought that but for me his gentle life would still be flowing on smoothly, as I had found it flowing when in an evil hour I joined his fortunes with mine, and so had brought him to so untimely and to so cruel a death. And I too longed for the fighting to begin that I might avenge him, for the accomplishment of which vengeance I was not merely in part, but altogether ready to yield up my own life.

Indeed, excepting only Fray Antonio, who saw in warfare only the wickedness and the cruelty of it, we all were most eager for our inaction to end and for the battling to begin that would give us opportunity to let the life out of some of those by whom Pablo had been slain. It was with delight, therefore, that we noted the rapidity with which the preparations for the impending campaign were carried forward, and saw how each day the disorderly host that had been gathered at Huitzilan was changing from a confused mass of good fighting material into an organized body adapted to the needs of war. It was, in truth, astonishing to us—for we could not well comprehend how essentially warlike were the instincts of this people, and how quick, therefore, they must be in military matters—to observe the promptness that was shown in getting our army in readiness for the field. And with our astonishment came also a comforting conviction that the force that showed such steadiness in falling into organized form must surely hold well together and fight well together when the hour for fighting came.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SCENE OF THE RECENT RAILWAY BRIDGE ACCIDENT AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

STRENGTH IN RAILWAY BRIDGES.

In a country made famous quite as much by the skill and ingenuity of its workers in iron as by the achievements of any other branch of human industry, it would naturally be supposed that railway bridges would be so constructed and maintained that accidents to them would be of rare occurrence. That this is far from being the case, however, is shown in the yearly record of railway accidents, the statistics of which indicate that the most appalling disasters occur on bridges or other elevated crossings. It is difficult to determine why this should be so, except on the general assumption of defective construction and inferior material. The recent disaster at Peoria, Illinois, where a span of a bridge over the Illinois River gave way under the weight of a freight train, is hardly explainable on this supposition. The bridge in question was supposed to be as safe as railway bridges can be made. It was constructed of iron, upon principles approved of by the best engineers in the country. It was inspected regularly by men employed for such purposes by the railway company that owned it, and as it had borne the weight of passing trains for years without sign of weakness, it was supposed to be perfectly safe. Yet there was a weak point somewhere about it, for a freight train rolled out upon it one night recently and crashed through into the river. Some of the train men lost their lives. The engineer was pinned in the wreck, apparently unhurt, with his head above the surface of the water, but while the rescuing party was trying to liberate him he died from the effects of cold and exposure.

The lesson to be learned from the breaking of this bridge is not a cheerful one, nor does it tend to increase the peace of mind of persons who travel on railway trains. If this costly and carefully constructed bridge gives way under ordinary pressure, with what feelings of apprehension must the traveller cross other bridges that may be no stronger, and, perhaps, not so apparently safe? The occurrence suggests not only a more rigid inspection by the railway officials, but also a governmental inspection similar in character to the inspection of steam boats.

Theoretically the chief fault of bridge building is the employment of inferior engineers. Practically, however, there are other things to be taken into account. Under favorable conditions an inferior engineer may construct a good bridge, whereas under unfavorable conditions a good engineer may put up a weak bridge. In the last-named case there are sure to be circumstances over which the engineer has no control. The exigencies of railway building may require him to span a stream with a completed bridge in less time than ought to be required for the preparation of the foundations. When a railway company is laying track against time for the sake of protecting a right of way, or when it is seeking to head off a rival corporation, as often occurs in the Western States, the construction department cannot be expected to do its best work. The hastily constructed bridges and trestles are rarely rebuilt, because of the increased cost, although they may be strengthened from time to time, as circumstances seem to demand. Work of this kind is never actually safe.

Even with plenty of time at his disposal, the good engineer may build an unsafe bridge, by using poor material in parts subjected to the greatest strains. No man would do this knowingly; but in all bridge-building materials, and especially in iron, there are at times defects that the human eye cannot see. A defective iron girder or cross-beam may last for years before it yields to the jar and weight of passing trains. Usually defects can be detected by careful inspection before the material leaves the iron foundry, but in cases where this is not done the bridge builder is often able to do it while the beams and girders are passing through his hands. If the defects escape the notice of both the manufacturer and the builder, they may be picked out by the railway inspector when the bridge is in position. If this be not done, there is little chance that the defects will be noticed until the bridge breaks.

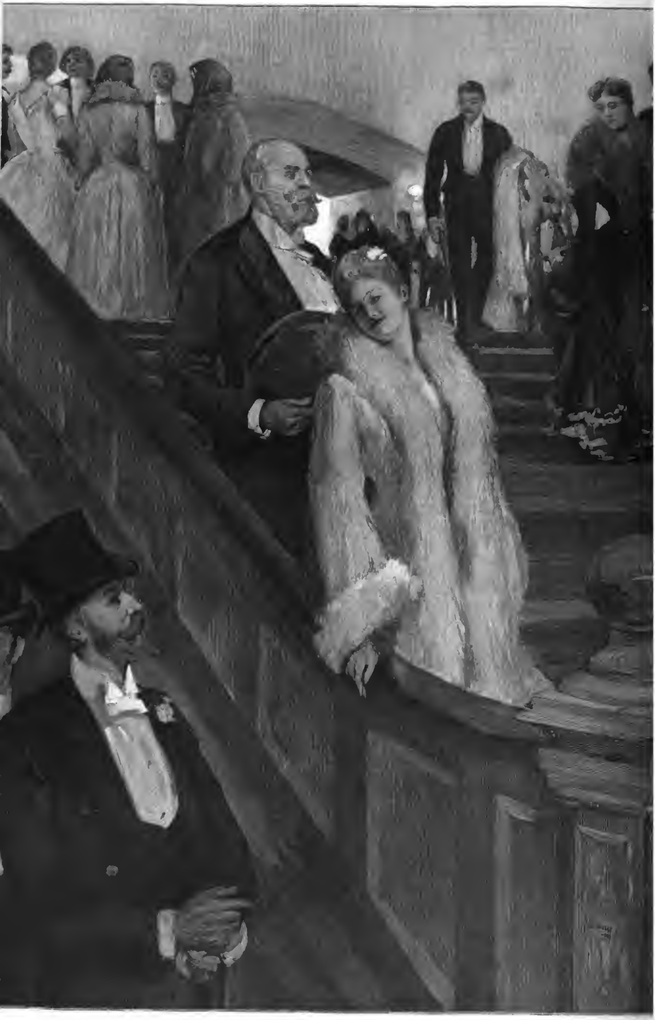
It must be acknowledged that the average inspection of railway bridges is not what it should be. Too often the division road-master, who is rarely an expert, makes the inspection by passing over the line on a hand-car or construction train. He sees that the bridge is just where it was the last time he saw it, and for all that he can tell it is in exactly the same condition. He looks at it with a wisely critical air, pronounces it to be in first-rate shape, and goes on. The next train that comes along may crash through the bridge and kill a dozen men. The uncertainty of road-masters' inspection was strikingly shown a few years ago on a railway leading into New York. The new president of the road caused an expert inspection of the bridges to be made, with the surprising result that every bridge on the line was condemned as unsafe. The road-masters, however, had declared the bridges to be perfectly safe only a week or two before!

A good engineer will see to it that the bridge is constructed upon correct principles, that good material is used, and that the structure is carefully and properly put together. Strength is naturally the first consideration with a good engineer. Railway bridges are usually made ten times as strong as the necessities of the case demand. The great New York and Brooklyn suspension bridge has a strength only seven times in excess of the demand. With the maximum of strength in view, the railway bridge engineer seeks to secure a minimum of weight. Useless weight merely makes a bridge unnecessarily expensive, and adds nothing to its utility. A bridge may be made so heavy that it will fall of its own weight. It is the shape of the iron, more than the weight of it, that makes a bridge strong. Iron in tubular form or in T shape will stand a much greater strain than solid iron. Tubular bridges are growing in favor in all parts of the world, and are likely to become even more popular as the public demand for safer bridges grows more urgent.

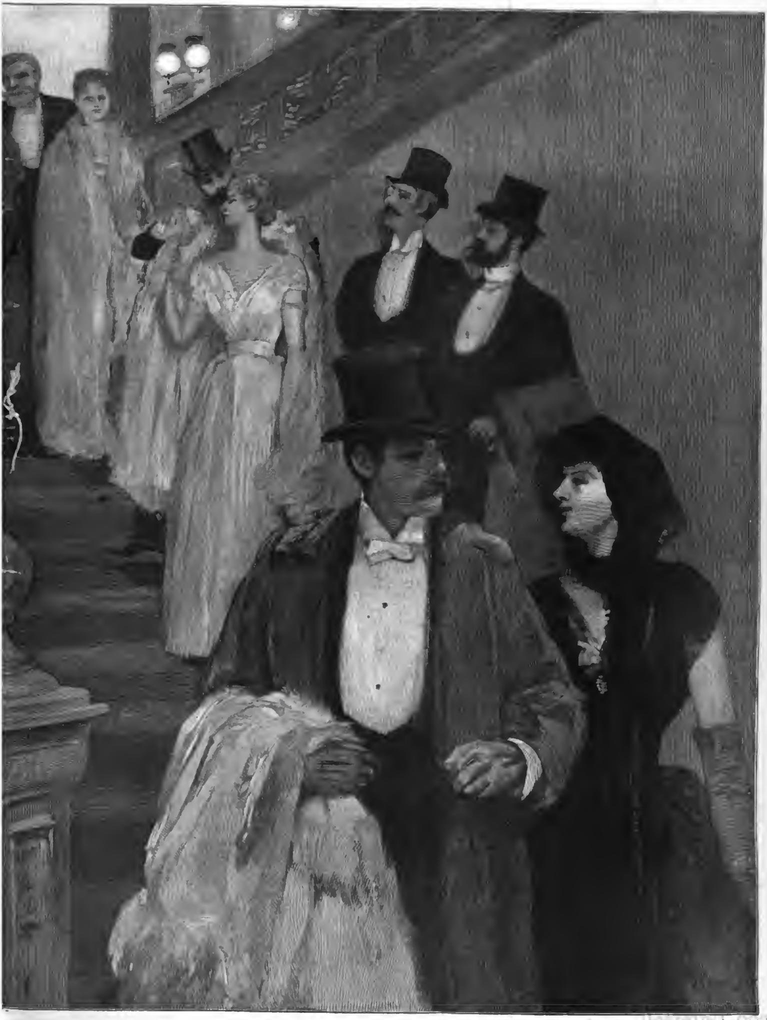
The recently broken Peoria bridge, as shown in the illustration, gave way only at one end of a span. The rest of the span held together after it had fallen, which is a circumstance showing that the structure was originally very strong. The method of construction indicates that it was the work of a competent engineer. With expert inspection and timely repairs the bridge should have stood for many years.

AFTER THE OPERA.

When the opera is over there is no particular confusion and bustle on the part of the occupants of the boxes in going away. Some are content to prolong the conversation begun a long time before, and continued uninterruptedly throughout the performance, much to the disgust of the enthusiasts; while others hold impromptu receptions in the anterooms adjoining the boxes, or in the wide corridors. But all the time there is a continual stream passing up and down the broad staircase, a desultory dress parade of society, so to speak, while the reviewing officers stand in a row against the wall, and, noting all with critical eye, pass judgment upon the people, the opera, or the world in general. The stranger is almost tempted to inquire whether the wall-flowers take that position to see or to be seen; perhaps the advantageous position is chosen on account of its being able to combine both reasons. It is this time of the evening that Mr. Sterner so ably pictures. Through the open door at the head of the stairway the light from the well-lit house is streaming, but below, at the turn of the stairs, the light has grown dim and the faces are more or less in shadow. The group in the corridor above gives no sign of immediate departure, and the couples on the stairs are characteristic of the departing audience. There is a general listlessness about the ladies—one waiting to have her wrap adjusted, another leaning on the balustrade and surveying the scene with a languid air, while the third, who has reached the landing, looks back for a moment to catch the last glimpse of those above. There is more life and activity in the two men who ascend the stair, just emerging from the shadow beneath. They seek a friend, or go to join a party they had left before, and the contrast in the action of the respective figures going and coming is well preserved. The whole picture is just such a one as may be seen after the opera during the height of the season, and Mr. Sterner has faithfully reproduced the interior of the Metropolitan Opera house, New York. Outside, the city street is dark and noisy, the carriages are rattling over the stones, and there is a general activity and bustle—the opera is over.



AFTER THE OPERA.—Drawn



A. E. STERNER.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

case for the benefit of the profession, but I am now old, and that duty has been kept unperformed by others more pressing, so I gladly give you my minutes in order that the main facts of so strange a case may be preserved." And this is the case:

The prisoner, George Rothman, a stalwart young man under thirty, was the only child of parents who were poor and respectable. That is to say, his father, who was a farmer, was obliged to rent the land he cultivated, and no charge of a criminal nature had ever been made against him, and his mother was a worthy old woman, who raised chickens for market, milked her own cow, made her own butter, went diligently about her own business during the week, and praised God in a calico frock, with a little black bonnet on her white hair, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles on her nose, on Sunday. George Rothman himself had spent the greater part of his life on the farm with his father. He had grown to be a fine-looking fellow, his broad shoulders, black hair and mustache, and flashing eyes being much admired by the country lasses in his neighborhood. He too had borne a good reputation, though he had sometimes subjected himself to censurable remarks by his drinking and merry-making. There was apparently something of a spendthrift about him, and naturally there were some prophets thereabouts who had said he would come to grief. When he was arrested and imprisoned, however, the community was greatly shocked. Then a few of the prophetic souls came forth, saying "I told you so" and the philosophical were heard to say, "There is no telling what dissipation will bring a man to"; and the moralists said, "If he had never fooled with whiskey, he had never come to this."

II.

The prisoner was arraigned upon an indictment containing three counts: one for burglary, one for murder, and one for arson. The penalty for each offence was death, and the indictment was drawn in this way probably to make more certain the execution of the supposed criminal; for if he avoided the death penalty under one count, he might still be convicted on another. A special venire of fifty men was ordered in his behalf. Three days after his arraignment his case came up for trial. The usual formal and tedious questions were put to the veniremen to test

her next thought was one of personal safety, of escape from the murderous man. There was an old-fashioned hand loom in the sitting room, and she endeavored to crawl under this for shelter. Just as she had got on the inside of the loom, however, the man gave her a terrible blow on the head with the butt end of the gun, which knocked her flat upon the floor and made her unconscious. She lay there, how long she could not say, but at length was brought to consciousness by a sense of intolerable heat. The house was on fire, and the clothes upon her husband's body were in flames. She tried to get up, but could not. Somehow she dragged herself to her husband's body, and tried to smother the flames upon him with her hands and a rug that lay upon the floor. She partially succeeded, but burnt her hands dreadfully in the effort. Then she took hold of the body, and tried to drag it to a door opening into the yard. It was in vain. She had scarcely strength enough to move herself, and though she tried repeatedly to advance her husband's body in the desired direction, she fell back more exhausted with each succeeding effort, and without any success. By this time the house, which was frame, was fairly ablaze, burning timbers were beginning to fall around her, and she saw that it would be certain death for her to remain where she was longer. Hastily she crawled in despair and grief and fright across the floor to the outer door. There she paused and looked back at the body of her husband. The flames had spread over it again, and the floor around it was ablaze. There was a crash as she looked; the upper floor gave way, and a heap of burned timber fell upon the body and hid it from her view. Then she hastened through the door, down the steps, and across the yard for safety. The rain was pouring in torrents, the ground was covered with ice, and it was cold, very cold.

What happened after that, that night, she did not know.

In answer to further questions she said her husband was a farmer and cattle dealer, and was accustomed to keep a good deal of money about the house. At the time in question he had there about $300. She was certain of this, because she had seen him count the money that night, and heard him say he had about $300. He kept money on hand to pay the running expenses of the farm and to carry on his trade as cattle buyer. That he kept

had stoutly protested his innocence at the preliminary hearing, and had ever since maintained that he was nowhere near the Flammer residence on the night of its destruction.

Harvey Wright, a constable, testified that on the third day after the burning of the Flammer residence he found a gun, the stock of which was cracked, in a hedge near the Walnut Grove Church. In the crack in the gun's stock were several long black hairs, apparently from a woman's head. He had the gun in court, and the jury could see it just as he found it. Both barrels were empty.

III.

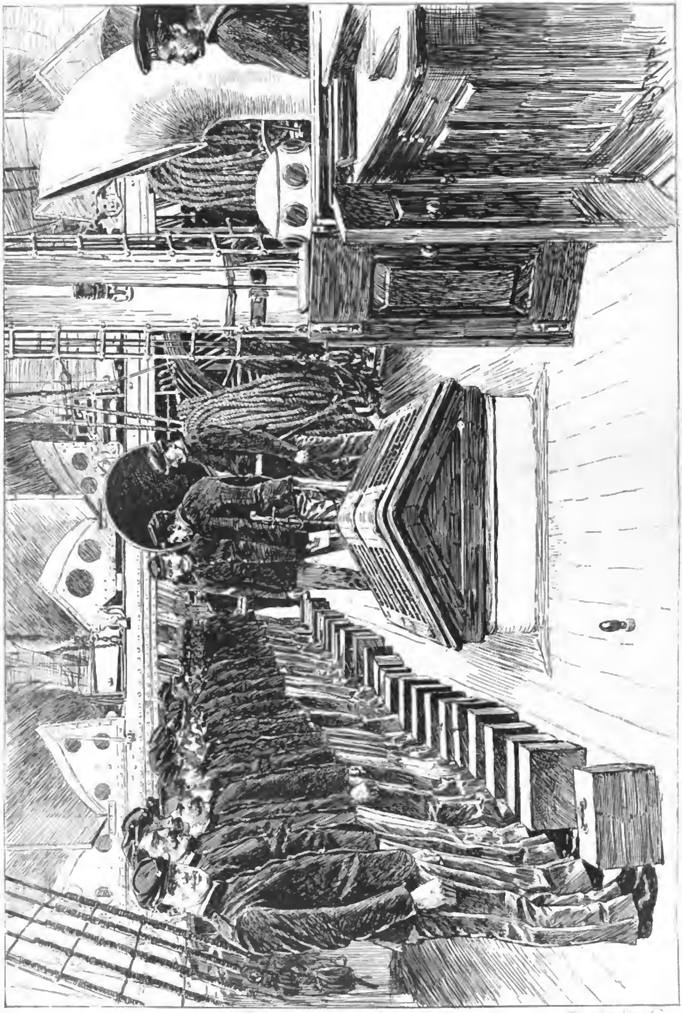
The solicitor here arose, and announced that the State's testimony was concluded. Many eyes then turned toward the prisoner and his counsel. The case seemed plain and very strong for the State, and hopeless for the defence.

The prisoner himself went on the witness stand. Answering questions put to him by his counsel, he said that on the morning before the burning of the Flammer residence he had gone to see Mr Flammer about the sale of some cattle. His father had some cattle he wanted to sell to Mr Flammer. The last planting season had been very bad, money was scarce, and the cattle had to be sold to keep the family in supplies. Mr Flammer would not buy the cattle. While talking with Mr Flammer on this subject, a negro man came into the sitting-room, where they were, and spoke to Mr Flammer about pay for labor on the farm. Mr Flammer got up, went to the centre-table, took a white cloth bag full of money, and gave the negro some silver. The witness had seen that bag of money in Mr Flammer's possession once or twice before, and knew by hearsay that he was in the habit of keeping considerable money in the house. That was the last time he ever saw Mr. Flammer. During the afternoon of that day he was hunting, and from eight o'clock to eleven that night he was at the house of Mr. August Merrifield, a neighbor, in conversation with Miss Maggie Merrifield, that gentleman's only daughter. He was not within three miles of Mr Flammer's house on the night of its destruction. The morning after the fire, immediately after breakfast, he went to town, came back, not having heard of the tragedy, and that was why he was out at the [illegible] with

prisoner during the [illegible] speeches. The prisoner's counsel, it is true, brought a little temporary sunshine into the dark case. He dwelt eloquently on the consistency of the theory and testimony set up on the prisoner's behalf. He urged that the prisoner could not have done the deeds charged against him, that he was at home while the Flammer house was burning, and especially he called attention to the fact that no trace of Mr Flammer's money had ever been found on the prisoner, and it was plain that to get the money was the object of the perpetrator of the awful crimes—burglary, murder, and arson—that were charged in the indictment.

But the solicitor's speech soon extinguished the sunshine, and brought back the dark clouds over the case. He said that the plain, unmistakable facts were all against the accused; that Mrs. Flammer had positively identified him as the man who had fractured her head with a gun, and it was for the jury to say whether or not it was that person who broke into her residence, murdered her husband, and put the torch to the dwelling, and perhaps to the very corpse of one of the victims, in order that no tongue could ever tell who had done the dastardly deeds! "Of course," said he, "the prisoner's mother is certain the prisoner did not leave her house after eleven o'clock on the night in question, but you know, gentlemen of the jury, that her testimony is highly colored by her affections; that women of her age and habits sleep soundly often, and it is quite probable that the accused had gone out of the house, shoes in hand, noiselessly, so that his parents could not hear him. It is plain that after eleven o'clock that eventful night he had gone to the Flammer residence and committed the crimes with which he was charged."

At the conclusion of this speech, which was long, exhaustive, and convincing, the judge charged the jury. He called particular attention to the fact that the prisoner in going upon the witness stand to testify in his own behalf had put himself in the attitude of an interested person, that his testimony was to be taken guardedly, for the reason that his life was at stake, and he was naturally inclined to pervert the truth in his own behalf. Concluding, he said, "If, after considering the testimony of Mrs. Flammer, who swore positively to the identity of the prisoner, and the other evidence for the State, including



INSPECTION OF MARINES ON THE UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR "CHICAGO."—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 210.]

get caught at it, his turn at the gangway came too often to let him feel kindly toward the persons who had reported him. This dislike was often encouraged by the officers, at least negatively, and for what they called "the best interests of the service." In some ships the marines were isolated from the seamen by a line as clearly cut as that separating the officers and enlisted men, and any association was discouraged as tending to impair the discipline.

Measured by our standards, the traditions—there were few regulations—in force were onerous in details. The will of the captain was the main spring, and as his school had been the knock-down and drag-out ethics of might and power, punishments were frequent and summary. Of course the spirit of the day was the outcome of a hard life, where battles, wrecks, pirates, blockade, and cat-o'-nine tails were a part of all extended sea experiences, and the wonder grows that there was not so little but so much humanity aboard.

"A few words," writes Admiral Ryder, of the Royal Navy, "will describe a sailor's life on board a man-of-war, such as it was in the memory of many living men. No leave to go on shore from the day the ship was commissioned until paid off. No wages until paid off, but occasionally prize-money. The ship filled with prostitutes in every port by permission of the commanding officer. The majority of the able and ordinary seamen and many petty officers got drunk on every opportunity, viz., when their boats went on shore, or by smuggling liquor on board, or by saving up their daily allowance. Flogging was a weekly, almost a daily, occurrence. It was almost certain that somebody would be drunk at evening muster, and punishment was flogging at 11.30 next forenoon. The men, as a rule, could neither read nor write. They were brave as lions, and generous, if utter recklessness with their money when they got it could be called generosity. After a three years' commission men had received from £80 to £100 pay alone, irrespective of prize-money. As a general rule, they lost all their money the first night after the ship was paid off, and the penniless men re-entered for another term of service. Such was a seaman's life, but all this is now changed."

It can be easily imagined that the lot of the marines under such circumstances was not a happy one. Their constabulary duties

constant and tremendous exercise of hunting or chopping wood for the fire, the novel surroundings in the forest or the camp, all tend to make a man say as hearty a grace over salt pork as he ever did at home before a holiday dinner. Where we were, up the Ottawa in the Canadian wilderness, the pork was all fat, like whale blubber. At night the cook used to tilt up a pan of it, and put some twisted ravellings of a towel in it, and light one end, and thus produce a lamp that would have turned Alfred the Great green with envy, besides smoking his palace till it looked as venerable as Westminster Abbey does now. I ate my share seasoned with the comments of Mr. Frederic Remington, the artist, who asserted that he was never without it on his hunting trips, that it was pure carbonaceous food that it fastened itself to one's ribs like a true friend, and that no man could freeze to death in the same country with this astonishing provender. We had canned tomatoes and baker's bread and plenty of tea, with salt pork as the *pièce de résistance* at every meal. The weather was unsuitable for hunting during nearly a week, and I know now—though I would not have confessed it at the time—that mixed with my admiration of salt pork was a growing dread that in time, if no change offered itself, I should tire of that diet. I began to feel it sticking to me more like an Old Man of the Sea than a brother. The woodland atmosphere began to taste of it. When I came in-doors it seemed to me that the log shanty was gradually turning into fried salt pork. I could not say that I knew how it felt to eat a quail a day for thirty days. One man cannot know everything. But I felt that I was learning.

One day the cook put his hat on, and took his axe, and started out of the shanty door with an unwonted air of business.

"Been goin' fish," said he, in broken Indian. "Good job if get trout."

A good job? Why, the thought was like a floating spar to a sailor overboard! I went with him. It was a cold day, but I was dressed in Canadian style—the style of a country where every one puts on everything he owns, all his stockings at once, all his flannel shirts and drawers, all his coats on top of one another, and when there is nothing else left, draws over it all a blanket suit, a pair of moccasins, a *tuque*, and whatever pairs of gloves he happens to be able to find or borrow. One gets a queer feeling with so many clothes on. They seem to separate

vainly. But while I [illegible] my [illegible] grew impatient, and cut himself a new hole out over deep water. He caught a couple of two-and-a-half pound brook trout and a four-pound gray trout, and I was as well rewarded. But he was still discontented, and moved to a small opening into a little bay, where he cut two more holes. "Eas' wind," said he "fish no bite."

I found on that occasion that no quantity of clothing will keep a man warm in that almost arctic climate. First my hands became cold, and then my feet, and then my ears. A thin film of ice closed up the fishing holes if the water was not constantly disturbed. The thermometer must have registered ten or fifteen degrees below zero. Our lines became quadrupled in thickness at the lower ends by the ice that formed upon them. When they coiled for an instant upon the ice at the edge of a hole, they stuck to it, frozen fast. By stamping my feet and putting my free hand in my pocket as fast as I shifted my pole from one hand to the other, I managed to persist in fishing. I noticed many interesting things as I stood there, almost alone in that almost pathless wilderness. First I saw that the Indian was not cold, though not half so warmly dressed as I. The circulation or vitality of these sciolsts of nature must be very remarkable, for no sort of weather seemed to trouble them at all. Wet feet, wet bodies, intense cold, whatever came, found and left them indifferent. Night after night, in camp, in the open air, or in our log shanty, we white men trembled with the cold when the log fire burned low, but the Indians never woke to rebuild it. Indeed I did not see one have his blanket pulled over his chest at any time. Woodcocks were drumming in the forest now and then, and the shrill, bird-like chatter of the squirrels frequently rang out upon the forest quiet. My Indian knew every noise, no matter how faint, yet never raised his head to listen. "Dat squirrel," he would say, when I asked him. Or, "Woodcock, him calling rain," he ventured. Once I asked what a very queer, distant, muffled sound was. "You hear dat when you walk. Keep still, no hear dat," he said. It was the noise the ice made when I moved.

As I stood there a squirrel came down upon a log jutting out over the edge of the lake, and looked me over. A white weasel ran about in the bushes so close to me that I could have hit him with a pea-nut shell. That

harassing. The post-office clerk is not paid to be a polyglot. Not being a Mezzofanti, he is not to be blamed for the hesitancy he displays before he can assimilate your name as you are pleased to pronounce it and the written characters as found on the letter. The Postlethwaites, the Dougherties, even the plain sailing Whites, have been known to have wrestled for hours with an entire Italian post-office before obtaining their respective letters.

All bankers abroad in large cities to whom letters of credit are addressed in favor of American tourists have rooms where travellers can find newspapers and sit and read their correspondence. These rooms are usually contiguous to the office, where is the special clerk who attends to the delivery of letters addressed to the care of the house. The memory of this clerk is excellent, and he generally speaks many languages. He must have the special gift of remembering the faces of the numerous clients. This letter delivery assumes at certain seasons the functions of a regular post-office. The house has to bear in mind the innumerable itineraries of tourists, and follows closely directions given as to the forwarding of correspondence. A special book is kept in which the instructions are preserved. "I will be in Rome up to the close of February, and please send everything there addressed to me, and I leave Rome in March, and will be in Naples for a week, and then send letters to Constantinople; and in April I shall probably be in Cairo or Jerusalem, and will write you; and don't forget to forward every scrap, newspapers and all."

It is when tourists return to the great European centres, and letters await them, that they hasten to their banker's. They cannot wait for the house to forward them their correspondence to their hotel or lodgings. Sometimes there is the happiest of hours passed in these reading rooms. The young woman to whom even Paris, Florence, Naples, were hardly sufferable, so steeped were they in gloom, sees the sun once more, for the letter so long waited for from him has come, and that silly lovers' quarrel which parted them is now forgotten. It is the mother who hears from her married daughter in Montana, and there is another grandchild; or, alas! death has come; the dread notice, with the black-bordered envelope, is handed, and its contents read in agony.

STANFORD LIBRARIES

RUNAWAYS ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE problem of runaways early became a subject for consideration on the part of the authorities of the Brooklyn Bridge. The number of these mishaps range from three to eight a month. Formerly they were more numerous. It is not altogether clear what the decrease is to be attributed to, but the presumption is that a beneficial education of both drivers and horses has been going on with reference to the vicissitudes peculiar to the bridge travel. The chief causes of the runaways are the breakage of harness, or the striking of the horses by the wagon when going down the incline at either side of the elevated centre, in consequence of badly regulated, or the absence of, breeching. It is possible that they are sometimes caused by the passing trains on the cable road, but the bridge officers think that this is rarely, if ever, the fact. In many cases no satisfactory reason for the occurrence is ascertained, as the stories of most drivers, when the question of their own carelessness is involved, are not to be relied on.

One definite conclusion that was some time ago reached by the trustees was that it would be wise to place strong gates at the exits of the roadways, in order that the frightened teams might not plunge with their vehicles into the busy streets at the ends of the great structure. Some of the members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at first protested against the use of these barriers for the horses to throw themselves against, but it has been amply demonstrated that there would be much more cruelty in permitting them to go on than in thus stopping them. Where there has been time to securely close the gate neither a human being nor a horse has been killed. On the other hand, in one instance where the horse was not checked in this way, a woman who was trying to save her child was knocked down in the street by the animal and killed. In another case a runaway team dashed from the bridge exit into a street car, and wrecked it.

There is a telegraph system on the roadways, provided with knobs at certain intervals. A pressure on one of these by an officer at his post notifies the gate-man that a runaway is coming, and to act accordingly. At times the situation becomes critical when near the exit for the gate to be closed properly. In an accident which recently occurred at the Brooklyn end of the bridge, a picture of which is printed in this issue of the WEEKLY, this was the case; and the situation was complicated by the wagon being caught between the gate and the wall, and the horses—who were frightened by another runaway team in the rear—breaking away. Fortunately they were soon stopped, and no one in the street was injured. In respect to the runaways that take place nearer the centre of the bridge, the situation is much the same as that of a narrow street where the vehicles are all going one way and there are no pedestrians. The career of the horses is usually short, owing to the amount of traffic that is in the way of their progress, but more damage is likely to ensue than at the gates. Those riding over the bridge in wagons or carriages, who are inclined to apprehend danger from runaways, may find comfort in the fact that the percentage of them to the vast number of teams that cross is exceedingly small, and that those which do occur are generally of little consequence.

A BRIEF SPELL OF WINTER.

THE present season has done much to confirm the impression which prevails among the older inhabitants that since they were young a climatic change has taken place in New York winters. It has certainly been many years since the old-fashioned stage-sleighs, with their four horses, traversed the streets of Gotham; or since, with the possible exception of the memorable blizzard, snow has lingered long enough on the roadways to make it worth while to bring them out if they were still in existence. The story of people crossing the East River on the ice has assumed an almost legendary character.

The first snow of any consequence on Manhattan Island this year did not fall until the first of March. It was followed by another snowfall several days after, and on these occasions the city put on the traditional garb of the season, and was reminiscent of old times. Those possessing sleighs quickly seized upon the short opportunities to make use of them. This phase of winter is seen at its best in New York in Central Park, and on our first page is finely portrayed a feature of it which speaks for itself. The smooth roads of that public domain present a much more invigorating sight when there is sleighing than at other times. The preternatural solemnity which most people put on for some inscrutable reason when riding in carriages for pleasure largely disappears under the influence of the keener enjoyment.

The scene in the Park at the times noted showed what little encouragement in the way of a steady, real winter is would require to make the sleighing season in New York a brilliant one indeed. The fine driveways, with their agreeable grades and curves, the great number of horses owned by private individuals and by livery-stable proprietors, largely with reference to Park uses, and, more than all, a certain quality in New York society which responds readily to the chance of enjoying the exhilarating pastime, would produce a wonderfully lively and inspiriting result if there were a reasonable prospect of snow enough to warrant suitable preparations. Even when there is so brief an incentive to own sleighs, the turnout is a fine one. Old-fashioned types are numerous, but there is a wide variety of all kinds, with a notable prevalence of the Russian, with its plumes and distinct character generally. It is to be doubted if dealers have sold any new sleighs whatever this winter for use within the city limits. Prominent carriage manufacturers keep a few of them on hand simply for the sake of completeness in stock, and not to be found lacking by a chance but little expected customer. Some liverymen keep them for the same reason, and do not count on them as a source of profit. This feeling does not prevent them, however, from charging at least double carriage rates for their hire, and in many cases as much more as the traffic will bear. The large majority of the sleighs that are seen in the Park are private property, though the liverymen can on occasion imitate the aristocratic establishments so closely, footmen and all, that the inexperienced observer is unable to draw the line.

The late short revival of legitimate winter gave one important member of the community but imperfect comfort. That was the small boy. It indeed supplied him, when particularly favored as to locality, with a limited amount of coasting, and prevented snowballing from becoming altogether a lost art, but it brought no skating with it. The lakes at Central Park have at no time, up to present writing, been frozen sufficiently to serve his purpose. The sense of the injustice of the situation is unmistakably stamped upon his countenance, and the possession of skates, which were perhaps given to him last Christmas, he regards as a bitter mockery. It may be a comfort to him and to others to know that the theory that the character of the local winter has permanently changed is not indorsed by many scientific people. There have been series of mild winters before that were followed by those of the approved type, and their view is that history is simply repeating itself, the "grip" and various other things included.

EDWIN COWLES.

EDWIN COWLES, who died on the 4th, was one of those sturdy characters which thrive best under conditions of adversity and struggle. Like his associates who strove with him to abolish slavery and maintain the Union, he bequeathes to happier times a career full of inspiration and instruction to a generation which, without such examples, could scarcely appreciate either those times or the sort of men who lived in them. He was born September 18, 1825, in Austinburg, Ohio. His father was a doctor, and going further back, one of his ancestors was the first clergyman in Connecticut, while another was the first white child born in New England. Of mingled Huguenot and Puritan stock, he naturally prospered under influences which crush weak natures. He was a printer from necessity. While still a boy, and as early as 1853, he began his work as a member of the firm of Medill, Cowles, & Co., publishers of the *Forest City Democrat*. The same sheet, under the name of the *Leader*, will be his best monument. It was in the *Leader's* editorial rooms that was held the meeting of party managers which resulted in the consolidation of the Know Nothings, Whigs, and Free-soilers, and the holding at Pittsburgh of the first Republican Convention.

Although Mr. Cowles was the owner and manager of the *Leader*, he did not become its editor until after 1866, when a company was formed to take over a business too extensive for his individual tastes. His fervent abolitionism found vent after the battle of Bull Run in an article headed "Now is the Time to abolish Slavery," a sentiment which he maintained amid much clamor, although its support almost cost him the Postmastership, which he held from President Lincoln. Although he was equally early and strenuous in advocating those other reforms which are associated with the Republican party's early history, perhaps his most distinctive work as an editor was his opposition to Catholicism. He was foremost among the founders of the Order of the American Union, and in numerous addresses before it he depicted even more strongly than in the *Leader's* columns what he conceived to be the dangers of papal influence in American affairs.

Mr. Cowles was as sturdy in body as in mind and character. He had numerous physical encounters, from which he usually emerged victor, and invariably he enforced respect for his prowess. Once he beat a robber who attacked him, and once when an angry reader of the *Leader* threatened him with a revolver, he felled him with a single blow. Another characteristic was incapacity to hear certain sounds, just as some people cannot see certain colors. He could not hear the song of birds, nor the corresponding high notes in music, nor the aspirate in the human voice, whence resulted a certain defect in speech. His sense of humor was comically deficient. As an instance may be cited a perfectly serious rebuke to an unfortunate writer who had described an egg which, despite its size, was laid by a single hen. The delinquent in vain expostulated against the reproof. Every explanation that it was a joke, Mr. Cowles met with the retort that he wanted in the *Leader* no such funny things as a suggestion that two hens could lay a bigger egg than one hen.

Mr. Cowles leaves a widow, a married daughter (Mrs. C. W. Chase), and three sons—Eugene H., Alfred H., and Lewis H. It is most agreeable to add that though he fought so hard, he fought so honestly that the animosities of his earlier career scarcely survived into his later years, and above his grave there will be only unfeigned and unmingled respect and regard.

SOME NEW YORK CLUBS.*

(Continued from page 196, Supplement.)

be. For two years its monthly dinners have been among the events of the season. Many of the best known men of the country have sat at its board—not the guests of the club, for the club cannot entertain, but as guests of individual members. When this young organization learns that no club rule is good for anything that is not sometimes judiciously broken, it will attain a prosperity which has been reached by no other organization of its character outside of London.

The Authors' Club is a club with rooms, and not a house. It is charming when its meetings occur. There is a delightful freedom about it, but the sophistic guest cannot help wondering why so many good fellows should not join in a body some real club like the Fellowcraft. But they answer that there is a *raison d'être* for the Authors' Club which would, somehow or other, be lost on the way to the other club. It is an excellent answer, after its fashion; but there is, after all, only one *raison d'être* for any club, and that is the congeniality of its members; and at least this is true, that the Authors', the Players', the Fellowcraft, and the Salmagundi represent a distinct phase of life in the city. They are the expression of the social desires of men who are engaged in literary and artistic pursuits. It is not true, of course, that each member of a club should find a congenial companion in every other member, but it is true that the tone of the club should be harmonious; and in such an organization it is possible that personal dislikes and even enmities should exist. However, the Authors' Club is an institution with which New York should not dispense. It marks the fact that there are among us people who live partly by the making of books, and it is something to the credit of the New World's metropolis that, in the absence of an international copyright law, there are authors who can pay its huge rents. It is to be regretted that we cannot present a picture of the rooms of this club, but the permission to make one came too late for the purposes of this article.

Quite the latest addition to the clubs of New York is the Aldine, founded by publishers, and domiciled in one of the fine old-fashioned houses of Lafayette Place. Its object is the "encouragement of literature and art, and social intercourse and enjoyment." It presents the most beautiful artistic achievements both in its rooms and its club book. There are reasons why it should be the most noteworthy of all the clubs of its kind in the city.

The talk about the Century and its younger kin has led us far away from the clubs of which the Union and the New York are the prototypes. There is not, indeed, very much to say about them. What the fashionable clubs of London are, that these in New York strive to be. First after the Union, and an offshoot from it, is the Knickerbocker. It came into existence partly because the waiting list of the Union was too long for young men who were thirsting for the joys of club life, and partly because the real old New-Yorker, the man whose fashion dated back to Mrs. Cannon's haberdashery, resented the introduction into the Union of those whose fathers were born in Ohio, and whose names were not known in the days when that magnificent beau, Beverly Robinson, used to promenade Broadway as his descendants now promenade Fifth Avenue. So there are old men as well as young men in the handsome club-house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, and the names of most of the members are more than one generation old in New York.

After the Knickerbocker comes the Calumet, founded in 1879, and known familiarly as the junior Union. Of the same character is the St. Nicholas, which was born in 1875, and whose membership is confined to persons descended from some one who was a resident of the State in 1785. In its charter it is announced that the club is formed for the purpose of collecting and preserving "information concerning the early history and settlement of the city and State of New York." Those who are not members of the club are not informed as to the wealth of its historic archives. It speaks of the pride of ancestry after the manner of the great society of that name—a society of real New-Yorkers, which is now only less important than that other famous organization, the New England Society, the New Englanders and not the Dutch having taken Holland.

These many organizations speak not only of the immense and rapidly increasing wealth of the city, but of its slightest social differences, for while the Union, Knickerbocker, Calumet, St. Nicholas, and New York overlap, there are variations in the pervasive influences which govern them. In the Union, one will be impressed with the wealth and comfort of the club; in the Knickerbocker, with the anxious cares of extreme fashion; in the Calumet, with the joys of youth; in the St. Nicholas, with all these, and with the further fact that New York has a past.

All these clubs are represented more or less in the University, which occupies the building on the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, once the home of the Union League. It has been in existence since 1865, and its abode was formerly on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, the house having been transformed into the New York Club's present building. The University is what its name denotes—a club of college men. It is big, splendid, luxurious. Its library is the most extensive of all club libraries in the country. Strangers who dine in what was once the theatre of Mr. Jerome's building—the generous rental of which is now the dower of Lady Randolph Churchill—are cautiously shown the army of handsome books through a half open door. Of all the clubs of the city, the University is that in whose list of members will be found the names of men who could be found in no other club—laborious professional men who are glad to know that there is a place in this vast business world where they can meet the boys whom they knew in college. It is a most interesting club this, its life is so like that of a university town, sometimes academic and sometimes full of bubbling excitement. More than that, its Burgundy is always at the proper temperature.

The University and the two great political clubs, the Union League and Manhattan, have social features which make them kin to the Union and its relatives, and the membership of all except the political clubs is in a measure interchangeable. There is many a man who belongs to all the clubs except that one to whose politics he is opposed. The Union League is the club which is most distinctly political. It was founded in 1863, and into its organization was infused the patriotic fervor of the war. Its purpose, according to its charter, is "to promote, encourage, and sustain by all proper means absolute and unqualified loyalty to the United States; to discountenance and rebuke by moral and social influence all disloyalty to said government, and every attempt against the integrity of the nation."

We all know what such sturdy English meant in the days when this charter was written. Its stately building on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street is the club-house of some club-men and of many politicians. Unlike clubs such as the Union, it invites both men and women within its precincts to receptions and to art exhibitions. It has also a standing political committee, and holds great meetings for the purpose of swaying the current of events. It is very rich and very influential. But as the years have softened manners, many of its intense members have drifted away from the rigid tenets of the old political faith. There are mugwumps within the stronghold, concerning whom there have been sharp contentions ending generally by the strengthening of the liberal tendency. As the social instinct of the club grows, party bitterness must disappear.

Far down Fifth Avenue, on the corner of Fifteenth Street, is another political club—the Manhattan. It is usually called a Democratic club, and most of the Democratic leaders of the country are members of it, but so gentle is its politics that one might sit within its walls a month without discovering that it had any. It was founded in 1865, when the Democratic party was not popular, and its purpose was declared to be "to advance democratic principles." No one certainly could object to so mild-mannered a proposition. To be sure, the club gives some political receptions, but it would not reject a man for being of the opposite faith. Its just pride is in its *chef* and its cellar, and when it moves into the Stewart building its politics will pale even more before the growth of its popularity as a club pure and simple.

There are more clubs of this great city worthy of much philosophy, but a volume would scarce contain their names. At some other time we must consider those which have been omitted, not the purely political clubs or other organizations which exist solely for the advancement of a cause, but the out-of-the-way clubs, the great athletic organizations, the clubs of the Greek letter societies, the many country, hunt, and yacht clubs, and more important than all, the German clubs, which are institutions whose magnitude is little dreamed of by the ordinary American citizen, and which represent the development of a social phase transcending in the rapidity of its growth that of any other element of our many-sided metropolis. There are besides the American clubs spoken of, by which I mean clubs founded on the London principle, other similar organizations, new but representative, like the West Side Club, which is about building a handsome home for itself. But of all these it is impossible to speak. I have sought only to make some brief mention of certain social characteristics of the town, and to show how out of every homogeneous social set blossoms a club into which men who love their kind may sometimes escape the general rush and swirl of the human tide outside.

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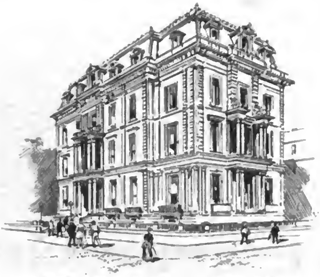
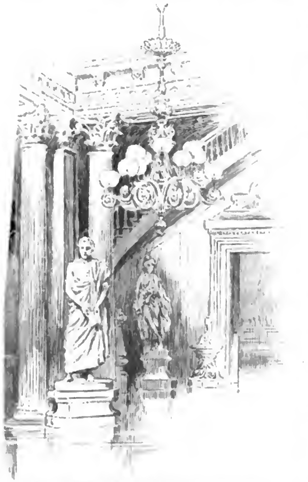
* An exterior view of the University Club building will appear in an early number of the WEEKLY. The Players' Club was illustrated in Nos. 1674 and 1730.

Google

.s described in the WEEKLY some time o, but it seems necessary to touch upon again in view of the important influence at the readjustment of rates in the North-est is exerting upon the market for railway curities. For the purposes of illustration e may say that the thoroughfares between ie East and the West, north of the Ohio .iver, consist of three converging lines, running from St. Louis, from Chicago, and from t. Paul to New York and its neighboring eaports, Boston and Philadelphia. The raiload companies themselves have been rather low in recognizing the advantage that each ne of these lines possesses over the others in elation to the through traffic that focuses at r is distributed from the great trade centres of the West. The sharpness of competition and the enforcement of the Inter State Commerce Law have made these lines stand out very distinctly upon the map of the practical and studious railroad manager, and it is gradually being admitted, though in many cases very reluctantly, that it is useless because unprofitable to try to divert from any one of these geographical lines to another the traffic that is nearest to it. Yet that is what the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern Railroad is trying to do, in the face of constant proof in its own earnings that the experiment is a failure.

It must be admitted that its nominal managers are compelled by the location of the road to pursue an aggressive policy, since it touches few important local points, and must depend almost entirely upon through business between St. Paul and Chicago for its support. Its competitors, and there are five of them, all have large local patronage; besides, the portion of each road that comes into direct competition with the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern is only a part of an enormous system stretching out in other directions, so that the reciprocal relations that exist between the Chicago and St. Paul line of each system and the rest of the system contribute to the support of the particular mileage under discussion. The Chicago, Burlington, and Northern should sustain similar relations to the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company, which is responsible for its construction. It is difficult to determine exactly what are the traffic relations between the two concerns. They are, of course, covered by a contract, but that contract is not available for the public. The Inter State Commerce Law provides that all contracts of the character that must exist between these two roads must be filed with the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Efforts have been made by the stockholders of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Company, and by others who are entitled to make the request, to obtain a copy, or at least a perusal, of the document, but without success. The Commission holds it as a sort of privileged communication. It may contain nothing remarkable, but the extraordinary privileges that the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Company persistently allows the smaller concern suggest that any document in which the working arrangement between the two is set forth must be of more than passing interest.


THE NEW HOME OF THE MANHATTAN CLUB.—[See Page 211.]


. OF THE NEW HOME OF THE MANHATTAN CLUB.—[See Page 211.]

The endeavor of the C., B., and Northern road, with the use of about ninety miles of the C., B., and Quincy track, which is required to complete its line into Chicago, is to divert from St. Paul and Minneapolis through traffic that would naturally go directly East from those points, and to secure traffic from the East by way of Chicago that would naturally go by a more direct route to the "Twin Cities." The C., B., and Northern loses money by the operation, and has been losing it ever since it has been engaged in the business. No one has yet been able to forecast what the outcome of these abnormal relations and destructive policy will be, probably for the reason that the motives back of both have never been satisfactorily fathomed. One thing is clear, however, that as long as both are maintained there can be no absolute harmony among the Granger Trunk Lines. Their revenues will be constantly threatened, and the possibility of a disastrous rate war will be always present. Indeed, it is said, relative to the readjustment in rates that has just taken place, that the competitors of the C., B., and Northern road who feel most keenly the reduction in rates between Chicago and St. Paul have forced a similar reduction between Chicago and Kansas City, with the view of retaliating upon the C., B., and Quincy, whose system lies principally between those two points, and which is held to be responsible for the existence and policy of the C., B., and Northern road.

The problem might be solved if pooling were permissible, for then the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern road could be allotted a share of the traffic that would be satisfactory to it if it would maintain rates; but pooling is prohibited by the Inter-State Law, hence the managers of all the roads interested feel hopeless in contending against this abnormal situation. In the circumstances the remedy must come from a readjustment of the relations between the two Burlington companies, and until that event takes place the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Company, which built and virtually owns the smaller road, must be held by investors and the public as entirely responsible for whatever damage and loss they may sustain by the maintenance of the present relations.

COLLAN ARMSTRONG.

THE BUCCANEERS OF OLD

Planted the skull and cross-bones, their ensign, defiantly at the masthead. Your modern pirate, not on the high seas, but upon the high reputation of standard remedies, skulks under various disguises. His hole-and-corner traffic has never to any degree affected Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, although that standard invigorant and corrective has long been the shining mark at which his shafts have been directed. Cheap local bitters, composed of fiery unrectified stimulants, with an infusion, or extract possibly, of some tonic bark, are still sometimes recommended as identical with, or similar to, or possessing virtues kindred to, those of America's chosen family medicine. These perish speedily, while the great subduer and preventive of diseases pursues its successful career, overcoming malaria, dyspepsia, nervousness, kidney troubles, constipation, and rheumatic ailments, not only on this, but on many continents.—[Adv.]

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[Adv.]

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"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[Adv.]

As a refreshing table beverage Nicholson's Liquid Bread ranks high. It is pleasant to the taste, invigorating, and easily assimilates with the food. Try it. Your druggists or grocers keep it.—[Adv.]

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Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[Adv.]

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That tired, debilitated feeling, so peculiar to spring, indicates depraved blood. Now is the time to prove the beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the system, restores physical energy, and infuses new life and vigor into every fibre of the body.—[Adv.]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1890

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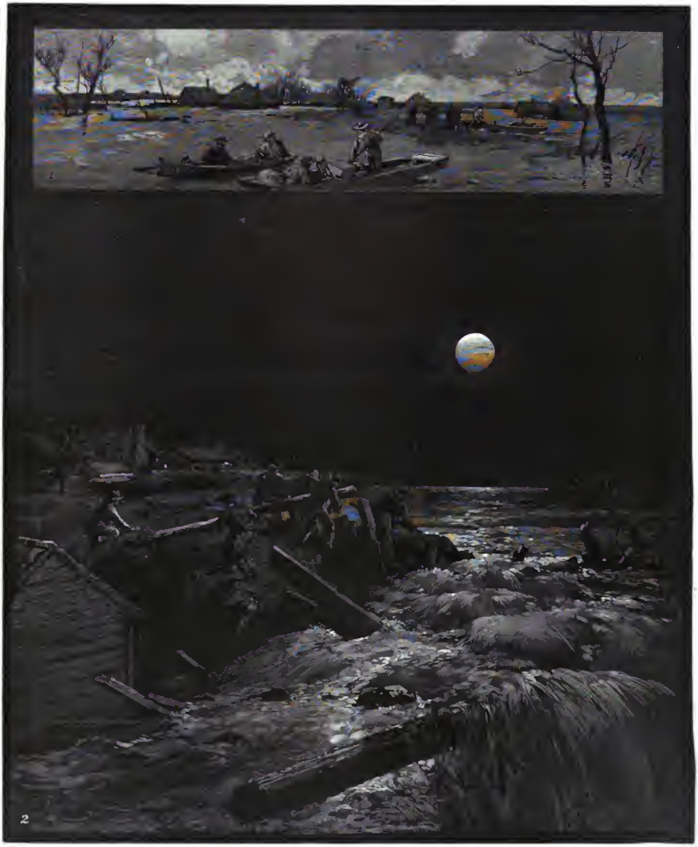

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS—NIGHT SCENES IN THE ARKANSAS BOTTOMS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 219.]
1. Driven out by the Flood. 2. A Break in the Levee.

THE TRAGEDY OF [illegible].

A sketch. By [illegible].

FIVE POEMS.

NOT LOVE, NOT WAR. By William Wordsworth. With two Illustrations by Alfred Parsons.—JACK O' DREAMS. By Antoinette Gazzam.—IN THE BREAKING OF THE DAY. By Frederic L. Mark.—INSPIRATION. By Susanna Belle Turner.—OUT OF SORROW. By Laura F. Hinsdale.

GEORGE DU MAURIER

Contributes a full-page drawing, "Social [illegible]."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR . . . . . . George William Curtis.
EDITOR'S STUDY . . . . . . William Dean Howells.
EDITOR'S DRAWER . . . . . . Charles Dudley Warner.

LITERARY NOTES. By Laurence Hutton.

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The next number of Harper's Bazar, *out on Saturday, will contain a Pattern-sheet Supplement, and illustrations of Spring Fashions in great variety, with hints and directions. Among the attractive literary features will be "The Self-made Man," a brilliant character sketch by* Grace King, *"The Housing of the Prisoner," by* Dr. Abram S. Isaacs, *"Lent and Its Cuisine," "In a New York Diet Kitchen," and other timely articles. A full-page picture by* E. A. Abbey *illustrates the song in the "Merchant of Venice."*

No. 1735.

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SENATORIAL SECRECY.

THE attempt of the Senate to deal with the revelation by the press of the proceedings of the secret sessions is ludicrous and futile. The only way effectually to prevent the publication of such secrets is to make publication a penal offence, and Congress will hardly try to do that. The clever newspaper man

to be an impeachment of his judgment, if not something worse. The country had certainly the right to know why the Senate thought unfit or unsuitable a man whom Washington upon his responsibility declared to be both fit and suitable. In the same way, when his successor announces that he thinks Warmoth to be both fit and suitable, the country justly requires to know what Senators agree with him. The secret session for confirming nominations ought to be abolished if for no other reason than that it is not and cannot be made secret.

TWO PICTURES.

Senator Hoar, one of the most upright of Republicans, recently described the present spirit and purpose of the Democratic party. The New York *Sun* about the same time, in illustration of the remark of Mr. Thomas C. Platt that "the Republican conscience is so tender that it sometimes fears to do what it knows to be right, because it fears unjust criticism," recalls the record of "so sensitive and shrinking" a party. Both descriptions are extraordinary pictures. But if both were accurate portraits, the country would be in a dismal plight.

Senator Hoar, premising that he deplores and would diminish the excesses of party spirit, but that the government must be carried on by party, remarks:

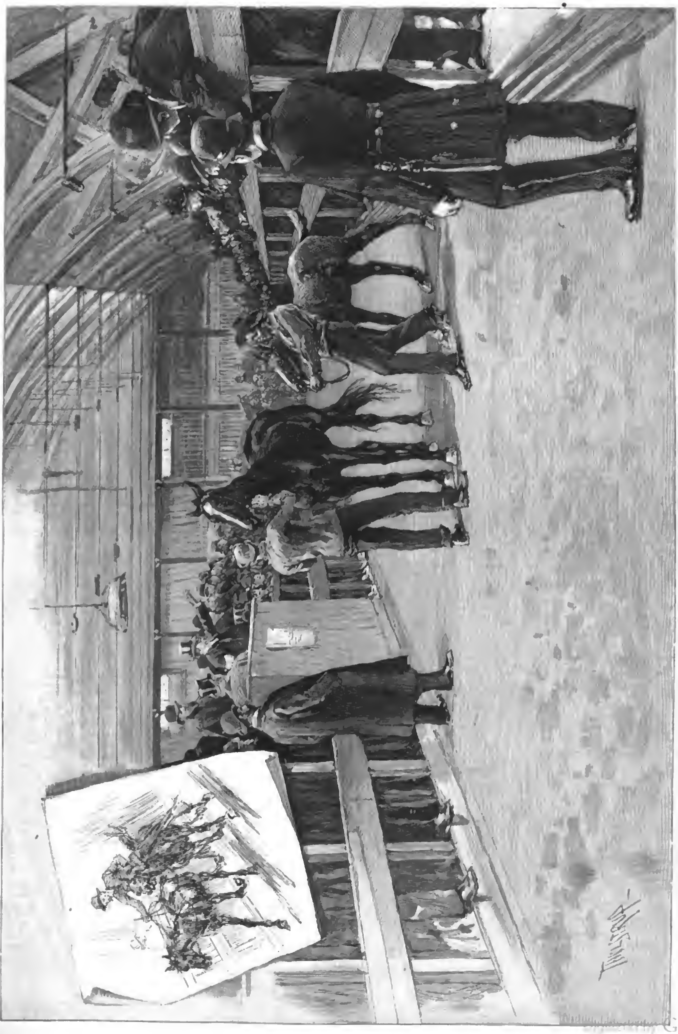
"The difference between the two parties that contend for the control of this country was never greater than now. It is a difference that goes to the profoundest depths of the Constitution, and to the very roots of the moral law itself. It is far beyond all questions of currency, of finance, or even of administrative reform. One party means that justice, equality, and freedom shall be the law of the land everywhere; that every citizen, whatever his color or condition, shall exercise his equal and honest share in the government, according to the Constitution, and according to his birthright as an American citizen. The other party means to seize upon the powers of this government whenever and wherever it can. It means that the white Democratic oligarchy, though a minority, shall seize upon and keep the political forces of the South, and that the Democracy of the North, though a minority, shall ally itself with that oligarchy to get possession of the forces of the national government. This purpose it scarcely deems it worth while to disguise. Behind the murders of Clayton and Saunders and Matthews, behind the rifles that escort the election boxes in Mississippi and the

class postmasters. The bill might be somewhat amended with advantage, but it is a well-considered scheme to establish the postal service upon its proper basis. The bill would relieve members of Congress of the annoyance of one of the most harassing forms of patronage, while securing to every community its own preference in the management of its post-office, and depriving the office of its quality of local party head-quarters. It would tend also to check the constant disturbance arising from a change of the postmaster and of the site of the office, and to maintain in every village the continuance of satisfactory service. Indeed a more simple, complete, and practical improvement in the postal service has not been proposed. The other measures hitherto suggested, such as election of postmasters or selection by political caucus, would increase instead of relieving the present trouble by stimulating party contention.

Mr. Lodge's bill provides that the Union shall be divided into suitable postal districts, each with a postal inspector, to be designated by the Postmaster-General. When a vacancy exists, the inspector shall give due notice, and furnish papers to be filled out by applicants, to furnish certain information required, and every applicant must also furnish a certificate under oath from three reputable citizens holding no national or State office, stating their knowledge of the character and fitness of the applicant, without any political remarks whatever, which, if made, shall vitiate the certificate. The list of applicants shall be conspicuously posted for the information of the community; and the inspector, upon personal inquiry and examination, shall grade the applicants in order of their fitness as thus ascertained, and designate those whom he considers eligible, with his reasons; the Postmaster-General shall then appoint one of the candidates thus certified, and shall record his reasons in case he does not select the name graded highest. The appointment shall not be made nor recommended by the inspector for political reasons. This is all good, but the exclusion of national and State office-holders from signing the certificate should be made more definite by an express prohibition of solicitation from members of Congress.

As we have already pointed out, this scheme restores the appointment to the executive branch

STANFORD LIBRARIES



AT THE SALE OF CALIFORNIA TROTTERS, AMERICAN INSTITUTE BUILDING.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 226.]

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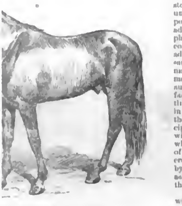

Record, 2.20½; Sold for $25,900.

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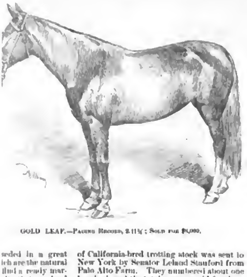
twenty years ago, but breeders find that their young stock, especially if untried, can be disposed of to better advantage when placed in public competition, and advertised in the same way as other marketable commodities. These auction sales of fashionable trotting stock are held in various parts of the republic, principally during the winter months, when the attention of prospective buyers is not diverted by speed contests as it would be in the racing season.

In Kentucky, where there are probably more stock farms than in any other State, these sales are generally held during the first and last months of the year, Lexington being the central point for such events. It was here that the California bred colt Bell Boy was sold for $51,000, the highest price ever paid for a trotting horse at auction. These sales are conducted by men who make it their special business to collect choice animals, and place their merits of breeding and appearance in the most attractive and readable form, by means of elaborate catalogues and through the medium of the turf journals.

New York city also possesses peculiar advantages for the disposal of the products of the great breeding farms, so much so that it has been profitable to bring stock from far-off California and sell to the bidders that come to the metropolis. There have been large public sales of thorough-breds in New York, but for the past four years the trotters have realized prices far beyond what the best running bred horses have ever reached, and every winter sees the average increase. The firm of P. C. Kellogg & Co., established about twelve years ago, have managed the majority of these large sales, and their success in this venture has come to be quite remarkable. At first the consignments sent to them came from Eastern farms, including such famous establishments as Stony Ford, in this State, and Highlawn Farm, in Massachusetts. Kellogg & Co. originated the plan of inducing breeders to unite in placing their stock in the auction market at what are now familiarly known as "Combination Sales"; and these have become annual fixtures, attended by horsemen from all parts of the land. Of the colts disposed of in this way, the one that afterward achieved the greatest fame on the race-track is the black gelding Guy, who was bought for a small sum, and taken to Cleveland, where he afterward became the property of W. J. Gordon, for a price well up in the thousands. At one time Guy showed speed that promised to place him at the head of the trotting records; his mile in 2.10¾, made at Cleveland last year, is within two seconds of the best mile made by Maud S.; and as he is still comparatively young, it is possible he may yet reduce his present record. Of the developed horses sold by Kellogg & Co., the stallion Smuggler, whose record of 2.15¼ stood as the best among trotting sires for some time, is the most noted, though he had fallen into obscurity when placed under the hammer in 1888, and was secured by his present owner for less than one thousand dollars.



GOLD LEAF.—Pacing Record, 2.11¼; Sold for $9,000.

It was just four years ago that the first lot of California-bred trotting stock was sent to New York by Senator Leland Stanford from Palo Alto Farm. They numbered about one hundred, and the total amount paid for them was $86,000, which was the highest average for the produce of one farm up to that time. Last year another consignment was sent across the continent from the same establishment, and several other California breeders followed Mr Stanford's example. This year the overture has been repeated during the present month, and the results so far have exceeded anything ever known at a public sale of horses. During the fifth and sixth days of March the entire stud of the Rosemeade Farm at Los Angeles was disposed of, when eighty-seven animals, most of them quite young, fetched $235,995 in all, an average of a little more than $2700 each—by far the largest rate ever paid for any kind of horse-flesh where as many were offered in one lot. The top price was $25,900, paid for the stallion Alcazar, whose record of 2.20½ is not particularly fast in this era of sensational speed, the principal reason that he is deemed so valuable being that his dam, Minnehaha, is the greatest of living broodmares, having produced fine foals that afterward obtained records below 2.30, while one of them, Beautiful Bells, is the dam of four fast animals, two of them with records below 2.30 at three years, including the noted Bell Boy, lately destroyed by fire in Kentucky. Alcazar's sire, Sultan, also got the fast horse Stamboul, who trotted in 2.12½ last fall, and is thought equal to greater feats this year. Voodoo, a two-year-old colt by Stamboul, out of Eva, a daughter of Minnehaha, was sold the same day with Alcazar, the bidding on him going to $24,100, just $1200 less than was paid for Mascot, another colt bred at Rosemeade, and sold in New York last spring for the longest price realized by a two-year-old, and the highest ever paid for a trotter at auction in New York. Following the closing out of the Rosemeade stud were two consignments from other California farms, when the figures dropped a little, but were still quite large. Those from Pleasanton Stock Farm, where the stallion Director, record 2.17, is kept, brought on an average nearly $2100, one of them, the pacing mare Gold Leaf, leading the list at $9000. Gold Leaf has a record of 2.11¼, made during 1889 in her four-year-old form, reducing that of 2.15, made at three years. Alcazar is destined for a large farm in Wisconsin owned by Uhlein Brothers; Voodoo goes to the Babcock farm at Hornellsville, New York; and Gold Leaf is now owned by J. H. Shults, a Brooklyn millionaire, who has an extensive breeding establishment at Parkville, Long Island.

A scene at one of these large sales in the metropolis, most of which are held in the American Institute Building, on Third Avenue near Sixty-fourth Street, shows an assemblage of the principal breeders, owners, trainers, and patrons of the trotting horse from all sections of the country. During the bidding on each animal it is exhibited in a ring about an eighth of a mile in circumference, constructed outside of the enclosure for spectators, and covered with loose dirt. If the horse is well broken to harness, a two-wheeled road cart is often used, and quite a high rate of speed can be safely attempted by a competent driver. More frequently, however, an attendant, mounted on a well-trained mustang, drives the trotter alongside with a pair of reins, when the gait and speed are better seen than by any other method. Frequently, when the bidding lags, the groom is ordered to start off again with the animal in competition, and a quick dash about the ring often results in a considerable addition to the sum offered before the exhibition.

There are several other important sales at the American Institute Building this month under the management of Kellogg & Co., including stock from Stony Ford Farm, in this State; Bates Farm, near Boston; consignments from A. B. Darling, of New York, and other large breeders; while Senator Stanford sends over one hundred animals from his famous nursery at Palo Alto. Many of the last-named are the get of Electioneer, the most successful sire of trotters now living, so that the California offerings will probably continue to rule the market as heretofore.

Charles Arnold McCully.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

The historical precursor of the International Conference of American republics at Washington was the Panama Congress, which assembled June 22, 1826. Called at the suggestion of Bolivar in 1822, it was looked forward to with the greatest enthusiasm; yet it really accomplished nothing. Only Colombia, Central America, Peru, and Mexico were represented in it; Chili being at the time in the midst of a civil war, the Argentine Republic having refused co-operation, and the delegate from the United States not arriving until the congress had adjourned to meet in Mexico.

For many years it has been the desire of several American statesmen—notably Mr. Blaine—to gather all the states of this hemisphere in another congress for discussion of matters interesting all alike. At least for ten years has the project been actively urged. Mr. Blaine gave much attention to it when Secretary of State in 1881. The South American Commission of 1884–5 were instructed by Secretary Frelinghuysen to get the judgment of the countries they were to visit on the advisability of calling such a congress. Finally, the so-called McCreary bill, approved May 24, 1888, empowered and authorized the President to call the conference some time in the year 1889. Every one knows how President Cleveland, after the election of 1888, determined to leave the whole matter to his successor, and how under the present administration the congress began, and have now almost completed its labors.

It cannot be denied that the undertaking was attended with inevitable difficulties. The lack of a common language, differences in parliamentary and legislative practice, and some old jealousies and suspicions of an international character, made the beginnings of the congress slow and hesitating. Yet time has obviated all these hinderances to the success of the gathering in a great degree; and, on the other hand, the power of republican affinities, and the better understanding gained in the course of discussion, have brought the various delegations into a state of general harmony and amicable agreement to disagree in those cases where they must. Naturally the main work has been done in committee, each of the topics mentioned in the call being assigned to a separate committee to prepare a report. These reports have nearly all been presented and approved, and there is every indication that the congress will be able to adjourn not far from April 1st.

Section 2 of the bill authorizing the President to invite the several governments to the conference set forth the subjects to be considered. That section has been the programme followed in the deliberations of the congress. It reads as follows:

"Section 2. That in forwarding the invitations to the said governments the President of the United States shall set forth that the conference is called to consider,

"1st. Measures that shall tend to preserve the peace and promote the prosperity of the several American states.

"2d. Measures toward the formation of an American customs union, under which the trade of the American nations with each other shall, so far as possible and profitable, be promoted.

"3d. The establishment of regular and frequent communication between the ports of the several American states and the ports of each other.

"4th. The establishment of a uniform system of customs regulations in each of the independent American states to govern the mode of importation and exportation of merchandise and port dues and charges, a uniform method of determining the classification and valuation of such merchandise in the ports of each country, and a uniform system of invoices, and the subject of the sanitation of ships and quarantine.

"5th. The adoption of a uniform system of weights and measures, and laws to protect the patent rights, copyrights, and trade-marks of citizens of either country in the other, and for the extradition of criminals.

"6th. The adoption of a common silver coin, to be issued by each government, the same to be legal tender in all commercial transactions between the citizens of all of the American states.

"7th. An agreement upon and recommendation for adoption to their respective governments of a definite plan of arbitration of all questions, disputes, and differences that may now or hereafter exist between them, to the end that all difficulties and disputes between such nations may be peaceably settled and wars prevented.

"8th. And to consider such other subjects relating to the welfare of the several states represented as may be presented by any of said states which are hereby invited to participate in said conference."

Taking up the reports of the committees, in the order of the topics thus mentioned, it appears that the proposal for a customs union has amounted to nothing, there seeming to be no way of overcoming the immense difficulties of any such scheme. It is recommended instead that separate reciprocity treaties be negotiated as feasible. The subject of communication by water has received most careful consideration. In general, it is recommended that steam-ship lines be subsidized by the several countries interested, in proportion to population. Yet as the congress has no positive legislative powers, and can only refer its recommendations to the several legislatures of the different countries, it is clear that it will be long before subsidies are paid under any such plan. The scheme is also complicated with questions about the flag to be carried by such jointly subsidized steamers, and about ownership, registration, and liability to be seized as cruisers in case of war. Not without much subsequent diplomatic negotiation can it be put into effective operation.

The plan for an international railroad, uniting all the countries of the hemisphere has been endorsed so far as to provide for a corps of engineers to make the necessary preliminary surveys for routes and estimate of cost. It will, of course, be long before anything more can be done. As one of the South American delegates has expressed it, "This is an affair for our children, not for us."

No committee has had a more important subject under discussion than the one charged with the consideration of a report on the simplification of customs regulations. It is recommended that the consular certification of a ship's manifest be no longer required, that a list of the proper terms to be used in invoicing goods be officially published, and that the participation of customs officials in fines and penalties which they may be called upon to fix be abolished. Several other recommendations looking to uniformity and simplicity make this report one of great practical value.

As to uniform weights and measures, the metric system has been recommended in all international transactions. In the important matters of international copyright and laws to protect trade-marks, the foregoing work of the Montevideo Congress of 1888-9 is suggested as a broad and feasible basis for further agreement. The treaties recommended by that body are fully reciprocal and satisfactory. On the general principles of extradition all are agreed, and the only question remaining is as to precise definition of extraditable offences.

The proposed common silver coinage has proved to be a question of great delicacy and difficulty. Little can be done in all probability beyond the recommendation of a common unit of coinage, which will make the various currencies interchangeable. This leaves out the matters of a specific international silver coin and of mutual governmental guarantees of weight and fineness. If the establishment of banks is realized, in accordance with the hopes of the committee on banking, it may put a new face on the subject of a common coinage before many years.

No measure before the congress has awakened more interest than the proposal to agree on a plan of arbitration to settle all disputes arising between nations, and so do away with war on this hemisphere. It may safely be said that every nation represented in the conference is in favor of arbitration, has used it in the past, and is ready to resort to it in the future. Yet there has been some difficulty in agreeing upon the terms of a measure to make arbitration universal and obligatory, without compromising the sovereign rights of the republics entering into the compact. But there is every likelihood that a substantial agreement will be reached, practically securing the benefits desired. It has been generally felt that the most important issue of the congress would be found in its dealing with this question, and that it could present no more impressive sight to the world than a solemn covenant between all the American republics to refer all international differences to a court of arbitration.

In general the congress has not fulfilled the enthusiastic hopes of some, but it has disappointed the ominous fears of others. The direct and immediate effects of its work cannot be very great in the nature of the case. But indirectly and remotely it is sure to have an influence of the highest importance. As a means of leading to international good understanding, of securing an independent and peaceful development for each country of the hemisphere, and of presenting to the world a striking spectacle of the material and moral power of the republican idea in this age, it must be declared to have achieved a good degree of success.

In publishing the portraits of a few of the foreign delegates to the International Congress at Washington, no invidious distinction is intended. Some of the representatives from abroad—Minister Romero, for example—are so well known in this country, both by name and face, that there is no reason for giving information about them. Our selection of names depends partly upon accessibility of biographical material in the cases singled out, and partly upon the fact that, for one cause or another, the delegates in question have assumed considerable prominence in the debates of the Congress. There is no doubt that others of the foreign representatives are as able as the men we name, and have made their influence felt in the congress.

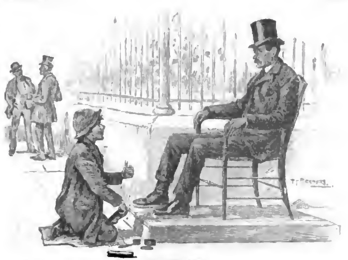
Beginning with a delegate from a country not far distant from us, the Republic of Colombia, in Cárlos Martinez Silva, LL.D., we have a man whose physical distinction alone would call attention to him among the whole body of foreigners. Tall and of massive frame, he towers above most of the other delegates like Saul above the rest of the people. He comes of excellent Colombian stock, as his father, who has recently died, was one of his country's most distinguished men, having been an able lawyer and President of the Supreme Court. The son has also held many posts of public importance and service. He has been a member of the Colombian Congress, has served as Minister of Public Instruction, and was Secretary of the Treasury at the time of his appointment as delegate to the International Conference. As a teacher and author he has likewise attained eminence. He has been President of the College of El Rosario, and has published several volumes. Among the last may be mentioned his *Treatise on Judicial Proofs*, his *Compendium of Ancient History*, and a *Compendium of Geography*. An edition of Bello's *International Law*, recently published in Madrid, contains an appendix of "Notes and Commentaries" from the pen of Dr. Silva. He was the founder, and for some time the editor, of *El Repertorio Colombiano*, a literary and political review of high class. Dr. Silva's abilities and special training fit him admirably for the work of the Pan-American Congress, and his prominence in its proceedings is but natural.

Passing on down the west coast of South America, we find Ecuador sending a distinguished son to Washington in the person of José María Plácido Caamaño. Born in Guayaquil, the principal city and seaport of the country, October 5, 1838, he comes of an excellent family. Trained to the profession of the law, he is a man of wide studies, as may be inferred from the fact that he is also a graduate in theology, having received the degree of Doctor in Theology. He is a large land-owner, and has gradually accumulated a fortune through agriculture. He has been Mayor of Guayaquil, Member of Congress, Chief of the Customs Service, and Judge of Letters. In 1882 General Ventimilla made himself Dictator of Ecuador, and Señor Caamaño was one of his strongest opponents. He was exiled in consequence, going to Peru. There he raised and commanded an insurgent force at his own expense, with which he invaded Ecuador with the intention of deposing the Dictator. Starting with only about five hundred men, a large proportion of whom were his own peons, he went on, step by step, until, after uniting his force with that of other patriot commanders, he captured Guayaquil, where the Dictator had more than five thousand troops. Señor Caamaño was chosen President *ad interim* after the fall of Ventimilla, and was subsequently elected President for a full term. Under his administration Ecuador progressed very rapidly; telegraphs and railroads were largely added to the resources of the country, and a great impetus was given to the cause of public education, many schools and colleges having been established under his direction. On February 6, 1886, a desperate attempt was made to assassinate President Caamaño. While in the railroad station at Tagusehi, attended only by two aides, he was set upon by sixteen conspirators. One of the aides was killed, the President slew one of his assailants with his own hand, broke through their ranks, flung himself into the river, and escaped by swimming about two miles. At the expiration of his term of office he became Governor of the Province of Guayaquil, a post which he still holds, being away on leave of absence. Ex-President Caamaño is a member of several scientific bodies of Spain, France, and Holland, and wears the ribbons of various foreign orders.

A Chilian delegate of distinction is Judge José Alfonso. Trained to the law, and beginning its practice in 1856, he was appointed on the bench of the Court of Commerce temporarily in 1862, and soon after was made a permanent judge of that important court. That position he held for eighteen years, and in the course of that time rendered the great service of compiling the vast body of legal decisions and mercantile usages into a Code of Commerce since adopted by the Chilian Congress for the whole country. His various publications and commentaries on this Code, and his long administration of the court taking cognizance of cases arising under it, make him undoubtedly the first authority in Chili on the subject of commercial law. In 1879 he was appointed Judge-Advocate of the Army of the North. Resigning this position on the ground of ill health, he was shortly afterward elevated to the bench of the Court of Appeals. Latterly he has been filling a temporary vacancy in the Supreme Court, and is in the direct line of permanent promotion to that highest tribunal of Chili. Judge Alfonso has also held several political offices. In 1875, at the special request of the President, he withdrew from the bench for a time to fill the position of Minister for Foreign Affairs in the cabinet. He was also Secretary of the Treasury for some months in 1880. He has been a leader in the cause of public education, and has accomplished a great deal in the spread of free schools. Personally he is a most amiable and agreeable gentleman.

Two of the Argentine delegates will next claim attention. Dr Roque Saenz Peña is a lawyer who has stuck pretty closely to his profession, though his public service, for so comparatively young a man (he is but thirty-eight), has not been insignificant. In 1876 he was elected to the Legislature of the Province of Buenos Ayres, and chosen President of that body. In 1880 he was appointed to the head of the National Registry of Property. Continuing in that position till 1887, he was then nominated Minister to Uruguay. He still occupies that office, being now in this country in attendance upon the Pan-American Congress on leave of absence. Probably one reason of his appointment as delegate was the fact that he had just been serving as an Argentine representative in the late International South American Congress at Montevideo. In the deliberations of that gathering he took a prominent part, being Chairman of the Committee on Criminal Law, and bringing in an elaborate and learned report. Dr. Peña has also done a good deal of journalistic work in Buenos Ayres.

His colleague, Dr Manuel Quintana, is considered the leader of the Argentine bar, and has taken perhaps the most conspicuous part in the debates at Washington. He is a man whose prompt energy, shrewdness, and ample knowledge would make him a marked personality in any assemblage. Something over sixty years of age, he has devoted the last thirty years almost exclusively to his profession, having steadily declined cabinet positions and other political appointments. Still, he has managed to render considerable public service, as the following list of the positions he has held will show: Professor of Civil Law in the University of Buenos Ayres; delegate to the Constitutional Convention of the Province of Buenos Ayres; Representative in the Buenos Ayres Legislature; member of the National Congress for four terms, and President of the same for two; Senator from the Province of Buenos Ayres; President *pro tempore* of the national Senate, and acting President of the republic during a temporary failure in the succession; President of the Convention for the reform of the Constitution; special Minister to Paraguay to settle questions of commerce and boundaries; Professor of Social Science in the University of Buenos Ayres, and Rector of the University; delegate to the International South American Congress at Montevideo.



A FEARFUL RISK.

"Yessir! Onny about an hour ago an old gent was a-comin' acrost de street when a horse and wagin came a-runnin' roun de corner, knocked 'im down an' broke bofe ees legs, just as he was comin' here to have ees boots blacked!"

Salvador de Menezes e Vasconcellos Drummond Furtado de Mendonça, who signs only Salvador de Mendonça, was born July 21, 1841, in the Province of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He comes from one of the oldest Portuguese families residing in Brazil, and is descended from the Drummonds of Scotland, the Hurtados de Mendoza of Spain, and the Menezes e Vasconcellos of Portugal. Senhor Mendonça was educated in Rio de Janeiro, and graduated in law at the Law College of St. Paul, Brazil. At the age of twenty-four he was Professor of History in the college of Pedro II. at Rio de Janeiro. Besides the Portuguese language and the classics he is familiar with Spanish, Italian, French, and English.

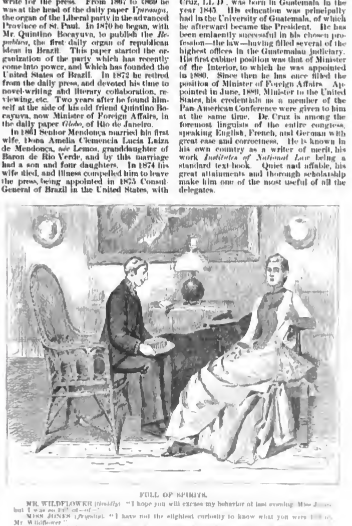
At the age of twenty, in 1861, he began to write for the press. From 1867 to 1869 he was at the head of the daily paper *Ypiranga*, the organ of the Liberal party in the advanced Province of St. Paul. In 1870 he began, with Mr. Quintino Bocayuva, to publish the *Republica*, the first daily organ of republican ideas in Brazil. This paper started the organization of the party which has recently come into power, and which has founded the United States of Brazil. In 1872 he retired from the daily press, and devoted his time to novel-writing and literary collaboration, reviewing, etc. Two years after he found himself at the side of his old friend Quintino Bocayuva, now Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the daily paper *Globo*, of Rio de Janeiro.

In 1861 Senhor Mendonça married his first wife, Dona Amelia Clemencia Lucia Laiza de Mendonça, *née* Lemos, granddaughter of Baron de Rio Verde, and by this marriage had a son and four daughters. In 1874 his wife died, and illness compelled him to leave the press, being appointed in 1875 Consul-General of Brazil in the United States, with head-quarters in New York. The parting words of the ex-Emperor to Senhor Mendonça in 1875 have been already published: "I hope that you will serve the empire in the republic as well as you have served the republic in the empire."

In 1876 Senhor Mendonça married his second wife, Miss Maria Elisa Varney Redman, from the State of Maine. After serving as Consul-General for fourteen years, during which period he was instrumental in the development of commercial relations between the two countries, and in establishing better mail facilities with Brazil, he was appointed last July Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Brazil at Washington, on a special mission, and delegate to the International American Conference.

Three days after the fall of the Emperor, who knew always the republican ideas of his Consul-General, and had perfect confidence in his loyalty to the service of his country, Senhor Mendonça received notice from his old friend Bocayuva that his powers had been renewed by the provisional government.

The delegate from Guatemala, Fernando Cruz, LL.D., was born in Guatemala in the year 1845. His education was principally had in the University of Guatemala, of which he afterward became the President. He has been eminently successful in his chosen profession—the law—having filled several of the highest offices in the Guatemalan judiciary. His first cabinet position was that of Minister of the Interior, to which he was appointed in 1880. Since then he has once filled the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Appointed in June, 1889, Minister to the United States, his credentials as a member of the Pan-American Conference were given to him at the same time. Dr. Cruz is among the foremost linguists of the entire congress, speaking English, French, and German with great ease and correctness. He is known in his own country as a writer of merit, his work *Institutes of National Law* being a standard text-book. Quiet and affable, his great attainments and thorough scholarship make him one of the most useful of all the delegates.



FULL OF SPIRITS.

MR. WILDFLOWER (*timidly*). "I hope you will excuse my behavior of last evening, Miss Jones, but I was so full of—of—"

MISS JONES (*frigidly*). "I have not the slightest curiosity to know what you were full of, Mr. Wildflower."

MR. WILDFLOWER (*desperately*). "But you misunderstand me. It was not alcohol I was full of, but spirits."

MISS JONES (*contemptuously*). "Spirits! pooh! another name for the same thing, sir."

as it ever did under the fine laces of cavaliers or ruffled dames.

Since the days of local reporting few men have travelled so far and seen so much as Smedley. In 1880 and '81 he made exhaustive sketching tours in Canada, gathering material to illustrate a large work called *Picturesque Canada*. This trip marks the starting point in a steady rise in public fame as well as professional merit; and when, in 1885, Mr. Frederick B Schell, the present manager of Harper's Art Department, was requested to suggest the most competent artist to assist him in his labors upon the monumental *Picturesque Atlas of Australasia*, Smedley was immediately called for this work, in which he was engaged nearly a year. They utilized the opportunity of making the complete tour of the world. Smedley remained two or three years in Paris, and since then has been known to the public chiefly through the publications of the Harpers. Although to-day we can think of few that equal him in his particular field, it is not too much to expect that an artist who does well with so few years behind him will give

SAYS.

ence of exceptional capacities when he
n the ripe period of his powers.

POULTNEY BIGELOW

A COSTLY EXPERIENCE.

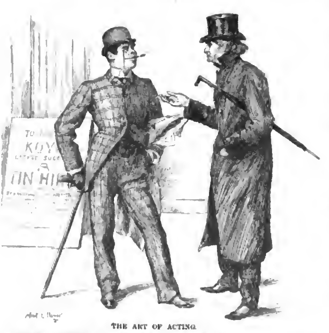
HE "Problem in Railroading" that was
ussed in this column a few days ago was
ed simultaneously with the publication
e last number of the WEEKLY. The so-
n was the one indicated in that number,
ely, a readjustment of the relations be-
n the Chicago, Burlington, and North-
and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quin-
ailroad companies. That readjustment
ists of a transfer of the ownership of the
to the last named company. The Chicago,
ington, and Northern road was built for
urpose of selling it to the Burlington and
cy company, and with the view of secur-
the prospective purchaser the promoters
e enterprise, themselves directors of the
ington and Quincy company, inveigled
corporation into taking one-third of the
k, to represent a part of its investment in
300 miles of road connecting the Bur-
on and Quincy's main line with St. Paul.
promoters of this disgraceful undertaking
been a long time carrying out their pro-
ame. Though they were able to commit
Burlington and Quincy company to the
rprise and to secure valuable traffic con-
ons from it, they have never been able
rsuade that company to pay the price at
h they have held a majority of the stock.
n the view of beating the parent com-
into a bad bargain they have ignored
ral laws and geographical conditions,
violated the soundest principles of rail-
management, as well as those of business
dity

A certain amount of satisfaction may be derived from the fact that those who built the C., B., and Northern road have been unable to exact the price that they hoped to for their stock. They used to quote their shares as high as $97 in the Boston market. That was three years ago. Since then the manipulation has steadily weakened, until the stock was quoted at $34 a share a few days before the directors sold their holdings to the Burlington and Quincy company at $40 a share. The stock is said to have cost them originally $18 a share. It is safe to estimate that the purchaser has saved about fifty dollars a share on about sixty thousand shares of stock, or a total of $3,000,000, by holding off for nearly three years; but by allowing the C., B., and Northern to make rates for a territory including Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, and to an extent in Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas, it has been chiefly responsible for one of the most disastrous rate wars that was ever waged. The effect upon its own finances can be demonstrated almost to a dollar. The net earnings of the Burlington and Quincy system in 1886 were over twelve million dollars. In the following year the Northern road was let loose to demonstrate its actual earning capacity. It reduced rates to divert over its line through traffic which would naturally have sought other channels. The effect of the reductions that it precipitated is shown by a decrease in the net earnings of the Burlington and Quincy company from 1886 to 1888 of over seven million dollars. In that two years the Burlington and Quincy company from paying all its charges, eight per cent. upon its stock, and carrying forward a million dollars to its renewal fund, was reduced to the necessity of drawing upon the surplus earnings of previous years to meet its interest and sinking fund charges. During the year 1889 a certain amount of restraint was imposed upon the C., B., and Northern road through the operation of the Inter-State Commerce Railway Association, and in consequence the railroads affected by its competition obtained better prices for their services. Through all this period the operations of the C., B., and Northern road have been continuously unprofitable, and it is understood that the question of supplying the money required to pay the interest due April 1 upon its first mortgage bonds was an important factor in determining the directors to close out their interest in the concern.

The purchase will cost the Burlington and Quincy company about $2,500,000, and to save an equal amount it has lost fully $10,000,000 in net earnings, and helped to bring about permanently lower rates throughout the Northwest. All the railroads of that section of the country have suffered various degrees of financial prostration, and the markets for railway securities have received a shock from which they have as yet hardly begun to recover. The central figure in this transaction, the costly effects of which have been barely outlined above, is Mr. John M. Forbes, a resident of Boston, and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company. He and members of his family and a few social and business associates are, according to the records, responsible for the building of the C., B., and Northern road, and for its prejudicial relations with the Burlington and Quincy company. Yet throughout the transaction Mr Forbes and those directors of the Burlington and Quincy company who at the same time have served in a similar capacity in the C., B., and Northern company appear to have retained the confidence of the shareholders of the first-named corporation.

As the result that has taken place was inevitable, there is a unanimity of opinion on the part of those who are best qualified to judge of the merits of the transaction as to its wisdom and the benefits that are almost certain to be derived from it. The effort to demonstrate that in railroading two sides of a triangle are equal to the third side has been abandoned, and with that event the evils incidental to the effort should and will disappear. There are other questions to be solved before the railroad business of the country can be established on the best possible basis, but none of them is as serious as the one that has just been disposed of by the Burlington and Quincy company. It is unnecessary to attempt to foreshadow the details of the policy of the Burlington and Quincy company in its management of its new acquisition. It is enough to know that it has become the principal if not the sole owner of the most disturbing piece of railroad that was ever built, and that it has taken that step with the view of protecting itself and its neighbors, and promoting more harmonious relations between all of them, and hence more profitable rates for all.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.



THE ART OF ACTING

JAMES. "Hullo, De Forest. How's the world usin' ye, me boy?"
DE FOREST. "Now is the winter of our discontent. Bad, bad, Jimmy. I'm playing Buckingham in the Blizzard at fifteen a week. But, anon, what cheer with you?"
JAMES. "Hippopotamus in the Tin Hippopotamus at two hundred. Come and dine with me."

WE'LL SUPPOSE A CASE.

You are nervous and dyspeptic, your appetite flags, your slumber is broken or disturbed by uneasy dreams, or you court the sleepy god in vain. What shall you do? Try an alcoholic excitant to stimulate appetite? Deaden the nerves at bed-time with a narcotic? Neither of them. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will, believe us, be more than a trial. You will continue to use this justly renowned nerve invigorant and stomachic. It is in the exigency supposed just what is wanted. It is a healthful stimulus to appetite and digestion, does not excite, but quiets the brain and nerves, is an excellent diuretic, and a speedy reformer of a disordered condition of the liver and bowels. It counteracts a tendency to rheumatism, nullifies the prostrating effects of overwork, mitigates the infirmities of age, and hastens convalescence. Persons exposed to rough weather should use it as a preventive, as should also tired students and business men.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF WEATHER
Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which induces coughing is quickly subdued by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles. Price, 25 cents per box.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM
Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome FOOD for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious FOOD for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ASK your physician as to the merits of Nicholson's Liquid Bread or Pure Malt Extract as a tonic for building up the debilitated system. Physicians recommend it. Druggists and grocers keep it.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES never have any dyspepsia after a wine-glass of ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Sold everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN Macbeth ironically asked, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" he little knew that mankind would one day be blessed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, this powerful alterative gives tone and strength to *every* function and faculty of the system.—[*Adv.*]

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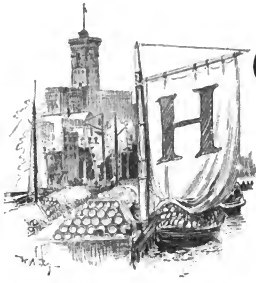


HOW A GREAT CITY IS FED.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS.

THE purely physical needs of man are at the bottom of nine-tenths of human work. They not only inspire the industry but furnish the occupations. To obtain food and raiment, and to secure shelter from the weather, measure the hopes and ambitions of a very large majority of the race. To secure the wherewithal to live and to propagate his kind sum up the history of the average man, as it does that of the ephemera which flash across the radiance of a June morning. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die," is about the whole message which science sends to humanity, when we have shrunk all its intellectualism and grandeur down to the ultimate base on which it stands.

The rich man in his palace represents but the expanded needs of the cave-man who fought with bears for the possession of a den, and carved on the walls pictures of his grapples with beasts not a whit more savage than himself. But in this enormous expansion of needs is contained the epic of civilization. Men have labored, combined, thought, fought, and intrigued for many thousand years, with the net gain of forming an ideal in stately houses of carved wood and stone instead of caves and huts; in silks and satins, broadcloth and velvet, instead of skins and fig-leaves; in the delicious sophistries of a French cuisine instead of a reeking collop hot from the victim; in Champagne and Burgundy instead of water or goat's milk. This evolution of desire flowered out of a foul root with its parallel achievement, plus the mental discipline gained in the struggle, will account for most of the wonders of social growth. It gives reason for being to the farmer, the fisherman, the mechanic, the manufacturer, and the merchant, with the various minor crafts and occupations which ramify from each one of these callings. Of these the lines of effort devoted to the growing and distribution of food are by far the most important. Clothing and shelter in many parts of the world are superfluities, or at most not more than luxury. The acquirement of the wherewithal to fill the stomach—by fraud, force, tilling the soil, or honest barter—is indispensable. The civilized man only adds to the brute needs of the wild man that superior sense of the tickling of the palate grown out of the habit of experiment and the search for the unknown.

The span from truffled turkey and green turtle soup to roots and raw fish is easily taken in fancy, yet what vast proportions it covers! At the height of Greek and Roman civilization it was only the enormously rich man who could command the food resources of a territory more than a few hundred miles away, and that only in the one class of the cereals. Now the greasy mechanic or the ditch digger gathers tribute from the whole world to supply his table; and what Lucullus could hardly compass by spending 50,000 *denarii* for a single supper any one may now have at the price of a day's wages.

When one stops to think how a great city like New York is fed, what a multiplicity of forces, what complexity of effort, what a cost of energy and forethought it involves, the mental view is almost bewildering. Could the juice of some magic herb, potent to extend vision to the uttermost ends of the earth, be sprinkled on his eyelids as he sits at a modestly appointed breakfast or dinner table, he would recognize himself master of the world, as Alexander never was. For him would be conjured up a panoramic spectacle of pig-tailed laborers working in the tea fields of China, and of swarthy toilers gathering coffee in Java, and stripping the spice-trees of Sumatra. Sweating under the tropical sun in two hemispheres, millions of men would join the procession of those who were the slaves of his needs, to serve at his call every variety of luscious fruit. Ships for him sail or steam over all the oceans, and continuous lines of rails gridiron the larger portion of North America, probably soon destined to be bound by the same ties to the southern half of the continent. Prairies thousands of miles away furnish him bread and meat, and hunters scour the mountains and plains of the far West to offer him the spoils of the wilderness.

The limitations of season have ceased to be any bar to the demands of appetite. The development of cold-storage warehouses has banished in large measure the divisions of summer and winter, and the epicure can feast on pecan-fed turkey and canvas-back duck on the Fourth of July with as much relish as he can at Christmas.

Fish continually come into our markets, brought alive to their destination from a thousand miles away. Vegetables are conveyed by the steamer-load from subtropical regions, and one may enjoy green peas and strawberries before the winter blasts have done howling through the streets, and compelling the pedestrian to button close his top-coat over a shivering form.

The strength of a chain, however, is measured by its weakest link, and to fully grasp the enormous expansion of our market resources, and what that expansion involves, we must look at what they do for the poor man. The day-laborer toiling in the streets for a living is fed with products—making more than half of what he consumes—which travel a thousand miles or more before reaching the point of final distribution, and at very little greater cost than when he drew his supplies from a radius of fifty miles. Of course the rich man in all ages of the world has had a considerable command of luxury; but nowadays the man of the proletariat may easily have varieties of food which a well-to-do gentleman of the Elizabethan period could not have obtained. The grand developments of productive industry and of transportation facilities have made this whole big world of ours, farm, fish-pond, and game preserve, for the owner of the horny fist as well as him of the kid glove. At least it is so to a material extent in America, where the lower classes live on far better and more abundant food than in any part of Europe.

Neither New York nor any other American city has great and organized markets, conducted on the same extensive scale as can be seen in Paris and London, where municipal authority has an important part in regulating the methods of food supply. Beyond the revenue which New York acquires from the rental of market privileges, and a certain nominal control, exercised for the most part in a negative rather than in a positive way, everything is left to the individual enterprise of the venders, who act with fully as much freedom as if they transacted business out of the market. The same tendency, which has hitherto been the dominant fact in all our American industrial and commercial methods, to leave everything not only to personal initiative, but to personal management, has governed the conduct of our markets. As a corollary of this, we find in New York, which may be regarded as typical of other cities in similar directions, that our markets have been widely scattered and desultory in their operations, instead of showing the concentration of the great European market-places. It is for these reasons that New York has no grand market centre, nobly housed, with that dignity of external show and completeness of interior appliances which befit so important an interest in civilization and so great a city, the third, if not the second, of the world's principal capitals. The leading retail centre, which, of course, must be taken as the index of public spirit as directed toward market interests, Washington Market, is a sprawling concern, rebuilt from time to time, in whole or in part, to meet current needs, but always remaining an unworthy and insufficient structure. A superb public edifice, which should be one of the architectural glories of the city and a monument of civic enterprise, would alone embody the great demands centred in this class of industrial interests. It is to be feared that there is too much complexity and clashing of interests under the municipal system which has grown up in America to promise such a result as probable. The ordinance of 1879, which authorized the rebuilding of this market, seems to have contemplated, not a new building, but tinker's work; so it remains, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "a thing of shreds and patches."

The new West Washington Market, devoted to wholesale purposes, ten to one, would not have been built had not the imperative claims of the Dock Department on the old site made progress Hobson's choice. We shall see, however, that the chief retail market of New York, in spite of its unworthy exterior, is a most picturesque and interesting place, well worth a visit even from him who goes with no intent to buy.

The history of New York markets is not without curious and suggestive interest. Though many of the old names have disappeared, nearly half of them exist in the line of legitimate succession. Washington and Fulton markets, the two most important retail centres, household names throughout the country, have a worthy genealogy; and, though with change of name, date back almost to the time when the jolly old Dutch burgher, who looked at the things of this life from an aspect quite contrary to that of the austere New England Puritan, made a study of the pleasures of the table.

Fulton Market, opened in 1821, was the successor of the old Vley, or Fly Market, which had been, from the earliest times, the head-quarters of the fish trade. So our great fish market has a hereditary fame, as becomes its genesis under the régime of the good Hollanders, offshoots of a country which for more than two centuries supplied nearly the whole of Europe with sea-food. Washington Market harks back to the old Bear Market, built in 1772, which again at an earlier date was known as Oswego Market. These two institutions are to-day the main distributing media of New York, though there are other minor ones, such as Catherine, Jefferson, Clinton, Tompkins, Centre, Essex, and Union, several of which were once of great importance.

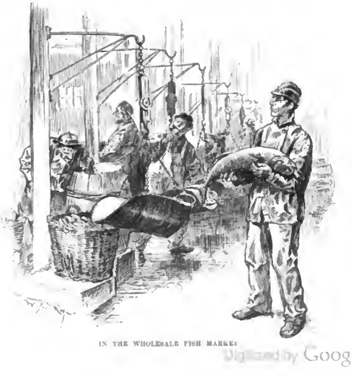
In sketching the features of the origin, shipment, and distribution of the food supply of New York, it will be proper to examine it first from the side of wholesale business, as this is indeed the main and all important aspect. When the city drew its main food supply from a radius of fifty miles, nearly everything was done on a narrow basis of retail methods. Now that all the resources of a continent are kept on tap to meet the expanded needs of two and a quarter millions of people, the machinery is vastly more complex.

It goes without saying that all study of market methods at New York must include the suburbs, great and small, which get their supplies from New York, and which essentially belong to New York, though organized under different municipal governments, and perhaps belonging to different States. Brooklyn, Long Island City, Jersey City, and Hoboken are essentially a part of the great city of Manhattan Island.

The new West Washington Market on Washington Street, between Gansevoort and Little Twelfth, is nominally the head-quarters of the wholesale market business. While it is true that the four hundred odd dealers who occupy places here represent an important part in the machinery of the provision business, it would be misleading not to strictly limit their functions. Many of these dealers, representing meats raw and cured, cured fish, poultry and game, vegetables and fruit, both native and imported, are commission merchants, though some of them are direct buyers, and really great wholesalers. In some cases, indeed, they almost control the handling of special lines of articles, but in no case does the mastery extend over the great staples, such as beef, pork, and flour, being confined to minor products, though the latter may be important in their kind. Most, if not all, of these dealers are members of the Produce Exchange, and probably take part in its speculative as well as its genuine transactions. A large portion of the dealings in this market, too, must be credited to the home and foreign export trade, and does not touch the question of local food supply. All statistics covering the business in articles of food are liable to this difficulty—the confusion of separating the figures of those products which are consumed for home supply, and those which pass through New York merely as a distributing point. For this reason it will not be practicable to give more than approximate estimates.

The first element to be considered in this survey will be the supply of flesh food, including in this only what is commonly known as "butcher's-meat"—beef, mutton, veal, and pork. This reaches New York in the shape of live cattle and dressed carcasses. The revolution of methods caused by the vast increase in the last-named method of bringing meat to market is full of interesting facts. It is already a veritable revolution, and it is believed by many who have studied the matter most closely that within a few years but little of the meat consumed in New York or other large Eastern centres will be butchered east of Chicago. Only a few years ago the preparation of meat for the final process of the kitchen fire was all done in local abattoirs long after the main supply of live cattle came from the distant West. The tremendous expansion of the dressed-beef business has been within the last decade. The scale on which it is done is well calculated to astonish the unaccustomed mind.

The houses which transact nearly all of this business are five in number: G. F. and E. C. Swift, George H. Hammond & Co., Armour & Co., Nelson, Morris, & Co., and the Armour Packing Company, the head-quarters of all of them being in Chicago. In the latter-named city the slaughtering and dressing of the cattle are largely carried on. These great establishments have also branch abattoirs and packing-houses at points like Omaha and Kansas City, a cardinal principle of the dressed-beef business being that the nearer the place of growth and fattening the killing is done, the better the quality of the meat. The transportation of live cattle for great distances not only subjects them to bruises and injuries



IN THE WHOLESALE FISH MARKET.

STANFORD LIBRARIES

1888. [illegible] employs 5000 men, and sold $80,000,000 worth of products. Its buildings will store 120,000 tons of meat, and the area of its cold-storage room is thirty acres. It slaughtered last year 1,160,000 hogs, 861,200 bullocks, and 184,540 sheep. Of course an immense quantity of this raw material was packed, but the dressed-meat business was little less great. The other establishments we have mentioned are projected on a similar scale, and the most advanced scientific methods are applied in the killing, dressing, and treatment of the meats. The stock-yards, with the great slaughter-houses which are located close at hand, were for many years quoted as among the most wonderful sights of Chicago to be shown to the tourist.

The various firms dealing in dressed meats have forty-two branch houses in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, by which the product is distributed. It is brought from the West in refrigerator cars, each firm having a special kind of car of its own device, and owning its own rolling-stock. Several of them own from two to three thousand refrigerator cars each, and shipments are made to all important points East and South. The business was started with Boston as a head-quarters about ten years since, but New York is now probably the greater centre of distribution. All live-stock slaughtered in Chicago are examined by officers of the Board of Health before and after killing, and the most rigid precautions taken against diseased meat. Carcasses are stored twelve hours at a temperature of 50°, and then they are removed to refrigerated rooms kept at a temperature of 28°, where they are retained twenty-four hours longer before shipment. The refrigerator cars are chilled by the use of ice and salt stored in tanks, and so arranged that the cold air comes to from the top. The temperature is kept at 38°, and it can easily be seen that when the meat arrives in New York it is in splendid condition. There are icing stations disposed along the route where the refrigerating tanks are reoppiled. The storage-rooms, where the carcasses are held awaiting sale, are of the same temperature. This method is the same winter and summer, though it need hardly be said that for three months the need of artificial refrigeration is not great. Sales are made at the storage warehouses directly to butchers, jobbers, and market-men, and the terms are in nearly every case cash. The largest sales are made by the Swifts, Armour & Co., and Hammond & Co., the first-named doing two-fifths, probably, of the whole business. The local sales of Western dressed meats in New York and environs (this estimate carefully excludes exports and places for which the city is a distributing point) for 1888 were about 230,000 carcasses of beef = 184,750,000 lbs.; 300,000 calves = 37,500,000 lbs; 75,000 carcasses of mutton = 4,125,000 lbs.; and 75,000 hogs = 10,500,000 lbs. The export of dressed beef to Europe from the port of New York is also a growing business of great importance, as it likewise is at the port of Boston. Entire steamer-loads are frequently sent, and many of the fast greyhounds of the sea, as well as the slower ships, are fitted up with refrigerator chambers for this kind of transport. These cold-storage compartments, with their apparatus, cost often $10,000, and are equipped

grew rapidly. [illegible] which prices are kept up is worth noting. Toward the end of an active day's sale small lots of cattle will often have survived the keen bidding. If these were sold at a low price, butchered, and put on the market at reduced figures to the retail butchers, it would tend to lower the general wholesale price of meat. A great establishment like Schwarzschild & Sulzberger is therefore obliged, in self-protection, to rush in and buy up these scattering remainders at a high figure, to take away all excuse for a drop in wholesale rates, which, of course, would affect the prices of meat from animals purchased, at a stiff figure, directly in the West for through shipment.

The receipts of live-stock in New York, exclusive of exports, for 1888, were 363,293 cattle = 254,306,100 lbs., dressed weight (about); 263,734 calves = 329,655,000 lbs. (idem); sheep and lambs, 1,865,000 = 74,624,000 lbs. (idem), and swine, 1,552,102 = 139,965,300 lbs. (idem).

It is now practicable for us to arrive at some approximation of the total amount of butcher's-meat eaten in a year by the 2,500,000 people who live in what may be called the metropolitan area of New York. The figures would be about as follows: 438,056,500 lbs of beef, 367,163,000 lbs. of veal, 78,749,000 lbs of mutton and lamb; and 244,465,300 lbs. of pork; total, 1,113,778,000 lbs. How much of this is diverted to the uses of the manufacturers of cured meats; how much is sold to steam-ship lines and the watering-place hotels North and South, which have their supplies sent from New York, it is not easy to estimate. It is not less difficult to compute just what fraction of the total must be credited to the outlying provincial towns in at least three States which depend on the New York market for their fresh-meat supply. When a fair deduction is made on these grounds from the aggregates given above, it is reasonable to put the *per capita* daily consumption of butcher's-meat, including bone, for the two and a half millions of the great metropolis at about one pound. Recent estimates put the London consumption per head at about half a pound, and that of Paris at less than three-eighths of a pound. The vast waste of raw food in this country by unskilful cooking and careless habits is too well known to need comment.

Next in importance in the food supply of New York comes fish, an article of diet which to many peoples is the main item of flesh food. Fulton Market has been, since there were any markets on Manhattan Island, the distributing centre of food drawn from the finny tribes of river, lake, and ocean. Probably no city in the world has so varied and interesting a fish market. A sea-coast of two thousand miles of ocean contributes to its resources, and the largest lake system known adds varieties of fresh-water fish. Salmon from the Pacific coast and from Canada are set off against pompano and red-snapper from the Gulf of Mexico. It is no exaggeration to claim that no market can offer, as ours does, not less than three-score excellent kinds of food-fish in their different seasons. Many of these are unsurpassed in delicacy and richness of flavor. Even the vaunted sole and turbot of our British cousins cannot claim the palm over such deli-

storage, which are being rapidly extended every year.

A few years ago statistics of the business were kept in the wholesale market at the instance of the United States Fish Commissioner, but this has been discontinued. According, however, to one of the oldest and most respected dealers, the average sale of fish in New York is 300,000 lbs., or 150 tons per day. Fully half of this finds its ultimate market out of New York. The wholesale fish merchants, who stand at the entrance of the stream of supply, exercise a curiously strict etiquette in their dealings. They sell only to market-men and other minor dealers. They refuse to sell even to the great hotels, some of which, especially at the important watering-places, use thousands of pounds every week. The latter must look to the retail venders for their supply, who thus combine in many cases a heavy wholesale business with their regular market trade. This scrupulous dealing creates an *esprit de corps* and community of feeling in the fish-mongers' guild which do not exist in many other branches of the market. Reckoning half of the sales made in the wholesale division of the trade as meeting the local demand, we have a yearly distribution of fish in the metropolis amounting to 27,375 tons, or 54,750,000 lbs.

No city in the world devours more shell-fish than New York, and of course in this section of food exchange oysters hold the leading place. The head-quarters of the business in this delicious mollusk are on the North River, at the foot of Tenth Street. Here are moored some thirty or forty large barges, with their heads to the pier, each one of which is occupied by a wholesale dealer. Strings of wagons from restaurants and hotels are continually coming and going, and the little army of porters, with baskets of oysters on their shoulders, going back and forth over the gang-planks make a busy scene. Passing through a barge to the rear, we find ourselves looking on a broad basin crowded with oyster smacks discharging their cargoes. The rank yet not disagreeable odor of shells pervades the air, and the faces of some of the old oystermen who lounge about or take part in the labors of the scene are as brown and knotty and weather-grown as the plump bivalves themselves. These barges have the business offices in an upper story, and the hold and the platform story are filled with oysters in heaps or in baskets. The fish which for the most part finds an outlet here is grown, or at least fattened, in Long Island Sound as far east as New Haven, and in the bays and estuaries of the ocean on the south side of Long Island and the New Jersey coast. Rhode Island and Massachusetts send some oysters to our market, as also do Maryland and Virginia, but the amount is comparatively small. Large quantities of Southern oysters are brought, however, to the waters adjacent to New York, and fattened there for six months or perhaps a year; and still larger numbers of seed oysters are planted in the vast submarine nurseries, which make the water acreage so much more valuable than the land.

The dealers controlling the oyster trade own an extensive fleet of smacks, and to a considerable extent do their own planting and rearing. They follow largely the same methods which guide the fish merchants of Fulton Market. They

AMONG THE WHOLESALE GROCERY AND COMMISSION HOUSES ON WASHINGTON ST

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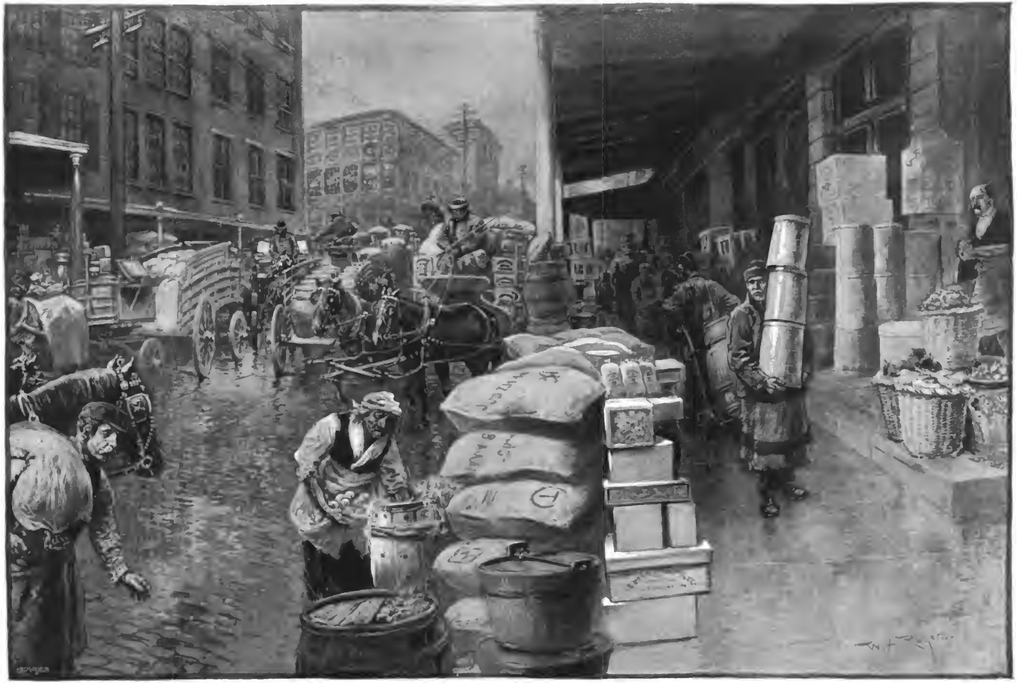

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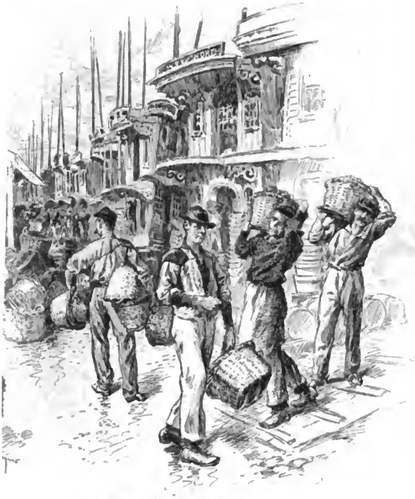
problem. Game, fish, meats, poultry, and perishable fruits and vegetables can be kept by refrigeration or cold-storage, as the case may be, perfectly good for any length of time at a small expense. The system, important as it is in its present stage, is destined to a much greater expansion. There are now a score or more of these places in New York. Most of them use ice and salt as the agents of cold. This apparatus serves its purpose well, except where extreme cold is needed, but it is subject to a great defect. The cold air produced is a damp chill, and for that reason its preservative agency is not as perfect as that effected by the dry cold which results from the process known as mechanical refrigeration. This requires a very expensive plant, and is shown at its best in the extensive warehouses under the Brooklyn Bridge and at St. John's Park. The *raison d'être* of the work done is the liquefaction of gaseous ammonia, which is made, by the intense refrigeration resulting from the change, to communicate its chill to brine. The latter body is reduced to the temperature of zero, and carried by the action of force-pumps through piping around the walls of all the storage-rooms in the warehouse. The rooms are rendered more or less cold according to the number of pipes carrying the brine, and can be exactly regulated to any desired stage of cold. The average temperature of the freezing-rooms is 15° Fahr., but when more cold-storage is needed the thermometer does not need to be greater than from 36° to 40°. So dry is the air that one may pass through the rooms comfortably, dressed in ordinarily light clothing. Here are to be seen great quantities of frozen fish, game, poultry, dressed meats, etc., each systematically arranged for identity of ownership and for rapid handling. A curious financial result has been the outcome of the cold-storage system. A dealer who has warehouse receipts can raise money on the security from his bank as easily as he could on stores in a bonded warehouse or on "elevator" receipts. The perishable nature of the security had hitherto made such a convenience impossible. It is estimated that during the year about 36,000,000 lbs. of market material are held in a frozen state for summer use, in addition to the still larger amount temporarily kept in what is known as cold-storage.



THE OYSTER MARKET ON WEST STREET.

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Without attempting to deal with any of the innumerable minor articles which constitute so much of the business of a great market, let us glance hurriedly at some of the statistics of annual supply in a few of the lesser staple articles. The local sale of eggs in the metropolis of New York in 1888 reached 792,195 barrels = 5,545,330 dozen, derived from home production; and 5909 cases = 26,545 dozen, imported; total, 5,571,875 dozen. Eggs, as is well known, by skilful packing can be kept in a decent state of preservation for about eight months. The butter used by the same population was 1,693,428 packages = 84,671,400 lbs. The American cheese sold in our markets and provision shops last year was 630,176 boxes = 3,150,880 lbs.

The great vegetable staple of the United States is the potato, and it is perhaps the most important item in the feeding of the poor, when the smallness of the domestic crop does not make it too costly, and then the cabbage largely takes its place. In 1888 there were received and locally purchased in New York 1,367,730 barrels from domestic points, and 48,485 barrels imported. The stock potato, of course, comes from all portions of the North and West, and the early potato is received from Bermuda and the Gulf States. The estimate of daily use in New York is about 8000 barrels a day. It will be a surprise to many to know how large our imports of this vegetable are at times. Some years New York alone receives for her own use from abroad upwards of a million barrels. This is not entirely agreeable to those notions which conceive the United States, with its variety of soils and climate, as boundlessly fecund in all the staple necessities of life.

An important development of market resources has come of the wonderful growth of garden-truck farming in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina. Hence New York receives nearly all its early vegetables in the late winter and early spring. The quantities sent on by the Southern market-gardeners give bright business to a large fleet of steamers, and form an important item during the season in the receipts of the Southern railways. As the season advances through the later spring the more northerly States of the South yield their quota to our needs. In fact, there are only about three months in the year when the full variety of fresh vegetables may not be had in the markets, though of course at very different prices, according to the season. It is almost impossible to find any reliable statistics as to the amount of what is known, in market phrase, as "garden truck" annually consumed by the people of the metropolis, though a happy guess might be made as to the average total by using other statistics as a point of departure.

During the summer and fall season the picturesque "Farmers' Market," held three times a week in Gansevoort Square, adjoining the new West Washington Market, is one of the most important factors of supply. Here great wagons and vans loaded with produce from the farms within a radius of a dozen miles collect, and the farmer is brought in direct contact with his customers. The scene is one of the most animated and characteristic spectacles in New York life, and well worth a visit in the early hours of the morning, when the traffic is at its height. This lively mart, oftentimes consisting of a thousand wagons, which overflow for several blocks about the square, is the source that supplies most of the grocers and minor markets in the upper part of the city with vegetables. The amount of business transacted here has been estimated by a competent judge to reach more than $5,000,000 annually. Commission produce dealers, who traffic in all kinds of staple vegetables, swarm by the hundreds around all the market centres. Here may be seen every variety of fruit and vegetable, domestic and imported. Next the store filled with homely apples, potatoes, beets, and turnips, we find a fruit-house, balmy with all the spicy odors of the East, and brilliant with glowing masses of oranges, lemons, pineapples, and bananas, suggesting all that is tempting and luscious.

The tropical fruit business has grown to such great proportions that only a few words can be said of it in passing, as it separates so widely from ordinary lines of market traffic. We draw largely from our own subtropical regions, but the West Indies, Central and South America, the Mediterranean countries, and the coast of Asia Minor also contribute to our supply of these luxuries. The fruit schooners constantly arriving and departing from this port, with their crews of quaint-looking swarthy sailors, make one of the most picturesque minor spectacles on the New York water-front. It is perhaps within bounds to claim that this city is the most important tropical fruit market in the world. Those who are curious to know more of the commercial methods pursued in this interesting business are referred to an article on this subject in HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 26, 1889.

A walk through Washington and Fulton markets, the two leading retail food centres of New York, is well worth the trouble. Here may be found almost every variety of food known, embracing the luxuries and the necessities of life. In these democratic resorts the richly clad lady is jostled by the woman in rags, and people of all classes stream back and forth through the avenues. The scrupulous cleanliness and neatness, and the artistic sense of contrast and arrangement often shown in the arrangement of the stalls, are noticeable. The great fish stand in Fulton Market—that conducted by Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, whose name is famous among those interested in pisciculture—is a marvel in the brilliancy of its color tones, and would make a study for the painter. The *habitué* of the market who learns to recognize faces will often be surprised to find that the jolly butter-man or butcher with whom he deals may be seen any afternoon, in swell costume, tooling a pair of thorough-breds on the Bloomingdale Road or St. Nicholas Avenue. Large fortunes have been made, and are being made, in the markets. How could it be otherwise in a traffic covering the most important material needs of mankind, and at the same time pampering the most tempting tastes of self-indulgence?

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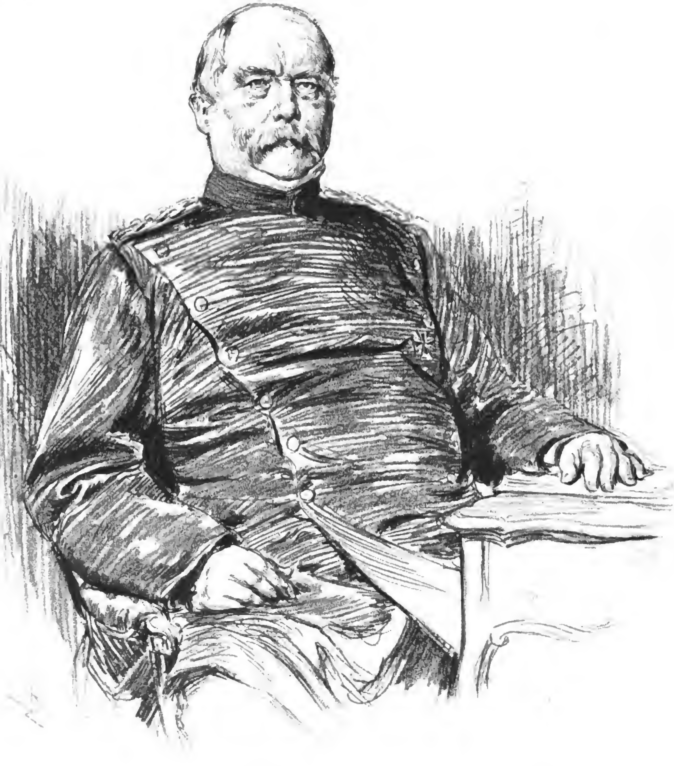

PRINCE BISMARCK.—Sketched from Life by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 250, Supplement.]

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THE LODGE BILL.

THE advantage of long and thorough discussion of proposed public measures by the press is shown by the form in which the national election bill has been introduced in the House by Mr. LODGE, of Massachusetts. The admitted situation in many Congressional districts, especially in Southern States, the frank and unreserved declaration that a portion of the legal vote should be and certainly would be repressed in the interest of society itself, the distinct declaration of the successful party at the last Congressional election that this situation ought not to continue, the harmony of this declaration with the great Republi-

ferred. The same thing is true of a Republican Judge. But it ought not to be assumed as probable in either case, for United States District Judges are generally men of high character and reputation. Mr. CARLISLE is reported as saying that the registration, reception, canvassing, and returns of votes are State rights, and cannot be assumed by Congress. But there can be no doubt of the intent of the Constitution to protect, if deemed necessary, the entire election. If this were not the intent the Constitution would have been silent. The words "times, places, and manner" are plainly designed to comprehend all details. At least the contrary must be very clearly shown. The statement that it is unprecedented, the uniform practice having been exclusive State control of elections, is true; but it might be answered by the statement that the situation is unprecedented, and if the practice has been uniform, it is because adequate reason for a change has not hitherto appeared. Opposition to the bill ought not to be placed upon Constitutional grounds. It is a question not of State right in the legal sense, but of national expediency.

DIVIDING THE PIE.

THE demoralizing effect of a surplus is shown by recent legislation in the House of Representatives, which in two days appropriated more than three millions of dollars for public buildings in various parts of the country. Nearly eighty bills have been reported, which, according to the average amount of those that have been passed, would make an aggregate appropriation for this purpose of more than fourteen millions of dollars. A little scrutiny shows the foolish waste of many of these grants. A member from Alabama asked and received an appropriation of $40,000 for a post-office in a town of less than 2500 inhabitants, where the postal receipts at "the small and poorly managed office now existing" were reduced by the establishment of branch offices. The House passed a bill giving $50,000 for a public building in a country town in Louisiana, with a population of 1800 persons. York, in Pennsylvania, a town of 21,000 inhabitants, would like $150,000, and the

country should keep a vigilant CLERK in Congress to secure the largest possible slice.

THE MORAL OF THE CITY INVESTIGATIONS.

THE disclosures made by the investigations of the Sheriff's office and of other branches of municipal administration, and the FLACK trial, throw a very strong light upon the methods of municipal administration in New York, and of its utter laxity, ignorance, disorder, dishonesty, and criminal extravagance. The revelations of the interior of Ludlow Street Jail, which are the result of the suggestions of the *Herald*, recall the descriptions in the English novels of the last century of the sponging houses and houses of detention in London. Meanwhile the new Street Commissioner has apparently abandoned the hope of cleaning the streets. This is not surprising. The only surprise is that anything else should have been anticipated. There is nothing more evident than the disgraceful condition of the streets, except the impossibility under existing circumstances of escaping the disgrace. When Mr. LOOMIS was appointed Commissioner, it seemed, undoubtedly, that a great opportunity was opened to him to earn public applause and gratitude in the simplest manner. Like the small boy in *Pickwick*, he was exhorted "to go in and win." But, as we said at the time, while it is universally agreed that he has the qualifications, "is he a free agent? Can any officer in his position be a free agent?" We added:

> "If he resolutely devotes himself to his work, doing it as it ought to be done, and as he can do it, he must, first of all, refuse to appoint assistants because politicians want them appointed, and select them solely because they are the best men. How far does a vigilant press think that a Street Commissioner appointed by Tammany Hall would advance upon that road without challenge?"

Time has hastened to justify our question. Mr. LOOMIS evidently discovered immediately that the conditions under which the work must be done made its proper performance impossible. The whole business of street cleaning is a signal illustration of the character and consequences of government by Tammany Hall. That institution exists for the purpose

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is equally associated with the familiar shameful and scandalous wrongs of misgovernment in the city of New York. The remedy lies in the union of all honest and intelligent citizens of all parties to secure, or to try to secure, good municipal government. This is so evident that the refusal of the Republicans to support Mr. Hewitt for re-election in 1888, under the pretence that there was a chance for their own party, was a deliberate division of the anti-Tammany vote, and an alliance with Tammany Hall, resulting in an apparent verdict of the city in favor of Tammany rule. This fact should be remembered by all honest citizens when another election occurs. Relief from Tammany rule is impossible so long as the city election is made a party contest.

BISMARCK.

The telegraph is carefully guarded in Berlin, but the fact of serious differences of opinion between the old Chancellor and the young Emperor had been long generally understood, and the Chancellor's resignation at any time during the last few months would not have been surprising, and his final retirement, now assured, is an event of the first importance. Bismarck will always hold a high place among the great statesmen of Europe. Take him from the history of Germany during the last thirty years, and its most powerful figure disappears. Indeed, since Stein there has been no figure like him. The chief European names in the state-craft of this century are Stein, Pitt, Canning, Talleyrand, Metternich, Cavour, Nesselrode, Bismarck, and Gladstone. Among all these famous men Bismarck is eminent, and the actual constructive work of none of them is probably greater than his, except that of Stein, whose service in awakening a patriotic spirit in a country in which it seemed to have perished is unique in history. The same fervor of patriotism is the distinction of both men. If Stein revived German feeling, Bismarck organized into an actual empire the sentiment of the father-land.

Germany was a geographical expression fifty years ago. There were German states, and a German enthusiasm survived in feeling and song from the earlier days of the century; but a political and united Germany was the aim and is the achievement of Bismarck. His ambition has not been personal, but patriotic. His sobriquet, a man of blood and iron, expresses a resolute will bent upon accomplishing its ends at any cost. Yet Bismarck's great purpose has been accomplished in a spirit which is not that of his own time. He has not been in sympathy with what is known as the modern spirit. Constitutions and parliaments and a limited monarchy are not to his taste. He has been, however, too wise to suppose that he could dispense with them. But his dominant conviction seems to have been that a nation cannot govern itself, and must be governed by a trained, unquailing, conscientious, independent, irresistible personal authority. So far as circumstances would permit, he has enforced Carlyle's theory of kingship, repressing the scorn for government by wind of voice and count of heads which Carlyle, a private and irresponsible personage, picturesquely expresses.

There has been less personal knowledge and current gossip about Bismarck than about any noted character of the time. The most intimate and interesting personal glimpses of the man are those contained in Motley's letters. Bismarck and Motley were at the University of Göttingen together, and each fascinated the other. Their friendship remained unchanged as long as Motley lived. In the brilliant American the stern German saw what lofty citizenship a republic produces, and what ardor and generosity of patriotism it fosters, and in the imperious German the American saw the upright purpose and love of country which may coexist with implicit faith in despotism. In his last great speech two or three years ago, to which it may be said the whole world listened, Bismarck paid a touching and tender tribute to "my dear friend John Motley." As Bismarck retires, the most commanding public figure of our time disappears. Criticism, censure, condemnation, in many forms and for many reasons, doubtless await him. But it will be always said of him, and truly, that he loved his country and politically created Germany.

JEFFERSON AND THE SPOILS.

Mr. John M. Merriam, of South Framingham, in Massachusetts, has sent to the Boston *Journal* a detailed list of more than a hundred instances of removals from office by Jefferson. The facts in regard to Jefferson's action had been always variously stated until a letter of his own settled the question. A contemporary Federal pamphlet published in the first year of his administration specifies twenty-nine officers "dismissed .... on account of their political opinions." In 1830 Senator Holmes, of Maine, said to the Senate that "after diligent search" in the Journals of the Senate he had found but thirty-six. In 1835 Mr. Calhoun put the number at forty-two. In 1850 Mr. Truman Smith, of Connecticut, said in the Senate that House document No. 132 of the First Session of the Twenty-sixth Congress showed that there were fifty-eight removals during Mr. Jefferson's two terms. Jefferson held that the civil service should be "equalized" between the two parties. Like many of his theories, this was utterly impracticable. The spoils system was already established in New York under the Council of Appointment, which even refused licenses to auctioneers of the wrong party. The outrageous partisan abuses of the power of appointment and removal under the Council was one of the chief reasons for calling the Convention of 1821 to draft a new Constitution for the State.

When Jefferson was elected, Duane and the other spoils politicians of his party in Pennsylvania insisted that the President should make "a clean sweep." Jefferson resisted, and tried to placate the plunderers by his plea of equalization. On July 24, 1803, in a letter written at Monticello to Duane, to which Mr. Merriam refers, and which is printed in Adams's *Writings of Gallatin*, Jefferson says:

> "Many vacancies have been made by death and resignation, many by removal for malversation in office, and for open, active, and virulent abuse of official influence in opposition to the order of things established by the will of the nation. Such removals continue to be made on sufficient proof, the places have been steadily filled with Republican characters, until of 316 offices in all the United States subject to appointment and removal by me, 130 only are held by Federalists. I do not include in this estimate the judiciary and military, because not removable but by established process; nor the officers of internal revenue, because discontinued by law; nor postmasters, nor any others not named by me. And this has been effected in little more than two years, by means so moderate and just as cannot fail to be approved in future. Whether a participation of office in proportion to numbers should be effected in each State separately, or in the whole States taken together, is difficult to decide, and has not yet been settled in my own mind."

He then proceeds to point out that in Pennsylvania there were only eight offices within his control, and that of these eight, five were already held by Republicans and three by Federalists, while every subordinate officer was "appointable" by the five Republicans, and "not a single one" by the Federalists. He adds that the only trouble under his administration has arisen from the distribution of offices. This is a statement which is very credible, since a member of Congress recently said that he had received five thousand applications from his own district alone. Of course this gentleman was entirely prevented from attending to the public business for which he was sent to Washington. Jefferson pulled out the bolts of the floodgates, and tried to hold them against the torrent by his absurd equalization. Jackson opened them, and the flood overwhelmed both the service and honest politics. The more completely the infamous story of the spoils system is told, the more certain is reform.

A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

The death of Mr. Taulbee in Washington and the imprisonment of Mr. Kincaid to await trial for murder is a commentary upon the practice of carrying loaded pistols which will be probably heeded. The deadly Goodloe combat in Louisville and this event in Washington are signs of a barbarous condition which disgraces the good name of the country. There is no excuse whatever for the practice in the "Southwest" more than in the Northeast, in Washington than in Portland. It is the product of a semi-savagery, and it is the chief means of perpetuating it.

Yet there is but one remedy, and that is local public opinion. Every man who palliates the practice, or who makes the participants in a deadly street fight heroes, or who does not earnestly denounce the practice as a cowardly and treacherous habit, indirectly promotes and strengthens it. The street brawls which are customary where concealed weapons are carried are worthy of Ashantee, but they disgrace America.

It is a curious illustration of the perversion of public sentiment that communities in which a difference of opinion or a volley of blackguardism ends in sudden murder plume themselves upon a high sense of honor. Duellists have always been under the ludicrous delusion that they were sensitive upon points of honor. Whatever it is that they mean by the word, it is something that is shared with cats and dogs, which are very prompt in resenting what they evidently regard as insults to their honor.

THE BLAIR BILL.

Mr. Jay has been a much more effective advocate of the Blair bill than its author, and in a letter addressed to Senators Evarts and Hiscock of this State he sums up the case for the bill very strongly. In saying, however, that the opposition comes "partly from the prejudices engendered by slavery, but chiefly from the opponents of our common-school system," Mr. Jay overlooks such opposition as that of Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, and other Republican Senators, which is shared by a very large and intelligent body of citizens, and is founded upon the conviction that the education which the bill contemplates may be left much more wisely to the States, and that such national aid for such objects is to be deprecated for many reasons.

This, and not the other, is the serious ground of objection to the Blair bill among those who share the philanthropic views and patriotic spirit of Mr. Jay. The opponents of the common school system to whom he alludes are the supporters of the Roman Catholic scheme of a sectarian division of the school fund. But this opposition is confined almost exclusively to the members of that communion. No proper American body of citizens holds any such view. The non-sectarian American public-school system has no warmer or more intelligent friend than Senator Hawley, who is also one of the most resolute and most reasonable opponents of the Blair bill.

By a vote of 36 to 32 the Senate has refused to order the bill to a third reading. The majority was composed of 20 Democrats and 16 Republicans, and it is regarded as sufficiently decisive to kill the bill for this session at least. The precedent of an enormous grant of public money to the States for any purpose which can command a majority in Congress therefore, as yet, failed of being established.

THE ADIRONDACK PARK.

The Governor has signed the Adirondack Park bill, saying very truly that it is good enough as far as it goes, but that it ought to go a great deal farther. The bill appropriates $25,000 for the purchase of lands, and it is very important as the beginning of the policy of State purchase, which the Governor in this instance trusts may lead to a more substantial and adequate measure.

As Mr. Harrison, the Secretary of the New York State Forestry Association, also truly says: "Timber should be cut when it is ripe. That is what it is for. But it should not be butchered and exterminated, and the soil burned out and swept away, so as to leave great areas as barren as the central desolation of Sahara."

The evil is very serious and very threatening. But individual protests are of no avail against the organized interests which are destroying the forests and drying up the sources of streams and rivers. A similar organization of lumbermen, hunters, and all who visit the woods for health or pleasure, with all who know the public consequences of the devastation which is going on, will prevent it. That is the simple object of the association which makes individual opposition effective.

PERSONAL.

Miss Elaine, one of the Goodale sisters, whose verses brought them into prominence before they were out of short dresses, and while they still lived on their father's farm in western Massachusetts, has been made Superintendent of all the Indian schools in the new State of South Dakota. After teaching the Indians in General Armstrong's school at Hampton, Virginia, for several years, she became a teacher at the White River Camp of the Lower Brulé Agency. Her preliminary work has shown her to be well fitted for the difficult place she is now to fill, and her progress will be watched with interest by the many who believe in education as one of the most potent means of regenerating the Indian.

—There is an interesting story connected with the naming of Miss Anna Gettysburg, the daughter of Judge Wheelock G. Veazey, of Vermont, now a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Young Veazey was in Dartmouth College at the breaking out of the war, and left his studies to join a Vermont regiment. Before going to the front he was married to the lady of his choice. During the battle of Gettysburg, and while Colonel Veazey was leading his regiment in the thickest of the fight, a girl baby was born in the home among the Green Mountains. She was christened Anna Gettysburg, and has now developed into a stately young woman of more than ordinary beauty. Miss Veazey has been one of the prominent figures in Washington society this winter, and is soon to be married.

—A "hoss trade," and a white horse at that, is said to have been the beginning of the fortune of the late Judge John B. Davis, of Montana, who was worth his millions, and was called by some the wealthiest man in the State. Back in 1861 he started from Iowa for the mining camps of Montana, taking several cart-loads of goods with him. These he sold at a profit; and then he traded an old white horse for a mining claim, which the discouraged owner wished to give up. The claim proved most valuable; and after Judge Davis had made a fortune out of it he sold it for a million dollars. At the time of his death he was interested in a number of other profitable ventures, and was one of the leading men in Montana. He was never in public life, however, and the sobriquet of "the Judge" was bestowed on him on account of his association with a vigilance committee when lynch-law was the only acknowledged restraint of the mining camps.

—Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is looking for a wife, and as available princesses are not very plenty just now, it is said that his father would not be averse to union with an American girl if she had the proper requisites. Queen Victoria would hardly permit a match outside of royal circles, however.

—Some of the Vassar students are taking steps to endow a chair of astronomy in the college in honor of the late Maria Mitchell.

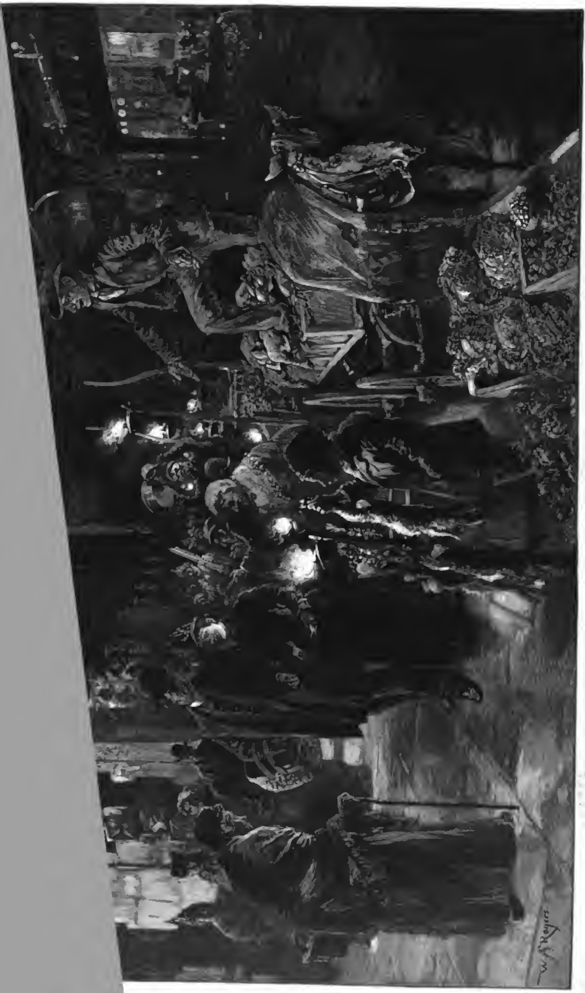
—Joshua Hood, one of the committee appointed to welcome General Lafayette during his visit to this country in 1824, died recently in Baltimore at the age of eighty-seven.

—Ex-President Cleveland's successful venture in real estate seems to have inspired his successor at the White House with a desire to profit by similar investment, as President Harrison has recently bought two pieces of improved Indianapolis business property for $21,000.

—For some time many of the ladies who ride after the hounds in England have advocated sitting astride of their horses like men, and it seems probable that they will carry the day. Now Miss Mabel Jenness, the American apostle of physical development in women, seeks to introduce a similar reform on this side of the water. She claims, and with apparently good reason, that the use of the side-saddle develops only one-half of the body, and tends to a lateral curvature of the spine. Miss Jenness has prepared a new riding-habit with bifurcated skirts, and having tried sitting astride of her horse, finds that in this position she can ride more gracefully as well as healthfully.

—The statement that Squire Massey Beasley, of Aberdeen, Ohio, the officiator at so many runaway marriages, has during the seventy-seven years of his life withstood the soft promptings of matrimonial example, is indignantly denied by a friend of his. He is a widower, and has had several children. Those who seek his services come generally from Kentucky, for he will not marry persons from Ohio. He requires no marriage license, but over in Kentucky his marriages are legalized by special law.

Google



SATURDAY NIGHT MARKET ON NINTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 242.]

or eight cents a pound. They are not Philadelphia dressed, but they are very likely to be good. Turkeys and ducks are proportionately low. Fish abound generally, though sometimes prices are too high to warrant the peddler in taking any chances. That great culinary possibility, the cod, seems to be the favorite, though there is always a considerable variety of other kinds. It is best not to look here for salmon, pickerel, or other game fish. Vegetables of every kind are in superabundance, and at prices one quarter to one-half lower than exacted by the grocers. In purchasing, a close observation of the peddlers' weights and measures is a very material part of the success of a night's shopping.

The street market is certainly a boon to the provident wage worker, and a most practical argument to induce the shiftless to mend their ways.

SCOTT THOMPSON.

RUSSELL SAGE.

BY EDWARD G. RIGGS.

WHILE it is admitted that Russell Sage has a substantial place in the community, there has always been some speculation as to the precise niche which he occupies in the affairs of men of this generation. Although associated with financiers and men renowned in the great corporations of the country, Mr. Sage's warmest friend would scarcely have the hardihood to speak of him as a financier, or rank him with the men whose daily lives for a quarter of a century here in New York have been as an open book to him. In Wall Street and in the financial arena, both at home and abroad, the interpretation given to a financier is confined to the little handful of men who conceive and who carry to successful culmination vast enterprises requiring at times the most comprehensive knowledge always associated with defiant courage. Mr. Sage has never been associated, at least in a public way, with any of these vast enterprises. But while he is not a financier of this class, he is one unto himself. His position in the community of Wall Street is summed up in these words: strange as it may appear after the remark that he can in no sense be numbered among the financiers of the generation, he can, nevertheless, take hold of almost any financial enterprise and put it upon a solid basis. Though the venture may be toddling along in weary fashion and in danger of utter collapse, with Mr. Sage at the helm and given undisputed authority the chances are that something will come out of it.

He is a financial economist. In a twinkling he can stop a leak, and make each penny in the treasury assert itself. He has neither the courage nor the temperament to bring to successful culmination the great enterprises of a Rothschild, a Vanderbilt of the old line, or to indulge in movements inaugurated by such a banking firm as Drexel, Morgan, & Co. But in his shrewd and calm judgment he can bring order out of almost any entanglement which may beset the treasuries with which financiers have to deal.

Although a member of the New York Stock Exchange for twenty-five years, he has never put foot upon the floor. His vast fortune of forty or fifty million dollars is constantly added to by dividends and interests rather than by speculations in stock. He is a great lender of money to bankers and brokers, and most of the hours in his business day are devoted to rolling up wealth in this way, and to attending the meetings of directors of corporations in which he is personally interested. For this he receives five dollars for every meeting. He still does a modest business in puts and calls, although from that hot day in June, '84, when he was reported to have lost seven million dollars, he has seemed to gradually curtail this branch of his business.

Few men in New York are on intimate terms with Mr. Sage. Although pages have been written about him, he is fond of remarking that the contents of the articles are of the most superficial character. It has frequently been said that Jay Gould is the only person in the city who is thoroughly acquainted with the career and methods of this unique money gatherer. In some respects this is true, and in others not. Mr. Sage is seventy-four years old, and in a sense is without a contemporary in the financial community. He was approaching fifty when he first met Mr. Gould, and from childhood he has been the reverse of voluble concerning his affairs. Mr. Gould was quite an insignificant person in finance when he first met Mr. Sage, almost thirty years ago. Mr. Sage, on the contrary, had at that time established his reputation as a wealthy man and also as a financial economist. He was known, too, and consulted by the eminent politicians of those days. Although within a few months of seventy-five years of age, Mr. Sage can truthfully be classed among the youngest men of New York. With scarcely a wrinkle in his face, with a step as brisk as a youth's, he has also many of the almost blithesome personalities of much younger men. His hair of iron-gray is as thick and profuse as when a school-boy in the Mohawk Valley. His eyebrows are heavy and almost shaggy, and there is just the faintest suspicion of dye in the whiskers on his chin and throat. One of his most marked peculiarities is that in conversation a merry twinkle in his blue eyes lights up his face.

When on serious subjects, the lid of Mr. Sage's right eye winks like that of the heavy villain in a comedy. Occasionally, and especially when the subject is of more than usual interest, the lids of both eyes blink alternately and very rapidly, and then, as if regretting his manifestation of interest in the conversation, the blinking will suddenly cease, and the face will light up again like a summer afternoon after a shower. His mouth most of the time has what you would call a comfortable smile. While there is always an apparent frankness of manner, there are quick intervals of hesitancy, as of a man constantly on guard and thoroughly cognizant of the value of words. Mr. Sage is usually attired in what are ludicrously known in Wall Street as slop-shop clothes. They are ill-fitting, and if diversity of raiment is an evidence of Anglo-maniaism, Mr. Sage is an inexcusable example. His coat, waistcoat, and trousers are frequently of different patterns. His shoes are thick and enduring, and his scarfs are of homely patterns. But at all times his linen is of immaculate neatness, and the little jewelry he wears consists of a modest gold chain and watch.

In the presence of ladies Mr. Sage ranks as a gallant of the old school. There is a certain homeliness in his courtesy which is attractive. In business life he impresses one with the belief that he learned at twelve what the average citizen of thirty to-day does not seem to fully grasp—that is, that there is but little if any sentiment in a man's business relations, and that if a man has an aspiration for wealth he must insist upon value received every time and also give it every time. This may occasion comment leaning to the criticism of ingratitude, but the man who exercises these principles will invariably be the winner for all that. Mr. Sage has no children, and once in speaking to me of this, the moisture was seen in his blue eyes. It was when he referred to the sons that Commodore and William Vanderbilt had left behind them, and to the fact that Mr. Gould and other of his very wealthy friends had sons to take up their affairs after they were removed. Mr. Sage never uses the word "death." If anybody in his circle dies, he or she has been "removed," and he refers to his own departure as "when I am removed." His wife and a distant relative are the only persons close to this man's great wealth.

The career of Mr. Sage is a thing to be classified; first, as the poor grocery clerk for his brother in Troy, and then as a retail grocer in business for himself, and after that, successively, as a wholesale grocer, a ward politician in Troy, a dabbler in railroads which were afterward consolidated into the great New York Central system, a Congressman at Washington, and then as a director in some of the railroads which now comprise the transcontinental system. Last of all, he is to be considered as a money gatherer in New York, in which relation he has associated himself with twenty-five corporations of national fame. He is President of some, Vice-President of others, and a director in all. He is chairman of the finance and expense committees of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company, and others, in all of which he serves in that capacity because of his ability to prevent waste. His career disproves the saying that a politician is a man spoiled for any other occupation. Mr. Sage has rather seized upon his knowledge of men gained during his political days, and made it of vast advantage to him in his later ventures. Perhaps the fact that he was in political life before the days of heavy assessments levied on candidates has something to do with his eminence among the wealthy men of America.

His father's family was on the way to western New York from their early home in Middletown, Connecticut, when Russell was born at Verona, in Oneida County, this State, in 1816. Russell Sage's birth stopped the journey at this little village, and there the family remained. The father took up farming, and the boy, at six, went to the district school. Eight years later he was an errand-boy in his brother Henry's grocery in Troy. His evenings were spent in study, and he joined a debating society, where the knowledge he acquired helped him when he became a member of the Board of Aldermen from the Eighth Ward in that flourishing city. From the first he was an out and out Whig, and remained in the faith when that grand old party took its new name just before the war.

In a few years he owned a grocery shop of his own, and in 1839, under the firm name of Bates & Sage, he enlarged his business and became a jobber. All the firm's supplies were received by sloop from New York, and distributed through western New England and the upper counties of this State by teams. In 1841 Mr. Sage married Miss Maria Winne, of Troy. She died in 1867, after Mr. Sage had taken up his residence in this city, and two years later he married Miss Olivia Slocum, of Syracuse, who had been a friend and school-mate of his first wife at Miss Emma Willard's seminary in Troy. Just after his first marriage Mr. Sage began to interest himself in speculative railroad stocks. He had been fascinated with a ride of sixteen miles over the Hudson and Mohawk, running from Albany to Schenectady. The name of this pioneer road was afterward changed to that of the Albany and Schenectady, and interested in it were Thurlow Weed, then editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and Louis Benedict, and a dozen other influential Whig politicians. From that hour Mr. Sage began to imbibe an interest in politics. He had himself elected chairman of the Whig committee for the Rensselaer Congress district, and he kept that place against all comers for twenty-two years. But he still kept his eyes on the railroads then building through central New York. He personally inspected the grading of the Utica and Schenectady, Syracuse and Utica, Rochester, Canandaigua, and Syracuse, and finally the Buffalo and Rochester Railroad, which completed the connections between Albany and Buffalo.

Wealth was rolling in upon him in the grocery business, and his partner, John W. Bates, retired with $150,000, a vast fortune for those days. In the mean time the municipal corporation of Troy had built a railroad between that city and Schenectady, and Mr. Sage, as a member of the Board of Aldermen, was made one of the directors of that road. He was afterward County Treasurer, and when he retired from that post he was elected President of the railroad, and held office when the road was consolidated with the general system between Albany and Troy and Buffalo. At that time, 1852, Mr. Sage was elected a director in the consolidated company, the New York Central. He served six years, and to-day is the only living member of the original Board of Directors. With the grocery business on hand, and while still engaged in these railroad enterprises, he continued prominent in Whig politics in Rensselaer County. By hard work he had secured the nomination for Congress in 1850, but was defeated by the Independent Whigs, known then as the Silver-Grays. Two years later he obtained the nomination again, and was elected. His majority was small. He was re-elected two years afterward by the unprecedented majority of 7000 votes. He had the support of the Know-Nothings, the Hunkers, and the Barn Burners. He carried all before him. He attributes part of his success in this campaign to a stirring speech he made before the Board of Aldermen at just about that time. He is a Presbyterian, and he created a great flutter by appearing before the Aldermen in defence of the rights of a venerable German Roman Catholic priest who had recently come to town to assume charge of that parish. The City Fathers immediately put a tax on the clergyman's property, although none of the Protestant clergymen were similarly burdened. Mr. Sage maintained before the Board of Aldermen that this was unfair, and called upon them to revoke their decision. He was successful, and all the Catholics forgot his Protestantism and voted for him.

He spent a most active life during those days between Washington, New York, and Troy. Standing on the Troy depot platform one day at about that time he first met Mr. Gould. Jay Gould had acquired control of the Rensselaer and Rutland Railroad, and the meeting of the directors to turn it over and make it a part of the present Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's system was to be held in the waiting-room of the depot. Mr. Gould turned $150,000 by that transaction, and Mr. Sage says "he did it without any dress-parade business either."

While in Congress Mr. Sage served with the late Vice-President Thomas A. Hendricks on the Invalids' Pension Committee, which had charge of the Mexican pensions. He served also on the Ways and Means Committee, and he recalls with interest the struggle, lasting five weeks, over the election of a Speaker, and which resulted in the elevation of General N. P. Banks to that place. Every year or so the surviving members of that Congress gather around General Banks, and recount stories of the struggle and General Banks's victory by one vote. With Galusha A. Grow, David A. Wilmot (father of the Wilmot Proviso), Senator Lewis Cass, William L. Marcy (President Pierce's Secretary of State), and Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, Mr. Sage had a friendly acquaintance. With the first Mrs. Sage he lived at Willard's in Washington, and on Saturday nights would run over to New York, a trip that then consumed fourteen hours, to order goods for his grocery business in Troy.

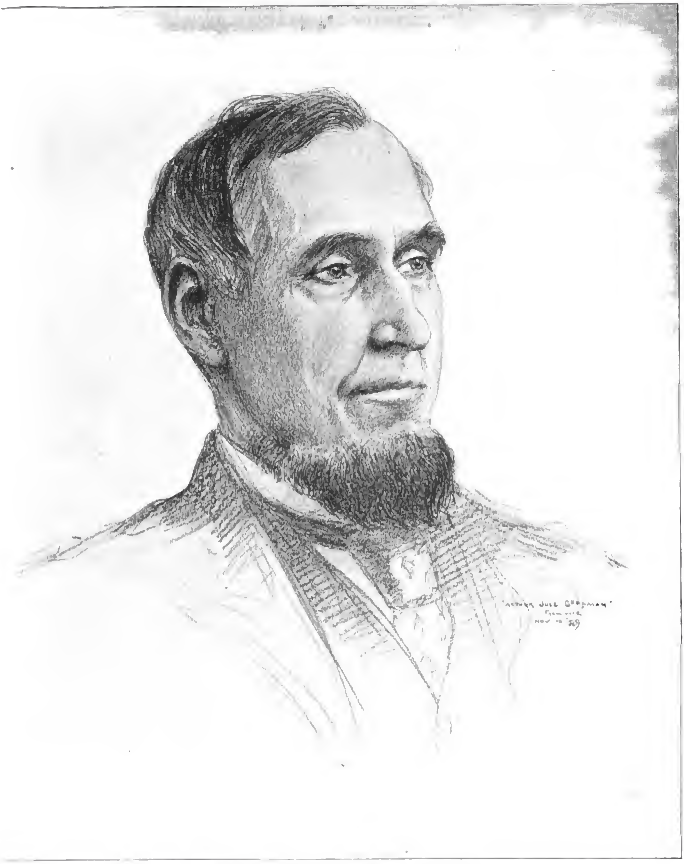
Mr. Sage tells a story which, in his opinion, will convey a comprehensive idea of what a politician, or rather a statesman, ought to be. Just after the close of the Mexican war, when pæans of praise were being sung for General Taylor, popularly called "Old Rough and Ready," Mr. Sage was deputed by the Board of Aldermen of Troy to come to New York with a fellow Alderman and welcome Major-General John E. Wool, a citizen of Troy, on his return from the Mexican war. The saloon of the old North River steam-boat *North America*, in which the committee and General Wool were to return to Troy, was crowded with passengers. At the long dinner table there was a vast congregation, and Mr. Sage's colleague arose and addressed the audience in true spread-eagle style.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he thundered, "we have with us to-day the hero of Buena Vista. He is a child of Troy, and we are bearing him along to where beacons on the mountain-tops and songs in the valley will greet him. The thunders of artillery will tell of his return from glory. Our maidens will strew flowers in his pathway, and the matrons will welcome him as their guardian." There was fifteen minutes more of this, and the orator closed by presenting General Wool. The General received an ovation. He was easily flattered, and the speech had been accepted without a protest from him. He delivered a short address, and was cheered to the echo as "the hero of Buena Vista."

Mr. Sage was then introduced, and knowing full well that General Wool had accepted a compliment which should have been bestowed upon another, he started in to right matters. "I yield to no man or woman here," said he, "in extending the full measure of respect to our friend and neighbor General Wool. But I want to say a few words in behalf of one absent. His fame is known in every corner of this great country. He is a man of action, not words, and I want you all to unite with me in three hearty cheers for old Zach Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista," and Mr. Sage brought down his fist on the table with a crash that shook the glasses and rattled the china. General Wool and Mr. Sage's aldermanic colleague were silent until a great roar went up, and then they too swelled the applause. There were newspaper correspondents aboard of the *North America*, and they spread the proceedings far and near.

This occurred before Mr. Sage went to Washington as Congressman. In the rushing course of events General Taylor was elected to the Presidency, and at the same time William H. Seward became United States Senator. President Taylor did not like Mr. Seward. The Toombs and Stephens element, early in the Taylor régime, poured into the President's ears stories showing that Senator Seward was a rabid abolitionist, and bitterly opposed to the administration. General Taylor had been elected a Whig, though his enemies in the Philadelphia Convention, where he was nominated over Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and General Scott, spoke of him as "an ignorant frontier colonel who had not voted for forty years." General Taylor was a slave-holder, and although Senator Seward was a prominent Whig, he could not get any patronage, and there were complaints from Thurlow Weed and others of his constituents. The President, in fact, nominated to Federal office men opposed to the Seward-Weed faction. It soon became known in Washington that General Taylor had strong inclinations to vanity, especially with regard to his Mexican war record. Thurlow Weed turned up at Mr. Sage's house in Troy one evening and told him he wanted him to go to Philadelphia and see Senator Seward. Mr. Weed had arranged to have Senator Seward meet Mr. Sage there before starting on his journey, and Mr. Weed outlined to Mr. Sage just what the trouble was, and told him that after consulting with Senator Seward, he must go on to Washington and disabuse President Taylor's mind regarding the Senator's attitude toward the administration. Mr. Sage protested that he did not know the President. He knew Reverdy Johnson, the Attorney-General, but that could not help Mr. Seward. Mr. Seward had but two friends in the Cabinet, Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, Postmaster-General, and Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, Secretary of the Interior; but they could not satisfactorily combat the statements of the Toombs-Stephens contingent against Mr. Seward. Mr. Sage met Senator Seward in Philadelphia, and got his instructions. They were simply to the effect that he must go to the President and tell him that he had known Senator Seward, and that any stories to the effect that he was opposed to the President's administration were untrue. Mr. Sage started on his journey, wondering what influence he, a perfect stranger, could have with the President. He thought it a fool's errand. With Reverdy Johnson he went to the White House, and was introduced to the old warrior. He told of his long acquaintance with Senator Seward, and protested that the stories of the Southern faction did his friend great injustice. The President treated him with the utmost affability, and said that he would look into the matter. The following day the nominations of the postmasters and other Federal officials antagonistic to the Seward-Weed combination were withdrawn. Mr. Sage was overjoyed at his success, but was still in the dark. On his return to Troy Mr. Weed explained the cause of Mr. Sage's success. General Taylor read almost every line that was printed about him in the newspapers, and Mr. Weed had learned that he was immensely tickled at Mr. Sage's defence of him as the hero of Buena Vista on the old North River steam-boat. General Taylor, in fact, frequently spoke of Mr. Sage's patriotism in making such a speech. And to-day, if anybody wants to know what a politician or a statesman is, Mr. Sage will refer him to Thurlow Weed, a man who could use the vanities of others to his own advantage.

But on this memorable occasion in Mr. Sage's life it is just possible that General Taylor recalled his course at the Philadelphia Convention. Mr. Sage went to that Convention enthusiastic for Henry Clay. He was supported by twenty-eight delegates from the State, not one of whom was prepared to accept General Taylor as a full-fledged Whig. On the night before the nomination Mr. Sage was invited to meet General Taylor's brother, on that occasion the guest of Josiah Randall, the father of the Hon. Samuel J. Randall. The President's brother, with the aid of Mr. Randall, convinced Mr. Sage that General Taylor was a Whig, and on the following

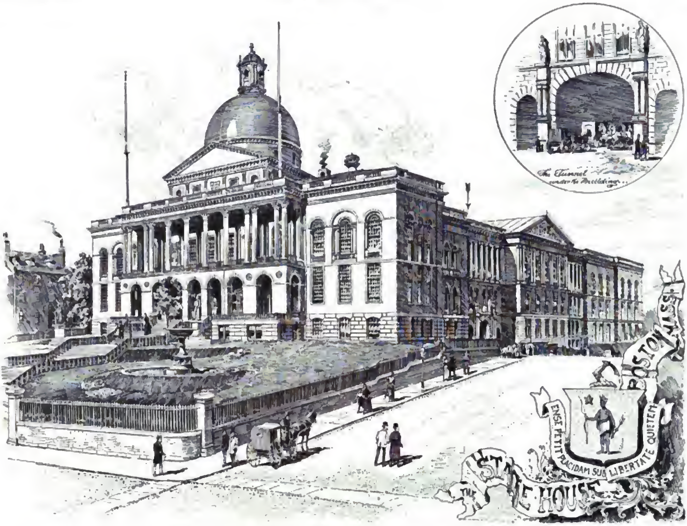


RUSSELL SAGE.—Drawn from Life by Arthur J. Goodman.

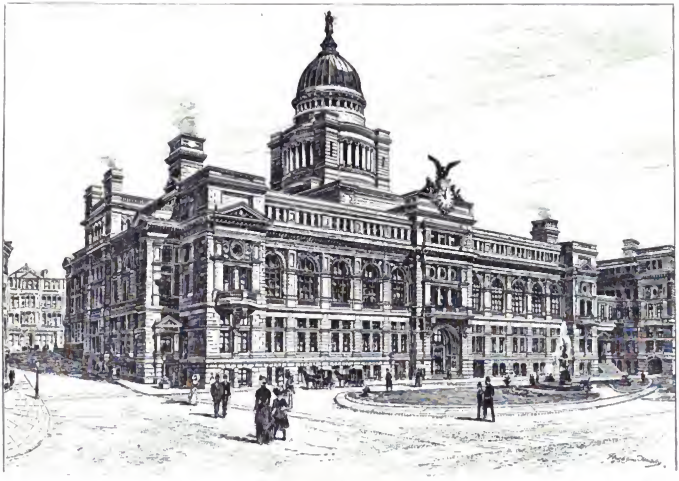
In the Convention Mr. Sage cast the vote of the twenty-t delegates for the old hero.

sides being a delegate to the Convention which nom-d General Taylor, Mr. Russell Sage was also a delegate ie Chicago Convention at which Abraham Lincoln was inated. He was also a delegate to many State conven- in his day. In 1856 he retired from Congress, refusing mination because of the vast strides in his business en-ises, and for seven years he devoted himself exclusively em. He assisted in the reorganization of the old La e road into the Milwaukee and St. Paul, and subse-tly became its President. When Alexander Mitchell in as President, Mr. Sage took the place of Vice-Presi- and retained it for twelve years. When the civil war at its height he retired from the grocery business, and up his residence in New York. He bought the house irty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue for $32,500, and in six months sold it for $55,000, and moved to his present residence, 506 Fifth Avenue. He was interested in the affairs of the Wabash and the Union Pacific, and he and Mr. Gould then began a friendship which has been without a break up to this hour. Mr. Sage's first office in New York was at 25 William Street, where, as Vice-President of the Milwaukee and St. Paul, he remained for a dozen years. He then leased a floor at 78 and 80 Broadway, and sublet an office to Mr. Gould. By that time Mr. Gould had retired as special partner in the firm of Gould, Martin, & Co., and William Belden & Co., and, with Mr. Sage, was intensely interested in the affairs of the Union Pacific. Mr. Sage remained in those quarters for three years, and then removed to 71 Broadway, whither Mr. Gould followed him.

Mr. Sage at his desk looks down into Trinity Church yard upon the graves of Alexander Hamilton, Charlotte Temple, and scores who occupy niches in our Walhalla. In a year or so after taking that historic head-quarters, Mr. Gould moved up into the Western Union Building, and so he and Mr. Sage parted, as far as their offices were concerned, but the latter would count the day lost if he did not spend an hour with Mr. Gould at the luncheon provided by the directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He and Mr. Gould have pews in the church in Forty-second Street over which the Rev. John R. Paxton presides. Mr. Sage is a great lover of horses; and morning and evening, before and after business, he is seen spinning through the Park. He has never used tobacco in any form; but since the great panic in Wall Street in 1884 he has taken a spoonful of whiskey every night before retiring, and this is the limit of alcoholic stimulant indulged in by him. There are no holidays in this busy man's life. In the warm season he runs down after business to his cottage at Cedarhurst, to return the next morning; but winter and summer he is at his desk every day.


The Tunnel under the Buildings
BOSTON MASS.
THE STATE HOUSE
ENSE PETIT PLACIDAM SUB LIBERTATE QUIETEM

THE STATE-HOUSE, SHOWING THE ENLARGEMENT NOW BEING MADE.—[See Page 242.]



THE NEW COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.—[See Page 247.]

TWO NOTABLE ADDITIONS TO THE PUBLIC ARCHITECTURE OF BOSTON.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.

the same ground. To this store were carted from all incoming ships selected portions of imported merchandise—cases, bales, or other packages—there to be opened and examined by the appraisers for the verification of the invoices. If a merchant imported twenty cases of dry goods, the inspector sent two or three taken at random to the public store for examination, and they were examined by men supposed to have special knowledge. If the contents of these agreed in value and otherwise with the invoices, it was assumed that all were the same, and the whole importation was released upon payment of the duty. It would be dangerous to smuggle goods not on the invoice into any one case of twenty; for as the cases to be examined were taken at random, the chance would always be open against the owner that the inspector might take that case.

In those days there was no improved machinery in use for handling goods. Enormous cases and great bales marked A T S, and with other more or less hieroglyphical signs, were landed from carts upon the small wheeled iron trucks, or moved to under the hoistway, there slung and raised to the second, third, or fourth loft, to the department of one or another examiner. Two men worked at the rope on every floor, and thus eight votes were supposed to be provided for. Perhaps a donkey-engine would have cost less, but it would not have been so useful at the polls. Zastrowski was at first one of the gallant fellows who pulled at the hoistway rope. On each loft were divisions in which cases were wheeled and opened for minute examination by the appraisers. Zastrowski soon shifted to his proper level in one of these places; and, oddly enough, he picked out the place for himself by the process of making himself useful at that point.

He had begun to study the store as soon as he got in. He was the only Pole there, but there were many Germans. He made the acquaintance of these, and went to see them in their several rooms when there was not much work on hand. This happened very often. There was many and many an idle day there, and on one of the lofts the boys used to play hand-ball for half a day at a time. In pushing his investigations into the various departments, Zastrowski found one where the goods examined were of the

the two parts together, replace the contents in its place, and nail up the box with an air of profound depression and discouragement.

Zastrowski began to believe that life was a grand swindle; that the deceptions and delusions of experience so overwhelmed all the delights and satisfactions that the man who would not prefer never to have lived must be an irrational creature. Yet he was prosperous. He had been a year in the store, and half the money he had earned was now in the savings-bank. His boy was so well advanced that the confectioner paid him wages. But his great aim in life seemed to fail. Christmas was not far, and the bonbon trade was lively in the Custom-house. On the 7th of December, St. Clement's Day in the Russian calendar—his name was Clement—he passed his knife once more through a bonbon; but no, not through! something stopped it. He slipped his knife along that something, and felt the quality of it, and grew pale. He was paralyzed for a few minutes, but his courage rallied. He nailed up the case without that box in it. The box was about the size of an ordinary octavo volume. He put it inside his overcoat, and carried it out of the store with him that night.

Zastrowski and his boy lived together in two rooms in an old house in Fourth Street, east of the Bowery. It had formerly been a fine house, but had fallen into the decay and degradation of tenement-house life. He was entirely himself when he got home. Paul was there. Zastrowski kissed him, and told him without emotion that this was the greatest day of their lives. The boy seemed to understand him. Then he hid the box in a cupboard, and they went out to supper. They ate and behaved themselves in all respects as usual, taking care not to vary in the least degree the regular routine of their lives. They then returned to their rooms, and Zastrowski, taking a book from a shelf, read a prayer in his native tongue. Next he carefully shut all the windows and the doors, spread a clean cloth over the table, and opened the box of bonbons. With one deft stroke of that thin knife and a peculiar twist of the blade in his hand, Zastrowski split a bonbon, and opened it, as you might a peach, without any injury to the outside edges of the chocolate. In the bonbon was a diamond, a diamond the size of the kernel of

agitation and a terrible experience. It was a very prosperous house. They sold fancy goods in Maiden Lane and diamonds in a little office in John Street. They had made an immense amount of money in a very little while by introducing fancy articles hitherto little known in this country, but what was less known than their goods was the fact that they had been for several years importing diamonds and not paying any duty. The money thus gained was alone enough to make them rich, and they had never lost a stone. Such good fortune could not last, and recent shipments of diamonds of which they had been notified had failed to arrive. In these diamonds were invested nearly all the capital of the firm. If they were lost, the firm was ruined. The diamonds were to be in three separate cases, hidden in chocolate bonbons, the boxes of which were to be indicated by peculiar secret marks. The cases had been opened at their own place, in the presence of the brothers, and the marked boxes taken into their private office. They had opened the first box, and to their amazement found no diamonds. Ready to believe there was some mistake in the marks, they had opened every box of bonbons in the case, and found not a single diamond. Eager to seize upon any explanation that gave a hopeful interpretation of this apparently terrible fact, they had concluded that some good reason had prevented the shipment of the diamonds in this case, and that all would be in the next. But it proved that none were in the next, nor in the third. Had they been robbed? or had their cousin in Paris, warned of some danger, failed to send the stones? If he had, they would hear from him soon; and in the mean time they wrote in the most feeling terms about the alarm he had caused them. As the Atlantic cable did not exist then, and even the ocean greyhounds had not been imagined, they had to wait through many days of painful wonder and apprehension.

During these days of waiting the younger brother went over the bonbons again very carefully, and made the discovery that in the properly marked boxes, where the diamonds should have been, every bonbon had been cut open and put together again. He also believed that in the creamy contents of the bonbons there were two different mixtures,

should know who had the diamonds.

He returned to the jeweller to whom he had sold the four small rose-diamonds, and sold him four more of the same quality, size, and cut. The jeweller bought them; and then as Zastrowski went out he put his shop in charge of another person, and followed the vender to his home in Fourth Street, found that he lived there, and in what part of the house. All this he communicated to the younger Schlossenstein. He in turn watched the house until he identified Zastrowski from the jeweller's description, and followed him early one morning to the public store. He then began to perceive how the robbery had been possible.

He related all this to his brother, and his description of Zastrowski deeply interested the brother, who wanted to see this man. The brother placed him where they could see their foe as he passed in the street unseen by him.

The elder brother, when he saw him, only said, "Zastrowski!" He knew him.

IV.

Zastrowski had two boys, and his love for them was the whole of his life. His elder boy was now in an Austrian prison, condemned as a convict for a term of years, and for this awful calamity Zastrowski held the elder Schlossenstein responsible. His boy had been in the service of Schlossenstein, and Schlossenstein had cheated the Custom-house in Austria somewhat as he had done in the United States. But he had been caught and hunted up. He had, however, so ingeniously contrived the invoices and other papers that young Zastrowski had appeared to be the importer, and therefore the culpable party; and as courts enforce the law and not abstract justice, it turned out that the really innocent boy had gone to prison for the crime of his employer. Schlossenstein had the profit of the roguery, and young Zastrowski paid the penalty. But the case laid up a terrible score against Schlossenstein in the fierce and revengeful nature of old Zastrowski.

His boy had, however, been deeply enough involved in Schlossenstein's schemes to know all about them, and when he was in prison he told all this to his father. He told him all about the plan of putting diamonds in bonbons, told him the secret marks that answer was that if they could do that, so also could he—with the same diamonds.

Then they began to fear that he would slip away on that errand before they could accomplish anything, and that the diamonds would go with him. As they left him late that night there was murder in the mind of the elder Schlossenstein, and he spoke it to his brother; but the brother, who had now for the first time heard the whole story of Zastrowski's son, did not sympathize with the thought, and he said: "This man is perhaps the only living person who knows where the diamonds are. He can be easily killed, but to kill him would destroy the clew to the diamonds."

V.

Several weeks passed and no progress was made, but the Schlossensteins kept a watch upon Zastrowski, who went regularly every day to his labor. The man they employed in this service having observed that Zastrowski and the boy were away every day all day long, proposed to get in and try and find in their rooms some trace of the property, not knowing himself just what property it was, for they did not trust him. But the proposition seemed a good one, and was acted upon; and this man got false keys, and the three spent two hours in the rooms one day, and ransacked them from top to bottom, but found nothing. They did not even find the diamonds that were not in the wall, for Zastrowski carried them with him. This failure gave to the elder Schlossenstein the notion that Zastrowski carried all the diamonds with him, and revived in his thoughts the idea of murder; but the younger brother restrained all these thoughts. He was in fact in control, because the awful loss had in some degree disturbed the reason of the elder brother. Even the younger, however, thought much on the fact of Zastrowski having, perhaps, all that treasure on his person.

An important consequence of the visit to Zastrowski's rooms was that Zastrowski got acquainted with the detective who was watching him, for some of the occupants of neighboring rooms who had seen the detective on that occasion, and subsequently saw him on the street, pointed him out to Zastrowski, and as it was part of the detective's scheme to get in with his subject and pump him, they easily came together, and got on very good terms. But the advantage of this move was with Zastrowski, for he understood the detective, and the detective did not understand him; and the detective, moreover, did not know that Zastrowski knew him. The pumping process was a great success, for one day Zastrowski asked the detective if he knew anything about diamonds. Naturally the detective knew all about them. If there was a subject in the world with which he was thoroughly acquainted, it was diamonds. Could he sell some diamonds for Zastrowski? He could and would.

At this time Zastrowski was giving a great deal of attention to the movements of steamships, and to the times and hours of their departures; but he did not mention this to his new friend. He met him the next night in a handy beer shop, and put into his hand five little rose diamonds just like those he had sold to the jeweller. The next night the detective reported to him that he had sold them for $40 a piece, and wanted to know if he had any more. Zastrowski told him he could get plenty more. Thereupon the detective paid him $200, and Zastrowski was happy because he knew that the detective had by this transaction pocketed at least $200, and hoped to keep up the game. He wanted to put more diamonds into the detective's hand the next night, but late at night. The man was willing, but mentioned that it would be more convenient to him in the daytime. He had business in that part of the town all day, and had a side partner who came in the night, so that he did not want to be seen around there at night. This satisfied Zastrowski that he had made the sale on his own account, and had not taken the diamonds to the Schlossensteins, and was afraid that the man who watched at night would find him out.

So it was arranged that he should meet Zastrowski the next day but one in the street at seven in the morning as Zastrowski went to the public store, and give him ten diamonds of the same kind to sell at the same price. There were plenty, but he could not get more than ten at a time.

Zastrowski was very busy that morning. He took all the diamonds out of the beam as early as five o'clock, sewed them in a bag, and put the bag in his boy's pocket. Then they had their coffee as usual, and were ready to go out at the usual time; but there was a little change in the programme. The boy was to go to a certain corner and wait for his father. If his father did not come in an hour, he was to go to his shop, and in the yard behind the shop bury that bag somewhere in the ground, for that back yard was an old fashioned garden.

Zastrowski met the detective that morning in the Bowery, gave him the diamonds, and agreed to meet him and get the money that night in the same beer shop. The detective got on a Fourth Avenue car and rode away down town; and Zastrowski followed in the same direction until he was thirsty and stopped to have a glass of beer. Out of the beer shop he went on another street, and joined his boy at the corner agreed upon. Thence they went to Thirtieth Street, took tickets for Montreal, and three days later were safe on a Quebec steamer going down the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Zastrowski sold his diamonds in Paris, and was a very rich man. His first act thereafter was to fee a good lawyer in Vienna, who found in the case against Basil Zastrowski no end of flaws, and who consequently soon obtained the liberation of that young man. In about a year the diamond finder purchased for himself the title of baron, dropped the name of Zastrowski, and when I saw him in Paris seven years since, he was pointed out as a man of financial genius, who had gone to America poor, and made an enormous fortune in little more than a year.

BLOODROOT.

Flaky white or faintly tinted lavender,
With leaflets rich in shining orange veins,
Beside the pasture wall you shyly lift
Your fragile petals in the scented air.

When Martius blows his trumpet loud and shrill
You dot the rippling grasses daintily,
And smile through April's tears, and disappear
Only when May has flowered all the land.

Sweet fate to live a perfect rounded life,
Like the pale bloodroot by the crannied wall,
All in a green and gold companionship,
Knowing no season but the shy spring!

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE NEW BOSTON COURT-HOUSE.

Among the many public improvements going forward in Boston under the auspices of the State, county, and municipal authorities, one of the most important is the new Court-house, now approaching completion. This edifice is intended to replace the gloomy granite structure in Court Square, which, since the year 1836, has served the various purposes of a seat of justice of Suffolk County. In its natural features the site of the new Court-house is admirably chosen. The ground slopes from its base on three sides, and upon the fourth a gentle ascent leads to the State-house, which, two blocks away, crowns Beacon Hill. The new building stands upon the easterly slope of the hill; two of its sides are bounded by Pemberton Square, a third by Somerset Street, and the rear of the building ends far down the slope to the north, where it abuts against a block of dwelling-houses upon Somerset Street. The material used in construction is granite from quarries in Maine and Massachusetts, except that a portion of the rear building, fronting on Somerset Street, comprising the part that is to be occupied by the city prison and criminal courts, is of faced brick trimmed with granite.

The new structure is massive but symmetrical in its proportions. The style of architecture is of the German renaissance. This mode of planning buildings that are to cover large areas is new in America. It originated about a hundred years ago in Europe, and is steadily increasing in favor, it being the style of the Palace of Justice in Paris, and of the more recently constructed buildings in Vienna and Brussels. The Hôtel de Ville, Paris, which was begun in 1770 and completed in 1858, is the first conspicuous example of the court-yard system of construction in Europe. Destroyed by the Commune in 1871, it was rebuilt on the same model, it being insisted upon by the French authorities that the original design be maintained as nearly as possible. The characteristic feature of this school of architecture is the succession of central courts, which admit abundance of light and ventilation to every part of the largest structure. In the building here described as being in the process of erection in Boston, four great courts, with an aggregate area of 14,632 feet, are required to fulfil this purpose. The area covered by the court building, including the inner open areas for light and air, is 79,988 feet. The outside open area, exclusive of the adjacent street and square, is 5750 feet—making the total area of the site 85,738 feet. The building proper is 85 feet in height, and the top of the dome is 250 feet above Pemberton Square. The length of the edifice is 450 feet, and its greatest width 190 feet. The construction of this Court-house was begun under the authority of an act of the Legislature passed in 1885, the work being placed under the direction of a board of three Commissioners, Messrs. Solomon B. Stebbins, Thomas J. Whidden, and Godfrey Morse, appointed by the Mayor of Boston. A competition was entered into among the architects of the county, and about thirty responded. The examination of the plans submitted resulted in the selection of the designs prepared by Mr. George A. Clough, an architect of Boston, under whose direction the building is now being erected.

The corner-stone was laid on June 6th, 1887, and the probable time of the completion of the edifice is 1892. Its total estimated cost is $2,500,000. The building contains most ample and convenient accommodations for the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth, of the Superior Civil Court and Criminal Court, of the Municipal Criminal and Civil Courts, of the Probate Court and Registry, and of the Juvenile Court and Inquests. The sheriff's and similar offices are located on the ground-floor, adjacent to the main entrance. All entrances for judges and jury are in the rear of the building.

RECENT ENGLISH CAUSES CÉLÈBRES.

Mr. Montagu Williams as a criminal lawyer has a reputation not limited to England. Those peculiar cases known as *causes célèbres* attract universal attention, and as the name of Mr. Montagu Williams has been so often attached to them as representing the defence, the ways of the English criminal lawyer have been fairly well understood.

Starting with the well known axiom that every man is innocent until proven guilty, Mr. Montagu Williams, in his *Leaves of a Life*, shows what are the methods by which "an intelligent jury" may be made by dint of talk to see sometimes what is really black as white, or if not white, gray, and so the dark cloud of suspicion having been removed, a halo of light (more or less theatrically obtained) may be cast on the man arraigned at the bar. There can be no question that errors are sometimes committed—man is but fallible—but still in the careful reading of Mr. Montagu Williams's experiences—and he states that "he has defended more prisoners than any living man," his practice extending from 1862 to 1886—we do not find a single case of a grave character, where the life of an individual being at stake, there had been miscarriage of justice. English courts are chary of exercising their dread powers. If there is the least uncertainty, the man charged with capital crime does not suffer death. If imprisonment be a mitigation of punishment, he has the milder sentence of confinement for life. Differing from us in one respect, our ideas of mercy being quite as keen as those of Englishmen, the pardoning power is more curtailed in England. Another point in favor of the general English public is the absence of that false sympathy which makes an idol of a convicted murderer.

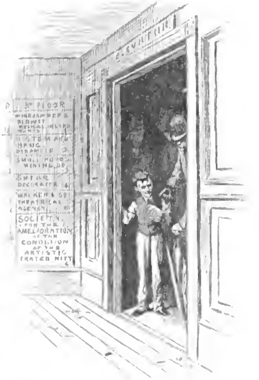
Mr. Montagu Williams seems to have had many advantages on his father's side; he came from a family who followed the bar. Having been well educated, recalling in his book his school life at Eton, at the beginning of his career he entered a militia regiment, and in time obtained a regular appointment in the army at the close of the Crimean war. Leaving the service, he became an actor, having, when in garrison towns, tried theatricals as an amateur. He mentions engagements at Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. While on the boards he married Miss Keeley, the daughter of a well-known actor. Finding difficulty in making a living, Mr. Williams then took to writing farces, made a translation of a French play, and was moderately successful. He also tried his hand at periodical literature. These diversities of calling were useful to the future criminal lawyer. He became intimate with many rising men in art and journalism, and the cultivation of his theatrical tastes gave him that power of elocution which becomes of no small service at the bar.

With sharpened wits, having tried a good many things, it was at his father-in-law's suggestion that Mr. Williams sought Sergeant Parry for advice, and became a law pupil. Perhaps without that mental power necessary to master the profounder problems of jurisprudence, Mr. Williams's natural inclination went toward criminal business. He tells us that in lieu of "poring over pleas and dry opinions," it was his habit to repair "to the Central Criminal Court, otherwise known as Old Bailey," where he would sit listening intently to the trials. In 1862, the future Q.C.'s time of apprenticeship being up, he hung about the courts, doing nothing for a session or two. His first case was to defend a man for horse stealing; and Mr. Williams tells of his stage-fright and how confused he was, so much so that when the case was concluded he hurried home to his wife and said: "My dear, I shall never go to court again. I've mistaken my profession. I must try something else." But it was not long before he found his way back to the Old Bailey.

The first important business was his defence of Catherine Wilson, charged with administering an ounce of sulphuric acid to Sarah Cornell. Catherine was a second Brinvilliers. Her occupation being that of a nurse, it was her habit to wheedle her patients into making her some legacy, and then to poison them. The evidence that Catherine Wilson did administer sulphuric acid to Sarah Cornell was absolute. The bed-clothes had holes burnt into them by the corrosive liquid. What Mr. Williams was to try and show was that Sarah Cornell died because a slight blunder had been made by the nurse, or if not an error on her part, it was a mistake by the apothecary. The judge, Baron Bramwell, pointed out that the defence was untenable, and the jury (there being no accounting for juries) thought just the opposite, and "not guilty" was the verdict, and then, perhaps, Mr. Williams's reputation was made. Was the prisoner free? Yes, but only for an instant. Before she left the dock she was arrested on another charge of murder—that of Maria Soames. This time it was only an overdose of colchicum that had hastened a patient's departure. It really was hard that the criminal lawyer who had cleared Catherine of poisoning with such a visible substance in its effects as sulphuric acid, should have found any trouble with a much less positive material like colchicum. Mr. Williams of course relied upon the well-known difficulties of detecting a vegetable poison in the blood after a short lapse of time. Maybe the sweet Kate would have gone forth again to try her gentle art of getting away with her patients by means of other drugs, but the judge said this in his summing up: "Gentlemen, if such a state of things were allowed to exist, no person could sit down to a meal in safety." "Think," observes Mr. Montagu Williams, and rather comically—"think of this, too, when the jury were about to take their luncheon!" Then came what was a just decision, a verdict of "guilty," and it is hoped that Catherine suffered the due penalty of her crimes. After the verdict the judge complimented the lawyer on his skill, in the proper professional manner, but added, "if it will be any satisfaction to you, I may tell you that in my opinion you have to-day defended the greatest criminal that ever lived."

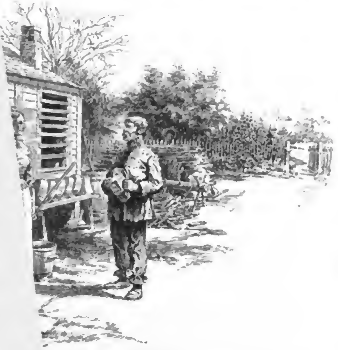
Another case where the peculiar talent of Mr. Montagu Williams was displayed was in his defence of a man accused of murdering a woman who was the landlady of a small wayside inn. The corpse was found in a pool of blood, the head literally severed from the body. The drawers, the cash-box, and the till had been rifled. The terrible part of it was that the accused had received the utmost kindness from the widow when he came to her starving some time before. He had become her manager, and Mr. Williams, with just pride (professional, of course), adds that circumstances pointed to the manager as the author of the outrage. The cleverness of the criminal lawyer was such that he convinced an intelligent jury that the manager was innocent, and the client was acquitted. "That same night, after drinking heavily, he (my client) passed down the High Street of the town, and holding out his right hand, exclaimed, 'My counsel got me off, but this is the hand that did the deed.'" Continues the author: "A man cannot be tried twice for the same offence, and to my perpetual regret this ruffian remained at large."

The author has some amusing stories about


ELEVATOR
1st FLOOR
SOCIETY FOR THE AMELIORATION OF THE CONDITION OF THE ARTISTIC FRATERNITY

AN INTERESTING MOMENT.

CROWD (in elevator). "How soon does this elevator go up, boy?"
ELEVATOR BOY (reading a weekly paper). "Jes' as soon as I find out if the gal who leaped from the cliff was caught by her feller, who stood on the rocks one thousand feet below."



RATED AS A NO. 1.

that horrible-looking man at the gate?"
mine, mum."
's the worst-looking thing I've seen in seventeen years."
y, mum, I'll admit; but between you and me he stands very high in our profession."

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the Percy Mapleton *alias* Lefroy murder, of 1881, is of such recent date as to have been well known in the United States. In the appendix may be found the full text of the address to the jury. Another case in which the author, Williams, figured was the defence of George Henry Lamson. This man, who was a doctor, in order to obtain certain legacies had undoubtedly taken two lives. In the latter case the skill of the lawyer depended on bamboozling the experts, who had to determine the character of the poison. It was evident that Lamson, besides being a toxicologist of merit, was also a prestidigitator of no small skill. He did the business really more cleverly than a Wilkie Collins could have written it. Despite the lawyer's talents both Lefroy and Lamson went to the gallows as they deserved. The Turf Swindles, the case of Madame Rachel—the woman who enamelled other women—the Dobbs murder, and many other criminal suits were managed by Mr. Montagu Williams.

"My collie's name was Rob." That serves as an introduction to the author's own particular dog story. Rob was stolen by a gang known as the "Forty Thieves." Do what he might, the criminal lawyer had to compound with felony, and it cost him twenty pounds to get back his "dawg." When paying over the money, Rob's master modestly remarked that, knowing who he was, he thought it rather too bad of them to steal his dog. Why, we don't know.

"Ah, that's the best of it," said one of the thieves. "Lord, sir! you should have seen how my pal Bill her did laugh. 'Ain't it rather hard,' says I, 'to take the counsellor's dawg?' 'Not a bit, Jim,' says he. 'He's had a good lot out of us, and why shouldn't we get a little out of him?'"

But the criminal lawyer, when he got back Rob, harbored revenge, and his turn came in time. In England the penalty for dog-stealing, even after previous convictions, is eighteen months' hard labor, a dog not being a chattel. One of the "Forty Thieves" stole another dog, and there was a collar on that dog. In court Mr. Montagu Williams recognized at a glance his Shoreditch friend. The proof that the dog was stolen was evident, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty; but that was not all, for the lawyer expressed his intention of trying the prisoner for the theft of the collar; and that, if proven, was felony. To the eighteen months for the dog another twelvemonth was added to the term of confinement, to run consecutively. That sentence staggered the prisoner. "He put his hand up to his head, and looking very hard at me, muttered, as he was hurried off to the cells: 'Thought he'd have me some day. He's made me pay d——d dear at last for those pieces.'"

NATIONAL BANK CURRENCY.

When the national bank system was ought into existence twenty-seven years o, it was regarded chiefly as a means of nishing a steady market for a large amount government bonds. It answered that extation fully. Later, as the market for ernment bonds became larger and more ural, so that a special class of buyers for was no longer needed, the workings of system had approved themselves to the people in all parts of the country, and the number of national banks continued to increase. The uniform value secured for national bank-notes saved money everywhere in the domestic exchanges, and the protection given to depositors by the strict requirements of the law was more and more appreciated. The popularity of the system appears to be still spreading, if not actually increasing, and new applications for charters under the national bank act are received almost daily by the Comptroller of the Currency. The fact that bank circulation has been voluntarily surrendered to a very large extent has not diminished the desire to organize banks under this law, and even in cases where established banks have left the national system to return to State control, the reasons for the change appear to be exceptional and not general. That there are some difficulties to be contended with, felt more in the reserve cities than elsewhere, cannot be denied. The changes in the price of government bonds and the lending value of money account for most of them. Circulation has been surrendered, we are told, because it ceased to be profitable. A more direct statement of the case would be because the advance in price made it profitable to sell the bonds by which the notes were secured.

The large reduction in bank circulation during the past few years has made many people uneasy about the continuance of the national system. Bonds have been reduced rapidly in amount; the Treasury has bought and cancelled, from August 3, 1887, to March 15, 1890, no less than two hundred and sixty-one millions of United States bonds, at a cost of $306,556,991. This evidence of frightful overtaxation has had the effect of alarming some people as to the future basis of national bank-notes; and no wonder, if such a surplus revenue is to be continued. Neglecting, therefore, the probabilities of a reform which shall cut down the revenues to a suitable amount, some observers have devoted considerable thought to devising a plan for the issue of national bank-notes in which government bonds may be greatly economized. Mr. John Jay Knox, formerly Comptroller of the Currency, but now President of the National Bank of the Republic, New York city, is the author of a plan of this kind, which was introduced as a bill in the House of Representatives of January 16, 1890, by Mr. Dorsey, of Nebraska, chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency.

Mr. Knox proposes that the circulation of a national bank, instead of being wholly based upon government bonds, and limited to 90 per cent. of the par value of the bonds, shall be divided as follows, viz.: 35 per cent. of the notes to be secured by bonds, but issued to the par value of the bonds; another 35 per cent. secured either by bonds in the same manner, or by gold coin or bullion, or by silver bullion at its market price, and in either case to the full value; and the remaining 30 per cent. to be secured not by a specific pledge, but by a newly devised Safety Fund.

This Safety Fund is to be started with a donation of a million dollars taken from the existing redemption fund, and to be increased by the duty now levied on national bank-notes, which is 1 per cent. per annum. Judging from the small amount of notes of banks which have hitherto failed, the calculation is offered that this Safety Fund would prove as effective as a deposit of bonds. And with this free portion—30 per cent. of the notes—it is calculated that national banks would find a profit of 1¼ per cent. in taking out circulation on this plan, even with 4 per cent. bonds at 126 as the basis of 35 per cent. of it. The calculation, it may be added, is considered by some bankers as too favorable in underestimating the expenses.

The metallic reserve, permitted in this scheme for 35 per cent. of the circulation, is evidently expected to be silver bullion at market price, and provision is made for the case of a decline in price.

The scheme, as a whole, would largely reduce the amount of bonds required; at present it takes $10,000 of bonds to secure $9000 bank-notes, where $3150 of bonds would meet the requirements of the scheme, supplemented by $3150 in metal, and $2700 of Safety Fund. But it is doubtful if the people are ready to exchange the present simple rule—notes secured by bonds with good margin—for so complicated a system. It would take some time to persuade them of the equal merits of the Safety Fund. They would object, and properly, to the deposit of gold as security; all the gold available is wanted, under our system, as reserve against deposits. But the proposal to utilize silver in this manner will probably satisfy no one. Certainly it will be regarded by the so-called "silver men" as a device to head them off; while people who are afraid of the steady increase of silver coinage will be likely to prefer Mr. Windom's more adequate and direct plans for meeting the silver problem. Ingenious as the whole scheme is, and plausible if a new system had to be built up from the foundations, if a bank currency had yet to be created, it still seems academic rather than practical. The reduction in national bank circulation, large as it is, has been unfelt; the silver notes have more than filled the gap. The only money whose withdrawal hurts us is the money of full legal tender locked up in the Treasury to redeem surrendered bank-notes, now amounting to $68,000,000. This is the money that is painfully needed; there is plenty of money which is not of legal tender afloat at the present time. And there seems to be better grounds now for expecting a good supply of bonds on which to base circulation than for some years past. A reduction in the revenue is now probable, with resulting diminution in the Treasury purchases of bonds. The 4½ per cents. mature next year, and it is to be supposed that part of them will be renewed at a lower rate. The 4 per cents. will be cheaper if the Treasury cannot buy them freely; they are already 3 per cent. lower than they were in January. And even if things remained as they are, in respect of the price and supply of bonds, the people would probably prefer the security they are accustomed to, though they might be persuaded to allow the issue of notes to the par value of the bonds and to take off the unnecessary tax of 1 per cent. per annum on bank circulation.

Henry J. Macdonald.

New York, *Thursday evening, March 20, 1890.*

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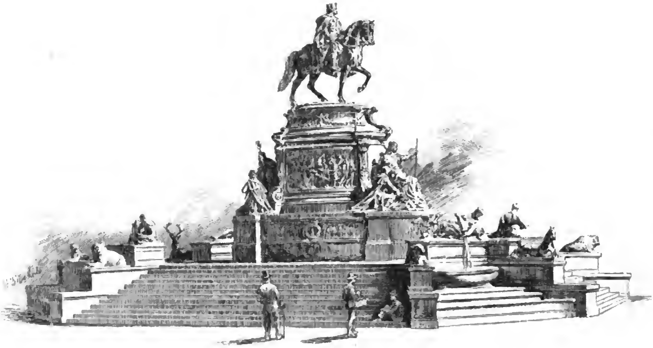


THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT THE GREEN STREET ENTRANCE TO FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

THREE NOTABLE MONUMENTS.

AN ORNAMENT OF FAIRMOUNT PARK

THE Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati decided many years ago to erect a monument to the Father of his Country. A fund was raised and trustees appointed, of whom Mr. Richard Dale is chairman, and the commission was awarded to Professor Leopold Rudolf Siemering, of Germany. As far back as 1879 there was dissension in the society concerning the place where it was to stand, some persons advocating Washington, D.C., others New York city; but meantime the fund increased, and now the monument is certainly destined for Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. It will occupy the chief place of honor at the Green Street entrance to the Park; a width of 200 feet will be guaranteed for its proper setting off, with 80 feet clear on each side of the monument, and the Park Commissioners have promised to expend $20 000 on the embellishing of the surroundings.

Professor Siemering has at last finished the monument, which consists of a large equestrian Washington, in bronze, on an elevated pedestal, two bronze groups of three or more figures against that central body, bass reliefs on two sides, four recumbent figures on low pedestals upon the platform, and eight large animals couchant on projections level with the platform between the eight stairways of approach. About a score of figures, therefore, decorate this grandiose memorial to George Washington. As a whole, it will surpass in elaborateness and in cost any memorial, other than a building, which Philadelphia can show. The citizens will no longer approach their pleasure-ground by a mean entrance, but along a wide avenue graced by portals and by this monument, whose cost alone will doubtless stand for much in the estimate made of it. The sum of $400,000 is said to have been paid for Siemering's Washington.

That sculptor is hardly known in America, but he has had a career in Germany. Born at Königsberg in 1835, he studied in Berlin with Bläser, and in 1860 made a mark with a statue of Penelope. He executed the seated marble statue of King William in the Berlin Stock Exchange and the War Monument at Leipsic. He began with portraits in relief, and has made his best mark in that line, particularly through reliefs shown in 1871, when the people of Berlin welcomed the return of victorious armies; reliefs that represent the popular uprising in favor of the war the year before. For Cassel he made, in 1878, groups in bronze of soldiers going to and returning from the war, and for Marienburg, in 1877, a monument to Frederick the Great, with Frederick on horseback, and four subordinate warriors about the pedestal. In 1872 he took the second prize for a Soldiers' Monument in Hamburg, and competed for the Goethe Monument in Berlin. That city has a memorial by Siemering, to commemorate the oculist Gräfe, in the grounds of one of the hospitals, which is said to have some originality. It is evident that the professor does not belong to those prophets who lack honor in their own country.

Approaching the Washington monument, one notes at first the equestrian statue dominating the whole. The horse is much the same in movement as that of H. K. Brown's Washington in Union Square, New York. The rider wears a three cornered hat and an ample military cloak, which adds picturesqueness and mass to the figure. He reins the horse's head in pretty sharply, and looks away with the gesture of the head of a commander surveying troops on the march to positions. Next one sees the animals lying down as guards of the eight stairways. They include the grizzly bear, panther, American stag, buffalo, horse, ox, and so forth. The four recumbent figures, male and female, come next. They occupy a higher plane than the animals, being raised above the platform's level by low couches which act as pedestals, and their office is to preside over broad basins at the top of the small stairways into which they empty water. Thus the idea of a fountain is introduced into the lower tier of the monument. A nearer view opens up the bronze groups at the narrow sides of the oblong square pedestal for the equestrian statue. They are symbolical groups referring to America and the struggle for liberty. Ascending the broadest stairs on the sides of the monument, the wider sides of the pedestal contain reliefs giving incidents of the Revolution, while the plinth spaces, which have wreaths in their centres, carry inscriptions. The corners of the pedestal are cut off, and these, together with the cornices and the spaces that narrow upward to the roof on which the horse stands, are enriched with mouldings and decorative work of various kinds.

Professor Siemering has been a long while at work on this monument, at least eight years, and probably much longer than that, if one counts back to the original sketch which gained the approval of the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati—a society which, when formed after the Revolution, aroused a good deal of unfavorable comment, because the Americans of that day suspected that it might grow into an aristocratic body, which would renew distinctions of rank, and some day exert an influence prejudicial to government by the people, has proved in time anything but a foe to republican ideas. After the rebellion it was imitated by the Legion of Honor, which so far has not done great harm. Philadelphia is peculiarly a city where a certain reverence for birth and family has lingered, and it is fit enough that the local branch of the Cincinnati should honor Washington in this way, for the society was formed largely to support the first President, and its members are, or are meant to be, descendants of those who fought under him for liberty. And though Philadelphia contained a body of ill-wishers to the United States even larger than New York, it must never be forgotten what sacrifices were made by many of her citizens in the cause of the people. The Sons of St. Patrick helped Washington over many a hard bit of road financially, just as the poorer Irish, entering by Philadelphia in that period, embarked their lives gladly in the armies of the republic.

A German sculptor, and particularly one who lives in Berlin, can hardly be expected to design a monument to Washington which shall express what Americans think of and feel for him. The Washington of Fairmount Park is not the severe and noble Washington of Union Square; neither is it the admirable expression of personality we find in Houdon's standing portrait in the rotunda of the State-house at Richmond. But considering his difficulties, Professor Siemering has done well. He has made an ornate and imposing structure, with a profusion of bronze decorative statues and reliefs, such as the Teuton loves to contemplate, between sips of beer, from his seat in a restaurant. Horse and rider are ample if not majestic, and the eye follows from one of the lower pieces to another with a certain curiosity. Fastidious people may become a little bored with the tame wild animals, whose connection with the monument is somewhat strained—somewhat difficult to understand. Probably they indicate a desire to get something American into the monument. But in the long run one wishes them somewhere else, just as one feels pain at sight of too many iron dogs and stags about the villa of a successful merchant. There is, however, every reason to suppose that the gentlemen who selected Professor Siemering's designs represent much more truly the taste of the average Pennsylvanian than do persons who turn up their noses at merchants' villas and their surrounding menageries in metal. There is good honest effort in Professor Siemering's work, and if Heaven has not made him a genius, there are few sculptors in any land who deserve that term. Refuge can always be taken, on the principle that money tells, in the price that has been paid for the Washington Monument. Think of it! Four—hundred—thousand—dollars!

THE EQUESTRIAN LEE FOR RICHMOND.

THE capital of Virginia has the best statue of George Washington in existence, made by Houdon in the last century, and a monument of some degree of merit, representing Washington on horseback, with various generals about him, designed by Thomas Crawford. But it has no monument in public to General Robert E. Lee, who occupies in the affections of the Virginians a place perhaps superior to Washington. Lee is the real hero of the Lost Cause, partly because he was a Virginian, partly because he fought a brave fight, but also for the reason that he had personal qualities which endeared him to civilians and military men in a greater measure than Jefferson Davis and Lee's fellow-generals possessed. These qualities were known and appreciated before the rebellion broke out, and became during the four years' struggle and the dignified and silent after life of the man intensified in Southern hearts to the pitch of hero-worship. Few commanders have deserved better the affection lavished on Robert E. Lee. For secession was not at all to his liking, and he only yielded to the wave of provinciality in his State, though he himself had a wider view of the situation. Whether we are to consider this yielding weak or heroic depends on the point of view. At any rate, the people of his State owe him much for bending to their will when once they had set their hearts on secession, and can hardly do less than erect a memorial to one who made their folly glorious, and became a martyr to their headstrong wills.

An equestrian statue will be raised this spring to General Lee in the city which he defended valiantly and long. Finding few sculptors of eminence in the Southern States, and disliking to ask of a Northern artist an effigy of their old commander, the commission for the statue went to Paris for a sculptor. They chose Marius Jean Antoine Mercié, a comparatively young but by no means obscure artist, who is associated with Monsieur Falguière in the monument to Lafayette, at Washington, D.C., which is to stand opposite the White House, on Lafayette Square. Monsieur Mercié is what they call in France a *méridional*, having been born at Toulouse in 1845. He studied with Geoffroy and Falguière, took a *prix de Rome* in 1868, studied in Italy the sculptors of the Renaissance, and received the Legion of Honor in 1872, with the officer's cross in 1879. His bronze statue of the young David in the Luxembourg Palace collection is often pointed out as his masterpiece. It was shown in 1872. Others call the Muse of Art on Pegasus—"Gloria Victis," 1877—the greatest of his achievements. In 1879 he showed a statue of Arago, the naturalist, full of curious and beautiful detail, and the tomb of the writer Michelet, which has been severely criticised. His seated statue of Monsieur Thiers was unveiled at Saint Germain in 1880. Mercié has given bass-reliefs to the Louvre façade, and executed very excellent statues of animals which vie with those of Mène and Frémiet, if not with the animals of Barye. He is still a young man, and in all probability will come to the United States in order to attend the unveiling of one or both of his monuments for Richmond and Washington.

The horse which Lee bestrides in Mercié's statue has all four feet to the ground, but is in the act of walking slowly. A forefoot is planted in advance, and the hind foot on the same side is about to follow suit, but has not yet entirely quitted the ground. The head is bent a little to one side, and the tail just swings clear of the flanks. The general's dress is simple to severity, a characteristic found among the commanders on both sides, who commonly avoided the trappings and pomp of war. He is girt with a sash, and wears the sword of a commander of cavalry. No epaulets appear, but the coat sleeve bears on the forearm an ornament in broad braid. He holds his hat in the right hand hanging by his side, and the reins in the left. The feet are tipped into the stirrups, and are not perfectly on a line, the right foot being slightly in advance. Calmness and determination are shown in the bearded face. He seems to be reviewing troops, and we may suppose that the moment chosen is that in which he examined the Army of Northern Virginia before pressing onward to his fate at Gettysburg.

It is unfortunate that a foreigner should be the one who designs the statue of a popular idol, but if foreigner it must be, then Mercié is a sculptor well chosen for the task. There is great repose in this statue, but of dulness or heaviness not a trace. The horse is alive, yet has the minimum of liveliess. The figure is posed easily and naturally, without that nip of the knees which horsemen talk about, but do not em- loy when moving slowly, and there is considerable distance etween foot and foot. The riding boots, sash, coat, and auntlets are modelled with ease, like habiliments of every- lay wear, and the horse's mane and tail, and the hair on the ead and beard of the rider are broadly and vigorously reated. The model which Mr. H. D. Nichols has repro- luced in pen and ink was sent by the sculptor from Paris o Richmond. Notes and suggestions were made, and it vas sent back with various clothes, trappings, and appurte- iances of the general for further development. The large nodel was completed and has been cast in bronze; an en- 'oy from the commissioners telegraphed last week from Paris that it was very satisfactory. Great are the prepara- ions for its unveiling. One suggestion is to have the statue auled to its place from the train by hand-power, which is o be supplied by the enthusiastic populace. There will ertainly be a grand reunion of Confederates in Richmond at that time, and the statue of General Lee will be installed with greatest pomp and rejoicings possible.

THE STATUE OF PRESIDENT WOOLSEY.

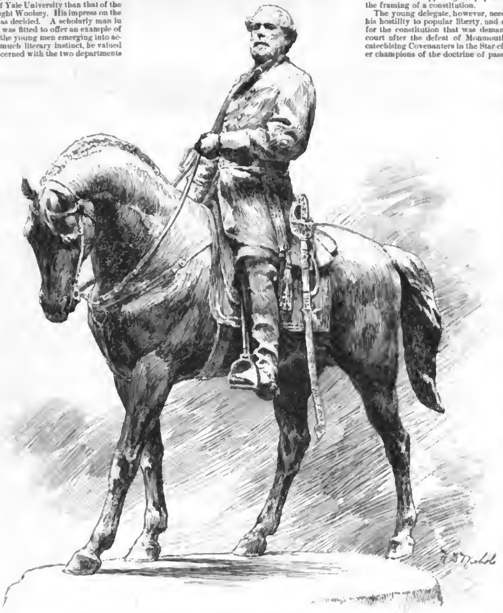
UNLESS it be one of Elihu Yale himself, no statue is more ppropriate to the campus of Yale University than that of the ate President Theodore Dwight Woolsey. His impress on the ollege for half a century was decided. A scholarly man in hought and appearance, he was fitted to offer an example of what a scholar should be to the young men emerging into ac- ive life. Without having much literary instinct, he valued literature, but was more concerned with the two departments wherein he made his nark, theology and he classical studies; and so he kept Yale lose to the traditions of her foundation by ffecting, only with he greatest circum- pection, such changes n the faculty and cur- iculum as appeared necessary. Dr. Wool- ey was, however, by no means wanting in liberality; his training and work merely pre- ented him from em- arking rashly on hanges from the ear- ier methods of in- truction without a horough considera- ion of the ground. President Noah Por- er, who followed him, egan much more im- ortant changes in the urriculum. Perhaps t may be said that he latter had what President Woolsey acked — the outside upport which began o be felt at Yale when the alumni se- ured representation n the councils of the university.

The man who gov- rned Yale for so nany years, and was nstructor from an arly age, deserves the est of monuments. He was a New-Yorker y birth, but a college nan by training, and hat in the best sense. Dr. Woolsey had a ersonal quality that nade him beloved ithout loss of re- pect. He had a vigor f character which ould shine through is eyes when some leed by graceless outhe roused the in- gnation of the just. ale graduates and ndergraduates will xpect a sculptor to o good work if the bject is President Woolsey.

The wood-cut gives fair idea of the tue modelled by rofessor John F. Weir. He is a son of r. Robert Weir, the ainter, is better own as a painter than a sculptor, and has charge of the ale Art School. The campus already possesses one onze statue modelled by him, that of the elder Professor lliman, which stands before Farnum Hall. In that monu- ent Professor Weir was not successful. The elder Silliman s an extremely courtly old gentleman, with a benevolent l handsome face, and the manners of a Chesterfield. But e bronze looks like a Western Senator of a half-century o or a squire from some remote district. A glance at the t will show, however, that Professor Weir has not fallen o error in this case. It is President Woolsey in old age, d in his official gown, leaning forward, with an intent look his firm and well formed countenance which is very char eristic.

This intentness bordered on fierceness, but did not mean 'erity. With one hand lying loose on his lap and the ht hand holding a book partly open on his knee, with s crossed in an easy fashion and the body leaning a little ward, the figure is that of Woolsey the Teacher listening ntly to a recitation. The robe falls in simple and rather d lines. The chair is a plain one with rounded back, de after a Greek pattern. It alludes to the Greek pro- orship which he held for fifteen years, and the series of ek tragedies which he edited for the use of schools. The ort sought was realism, and the object of the sculptor has been very fairly attained. It should be observed that Professor Weir, while realistic, has not been trivially so. The face is modelled in broad masses, and the hair treated without niggling. The pose is natural, easy, and not without dignity, as suited to the simple manners and inbred gentlemanliness of President Woolsey. Yale should be congratulated on a professor who can do good work in sculpture as well as painting, and on the acquisition of a monument worthy of the subject and the university.

The place for this statue is not yet fixed, but it will probably stand in the northern part of the quadrangle not far from Alumni and Durfee halls. There is room for it on the corner of Chapel and College streets, directly in front of Osborn Hall, which acts as a corner entrance to the new system of buildings. These will gradually become more regularly quadrangular as other structures are raised and the old brick row is removed. But that spot would be better fitted for a statue of Elihu Yale. It might be placed directly in front of or behind the Old Chapel to mark its site when that building has to give way with the rest of the old brick row, and also to recall the years when President Woolsey read morning prayers and preached many a fiery sermon there to unregenerate American youth. Wherever it shall stand, the statue will always recall a long life of spare living and high thinking devoted to the good of rising generations and the interests of Yale.



THE MONUMENT TO ROBERT E. LEE TO BE UNVEILED ON MAY 29 AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

BISMARCK AND GERMANY.

I

THE great space which Bismarck has occupied in Germany may be measured to some degree by the conflicting character of the guesses that have been made as to his successor. The public at large, seeing no one statesman ready to carry on the work of the retiring Chancellor, were inclined to conclude that there was but one great German capable of steering the ship of state, and to indulge in some of the despondent reflections that good men entertained when Washington refused to be President a third time. The Father of his Country rightly concluded that a Constitution was not worth having that depended for its vitality upon the existence of any one man; and the German Emperor would be showing little confidence in the fruits of German culture did he despair of his government because one of his ministers saw fit to resign.

Bismarck's early years were spent after the fashion of the Tory country squire of his day, the English counterpart of which we are all familiar with in the pages of Addison's *Spectator*. The German who wishes to designate briefly a man with very little knowledge, but enormous self-conceit; of meagre income, but of vast pretensions; coarse in his manners, yet boastful of his pedigree; a hater of all popular rights, but still more savage against a government that would curtail his—this man, the type of the petty privileged country squire, is by Germans held up to contempt under the title of *Yunker*. In a community of this kind was Bismarck born, in the very year that liberty-loving Germans were sacrificing their all for a dream of united Germany, and raising the troops that were to stain with their blood the battle-grounds of Waterloo and Ligny.

At six years of age—that is, 1821—the little Tory was put to school in Berlin; in 1832 he went to the University; in 1839 he commenced to take a share in farming the paternal acres; and it is only in 1847, when he is thirty-two years of age, that we hear of him as a public character. In this critical year, just before the great popular movement that was to rear barricades in the streets of Berlin, and wring from the King the constitution that had been promised already forty years before, Bismarck came once more to the capital, this time not to play the part of the docile school child, but as a delegate of his fellow country squires, charged with the mission of opposing all popular measures, particularly the framing of a constitution.

The young delegate, however, needed no spur to animate his hostility to popular liberty, and especially his contempt for the constitution that was demanded. Jeffreys holding court after the defeat of Monmouth, or Archbishop Laud catechising Covenanters in the Star-chamber, were no stauncher champions of the doctrine of passive obedience than was the Bismarck of 1847. From his point of view, Heaven was to be thanked for sending the Prussians not only a King to sit on the throne, but above all a large and prolific aristocracy to keep the peasants in order and—fill the governmental posts. Why any loyal Prussian could desire more than his Yunker and his throne, he, for one, could not see, and the idea of introducing such a foreign thing as a constitution was, he thought, not merely opposed to the doctrine of the divine right of kings—it was far more; it was a menace to the more precious right of government by Yunkers.

That the late Chancellor maintained his side vigorously no one can doubt who has heard him in debate, but that he failed to convince the country of the justice of his position is equally true and far more gratifying. However, he succeeded in impressing the government with the important fact that in him they had an ally who was afraid of no one, and was, moreover, endowed with more vigor and acumen than all the rest of the high officials put together. Just such a man was needed; and after employment in many official, particularly diplomatic, capacities, we find him at the age of forty-seven at the head of the Prussian state, the right hand man of the present Emperor's grandfather, William I., in the year of grace 1862. From this time on his movements became of world-wide interest; no one cared any longer what this, that, or the other political group might say or think, but all tried to find out who talked with Bismarck, what the Chancellor said, or at least whether he frowned or smiled.

In Germany at last there was found one man who had not only the knowledge of the statesman, but what was far more needful, the courage to make that knowledge effective. Since the great Frederick no King had come to the throne whose want of courage had not been conspicuous, nor did any of them long keep a Prime Minister who differed from themselves in this respect. Stein might have made Elsass a German province in 1814 had Frederick William III. been possessed of courage enough to follow his advice, but what a weak King failed to do then was gloriously accomplished by his son in 1871, a son whose glory it will ever be to have kept at his side for a full quarter of a century so courageous a servant as Bismarck.

Courage is of different kinds, as we know. The courage that enables one man to fight a battle is not always great enough to sustain him in retreating after defeat. One man dies because he has not the courage to live; his neighbor lives because he is afraid to die. The courage that sustained Washington at Valley Forge was of an order inferior to that which made him at a later day strongly condemn those who sought to make him king. Bismarck's courage manifested itself in a way that would have made cowards of Washington, if not Cromwell.

The Parliament of 1862 insisted upon their right to control expenditure, Bismarck insisted equally upon his desire to have them do as he liked. On their side was right, on his was might; the people's representatives were sent home, and Bismarck raised taxes for his extraordinary military expenditures without the consent of that power which is particularly indicated by the constitution as the one to be consulted, namely, the Lower House.

In the following year the farce of summoning Parliament was repeated with the same result. The people insisted upon their constitutional right. The Prime Minister answered by using his might. They were again sent about their business, and not only for this year and the next, but each succeeding year down to the memorable 1866, when constitutional rules were for the moment forgotten in the universal national intoxication that followed the humiliation of Austria, and the corresponding elevation of Prussia.

At this time came two other factors calculated to reconcile Germans to Bismarck's past political misdeeds. One was an attempt upon his life, which drew to him universal personal sympathy; the other was the creation of the North German Union, with a system of popular representation and a constitution much like that under which the German Empire now works. All but severe moralists had now to confess that though Bismarck had been guilty of such violence to the constitution as would have sent an English minister to the block two hundred years ago, yet they could afford to overlook it. Bismarck had frankly asked forgiveness, they said; he had concluded a war glorious to Prussian arms; had made a peace that placed Prussia at the head of a great homogeneous German Confederacy; had arranged for a free parliament to represent this new Germany; had been attacked by an assassin—in short, if a Prussian ever was to be forgiven, here was a unique opportunity for such an act of grace. And Bismarck was magnanimously forgiven by the people whom he had wronged.

THE STATUE TO EX-PRESIDENT WOOLSEY, OF YALE, TO BE ERECTED WITHIN THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS.
[See Page 266.]

In 1870, as we all know, German troops drove the French before them from the Rhine to within the walls of Paris at such a rapid rate that people in the rear of the armies could scarce believe the despatches, so burdened were they with uninterrupted news of more prisoners, more victories, more progress toward Paris.

In the winter of that year, while German rulers leading the troops of united Germany were for the third time in the century camped about the capital of France, what more natural than the proposition to perpetuate the union that had borne such glorious fruit, and to consecrate this great battle-field by rearing here, the scene of Germany's final struggle, a German union—the German Empire. The late Emperor Frederick warmly urged this union upon the smaller states, and though we have no evidence that Bismarck was the author of the movement, he is justly entitled to the credit of having managed the diplomatic side of the question with extraordinary skill and success. No living man can claim the idea of the German Empire of to-day. It was a burning question in 1814, and the generous heart of Gneisenau nearly broke with grief when he marched his Prussians back from Paris, having failed then to bring about this splendid result. From that day on, the German patriot, whether on the shores of the Baltic or the banks of the Danube, has cherished as his political ideal a German Empire of the future, and this aspiration has never been absent from the song and poetry of the father land. If the realization has been slow, it has been not because the plain people of Germany have not longed for it, but because their interests were in the hands of selfish rulers, who jealously dreaded the ascendency of Prussia.

Bismarck made Germany in the sense that Lincoln freed our slaves. The popular cry was with them both, and they recognized the justice of the call.

Would that Bismarck could stand comparison with our great President in more respects than this!

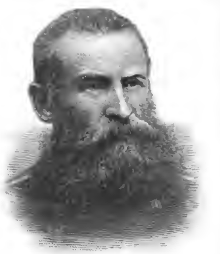
II.

We now come upon the same Bismarck in a new rôle, one so different from that in which he has played before that his best friend might hesitate to pronounce upon the likeness. We have seen him developing from the country Tory to the head of the state. He was the betrayer of his country's liberties for four years; and then, after what passed for genuine repentance, we discover that circumstances of the most opportune kind have caused him to be regarded by all Germans, regardless of party, not only as the savior of his country, but the champion of civil liberty and constitutional privilege. Party lines were for the time obliterated. To be a Prussian was to be Bismarckian, for to be Bismarckian was to be a patriot. The converse was then recognized as equally true, that to be opposed to Bismarck was to be unpatriotic. In these later days honorable and able politicians have disagreed with Bismarck without losing a whit of their right to be called patriots. The late Chancellor, however, has never altered the definition current in 1871 that no patriot can be against him; his enemies, therefore, can only be those of his country. On this theory he has consistently acted, and has not hesitated to emphasize this doctrine by permitting petty persecution against such as have seen fit to vote against his bills.

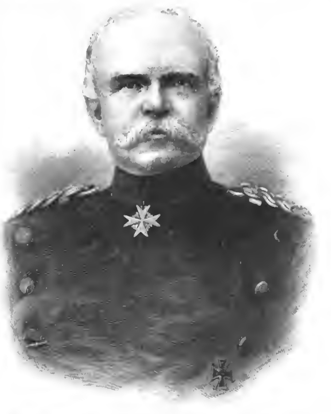
Up to the close of the Franco-Prussian war Bismarck's public life may be said to have occupied itself almost exclusively with managing foreign countries; his personal relations had been principally with government officials and diplomats, when not occupied with his farm servants or peasants. As compared to such men as Cobden, or Lincoln, or Stein even, few men of his position have had such scant intercourse with the people that make up the public opinion of their country. It is difficult in either his conversation or his published writings, voluminous as they are, to meet with any evidence that he understood the people of every day life, or had any sympathy for the manifestation of public sentiment. People he regarded as so many bricks to a house, so many men in a battalion, so many hands on a farm—very good while in their proper place, but absurdities when they began to talk and read the newspapers. His new constitution demanded a semblance of free speech and free press, so he gave it, but the substance he retained. He found means of harassing such public speakers as annoyed him by a timely hint to the local police and officials—a hint that usually proved sufficient. As for the press, he took into his hands the editing of pretty much all those papers that were not hostile to him, and managed to make publishing a very expensive occupation to such as did not like this arrangement.

He is a great man, but his greatness is the product of physical rather than the more subtle force. Denmark displeased him in 1864; he struck her to the ground and crippled her for life. Austria and he disagreed; he forced her into political obscurity. France he has humiliated to a degree she can never forget. So much for outsiders.

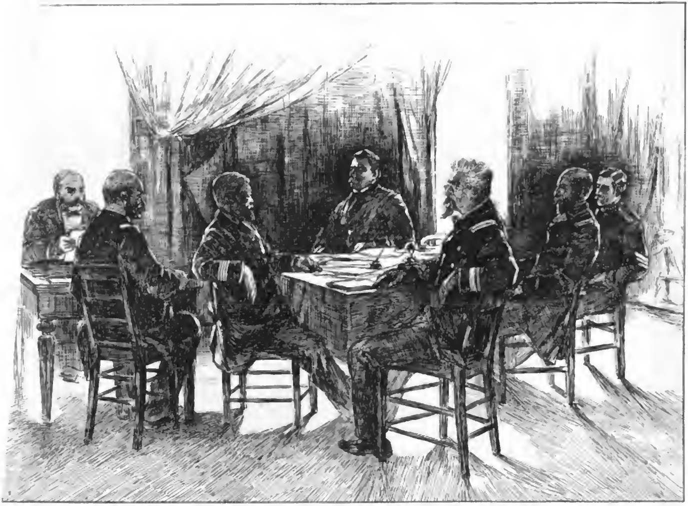
His parliament disagreed with him in 1862; he told them to go home and he would do without them. After the French war he tried to control the Germans who did not agree with him in religious matters by force—and failed. He could turn a parliament out of doors, but he could not carry on a war against things spiritual in the same way. Socialism soon commenced to show itself, and in 1877 he passed a law giving the police extraordinary powers in dealing with people who entertained the doctrines of Lassalle. For twelve years the police vigorously broke up meetings, suppressed papers, and locked up Socialists; each year the country being told by Bismarck that no other means would cure this ill. At last, however, the people can stand it no longer, and the Emperor sees that the club of the policeman is not the proper weapon with which to attack a movement essentially intellectual. Every repressive law of Bismarck has been followed by an enormous increase in the number of Socialists; and we may go a step further, and say that every law that he has passed with the object of fostering domestic industry by protective tariffs has been followed by increased cost of living, increased dissatisfaction amongst the classes he pretends to benefit, and crown-



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, U.S.A.
[See Page 262.]



GENERAL GEORGE LEO VON CAPRIVI, SUCCESSOR OF PRINCE BISMARCK AS CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE, AND PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS OF PRUSSIA.


The Counsel of Commander McCalla.
Lieutenant Perry Garst.
A Witness.
Commander Bowman H. McCalla.
Captain Oscar F. Stanton.
Rear-Admiral Louis A. Kimberly.
Commodore William P. McCann.

THE NAVAL COURT OF INQUIRY IN SESSION AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—Drawn by T. V. Chominski.

g all, a succession of strikes exceeding in magnitude anything before known in modern Germany.

Fortunately for his country the retirement of the great Chancellor takes place at a time when domestic questions other than foreign ones are uppermost, and after a general election demonstrating with great force that the people do not desire a continuance of the Bismarck system. The Socialists have touched the highest point of political power they are likely to attain, unless their importance should be heightened by further persecution. The force that can dissipate Socialism in Germany resides in the liberal party called *Freisinnige*. This party has greatly added to its strength by the last elections, numbering now sixty-nine seats in the Reichstag. This party seeks the prosperity of the country not in state interference, but in the development of individual energy through laws that apply equally to all. Socialism they never cease to combat, not with bludgeons, but with the finer weapons of sarcasm and healthy reasoning. Protection, the twin-brother of Socialism, is equally odious in their eyes, and for this, if for no other reason, the gentlemen of the *Freisinnige* persuasion have enjoyed the particular malevolence of the head of the state. But in the altered condition of parties to-day, particularly if the government cease their crusade against Socialists, we have reason to hope that this little party will accomplish more in curing Socialists of their heresies than has been accomplished in the last twelve years by the great Bismarck.

Poultney Bigelow.

THE LATE GENERAL CROOK.

Major-General George Crook died suddenly in Chicago, Friday morning, March 21st, of heart disease. He had been in enjoyment of perfect health, and was seized without warning while dressing in the morning, and expired almost immediately. He was born near Dayton, Ohio, September 8, 1828. Graduating from the United States Military Academy in 1852, he was stationed for several years in California with the Fourth Infantry. He was actively engaged in the Rouge River and Pitt River expeditions, and at the beginning of the civil war held the rank of Captain. He came East, and assumed the Colonelcy of the Thirty-sixth Ohio Infantry. He was a brigade commander in the West Virginia campaign until 1862, being wounded at Lewisburg, and was afterward engaged in northern Virginia and Maryland, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States army for distinguished service at Antietam. During the subsequent two years General Crook played a prominent part in several of the campaigns, being brevetted Brigadier and Major General in the regular army in 1865. In January, 1866, he was mustered out of the Volunteer service, and received the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-third United States Infantry, being assigned to the district of Boisé, Idaho. Until 1872 he was engaged against the Indians, and having gained a name for himself in that branch of the service, he was sent against the rebellious Indians in the Arizona district, and there achieved signal victories. From that time on he became renowned as a great plains fighter, and gained credit in a number of expeditions which are still fresh in the minds of the public, being no less renowned among the Indians. To the vanquished he was most magnanimous, and earned an enviable reputation in his treatment of the conquered Chiricahuas, although at the time he was subjected to much adverse criticism. In 1888, upon the retirement of General Terry, General Crook was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and was given command of the Department of the Missouri, which he retained until his death.

A NAVAL COURT OF INQUIRY.

Perhaps no naval event of recent years has excited such wide-spread comment as the meeting of the naval court of inquiry ordered by the Secretary to investigate Commander Bowman H. McCalla's administration of affairs on board the United States sloop-of-war *Enterprise*. The charges submitted to the court, which opened with novel ceremonies on the 11th inst., are preferred by eleven complainants, two of them officers, and they relate to alleged acts of cruelty and undue severity in the enforcement of discipline on board the *Enterprise* during her last European cruise. The function of a naval court of inquiry is to investigate all complaints made against an officer, with a view to ascertaining whether they are of sufficient importance to form the basis of formal charges and specifications to be presented before a regular court-martial. At the present stage of the proceedings, which are merely tentative, comment of any sort would be manifestly unfair.

The court meets daily in a room on the third floor of Building No. 7 at the Navy-yard—a modern and commodious structure, whose pleasant piny odor harmonizes well with the sailor-clad figures which for several hours of each day can now be seen quietly flitting about its passages. One is struck at once with the quiet, serious looks of the witnesses as they enter or leave the court-room, as if they, and not their commander, were under investigation. The court-room has a decidedly martial appearance, the walls being completely covered with flags of different nations, while long pennants of red, white, and blue are hung in graceful folds from the four corners of the ceiling to its centre. At a table near the eastern end of the room sit the members of the court—Rear-Admiral Louis A. Kimberly, Commodore W. P. McCann, and Captain Oscar F. Stanton, with Lieutenant Perry Garst as Judge-Advocate—while a table to the left is occupied by Commander McCalla and his counsel, Joseph H. Choate, of New York, and Gustavus Menzies, of Indiana. All the officers are in undress uniform and carry swords, except Commander McCalla and the Judge-Advocate, who are without their swords. As a rule, stenographers are not furnished by the department either to courts of inquiry or courts-martial, unless upon special request, but in this case there were two official stenographers sworn in, whose presence is taken as an earnest that the court intends to do its work thoroughly.

Of the officers composing the court, the president, Admiral Kimberly, is too well known to need detailed notice, his gallantry at Mobile Bay and in other naval engagements being a part of history. He now holds the position of chairman of the Board of Inspection of the navy. Commodore McCann has also a brilliant record, having especially distinguished himself when in command of the steamer *Hunchback* at the battle of Newberne. He is now commandant of the Boston Navy-yard. His recent services as head of the naval committee which proposed the pending extensive additions to our navy are doubtless fresh in the recollections of readers interested in the progress of our navy. Captain Stanton has also had a creditable career. He was present at several engagements during the war, and he was Captain of the United States steam-ship *Tennessee* when Admiral Jouett took the North Atlantic fleet to Colon in 1885, at the outbreak of the rebellion on the Isthmus. He is now at the head of the list of officers of his rank in the navy. Judge-Advocate Garst is connected with the office of the Judge-Advocate-General at Washington. All are mature-looking men with gray hair, and two of them are slightly bald.

Commander McCalla, whose conduct of the cruise is the subject of investigation, has the reputation of being one of the most skilful navigators and capable officers in the navy. He was born in New Jersey, and received his first appointment in November, 1861. He was attached to the Naval Academy from 1861 to 1864, after which he was appointed to the steam-sloop *Susquehanna*, of the Brazil squadron, serving on her for a year. After serving for another year on the steam-sloop *Brooklyn*, the flag-ship of the South Atlantic squadron, he was promoted to master, December, 1866. He served on the steam-sloop *Kearsarge*, of the South Pacific squadron, 1867–8, and was commissioned as lieutenant March 12, 1868. He was attached to the steam-sloop *Tuscarora*, of the same squadron, during 1868–71, and on December 18, 1868, received his commission as lieutenant-commander, being appointed to the *Wabash*, the flag-ship of the European fleet. He was executive officer of the *Wachusett*, a third-rater, of the same fleet, during 1873. From 1875 to 1878 he was attached to the Naval Academy as instructor. Before his appointment to the *Enterprise* as commander, three years ago, he served as assistant to the present Rear-Admiral Walker—now commanding the Squadron of Evolution in European waters—while Walker held the appointment of Chief of the Bureau of Navigation at Washington.

The inquiry is conducted with open doors, and will cover the whole period from October 4, 1887, when the *Enterprise* went into commission, up to the present time, and it will proceed, unless otherwise ordered, until April 15th. Under the system of examination adopted, the officers have been examined by the court first, then the petty officers, and finally the men. On the side of the defendant, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, the commander's senior counsel, caused a sensation during the session of the 13th instant, by conveying the impression that Commander McCalla was the victim of a plot, in which the officers of the Navy Department were aided by officers and men on the *Enterprise* to defame their commander. The main effort of the defence, however, has been to show that the stringent measures used at times on board the *Enterprise* were necessary to inspire proper respect for the officers, and that even the acts of admitted cruelty were justified by extraordinary circumstances.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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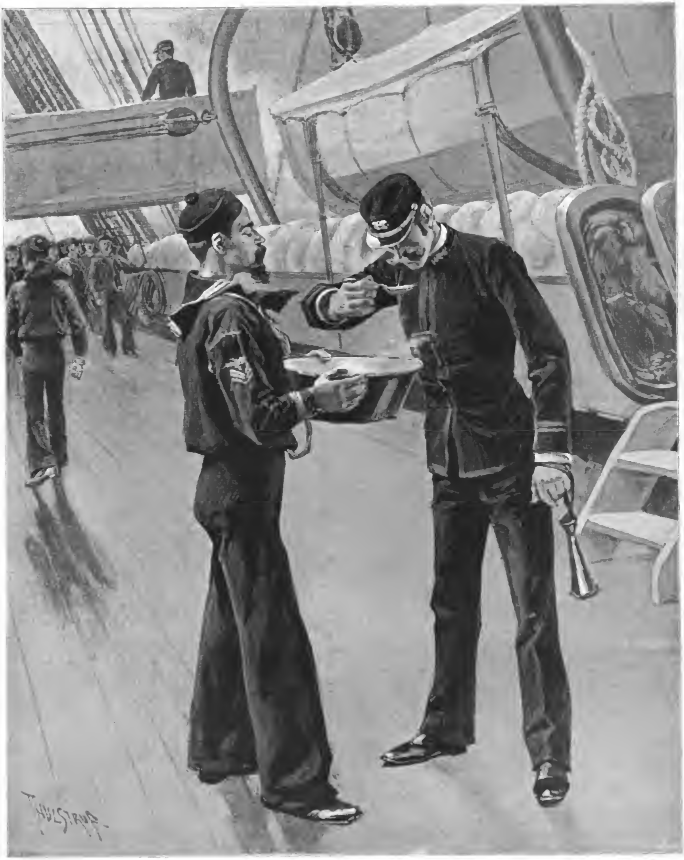

"SEVEN BELLS!—SERVE OUT!"—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 268.]

NEARLY READY

PASTELS IN PROSE.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

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"The literary form known as a Prose Poem is, like the Song thout Words in music, a peculiar modern invention; I believe is even more recent, and it is even more subtle suggestive. . . . do not know the history of the French Poem in Prose, but I am re that, as we may say in our graphic slang, it has come to stay. is a form which other languages must naturalize; and we can ly hope that criticism will carefully guard the process, and see at it is not vulgarized or coarsened in it. The very life of the em is its aerial delicacy, its soul is that perfume of thought, of otion, which these masters here have never suffered to become argument. Its wonderful refinement, which is almost fragility, happily expressed in the notion of 'Pastels'; and more than ce, forgetting that modern invention has found a way of fixing e chalks, I have felt, in going over these little pieces, that the ghtest rudeness of touch might shake the bloom, the color, from em. As it is, I am certain they must be approached with mpathy by whoever would get all their lovely grace, their charm at comes and goes like the light in beautiful eyes."—*From troduction, by W. D. Howells.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16 *will celebrate Easter by a superb* STER NUMBER *in a special cover. Among the contributors* contributors HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, *whose story, "An ster Bridal," has three illustrations by* ALBERT E. STERNER, *d* KATE UPSON CLARK, *with a clever sketch, entitled "Daffodils."* DR. FELIX OSWALD, FRANCES J. DYER, CHRISTINE ERHUNE HERRICK, MARY GAY HUMPHREYS, ROSAMOND LLETTE, *and others, furnish a most attractive table of contents. The art features are unusually brilliant.* JESSIE RTIS SHEPHERD *conveys the Easter idea in a full-page picture, "When the Morning Stars Sang Together." A striking cture, "The Female Vested Choristers at St. Peter's, Brooklyn, New York," with descriptive text, illustrates a new departure in choral service. Fashion hints and models are given in eat variety.*

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No. 1737.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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CONGRESS AND THE ELECTIONS.

THE reception of the LODGE bill by the press and by such members of Congress as have expressed emselves shows fortunately little disposition to uestion its constitutionality. Objection, however, justly made to its general expediency and to some f its details. The unbroken tradition of usage is e regulation of Congressional elections by the tates, except in regard to the time and manner of ecting Senators. This tradition should be disregarded only in extreme cases, where the end can be ained in no other way. The argument for the ODGE bill is that in certain districts a class of citizens re deprived of their votes not by law nor technically y the State, but either by local terrorism or by ingenious election devices which are approved by pub c opinion. The assumption is that the proposed w will remedy this situation, and enable such citi ens to vote freely and without fear. But is this a ct? Are the colored citizens in the districts contemplated so desirous of voting that because of the ind of protection afforded by this law they will defy ose who are now believed to prevent them from oting?

In other words, do they now abstain from voting ecause they are outwitted, or because they are afraid? o they abstain because they cannot read the labels n the boxes, as in South Carolina, or because they now that they are "spotted," and will be made to uffer? The white voters, as a class, are the more intelligent, masterful, and powerful, and they are the roperty owners. They are convinced that negro scendency would be fatal to society itself, and they ay frankly that while they wish to live at peace with e colored people, and will gladly do what they can r their education and cultivation, and do not object their filling small offices, yet they will resist at ll hazards colored control of the State governments, and generally colored representation in Congress, for reasons which, they allege, would lead Northern communities similarly situated to do precisely the same thing. This is their contention, with the justice of which we are not now concerned. Is not this conviction and determination, which is perfectly well known to the colored people, and which occasionally manifests itself in the most unmistakable manner, and not the inability to read, the real reason of the abstention of the colored vote? It is a moral reason. It is the persuasion of the colored voter in certain districts that he will vote at high cost to himself which keeps him at home; and from this original conviction presently arises an indifference to voting an act which, in any case, he comprehends imperfectly. This is the secret of the suppression of the colored vote.

If now five hundred such voters can procure a United States judge and clerk, inspectors and marshals, to manage the election, will those voters, or any considerable number of their race, for the privilege of voting by allowing an inspector to mark their ballots, be willing to take the risk of incurring the hostility of those who now really prevent their voting? This is the practical question. The LODGE bill assumes that they will, and that the sense of protection at the polls will cause such voters to forget that when the polls are closed the protection ends. This we do not believe. Unless Congress can provide protection for the colored citizen all the time, it does not seem to us probable that protection of his vote, only with the certain result, under the circumstances, of deepening the hostility of race, will greatly increase the colored vote, although it will unquestionably increase difficulties and disorders in the communities affected. These difficulties, including voting, are of a kind which by the nature of the case and of our government is not summarily remediable by law and the marshal's posse. The practical suppression of the votes of lawful voters is unquestionably an immense evil. It is an evil for the local community in which it is tolerated as well as a wrong to the whole country, and that truth should be constantly shown. But it is a wrong which can be remedied only by time, by experience, by agitation, and changes of local feeling and opinion, but not by a law of Congress. In this part of the country also the negro as a man and equal citizen is greatly wronged. But the wrongs are of a kind which laws do not and cannot relieve. The LODGE bill is, we believe, constitutional, but should it become a law it will be futile. It subverts a tradition which has almost the sanction of fundamental law, and does not offer in compensation any reasonable prospect of relieving any wrong or removing any difficulty.

THE CITY.

THE result of the FLACK trial was in strict accordance with public expectation based upon the full narratives of the facts which were published last summer. Yet, remembering BARNARD and CARDOZO, every honest citizen cannot but feel how largely the result is due to the presence on the bench of the magistrate whose services to justice and the public welfare have been many and great—Judge BARRETT. One of the shrewdest schemes of the old Tammany ring was to secure control of the bench, which was meant, in turn, to curb the press by committal for contempt when it exposed the corruption of the judiciary. The present Tammany ring lacks both the ability and the audacity of the TWEED conspiracy. But the revelations of the FLACK trial, involving high public officers, including a judge, and the investigations of the Sheriff's office when it was occupied by the present Mayor, show plainly to the citizens of New York the character and purpose of the city government. The poor trick of expulsion of its agents by Tammany when they were caught in the act was as shallow and futile as TWEED's ostentatious planting of flower beds in the parks and distribution of coal to the poor. It was like a thief buying Bibles with a little of the money he has stolen.

It is stated that the present exposures of Tammany are due to the vengeance of the Republican boss PLATT, who, as the report says, has been betrayed in some of his bargains with Tammany. In the same way, the exposure of the TWEED ring was due to quarrels over plunder. When thieves fall out, says the old proverb, honest folk come by their own. It is Mr. PLATT who was recently reported to have remarked that the Republican party sometimes failed to do right for fear of being misunderstood. He has become boss, let us hope, for the purpose of correcting that weakness. If he be really the author of the investigations, his party in the Legislature has unquestionably done right, and there is no misunderstanding of that fact. The sole hope of uniting good citizens to secure proper government in the city lies in showing precisely what the actual government is. That truth is disclosed at present by the history of the FLACK divorce and the revelations of the Sheriff's office. These proceedings all concern the administration of justice, which is the last resort of outraged liberty and the main defence of individual rights. They emphasize the question whether there shall be BOOKSTAVERS or BARRETTS upon the bench.

One guilt sheriff or judge, however, is comparatively a minor matter. The serious question is the system which produces them and other local officers. In the government of the city of New York ordinary party politics have no more proper place than in the management of a life-insurance company. But each of the great parties insists upon making the management of city affairs—laying out streets, lighting them and cleaning them, and all other municipal duties—party questions, and voters vote simply for their party candidates. So long as this system continues, the very large, intelligent, and substantial body of citizens who are especially interested in good government, and who are Republicans, by supporting distinctive party action in city affairs merely secure the worst government possible. The city is now governed by Tammany Hall, as it was twenty years ago. There is less organized and extensive stealing than then, but the system is the same, and the government is equally corrupt, and in the hands of cleverer men than its present bosses Tammany Hall would be as dangerous a public enemy as in TWEED's day. How is this situation to be changed if the ring continues to nominate its tools for the city offices, and decent Democrats vote for them because they are the regular Democratic candidates, and Republicans vote for hopeless candidates of their own? Whenever Republicans cause it to be understood that the great bulk of the Republican vote would be cast against Tammany Hall for any honest Democrat, not as a Democrat, but as an honest man, there would be hope for the city. There is no hope, however, so long as in city elections every voter runs "wid de machine" of his party.

MR. HALLOWELL UPON THE MUGWUMP.

IN a recent address before the Harvard Historical Society Mr. RICHARD P. HALLOWELL described the mugwump as a person of private virtues, intelligence, and culture, but the most dangerous political figure in the community.

> "He is a standing menace to our free institutions, for refined ignorance when it successfully assumes the air and tone of authority is more demoralizing in its influence upon a community than the more obvious and less plausible ignorance of the uneducated classes."

Mr. HALLOWELL proceeds to say that it is when he leaves economical questions and discusses those of political ethics that the ignorance of the mugwump appears most plainly. We read on, expecting to find some proof or illustration of this refined ethical ignorance of men whom Mr. HALLOWELL describes as virtuous, intelligent, and cultivated. But none whatever is offered or suggested. There is nothing but a reiteration of Mr. HALLOWELL's opinion that

> "when he [the mugwump] drops Greek roots and free-trade, and attempts to discuss national questions involving the rights of the colored man, he enters an unfamiliar field only to display his lack of knowledge and proper training."

That is to say, the mugwump differs from Mr. HALLOWELL upon the better method of securing the rights and promoting the welfare of the colored citizen. But how is he more ignorant than Mr. HALLOWELL?

Let us test the wisdom of Mr. HALLOWELL's assertion by a concrete illustration. Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON is, we believe, a not distant neighbor, and perhaps friend, of Mr. HALLOWELL. Colonel HIGGINSON is an admirable personification of the mugwump as described generally by Mr. HALLOWELL, except in the point of the refined ignorance of the intelligent man. In the case of Colonel HIGGINSON it is refined intelligence. Now how do Mr. HIGGINSON's virtues, intelligence, and culture, his old abolition activity, his service with colored soldiers in the field, the evidence furnished by a lifetime of his exceptional interest in the welfare of the colored man, his exceptional knowledge of his condition and needs, and his practical sacrifices for him—how do all these incapacitate him for a sound ethical view of the question of securing the rights of the colored citizen? How does Mr. HIGGINSON's knowledge of political economy make him careless of human rights? Did similar knowledge affect JOHN BRIGHT in that way? Is there, *a priori*, any reason whatever to suppose that Mr. HIGGINSON, because of his general intelligence and high character and accomplishments, his long and faithful devotion to the interests of the colored race, is unfitted "to discuss the negro question" wisely and humanely, or, indeed, that his convictions upon it are likely to be less earnest, his ignorance greater, or his views less sound, patriotic, and humane, than those of Mr. HALLOWELL?

Mr. HALLOWELL merely repeats, undoubtedly in good faith, the current sneers of a poor kind of politician at men who, although they have strong sympathies with a party, love liberty too well to wear a party collar. The private virtues, intelligence, and culture which Mr. HALLOWELL concedes to the mugwump do not exclude sagacity in dealing with public questions, nor confuse the ethical judgment of public measures. It was the conscience and the courage and the tenacity which characterize the mugwamp from which the Republican party sprang, and to these qualities its achievements and renown are due. Mr. HALLOWELL is of radical antislavery lineage, and his views are doubtless as sincere as they are warmly expressed. But of a lineage not less antislavery than his own is Mr. LLOYD MCKIM GARRISON, the president of the society before which Mr. HALLOWELL spoke. Mr. GARRISON, the grandson of the great abolitionist, is of a younger generation than Mr. HALLOWELL, and he speaks for a great multitude of young and earnest men. When he says, in regard to the question discussed by Mr. HALLOWELL,

> "The great reform has got to come from the South. It has all got to be achieved by public opinion. That opinion has got to be formed not by cowardice or apology or defence or denial of any of the rights of man in any part of this country. But there must be no denunciation. Misrepresentations either of men or motives will not help,"

he speaks with as deep feeling and truthfulness as Mr. HALLOWELL, and exposes the folly and futility of meeting strong convictions and earnest patriotism with mingled sneers at education and ethical ignorance.

GOVERNOR HILL AND THE BALLOT REFORM BILL.

GOVERNOR HILL'S proposition to submit the question of the constitutionality of the ballot reform bill to the Court of Appeals was merely an effort to avoid official responsibility. The Legislature, having passed a bill, sends it to the Governor for his action. The duty of the Governor, if he has doubts of its constitutionality, is to consult competent lawyers, and then sign or veto the bill. If under the bill a legal question arises, it will go before the courts. The first Constitution of New York, adopted in 1777, provided for a Council of Revision, composed of the Chancellor, Judges of the Supreme Court, and Governor, which held a negative upon all laws, unless passed by two-thirds of each House of the Legislature. This negative was afterward given to the Governor alone. In Massachusetts the Supreme Court is authorized, upon the request of the Governor or Legislature, to give an opinion upon the constitutionality of proposed laws. There is, however, no such provision in this State, and the Court of Appeals, as such, could hardly properly give such an opinion as Governor HILL suggests.

Last year he stated that in his judgment the bill was unconstitutional. If that be still his opinion he must veto it upon his responsibility. If he now doubts, he must seek the best advice that he can get. But he cannot invoke the courts to do what they are not empowered to do. If the Court of Appeals should give an opinion in this case, it would be extra-judicial—the opinion of men learned in the law—but it would have no official or binding authority. The proposition to submit the question to them is akin to that of submitting to popular ratification a law already enacted, as was suggested in the case of the civil service reform law. That proposition was a trick of the opponents of the law. The Governor's is an attempt to devolve his own responsibility upon others.

It is very significant as showing the Governor's consciousness of the strength of the public conviction, and his desire to find a means of escaping the consequences of the position he has assumed. His course also necessarily suggests doubt of the strength of his former constitutional scepticism. The Governor is undoubtedly clever at the little game of "hole" politics. But that kind of skill is totally ineffectual in dealing with large public questions. When insight, moral courage, and just appreciation of the real forces in public affairs are required—in other words, when statesmanship is necessary—the clever politician is lost. There is not a sagacious political observer in the country who does not see that the Governor's method of seeking the Democratic nomination in 1892 seriously injures the chances of his party with any candidate by identifying it with reaction and obstruction.

GOOD ROADS.

ROADS are among the first signs and necessities of civilization, and as in many parts of the country the condition of the roads has seemed to indicate a tendency of relapse toward barbarism, it is not surprising that the friends of civilization are now manifesting unusual interest in good road-making. The Farmers' Club of the American Institute lately listened to a paper on the subject by Mr. CRANE, of New Jersey. He treated the influence of bad roads upon farm lands, and stated that seventy-five per cent. of the farms in New Jersey were "plastered with mortgages," and that farm land had depreciated within the past ten years from fifty to seventy-five per cent.

The enormous advantages of what is called "protection" to the farmer seem to have been overborne by bad roads. This view was strongly confirmed by Dr. W. R. WARD, one of the commissioners appointed last year to examine the law and operation of the present road system, who said that the great depression of the farming interest in the State is "undoubtedly due to the villanously bad roads of New Jersey."

In New York the recommendation of a system of State roads which should secure a smooth passage across every county in the State, thus connecting all the counties, so that a man could walk or drive from the city of New York to Jamestown, in Chautauqua county, or Potsdam, in St. Lawrence, upon an admirable road, has led to the formation of an association for the improvement of roads in the State, which recently held a meeting at Utica. The late articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY, by Captain GREENE and Mr. PENNELL, upon roads and road-making and European roads, are an exceedingly valuable contribution to the discussion. A wise system would consist both of county and State roads, and the public money could not be more economically spent than for such a system. There is no greater waste than an immense part of the money now locally expended for roads.

THE POST-OFFICES.

MR. CLARKSON, the First Assistant Postmaster-General, who is reported to have said recently,

> "I have changed 31,000 out of 55,000 fourth-class postmasters, and I expect to change 10,000 more before I finally quit. I expect before the end of the month to see five-sixths of the Presidential postmasters changed. Then I can paraphrase old Simeon, and say, 'Let thy servant depart in peace,'"

now says, in regard to the investigation by the committee of the National Civil Service Reform League, of which Mr. FOULKE, of Indiana, is chairman:

> "The inquiries sent out, in every instance that I have seen, show that the case has been prejudged, and the change made assumed to be wrong. It is evidently an effort to get statements from removed and disappointed officials for political use, and some of the letters show an intention to try to induce the new postmasters to make statements of defence where no defence is needed. The postmasters seem to realize that they have reports to make only to their superior officers. No political capital can be made out of these changes. The President has made no removals except for cause—for delinquency in official duties, inefficiency of service, or violation of law. He has refused to make any changes for partisan reasons. Changes made for cause have been on the reports of inspectors, showing a demand for the change in the interest of the public service."

Mr. CLARKSON is entirely mistaken in supposing the object of the committee to be political. The majority of its members, including Mr. FOULKE, voted for Mr. HARRISON, and they seek only the facts. If the truth in regard to the Presidential post-offices is what Mr. CLARKSON states, that is the very fact which the committee will report, and as nothing could be more creditable to the administration, the committee should receive all assistance possible from Mr. CLARKSON, who, when the committee come to the fourth-class offices, will doubtless hasten to show that he has not discredited the party platform and the administration of which he is part by acting differently from his chief, and made a general sweep of the postal service without cause.

His published interview has the air of a warning to all postmasters to be wary, and not to aid the enemy by answering the inquiries of the committee. But why should a committee of the Reform League, asking solely for the facts in regard to appointments and removals, be assumed to be the enemy of the party which declared that

> "the reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reformed system already established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all Executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectually avoided."

If Mr. CLARKSON has been honestly and honorably fulfilling this engagement with the country, why should he attempt to discredit a committee of which the majority helped to bring him into power because they believed the party declaration?

THE CHICAGO FAIR.

THE House, by a vote of 202 to 49, has decided that the World's Fair shall be held in Chicago, opening not later than May 1, 1893, and closing not later than October 1st of the same year. The Representatives from New York voted for Chicago, although some of them expressed the gravest doubts about the financial ability of the Western city to cope with the demands of the enterprise. In the little debate, however, Chicago was not unable to make some suggestive retorts.

The matter is now finally settled. New York has lost the Fair, and in view of the revelations of the character of its municipal officers and government, there is a general sense of relief. It would be rather absurd to invite the whole world to come and see what clever and useful inventions we have made, when the staring fact on exhibition would be the practical failure of popular government properly to manage a great city. We have escaped that disaster, and obviously the city has little self-love to be wounded.

There is no need of a gloomy view, however. If we fall into the hands of thieves, we do not consent to remain in them. The clutch of TWEED and his gang upon the city was very close and firm. But it did not last long. Public opinion "sent them whirling." The more recent rascalities are being thoroughly exposed, and unless the failure is to be permanent, the remedy at last will be applied.

GENERAL CROOK.

GENERAL CROOK deserved all the warm tributes that have been paid to his memory. He was one of the bravest, ablest, and most efficient soldiers of the Union, and one of the most unassuming of men. But his signal distinction was his wisdom in dealing with the Indians. He was an undaunted "Indian fighter," but he was very much more, for he was a courageous and humane friend of the Indians. The cardinal principle of his Indian policy was sincerity. In his view the Indian was not vermin to be exterminated, but a man to be honestly treated. This also was the view of General GRANT.

GRANT said that when a young lieutenant on the frontier he observed that the Americans cheated the Indians and the English did not. The Indians, consequently, trusted the English and distrusted the Americans. They were sure when the Canadian agent promised them a blanket of a certain quality that they would get it. They were not sure of the same result of an American promise. General CROOK, whose military prowess and success had taught the Indians respect and even fear, told them no lies. They felt that he was their friend, and could he have had control of our Indian relations, much of the "dishonor" that has marked them would have disappeared.

It is most fortunate that the better American view held by General CROOK now characterizes the policy of the Indian Bureau. General MORGAN, the present Commissioner, is in full accord with the best and most intelligent friends of the Indian, and his late paper on Indian education, proposing a system of instruction for all accessible Indian youths, is a comprehensive and admirable survey of the situation, and it is in itself a subject of congratulation that it is made by the head of the Indian office. The generous support of General MORGAN'S recommendations by Congress would be a fitting tribute to the memory of the military friend and counsellor of the Indians, General CROOK, whose services will not be forgotten.

PERSONAL.

ALBERT E. STERNER, whose water-colors have lately attracted much attention, has been chosen a member of the Water-color Society. Mr. STERNER is on the eve of his departure for Florence, where he is to spend a few years in study.

—Twenty-five years ago GEORGE PEABODY, the rich banker and philanthropist, set apart $2,500,000 for buying wretched tenements in the London slums, clearing them off, and building in their stead pleasant and healthy homes for the poor. The trustees of the fund have performed their duties wisely and faithfully. They now have eighteen groups of houses scattered over the city, which shelter 20,374 people, and before long they will be able to buy land and build another group. The fund on December 31st amounted to £990,789, and up to that time £1,251,845 had been expended for land and buildings.

—The cloth for President HARRISON'S and Vice-President MORTON'S inaugural suits was, it will be remembered, furnished by JOHN F. PLUMMER, the head of the big woollen firm that has just failed. Mr. PLUMMER is an enthusiastic Republican, and had the cloth made for this especial purpose at a mill in Rockville, Connecticut.

—Baby JOHN ALEXANDER LOGAN, a grandson of the late Senator LOGAN, has been made a Lieutenant in the Fifth Infantry Regiment, or Logan Rifles, Ohio National Guard. The youngster is about six weeks old. His father is a Captain in the regiment.

—A number of rich New-Yorkers are interested in the Church of Our Saviour, or the Sailors' Meeting-house as it is sometimes called, which stands on a float at the foot of Pike Street. The other day when Bishop POTTER confirmed about twenty children there, the sons and daughters of 'longshoremen, seamen, and others living in the vicinity, the little church was filled, and in the audience were Mrs. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR and CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

—Senator BROWN, of Georgia, is a zealous Baptist, and has given largely to the enterprises of his denomination.

—DUDLEY FOSTER, of Billerica, Massachusetts, has been Town Treasurer for forty consecutive years and Town Clerk for thirty-four years, besides holding other local offices.

—The desire of London society to honor HENRY M. STANLEY has taken shape just now in a "Stanley Exhibition." It is devoted entirely to Africa and African products, among the exhibits being relics of LIVINGSTONE and other prominent African explorers, with books, maps, etc., illustrative of their accomplishment. In other departments are shown the results of missionary work and the efforts to suppress the slave-trade.

—Emperor WILLIAM'S animosity toward everything French does not extend to the cooks in the imperial kitchen. They are French, but the bills of fare have to be printed in German.

—There is quite a coterie of literary women in Baltimore, and they have formed a woman's literary club. Among the more prominent members are Mrs. Dr. FABIAN FRANKLIN, of Johns Hopkins University, Mrs. LAWRENCE TURNBULL, Miss HESTER CRAWFORD DORSEY, Mrs. GEORGE WHITELOCK, and Mrs. MARY SPEARS TIERNAN.

—Prime Minister CRISPI, of Italy, among the poorest of the revolutionary exiles from his country thirty years ago, is now a millionaire. Fortunate speculations and investments have given him his wealth.

—Among the curious things offered at a recent auction sale in Norwich, Connecticut, was a queer open-and-shut pulpit, which a century and a half ago was used by Rev. AMOS REED, a pioneer Baptist clergyman, in his ministrations throughout eastern Connecticut. It shuts up in compact shape, and the parson strapped it on his horse's back as he travelled from place to place on his wide circuit.

—MARWOOD, the famous English hangman, died a bankrupt. He was a shoemaker by trade, but speculated considerably, hemp being naturally one of the things he dabbled in. Among his assets is a bill of £25 against the city of Dublin for the hanging of the murderers of BURKE and CAVENDISH.

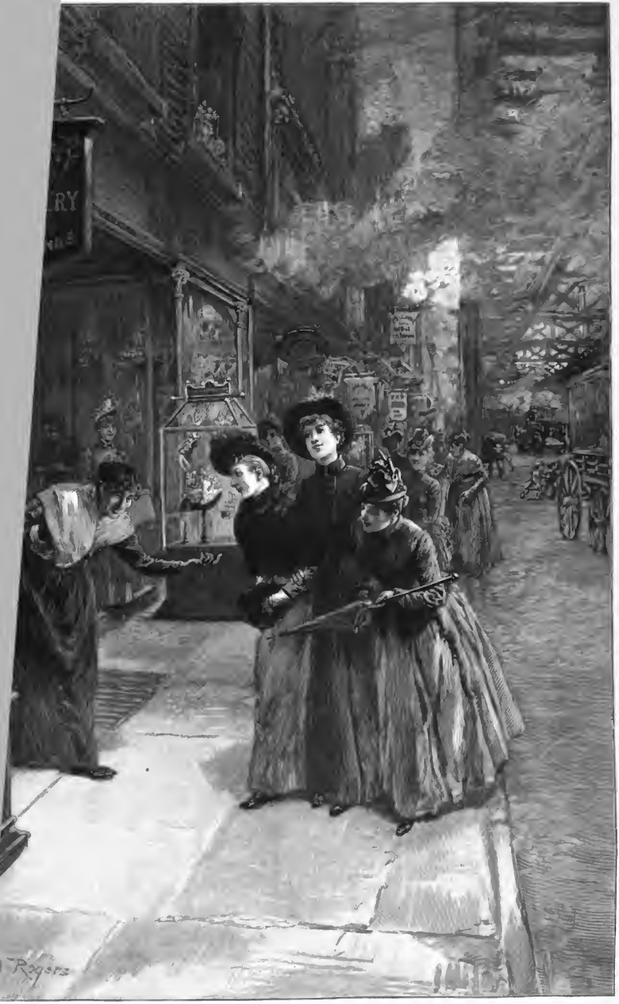
—EDWARD ATKINSON is doing his best to make the Boston city authorities put fire-escapes on the school-houses, and threatens to carry the matter before the Grand Jury.

—Judge THURMAN has been confined quite closely to his house in Columbus, Ohio, by rheumatism this winter, but in other respects his health is very good.

—M. CHAPTELOUP, the well-known brass founder in Canada, has left his fortune of $500,000 to his former employés.

—The wife of Count WALDERSEE, one of the nobles who stand very high in the estimation of Emperor WILLIAM, is the daughter of JAMES LEE, once a prominent New York grocer. She is a beautiful woman, and, while travelling with her father in Europe some years ago, met and married Prince FREDERICK of Schleswig-Holstein, who was about fifty years her senior. He lived but a short time, and later on she was married to her present husband.

Google



NEW YORK SHOP-GIRLS BUYING EASTER BONNETS ON DIVISION STREET.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 263.]

of its own, and this plot is in almost every instance embellished with trees and shrubbery, and beautified with flowers. The effect upon the visitor who sees none of these things at home, but whose life is mostly spent in the barren streets of New York or Chicago, is indescribably restful and charming. One would, indeed, be justified in saying that the chief glory of Louisville is to be found in the beautiful residence thoroughfares.

In keeping with the natural beauty and social charm of the city is its high intellectual tone, the fame of which is by no means confined to the valley of the Ohio. The people are fully abreast of the mental activity of the times, as any one may learn who sees them at home, and who will take the trouble to visit their various institutions of learning. The public schools are attended by about 20,000 children, and their colleges and seminaries by a large number of students. The educational system is admirably supplemented by the Polytechnic Library, which has 40,000 volumes on its shelves, and which constantly seeks to enlarge its scope of usefulness in every available way. There are thirty-eight charitable institutions, which is claimed to be a larger number than can be found in any city of similar size in the country. The success that has come to the efforts of the people of Louisville to build up their city is a matter of gratification to every one who has been brought in contact with them, and in their new-found task of repairing the ravages of the great storm they will have the hearty good-will of all who know them.

"SEVEN BELLS!—SERVE OUT!"

YEAR in and out at half past eleven in the forenoon watch—seven bells—the ship's cook of a man-o'-war brings to the mainmast for inspection the dinner ration of the day. It is his hour of official triumph. He bears with him what he is pleased to consider a sea masterpiece. He is spick-and-span new in the uniform worn so little; point-device in shining leather and braided knife-lanyard, spotless in blue frock and bell-mouthed trousers, he poses at the break of the quarter-deck with the easy assurance of a *cordon bleu* whose skill fears no affront. He is calm and suggestive, often garrulous. But this is a mere disguise, a society manner, for five minutes later he will be stripped to a perspiring gantline, and be swearing like a Mahonese virago over his stew-pots and his favorite scouse-kettles. He will be damning all the eyes that ever watched a duff grow hard since Benbow's times, and be forgetful of the dignity that once permitted ships' cooks to call themselves his Majesty's officers, to wear brass buttons, blue coats, red waistcoats, kerchiefs, cocked hats, and smallclothes, and to swing at their port legs hangers, which were a little more than skewers, a little less than swords.

In these duller days he ranks with gunners' mates and quartermasters, though his pay is better and his authority less restricted. As an offset, his lot is a wearisome round of bean-baking and slush-saving. He rises early—usually about three in the morning—starts his fire, woos Charley Noble, as his galley smoke-pipe is called, into "drawing" against the back draught of a bellying foresail, growls and is growled at till dewy eve, and then turns in with mind heavy over unsolved problems of beef and pork. His disposition is warped to sourness in so many ways that he has become, as was once said of a certain commodore, the most even-tempered man in the navy, for he is always angry.

At the mast, however, he represses his emotions, smooths his forelock, and presents his pannikin smoking hot. The sea grub steams savorily, and should the beans be done to a turn, and the mess pork be transmuted into melting silver, the officer of the watch is apt to linger over the inspection, and dull with its plunder the edge of sharpened appetite. If everything be right, the order to "serve out" is given; the cook returns briskly to his bailiwick, doffs his garb of ceremony, bawls out to the master-at-arms (Jimmy Legs, in sea parlance) that all is ready, and then with flashing skillet and reeking ladle excavates and lands from his coppers the rations allowed. These are secured by scullions—misnamed berth-deck cooks—who clatter and cackle at his call, and wrangle and harangue over the mysterious, scrimshawed toggles by which, in some occult way, the shares of the messes they represent are differentiated. By-and-by the coppers are emptied, the ovens—those inadequate ovens—are drawn, and a subdued murmur of expectant hospitality buzzes about the decks. There is a promise of festivity in the air, and blue-jackets gather in the gangways or about the hatches when mess cloths and tables are spread, ready to fall to valorously as soon as the bos'n's mates pipe at eight bells to dinner.

And this, so far as rations go, ought to be the best sailor's dinner in the world. The American man-of-war's man is well fed, well clothed, well paid. His food is ample and varied, is the result of intelligent selection, of honest inspection, of kindly intention for his material well-being. In addition to the conventional salt beef, beans, pork, biscuits, "soup and bully," coffee, flour, sugar, dried apples, molasses, and the like, it includes nowadays butter, brawn, canned roast beef and mutton, ham, bacon, canned vegetables, salt fish, cocoa, and articles of a similar character. The possibilities of this ration are very great, but the system under which it is cooked and served is bad. At sea, as on shore, "God still finds the food, and the devil sends the cooks"; and this perversion of the good things of sea life will continue until a radical change is made.

Among many other reforms a proper school of cooking should be established, and every candidate ought to show his master's degree before being sent on shipboard. Modern galleys, stoves of sufficient capacity, should be furnished to every ship afloat, an experienced baker ought to form part of each vessel's complement, the drawing and service of the rations for the whole ship's company should be superintended by one responsible person with competent assistants; and efficient cooks should replace in every mess the ignorant enlisted men who now serve in turn, and, as a rule, unwillingly. The intervals between meals should be greater, and hot coffee ought to be served out once in every night-watch. All these recommendations have been made time and again to Congress and to the Navy Department; and though exhaustive reports have been sent in by commanding officers for the consideration of the various Secretaries, no settled plan has been adopted for "the employment and instruction of cooks in the navy."

In port the sea ration is three or four times in the week replaced by fresh meat and vegetables, and at stated hours each day bumboat women are allowed to sell, under the inspection of the ship's police, a variety of those compounds which run the gamut from unfathomable pies to weird sausages. In some ships the crew is allowed to buy beer, each man being limited to one bottle at dinner and supper time, providing his sobriety and general good conduct warrant the privilege. The spirit ration was abolished during the war, and in lieu of the traditional tot of grog, every person from the admiral to the Jack of the Dust is at sea allowed five cents daily. The total value of a ration is thirty cents per day, and this is so liberal that the allowance for twelve men will easily satisfy fifteen. The rations left undrawn are paid in money to the mess caterer, the commutation being permitted only upon the distinct understanding that it shall be expended for articles of food not provided by the government.

Commuted rations can no longer be used to enhance the wages of cooks or other persons in the navy; and under the new system the crew is not subjected to the exactions of the days when the ship's cook of a frigate would at the cruise's end have received more dollars than the commodore. Wastefulness and deterioration of food are avoided, and, so far as can be arranged, the rations are uniform on all stations, and supplied from a central depot at home. In chemical and physical values the food is amply sufficient for every demand that may be made upon it under varying circumstances, and all needed in our service now is for some maritime Alexis Soyer to rise in his culinary might, keelhaul all the old cooks, and send to every ship afloat trained men who know the difference between other things than salt junk and dried-apple duff, between boiled beans and sea pie.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

MILLINERY LANE.

How many of the army of women who daily frequent the great uptown marts of fashion are aware that within a rifle-shot of the New York City Hall is a thoroughfare which in most part is devoted exclusively to milliners and millinery, which for at least a half-century has been the centre of that industry, and which even to-day turns out more than enough hats, bonnets, and other articles of feminine head-gear to supply the entire population of the Middle States? The thoroughfare is Division Street. It reaches to the northeast from Chatham Square, where the elevated railroads of the east side form a colossal X in iron and steel. It is one of the old streets of the city. It was popular and populous when the Bowery was lined with huge shade trees and fertile kitchen gardens, when Canal Street was practically the city line, and the Five Points were part of a noisome marsh that reached from Baxter Bend to the East River.

Despite its commercial activity it shows all the telltale marks of age. The buildings, though substantial and comfortable, are old-fashioned and queer. The Connecticut brown-stone, which has been used about doors and windows, has scaled and split until the pristine designs are utterly obliterated; the bricks have absorbed so much dirt and dust through the years, and have so long suffered the attacks of mould and fungoid growths, that they have gained the dark, warm tones so familiar in old European cities, and so rare in the new municipalities of the American continent. Even the windows show the wear and tear of time. Not in the store fronts, where cheap plate-glass and gaudy metal are everywhere, but in the upper windows, where the hand of fashion has never come. The sashes are so old and dry as to seem almost gray. Many of the panes have "weathered" until they have become prismatic in appearance, displaying odd circles of red and gold, green and blue, as if they were changing into mother-of-pearl. The pavement is rough and uneven, and the sidewalks, under the attrition of millions of feet, smooth, and even here and there worn through to the soil beneath.

There is a tradition that it was once considered a beautiful thoroughfare. If it was so, things have changed greatly for the worse. Its present traffic consists almost altogether of trucks and drays, hucksters' wagons and peddlers' carts. Through it, never ceasing, surges a vast stream of foreign laborers who have made the east side their home, carrying with it the human flotsam and jetsam of the Fourth and Sixth wards, better known to the reader, perhaps, as the "Bloody Fourth" and the "Bloody Sixth."

Overhead runs the Second Avenue Elevated Railroad, filling the place with noise, darkening the street below into a perpetual twilight, and, in spite of the endeavors of the conscientious corporation by which it is owned, dropping a delicate deluge of oil, hot water, dirt, coal, and iron upon the heads of the luckless passers-by beneath. For almost two long blocks the street is a line of millinery stores. It has been so for more than fifty years, and in its growth has well illustrated the changes of New York life. At first its residents and shopkeepers were Americans, with an occasional representative from England and France.

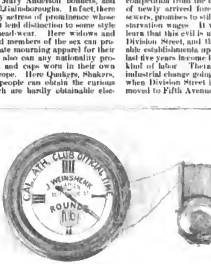
In those days it was a fashionable street for shoppers, and had among its patrons the rich people of the city and visitors from other parts of the land. With the Irish hegira to the New World it began to fall from its lofty estate, and to assume new characteristics. Erelong there were Hibernian milliners and Milesian styles, and Biddy began to drive her mistress to magazines further up town. Germany next stamped its mark upon Division Street, to be followed in quick succession by Austria, Scandinavia, Poland, Russia, and Roumania. Among all these races the thriftiest element has been the Hebrew. He or she—because in the millinery business the two sexes meet on equal footing—has slowly driven the Gentile competitor to the wall, so that the millinery trade of Division Street to-day, whether American, Irish, Teutonic, Slavonic, or Italian, is almost entirely controlled by the shrewd and enterprising Israelite. A majority of the shops keep closed on Saturday, and do business, though through side doors, on Sunday. Everywhere are signs written in Hebrew characters, while now and then are heard the broad vowels, heavy gutturals, Semitic aspirates, and rolled r's of the jargon, language or dialect.

A stroll through the street is of endless interest and information to any one who enjoys the study of human nature. In the fierce rivalry of trade no stone is left unturned to succeed in business. There is hardly a taste, custom, prejudice, or class but what is appealed to by the shops. One tries to gain the custom of the great crowd of women who follow the mode set by Paris. Hardly a design appears upon the boulevards of the French capital but what is duplicated within thirty days thereafter in the show-cases of Division Street. Another tries for the patronage of those afflicted with Anglomania; for, strange to say, this singular social disease is nearly as prevalent among women as among the *jeunesse dorée*. Heavy and substantial wares are offered which suggest at first sight the highest development of cockney art. A third shop caters to the actress, and that large contingent to whom the ordinary thespian is a demi-god or goddess. Here are Fedora hats, Mary Anderson bonnets, and Lillian Russell Gainsboroughs. In fact, there is scarcely any actress of prominence whose name does not lend distinction to some style of woman's head-wear. Here widows and other bereaved members of the sex can procure appropriate mourning apparel for their heads. Here also can any nationality procure the hats and caps worn in their own homes in Europe. Here Quakers, Shakers, and country people can obtain the curious patterns which are hardly obtainable elsewhere. Another noteworthy feature is the utilization of second-hand goods. In some shops these are sold for what they are, without concealment; in others they are cleaned and repaired, and then put upon the counters as "rebuilt," "shop-worn," or "bargains from auction sales." Many a maid of an extravagant mistress here turns an honest penny by selling the masterpieces of Fifth Avenue studios, which have been once or twice worn and then thrown away. Not infrequently actresses and singers, and even wives and maidens, who are temporarily pressed for money, here raise the wind by disposing for a mere song of hats and bonnets bought of famous makers in more prosperous hours.

And everything is cheap; in many cases, too cheap. Imitation goods predominate to a very large extent. Seemingly strong and solid frames are made of the flimsiest materials, and fall to pieces in the first rain-storm. "Genuine silk" ribbons prove to be spurious wares from French and German looms, where counterfeiting is a fine art, and commercial honesty is regarded as a pleasing fiction of an effete past. Yet, to be just, there is but little disguise or concealment made in the premises. The customer, a poor domestic servant, a poorer mechanic's wife, or a still poorer sewing-girl, is bound to have the greatest display for the least money, and the shopkeeper merely gratifies her desire. This love of barbaric and cheap display runs through every show-case. Probably nowhere else in the world can be seen such shocking contrasts in color, such startling shapes and misshapes, and such incongruous combinations of material. Yet these are demanded by a countless throng of girls and women, to whom they represent the highest beauty and the most exquisite fashion.

Nearly every one of these shops is a school of instruction in the milliner's art. In some the scholars receive nominal wages for the work they perform. In others no compensation is made, the tuition being regarded as a just equivalent for the labor and services rendered. While in still others, and especially the more fashionable, or, rather, the more prosperous ones, a regular fee is charged to all who wish to learn. These pupils or apprentices are assiduity itself. They are in their work-rooms as soon as the shutters are taken down in the early morning, and remain until late in the evening, long after the day's business is over. They master their calling in anywhere from three months to a year, and then become clerks in more fashionable establishments uptown, or else open little shops of their own. Many go to other cities, and more particularly to the rapidly growing communities of the West, while but a few make much money. The vast majority earn a handsome livelihood while working in their own behalf.

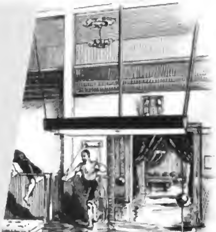
Behind proprietors and apprentices are the working women. These have steadily gone down in the race of life. They are usually women too poor to do business on their own account, and too old or too troubled with domestic ties to stand any chance of preferment. Their condition is always pitiable, and in some instances heart-rending. Working twelve or fourteen hours a day, they are seldom able to make more than four dollars a week, and in numerous cases three, and even less. The competition of the apprentices on the one hand, and the more terrible competition from the ever-increasing hordes of newly arrived foreign male and female sewers, promises to still further reduce these starvation wages. It will surprise many to learn that this evil is not confined strictly to Division Street, and that the great fashionable establishments uptown have within the last five years become large employers of this kind of labor. There must be a profound industrial change going on in the metropolis when Division Street is being spiritually removed to Fifth Avenue.

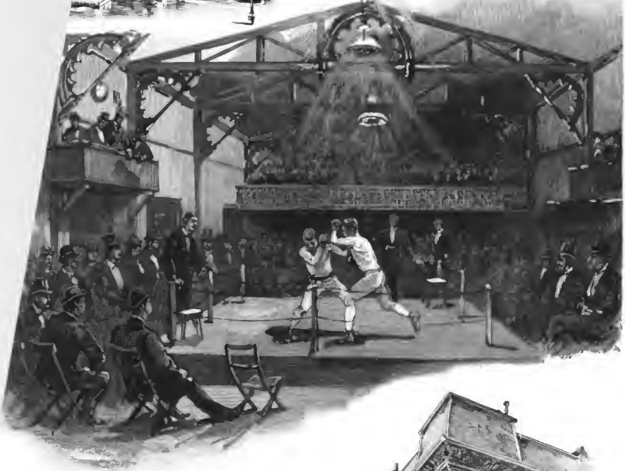

CAL. ATH. CLUB OFFICIAL TIME
J. WEINSHENK
ROUNDS

A REMARKABLE ATHLETIC ORGANIZATION.

THE California Athletic Club, of San Francisco, is conceded to be the richest athletic club in the world. It has a membership of about 1700, comprising the cream of clubbable men on the Pacific slope. The prime object of the club is to promote athletic sports in general, consistent with beneficial results to the members. Boxing is considered more beneficial than any other exercise by the club, and is given most attention. There are three boxing masters engaged by this club to impart the science of the "manly art" to those desirous of becoming proficient in the use of nature's weapons of defence. Each instructor has earned his remunerative position through one or more "finish" or "virtual finish" encounters before this club, defeating almost all the best men of his class. These instructors are Peter Jackson, formerly of Australia, called by some the "Billy Edwards" of his day, Professor McCarthy, whose latest achievement was the defeat of "Denny" Kelleher in twenty rounds, and the other, the invincible middle-weight, Jack Dempsey. Of course Dempsey did receive one set-back at the hands of La Blanche, the "Marine," which he, Dempsey, attributed to his not being in condition.

The California Athletic Club prides itself on having the best equipped gymnasium in





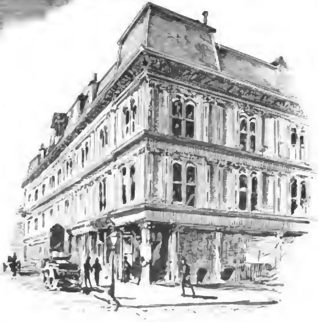
SPARRING MATCH

consistent with accommodations for over 1500 to exercise at the same time.
use is situated on New Montgomery Street, in the city's centre, and within
s of the Palace Hotel. It is three stories high. The ground floor is occupied
The second floor is occupied by the gymnasium, billiard and pool rooms, pri-
ng and sitting rooms, bath rooms, and lockers. The third floor is one large
room, perfectly lighted and ventilated, where many a famous match has been
an end, and championships and fabulous purses won and lost. None but mem-
admitted to these contests. In New York city it would be wellnigh impossible
t to bring off a match of the same proportion, because of a lack of finances and
police interference. At the California Athletic Club it has been authoritatively
at a purse of $25,000 could be raised at any meeting as a prize to be contested for.
the past sixteen months about $50,000 in purses has been paid over to contestants.
is under contract with the California Athletic Club out to appear in any contests
sons excepted) unless sanctioned by the club or under its auspices. The police
ies have never interfered with any contest at this club. The Chief of Police is
ffice and the Sheriff is a regular member of the club. The club pays an annual
to the city authorities of $3000 for which the Board of Supervisors expressly
the privilege of having private contests with the gloves to a finish.
ers are admitted to these contests upon the presentation of membership tickets
where the member is under twenty-one years of age), which are issued to each
the only other spectators, besides, of course, the contestants and their "sec-
or "handlers," are the press representatives. The "stage," or "ring," used at
ntests is of the regulation size, twenty-four feet square, elevated six feet from
r, solidly constructed, and in the centre of the hall or armory, used as occasion
Around this ring are ranged tiers of seats, rising, twenty rows in height, from
almost to the ceiling, thus affording unobstructed views and accommodation for
Immediately over the "ring" is a powerful electric arc light, which makes
ovement of the contestants visible from every part of the room. On one side of
n and near the ring is located the press stand, with telegraph, messenger, and
other requisite conveniences. No one is allowed on the stage, or platform, during a contest except the two principals and referee.

A very essential and convenient innovation is the electric or automatic timing clock, with gong attachment, which stands at one end of the room. When the gong strikes, the "seconds," or "handlers," immediately leave the platform, and take seats in chairs below the contestants' corners until the round is over. The clock registers four minutes—three for work, and one for rest. Two of the directors of the club sit at the corners of the ring, near the contestants, to see that no one gives advice or anything else to combatants from the audience. A member found guilty of this offence forfeits his membership in the club. Great care is taken in choosing competent men to judge the contests. Hiram Cooke, a gentleman lover of boxing, is generally chosen referee by the Board of Directors, and is the only one receiving compensation for his services, he receiving fifty dollars for each contest. William Jordans is generally found officiating in his very fitting capacity of master of ceremonies. The latest notable contest given under the auspices of this club was between Jack McAuliffe, of New York, and Jimmy Carroll, who is in the employ of the California Athletic Club, which occurred on March 21, 1890. McAuliffe was awarded the victory by Hiram Cooke, the referee, which decision carried with it a purse of about $13,000.

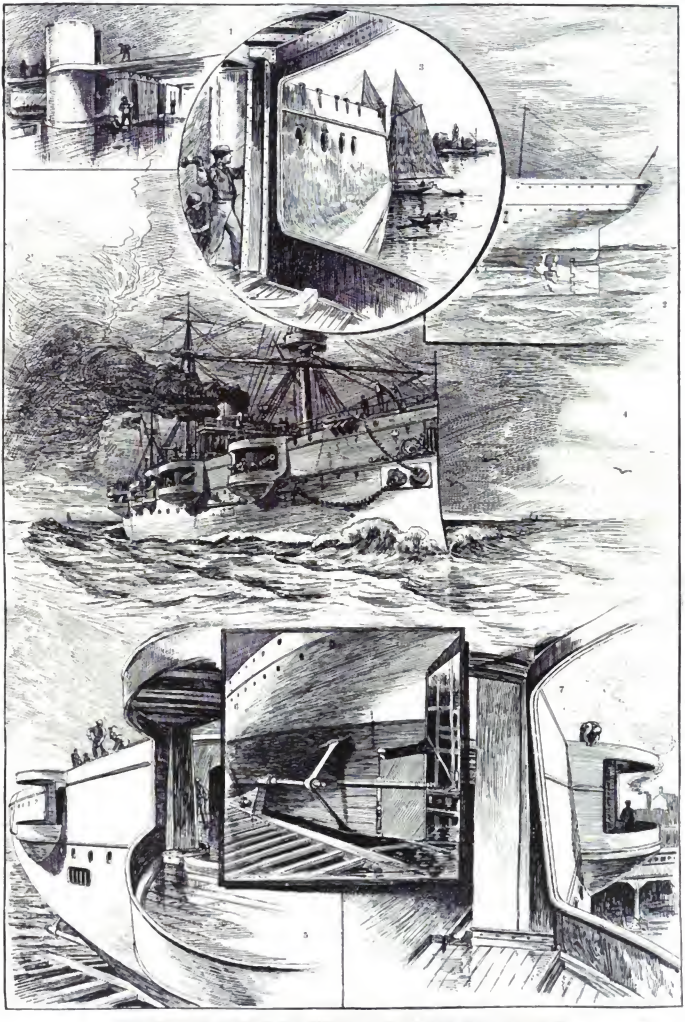
The wrestling master of the club is Joe Acton, styled by defeated competitors the "demon wrestler." The officers of the club are L. R. Fulda, president; R. B. Mitchell, vice-president; F. Vernon, secretary; J. D. Gibbs, treasurer; A. Wyman, superintendent; and William Robinson, assistant secretary. The Board of Directors are William R. Vice, George Ross, John Ferguson, Edward Fay, Frank McLaughlin, G. L. Fish, J. F. Coffey, and Colonel A. Andrews.

The members are considering the advisability of building a new club-house at an early date, on a larger scale than the present one.



THE EXTERIOR.

THE CALIFORNIA ATHLETIC CLUB IN SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by Henry Sandham from Photographs by Taber.—[See Page 263.]



THE NEW UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEWARK."—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

1. On the Main-deck, with Conning-Tower in Foreground. 2. Stern View. 3. Aft Port Sponson for 6-inch Rifled Gun. 4. The Ship as completed. 5. Looking aft Starboard, showing Sponsons for 6-inch Rifled Guns. 6. Port-side Propeller and Submerged Rudder. 7. Looking forward from Starboard Amidship.

THE MAN WHO WAS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

LET it be clearly understood that the Rus-
an is a delightful person till he tucks his
irt in. As an Oriental he is charming. It
only when he insists upon being treated as
e most easterly of western peoples, instead
the most westerly of easterns, that he be-
mes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to
ndle. The host never knows which side
his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of
e Russians, as he said—who appeared to
t his bread by serving the Czar as an of-
er in a Cossack regiment, and correspond-
g for a Russian newspaper with a name
at was never twice the same. He was a
ndsome young Oriental, with a taste for
ndering through unexplored portions of
e earth, and he arrived in India from no-
ere in particular. At least no living man
uld ascertain whether it was by way of
lkh, Badakhshan, Chitral, Beloochistan,
epaul, or anywhere else. The Indian Gov-
nment being in an unusually affable mood,
ve orders that he was to be civilly treated,
d shown everything that was to be seen;
he drifted, talking bad English and worse
ench, from one city to another till he for-
thered with her Majesty's White Hussars
the city of Peshawur, which stands at the
uth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills
at men call the Khyber Pass. He was un-
ubtedly an officer, and he was decorated,
er the manner of the Russians, with little
amelled crosses, and he could talk, and
ough this has nothing to do with his mer-
 he had been given up as a hopeless task
case by the Black Tyrones, who, individu-
y and collectively, with hot whiskey and
ney, mulled brandy and mixed spirits of
 kinds, had striven in all hospitality to
ke him drunk. And when the Black Ty-
es, who are exclusively Irish, fail to dis-
b the peace of head of a foreigner, that for-
ner is certain to be a superior man. This
s the argument of the Black Tyrones, but
y were ever an unruly and self-opinion-
d regiment, and they allowed junior sub-
erns of four years' service to choose their
nes. The spirits were always purchased
 the colonel and a committee of majors
d a regiment that would so behave may
 respected but cannot be loved.

The White Hussars were as conscientious
 choosing their wine as in charging the
emy. There was a brandy that had been
rchased by a cultured colonel a few years
er the battle of Waterloo. It has been
turing ever since, and it was a marvellous
ndy at the purchasing. The memory of
t liquor would cause men to weep as they
 dying in the teak forests of upper Bur-
h or the slime of the Irrawaddy. And there
s a port which was notable; and there was
hampagne of an obscure brand, which al-
ys came to mess without any labels, be-
use the White Hussars wished none to
ow where the source of supply might be
nd. The officer on whose head the
ampagne-choosing lay was forbidden the
e of tobacco for six weeks previous to
mpling.

This particularity of detail is necessary to
phasize the fact that that champagne, that
rt, and, above all, that brandy—the green
d yellow and white liqueurs did not count
was placed at the absolute disposition of
rkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely—
en more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European
rough it all. The White Hussars were
My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers
orious," and "Brothers inseparable." He
ould unburden himself by the hour on the
rious future that awaited the combined
ms of England and Russia when their
arts and their territories should run side
 side, and the great mission of civilizing
ia should begin. That was unsatisfactory,
cause Asia is not going to be civilized after
e methods of the West. There is too much
ia, and she is too old. You cannot reform
ady of many lovers, and Asia has been in-
iable in her flirtations aforetime. She will
ver attend Sunday-school, or learn to vote
e with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as any one
e, but it suited him to talk special corre-
ndently and to make himself as genial as
 could. Now and then he volunteered a
tle, a very little, information about his own
tnia of Cossacks, left apparently to look
ter themselves somewhere at the back of
yond. He had done rough work in Cen-
l Asia, and had seen rather more help-
urself fighting than most men of his years.
t he was careful never to betray his su-
riority, and more than careful to praise on
 occasions the appearance, drill, uniform,
d organization of her Majesty's White
ussars. And, indeed, they were a regiment
 be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow
 the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their
ation, and after a short time had been pro-
sed to by every single man at mess, she
t the public sentiment very neatly when
e explained that they were all so nice that
less she could marry them all, including
e colonel and some majors who were al-
ady married, she was not going to content
rself with one of them. Wherefore she
dded a little man in a rifle regiment—be-
g by nature contradictious—and the White
ssars were going to wear crape on their
ms but compromised by attending the
edding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all—from Basset-Holmer, the senior captain, to Little Mildred, the last subaltern, and he could have given her four thousand a year and a title. He was a viscount, and on his arrival the mess had said he had better go into the Guards, because they were all sons of large grocers and small clothiers in the Hussars, but Mildred begged very hard to be allowed to stay, and behaved so prettily that he was forgiven, and became a man, which is much more important than being any sort of viscount.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan. They had only met the regiment officially, and for something less than twenty minutes, but the interview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars "children of the devil," and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money belts. The regiment possessed carbines, beautiful Martini-Henri carbines, that would cob a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and, since demand inevitably breeds supply, they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver—seven and one half pounds of rupees, or sixteen pounds and a few shillings each, reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky haired thieves that crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries, they disappeared mysteriously from arm racks; and in the hot weather, when all the doors and windows were open, they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them first for their own family vendettas, and then for contingencies. But in the long cold nights of the northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon—Government must make it good—but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one night-thief who managed to limp away bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results, for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

Then they gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded them. They were lighter men than the Hussars, and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab frontier force and all irregular horse. Like everything else in the service, it has to be learned; but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess-room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. All the mess plate was on the long table—the same table that had served up the bodies of five dead officers in a forgotten fight long and long ago—the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter roses lay between the silver candlesticks, the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambhur, nilghai, markhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England instead of on the road to Thibet, and the daily risk of his life on ledge, snow-slide, and glassy grass slope.

The servants, in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans, waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternizing effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own long lathy down-countrymen could account for in a fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner slips and the First Toast of Obligation, when the colonel rising said, "Mr. Vice, the Queen," and Little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered, "The Queen, God bless her!" and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen, upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to pay their mess bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be by land or by sea. Dirkovitch rose with his "brothers glorious," but he could not understand. No one but an officer can understand what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. It all comes to the same in the end, as the enemy said when he was wriggling on a lance point. Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not of course eat with the alien, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue and silver turban atop, and the big black top-boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward the hilt of his sabre, in token of fealty, for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of "*Rung ho!* Hira Singh!" (which being translated means "Go in and win"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaidar Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "Shabash, Ressaidar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel, "The health of Ressaidar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular:

"Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment, much honor have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you; but we were beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaidar Sahib. Played on our own ground, y' know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize.") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear, Hear, indeed! Bravo! Hsh!"). "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you"), "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we shall play it out side by side, though *they*"—again his eye sought Dirkovitch—"though *they*, I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *Rung ho!* that rang like a musket butt on flag-stones, he sat down amid shoutings.

Dirkovitch, who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy—the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly the native officer's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenceless left side. It is notable that Dirkovitch "reached back," after the American fashion—a gesture that set the captain of the Lushkar team wondering how Cossack officers were armed at mess. Then there was a scuffle, and a yell of pain.

"Carbine stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags, and it sounded as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel, testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess sergeant fled out into the darkness, and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawlin' towards the barricks, sir, past the main-road sentries, an' the sentry 'e says, sir—"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another liqueur glass of brandy.

"*What* does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez he speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost you've no business—"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much-privileged subaltern. He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four, and big in proportion. The corporal, seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine thief, who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

Hira Singh leaped to his feet with a long drawn vernacular oath. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep '*Ai! Ai!*' Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep '*Oh! Ho!*' He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say '*Ow! Ow!*'"

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!'" said Little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man cries from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces. Also, the exhibition causes the throat of the on-looker to close at the top.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously. "We ought to send him to hospital. He's been man handled."

Now the adjutant loved his rifles. They were to him as his grandchildren—the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing, because he's made that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess-room this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were, in fact, rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night?" said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit up with Little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. Outside, the wheels of the first of those bidden to the festivities crunched the roadway.

"Oh, my God!" said the man in the chair, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say, "This isn't our affair, you know, sir," led the team into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last, and he looked at Dirkovitch as he moved. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound, and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess-room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch, at the far end of the table, slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam, in this present imperfect world, can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars' brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he has been digged and descending thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars, from the date of their formation, preface all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune. It is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel; "call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first, though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate in the shape of a spring, which converted what was a seven branched candlestick, three springs each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantel piece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantel-piece, with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" said Little Mildred. Then, as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse—yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer, in a thick, passionless guttural: "Yes, I—have seen. But—where is *the* horse?"

You could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke, very slowly, "Where is *our* horse?"

There is no saying what happened after that. There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess-room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven-and-thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantel-piece, it clattered on the ledge, as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered toward the bottom of the table, falling into Mildred's chair. The band began to play the *River of Years* waltz, and the laughter from the gardens came into the tobacco-scented mess room. But nobody, even the youngest, was thinking of waltzes. They all spoke to one another something after this fashion: "The drum horse hasn't hung over the mantel piece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred, go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together!" "It isn't possible, anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking into his ear. "Will you be good enough to take your seats, please, gentlemen?" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs.

Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to little Mildred's, was blank, and Little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess-sergeant filled the glasses in dead silence. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook, and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man in Little Mildred's chair and said, hoarsely, "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprung to his feet and answered, without hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman, and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom in a few messes to drink the Queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead, because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a Government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling urbanely, rose Dirkovitch, who had been roused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and grovelled at his feet. It was a horrible sight, coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but Little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the Queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks, and the pupils of his eyes dilated—also, his face changed. He said something that sounded like "Shto ve takete," and the man, fawning, answered "chetyre."

"What's that?" said everybody together.

"His number. That is number four, you know." Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

"What has a Queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the colonel, and there rose an unpleasant growl round the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental, with a sweet smile. "He is a—how you have it?—escape—runaway, from over there." He nodded toward the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him, if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said Little Mildred, settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand, no man said a word. They breathed heavily, leaning forward, in the long gaps of the conversation. The next time that they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg and learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago, in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer get the rolls!" said Little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bareheaded to the orderly-room where the rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude, "Therefore I am most sorry to say there was an accident, which would have been reparable if he had apologized to that our colonel, which he had insulted."

Another growl, which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood to weigh insults to Russian colonels just then.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. So, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded, and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was an accident; done because he did not apologize to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars livelily exhibited unchristian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves atop of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason—*missing*.' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologized. Said he'd see him —— first," chorussed the mess.

"Poor devil! I suppose he never had the chance afterwards. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason, of the White Hussars?"

Swift as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone, "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course." The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum-horse, and answered to the Queen's toast. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

"Fellow-soldiers glorious—true friends and hospitables. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little, little thing. So little, is it not? The Czar! Posh! I slap my fingers—I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But the Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much?—millions that have done nothing—not one thing. Napoleon was an episode." He banged a hand on the table. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do; and it shall be done, old peoples. Get a-way!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little—oh, so little—accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That*. So will you be, brother soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or"—he pointed to the great coffin shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get away, you old peoples," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wrath? Let's make the poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again three days later, when the wail of the "Dead March" and the tramp of the squadrons told the wondering station, that saw no gap in the table, an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

And Dirkovitch—bland, supple, and always genial—went away too by a night train. Little Mildred and another saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand the law of the mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-by, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said Little Mildred.

"*Au revoir*, my true friends," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes, but I will come again. My friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want—cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, *au revoir*, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated—"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star, and hummed a selection from a recent burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:

"I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard,
I'm sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again."

A PALIMPSEST.

I gaze along the bare, dim fields, and, lo!
By dint of gazing, or by witchery
Beyond my ken, I sudden seem to see
The Summer, odorous, warm, and all aglow
With bounties of the earth, with skies that grow
In beauty with the day. There floats to me
The tinkle of the sheep-bells on the lea,
The plashing of the brook, the tree-tops' low
And sibilant song. The Winter is effaced,—
That was the writing of a later hand,
A gloomy screed; and now mine eyes have traced
The early, joyous message of the land
When life was rife with roses east and west—
Have read the secret of God's palimpsest.

Richard E. Burton.

CHURCH RECONSTRUCTION UNDER NOVEL CONDITIONS.

Of the Catholic churches in New York city, excepting the cathedral, St. Paul the Apostle, at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, is the largest. In its style of architecture, with no attempt to be florid, it is impressive as a structure from its vast proportions. As Catholics never build their sanctuaries without due precautions as to the ways and means, their process of church erection is a gradual one. If, then, St. Paul the Apostle is not capped with spire and pinnacles, it may be understood that at some later day "those fingers which point up to God" will be added. Begun in 1875 by Father Hecker, putting all his energies into the work, some years elapsed before regular service was held in the church. The interior was left until recently in an unfinished condition, and the altars were hardly, in size, design, or construction, worthy of their noble surroundings. On entering the church and casting one's eyes overhead, the fine proportions of the structure are better understood. The ceiling, of a dark blue, has the color of the vault of heaven. In it glistens the stars that rolled in space in about the exact position they assumed when St. Paul was born. That dim religious light which is so impressive comes flickering through the two aisles of the church. Large stained-glass windows, imitative of the older method of illumination, give light to the altars.

To-day, and during the whole week, the sharp click of the carver in stone is heard, and workmen are plying their various callings. Scattered about in the church are blocks and slabs of rare Numidian marble, Mexican onyx, and porphyry, now being fashioned for the new altars. Derricks, with their blocks and fall and tackle, are in position where the new altars are to stand. Fronting the Ninth Avenue entrance, a wall of bricks inside of the church is being reared, which partition will form the vestibule. The walls are now being decorated, and slung aloft from their scaffolds, painters are at work giving former bare stuccoed walls their glow of color. Under the wise direction of Mr. John Lafarge, who appreciates fully what is proper for ecclesiastical ornamentation, the work is being rapidly carried out.

A very much admired rule of Catholic churches is that they are never closed, and so despite masons, sculptors, decorators, service at St. Paul the Apostle never ceases. At all times of the day worshippers may be seen. The church is so large that if one portion of it is occupied by workmen, another part of it affords the fullest opportunity for worship. Early mass is held every day, and as on Sunday all work ceases, the devout listen to the sacred words just as if no building ever was going on within the edifice. This remodelling of a church without any sensible embarrassment of service is one of the modern phases of the art of reconstructing buildings. It is believed that by Easter Sunday the fine altars will all be in place, and the entire re-decoration of the church completed. Another generation will see those towers reared which will give additional grandeur to this fine church. All things are encompassed in time. As a first step, however, so far as regards the interior of St. Paul's, the new altars, with the coloring of the walls, will furnish that completeness to the church which has heretofore been wanting.

THE NEW CRUISER "NEWARK."

The U. S. S. *Newark*, launched on March 19th from the Cramps' yard, Philadelphia, is an all-steel, twin-screw, bark-rigged, partially protected cruiser. Her battery is ideal in character for this type of vessel, though its disposition is considered capable of so much definite improvement that a different arrangement has been given to the *San Francisco*, which in hull and construction is a sister ship. The contract for building the *Newark* was awarded in October, 1887, the time limit was fixed at two years, the price agreed upon was $1,248,000, and the machinery accepted was designed by the constructors. In appearance she is a thorough-going modern man-of-war, with ram-shaped bow, elliptical stern, graceful sheer, and military tops at her fore and main mast-heads. The principal dimensions are: length on load water-line, 310 feet; extreme beam, 49 feet 1½ inches, normal draught forward, 17 feet; aft, 20 feet 6 inches; displacement, 4083 tons.

The motive power consists of two sets of horizontal triple expansion engines, which are expected to develop 8500 horse-power, and to give a speed of about 18 knots. The cruising coal allowance is 400 tons, but the bunker capacity is 850, which will enable her to steam with natural draught 3100 miles at full speed, 4977 at a 15.2 rate, and 10 700 at a 10 knot maximum. The protection to stability and to vitals is given by a steel deck, which covers the whole ship, curving longitudinally from the snout of the ram to the round of the stern; the horizontal crown of this deck is about one foot above the water-line, and the sides slope to a fore and aft line about five feet under it. The deck is laid in two courses, the lower one being complete and a half inch thick, and the upper consisting of plates two and a half inches thick on the inclined sides, and one and a half inches on the horizontal plane, except over the steering gear, where its size is increased one-half inch. The plating of the inner bottom is continuous with the ammunition-room, magazine floors, and bow and stern platforms, thus giving throughout a double bottom, which is minutely subdivided; each compartment is supplied with pipes connected with a powerful pump.

The armament will consist of twelve 6-inch, all-steel, breech-loading guns, so mounted as to give direct bow and stern fire from four guns, and beam fire from six guns; the bows and quarters are cut away to furnish this firing section, and the forward and after pairs of guns are mounted on platforms sponsoned slightly from the ship's side. In the *San Francisco* these projections are done away with, and the four guns are mounted, as on the *Philadelphia*, on the forecastle and poop respectively. The neighboring pairs of guns, in both the *Newark* and her sister ship, are sponson-mounted, with such sufficient projection, however, as to let them fire fore and aft without affecting the pieces carried on the extremities of the ship. The two pairs of waist guns are slightly sponsoned in deeply recessed ports, which give a section of lateral train amounting to 140°. All these pieces are fitted with segmental steel shields, and are carried at a mean height of 16 feet 8 inches above the water-line. The secondary battery is composed of four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, four Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and four Gatlings. The torpedo armament consists of six above-water discharging tubes, three on either side, fore, aft, and amidships, and with an individual train of 90°. Abaft the forecastle, on the forward bridge, is a conning-tower 8 feet 6 inches in diameter, connected with the protective deck by a tube 12 inches in diameter and 2¼ inches thick, through which are carried the steering gear, speaking-tubes, and signal wires.

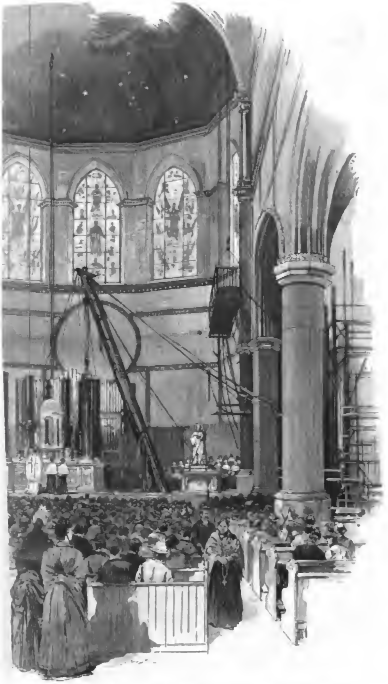
The speed trials of the *Newark* will take place late in the year, though they do not excite an interest equal to that centred in the *Philadelphia*, because with her the builders hope to exceed the phenomenal performances of the *Baltimore*. A forfeit of $50,000 will, in her case, be exacted for each quarter of a knot below, and a similar bonus will be given for every like movement above, the contract speed. It is for this reason that accurate speed determinations become of such great importance in the official trials, and just now the government is carefully examining three methods, two of which are based upon observations taken from a line running parallel with or between fixed marks, and the other upon relative screw performances. Whatever plan may be selected will have to receive the sanction of the builders, for every mistake of one foot in the total length of the sea knot—6080 feet—will, on the quarter of a knot allowance, make a difference of about $83 to one party or the other. J. D. J. K.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW.

The discussion of the inter-State commerce law is rapidly becoming general. The interest in that enactment seems to be greater now than it was when the measure was placed upon the statute-books three years ago, and is rivalled only by consideration of the unprofitableness of farming, especially at the West, and the agitation regarding the currency. The discussion betrays a growing dissatisfaction with the law. As every one knows, the law was aimed against the railroads; at least it was drafted with the view of correcting abuses in the transportation business complained of by its patrons, and was passed at their instance, and in spite of the opposition of the railroads. The last-named are entitled to the credit, however, of having accepted the law in a submissive spirit, and of proceeding to live up to its requirements.

But time has demonstrated that the law is not entirely equitable to the railroads; that is, to the very large part of the population which has put its money into the most important enterprise of the country. Experience has demonstrated, too, that the law is difficult of enforcement, and if enforced rigorously, would work even greater hardships than are now complained of both by the patrons and the managers of the railroads. The loudest complaints against the law come from those for whose special benefit it was enacted, namely, those engaged in agricultural pursuits. Their complaints may not be altogether well-grounded, but that will not carry much weight with those who represent them in Congress, since, as a rule, the Granger politician considers it his duty to cater to his constituents, rather than to educate them.

The railroad interest has, so far as can be learned, made no direct attempt to secure modifications of the law. Certainly it has sent no representatives to Washington, and its dissatisfaction has been expressed only



IE PAULIST CHURCH, NEW YORK, WITH THE ALTAR IN COURSE OF RECONSTRUCTION.
Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 367.]

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genious in their reasoning, and all of them are of surpassing interest to the student of commercial affairs. A satisfactory summary of the briefest of them would easily exceed the limits of this article, but we feel at liberty to give the conclusions reached by one of the counsel referred to in his own language. They are as follows:

> 1. When an act of incorporation confers upon a common carrier the right to fix and determine its rates, the question of the reasonableness or unreasonableness of such rates, when so determined, is a question of pure law, and Congress has not lawful power by prescribing or prohibiting amounts to withdraw the question from the judgment of the courts.
>
> 2. If the courts adjudge a given rate to be reasonable, Congress has not lawful power to nullify such decision by either anticipatory or subsequent legislation declaring the charging of such rate to be a crime.
>
> 3. If the right to fix and determine reasonable rates be a vested right and the property of the carrier, Congress has not lawful power to impair such right or to destroy such property, unless by due process of law, and upon securing compensation for the injury.
>
> 4. If the shipper does not otherwise direct on the shipment of his goods, different and competing carriers may lawfully agree, and as the agent of the shipper, to divide the same for transportation between themselves as they may elect, and Congress cannot properly interfere with their so doing.
>
> 5. Moneys paid to a common carrier in satisfaction of his charges are the absolute property of the carrier, and Congress cannot lawfully undertake to control the disposition to be made thereof.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States overruling that of the Supreme Court of Minnesota in what are known as the "Granger Cases" sustains the first and second of these conclusions, namely, that the determination of fair and reasonable rates must be by judicial proceedings, and that an appeal can be taken from the rulings of railroad commissioners. The decision will doubtless be regarded as applicable to the findings of the inter-State Commerce Commission, and thus open the way to judicial revisions of its acts. In conclusion, it may be noted that the litigation which seems very certain to be started in the near future, involving the constitutionality of parts, and possibly the whole, of the inter-State commerce law, will bring clearly before the public the imperfections of the law as a legal document, and the carelessness of those who prepared it. For example, it can be shown without great difficulty that it delegates to the commission appointed under it powers that are unwarranted by the Constitution, and which, if exercised, would bring it into conflict with all three of the departments of the government established by the Constitution, namely, the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial.

Collin Armstrong.

DON'T GO OFF BEFORE YOU ARE READY,
Particularly on a long journey. Be fully prepared. You cannot be, permit us to say, unless you are accompanied with the traveller's and tourist's vade mecum, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most genial of appetizers, acclimatizers, and promoters of digestion. Against sea-sickness, malaria, cramps, and colics, begotten of badly cooked or unwholesome food and brackish water, nervousness, increased by travel, chronic biliousness and constipation, the Bitters is a sovereign preventive. It imparts a relish for food not altogether to your taste, and prevents it from disagreeing with you. Never was there such a capital thing for the unfortunate dyspeptic who stands in dread of the best-cooked meal. Stomachic trouble caused by ill-prepared viands aboard ship, on steamboats, and rations hastily bolted at railway restaurants, is soon remedied by the Bitters, which gives a quietus also to rheumatism, kidney troubles, and insomnia.—[*Adv.*]

In buying any sort of goods you want to be *sure* what you will get for your money.

Everybody knows it is so in buying flour or meat, nails or bicycles, oil or glass; why should it be any different with insurance?

It *isn't* any different.

Every uncertainty in price or amount of goods operates in favor of the dealer, not the buyer; if it didn't, he would not sell on such methods.

If a grocer offered to sell you flour at a dollar a barrel above market price, promising to throw in an extra barrel by-and-by if his business paid well enough, you not only would not take the offer, but you would be inclined to go elsewhere for your groceries; you would think he was a slippery customer whom the police had better keep an eye on.

And if you did take it, the result would be merely that you would have paid 10 per cent. more for your flour than you need have done, for you would not get enough extra to anywhere near make up for the extra price.

A straight purchase, so much goods for so much money, is best in every sort of business, and there is nothing about insurance to make it an exception.

The Travelers, of Hartford, does that kind of business; it charges the lowest cash price for its policies, it guarantees *everything* about them—how much will be paid at death, and exactly what will be done in every possible contingency. It offers the best of insurance, at the lowest price; it makes no guesses, and allows its agents to make none, and a man is never deceived or disappointed [*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM
Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

FOR COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA,
Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere, 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Nicholson's Liquid Bread is a refreshing, nourishing, wholesome tonic, that is a popular drink with both the sick and healthy. Its purity is unquestioned. Druggists and grocers keep it.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the hair.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters make health, and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

"When the spring-time comes" we usually find ourselves drowsy and exhausted, owing to the impure and sluggish state of the blood. To remedy this trouble, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful, yet safe and economical, blood-purifier in existence.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

UNDER A BUNCH-LIGHT.

BY MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.—ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.

COURAGE in woman is as glorious as the sunflower, and as incapable of thriving in the dark. I was alone, and it was as dark as tragedy—a palpitating darkness alive with mysterious suggestions. Like Bob Acres in the duel scene, I realized that "valor will come and go"—the situation was more than I had bargained for. From stone steps and hardwood floor I had passed through a little door to where my feet sank into something so warm and soft it might have been alive. It was the velvet rug in the manager's box. Groping boldly, I stumbled and fell into a large, springy embrace, that of a velvet arm-chair. The chill of the brass railing startled me as I leaned on it, and saw as much of the theatre as one may see without a light at half past six in the evening. The artist partner was in a species of tropical dungeon down below, making a study from life of the great tragedian in his dressing-room. Left to my own devices, I had, thanks to my bump of locality, found the most luxurious corner, there to rest unobserved and watch the drama, after the fashion of the nebular hypothesis, evolve from darkness.

The curtain was up, the scenery was gone, and in the vacant stage on one hand and the yawning auditorium on the other the shadows circulated freely. I had expected to feel very much at home, and tried to live up to my expectations. But I thought of Edgar A. Poe's story of "The Pit and the Pendulum," and suddenly the thick, still darkness seemed to be closing in upon me. It was stifling, and yet my feet and hands grew icy cold. I thought I felt something crawling on the floor, and so got back into the big chair, making myself as small as possible, with my feet under me.

"Nonsense!" said I to myself; but the darkness was thick, and the time seemed long. Had I not been afraid of my own ridicule, I would have gone back on the stage to where out of a brick wall came a cheerful side-light, with a wire cage around it. Presently, when hope was at the ebb, a door rattled, and a broad ray of promise shot diagonally across the boards, straight toward me. For an instant I saw the black figure of a man silhouetted against a perfect wealth of golden gas-light. It was one of the finest effects I ever saw on the stage—or at least I thought so at the time.

The door slammed; the glory went out. A small flare of flame came bobbing along, accompanied by a cheerful whistle, and he whom I subsequently discovered to be Joe, the gas-man, lit a big bunch-light at the front of the stage, just where the leader of the orchestra is accustomed to wave his baton. Joe disappeared, and I heard the whistle go underground with him, down to the bottom of the stairs. A cat flew out of my box: my suspicions had not been unfounded.

Reassured by the friendly light, I leaned far out on the box rail. It was like being on a ship at sea. The stage was the middle deck, the bunch-light a big lantern hanging from the main yard arm. Over the side the rows of seats in their linen shrouds looked like a running, foam capped sea that stretched away and lost itself in a black horizon. Above the horizon were pale flying clouds resembling the sea. Up in heaven, the heaven of the gallery gods, the burnished concave of a calcium reflector shone in the blackness like a silver moon. Now and then the bunch-light would flare, and its furthest rays would touch upon gilding, crystal, polished brass, or the surface of a mirror with a glitter like phosphorescence.

Above the deck the sails were clewed up, and a thick net-work of ropes and spars went up and lost itself in the night. Suddenly a familiar creaking sound told that the sailors were pulling on the ropes; in the rigging I felt rather than saw moving spots of something blacker than the darkness—the sailors among the sails. Then there was a soothing silence. The shadows teemed with poetic shapes and suggestions. it was the fascination of being alone on deck, a still, moonlight night. I was just beginning to feel as if I could write poetry, when Joe the gas-man opened, with an irreverent bang, the door that leads from the subterranean regions to the orchestra. As he did so there entered a gust of warm air freighted with the odor of escaping gas, not furnace and oily steam-engine—an odor to make one wake from any dream, and be thankful not to be upon the moving ocean.

One by one, Joe lit the lamps of the musicians and carefully turned them low. Women in cloaks and men in ulsters drifted across the barren stage, like "Mary across the wild moor." One lonely, gloomy-faced tragedian advanced to the bunch light, executed a few racy jig steps, drearily bowed his thanks to an imaginary audience, and solemnly passed on. This broke the ice, and now the action of the piece improves. There is a sharp crackle of electricity, and the lobby lights shine faintly through translucent doors. A man in a very short coat comes down the stage and breaks heavily into the silence.

"Say, Bill, just snake off dem covers on de udder side, will ye? Tommy's got de grip."

A black form from nowhere pops up in the middle of the sea, and is skimming the foam off the imaginary waves, two black forms are removing the imaginary clouds that do not even belong in the heaven of the gallery gods, but consist of linen-swathed seats in the balcony. There is another crackle of electricity, and the side-lights in the auditorium, "half on," show the men staggering off under shoulder loads of white linen, leaving rows of clean-brushed velvet seats ready for use. Joe the gas-man, with his lighter in his hand, bends over as he runs along and lights the footlights. Then, turning off a stopcock in the floor of the stage, he unscrews the bunch-light and carries it off. A rippling swish and a thud, the fire-proof curtain is down; a tremendous crackling of electricity, the lights in the boxes and centre chandelier are ablaze. Correctly dressed ushers stand at the head of each aisle. There is the scuffling of hurrying scene-shifters behind the curtain, and the sound of a violin under the stage. Enter hand in hand an early couple from the country, stumbling bashfully down the aisle, and apologizing profusely to the usher.

"It is barely half past seven," says the artist—at my elbow as if by electricity; "before the time for the curtain to rise, we can put in half an hour at the tragedy up the street."

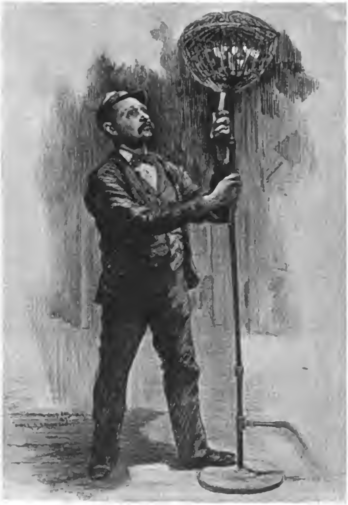
Going out the stage-door, we pass the foreign tragedian's valet, a low-browed Italian, bearing with intensity a cooler containing wine and apollinaris. He shows his teeth in recognition.

"Ze signore no can drink ze wat'," he explains; "eet ees *dangerous!*"

TRAGEDY.

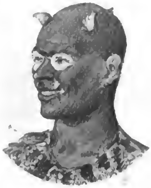
There is an American hustle about the next tragedy. Much is crowded in little space, the whole full of the color and motion of life behind the scenes; the air is hot, hotter, hottest as we go behind the stage-door into its permanent twilight. We fall in the obscurity over two little maroon-clad Jewish girls dressed as pages. They are lolling around like a pair of Italian greyhounds. "B-r-r-r," says one ten-year-old to the other; "rub my legs. They're awful cold in these tights." There is a full head of steam on; the atmosphere is like a Turkish bath with the gas escaping. A door is open between stage and auditorium, and there stands the great American tragedian, a well-built figure in a very heavy ulster of dark plaid. The collar of his coat is turned up, and a fore-and-aft travelling cap is pulled as far as possible over his head. A few stray locks, now gray, but gracefully curling, and a characteristic, unmistakable profile betray his identity. Tenderly he bends over two charming children—little friends who are all excitement, and evidently intend to occupy a stage-box during the performance. The boy regards the tragedian with glowing eyes of admiring expectation; the little girl clings affectionately to his hand. A hasty glance at his watch and he ceases his conversation to kiss them good-by. The door closes. The tragedian glides across the dim stage, soon to reappear in hump and motley, swinging the bauble of *The Fool's Revenge*.

The stage-carpenters and scene-shifters whistle softly as they wander around, setting scenery with the indifference of long custom—an indifference not so hap-hazard as it seems. There is one brilliant point in all the dimness, the spot where all the force of a tall bunch-light seems to concentrate itself upon the abundant gray hair of a young old stage-manager,



UNDER A BUNCH-LIGHT

who stands with his back to the light running his eye over the prompter's book. This same bunch-light, too, brings out the high lights in the gas-man's key-board, which latter consists in a side-wall full of highly polished stopcocks, wheels, and buttons. A single individual playing upon this key-board as upon an instrument controls the gas and electricity throughout the house, making the white light "one green" and the green "one red" at will, and turning night into day or day into night with a movement of his magic finger.



PIERROT.

"You must see Madame," says the stage manager, putting away his book; "she is charming." We hurry through the king's palace across the stage. I have a senseless fear lest the curtain should go up. The door is open, and there stands Madame before the mirror. The large room is neatness itself; the floor, ceiling, and sides are lined with pale blue cambric. There is a great deal of light, and an odor of roses combined with a faint suggestion of dainty cigarettes. In a sweet husky voice Madame repeats the amiable nothings of polite society. Her brown hair looks unusually dark against the pale, highly illumined background; her figure in a long black velvet gown is an inky silhouette, full of gracious fluctuating lines.

It is not all a bed of roses, even for the great ones. The steam-heater in that room is out of order; a stove has been put in, but does not work; Madame is hesitating, as undecided as one of Portia's suitors, between the pleasures of being congealed and those of being asphyxiated.

"Quarter hour," announces the call-boy.

We ascend the stairs, and pass the open door of one of the leading actors. He has taken time by the forelock, and has leisure to spare. Dressed for the performance, he luxuriates in a postprandial paper, sitting in a very modern attitude among wigs, doublets, and general disarray of by gone centuries.

"We have forgotten the property-room," says the stage-manager.

Down the stairs again and into an open door, where in the dimness we see a vast mass of dark confusion, with bits of gilding glittering here and there. By the door sits in an antique chair of state a modern fat man in his shirt sleeves; between his huge knees is a little vase, in which his large fingers laboriously endeavor to arrange some faded artificial flowers. His massive jaws work with rhythmic regularity, and the murky air is heavy with the unmistakable odor of chewing-gum.

"Say, Chippy, ye might as well git out that banquet stuff now."

Chippy, who chews gum too, dives like a swimmer into the obscurity, and splashes around heavily among the family portraits, boats, bird-cages, thrones, garden gates, coal-scuttles, swans, harps, cradles, dragons, sofas, potted plants, cabinets, sceptres, Dresden clocks, and all the rest of it. When he emerges, we follow him as he staggers across the stage, dragging behind him a big noisy bundle wrapped in a red throne-cloth. Without ceremony he dumps his load on a big table, and proceeds to arrange "de banquet"—an almost indestructible feast, though not particularly toothsome. There are aspics, pâtés, and roast fowl of *papier-maché*, fruits carved in composition and hand-painted; the candelabra, goblets, and platters are made of gilded wood, and the superb wine jugs of embossed tin and zinc *repoussé*.

"We use ter take more pains wid 'em 'n we do now," says Chippy, apologizing for the somewhat worn appearance of certain of the viands; "but what's de use? De table sets 'way back anyhow, see? In de las' act de star dances on de banquet, see? 'N' he kicks de whole business galley-west, 'n' breaks somethin' every time, see?"

We leave Chippy to muse on the privileges of a star who can make points at the expense of properties, for our attention is claimed by a weird tableau over in the corner. In that particular spot, shut off by the scenery from any light there might be, it would be dark as Egypt were it not for the rays of one pale candle set upon a table in a stalagmite candlestick of its own drippings. Around the table four men, seated upon the uneasy backs of saw-horses, are quarrelling in obscure gutturals, and making tragic snatches at little squares of white paper. The light reveals three pairs of spectacles, and leaves the fourth to the imagination.

"How effective! Conspirators rehearsing, I suppose. Not in costume yet," I venture.

"Wrong cue," responds the stage manager. "German musicians getting ready for incidental music."

As he speaks they seize stringed instruınd begin softly picking an

e the rounds, and are back
. under the tall bunch-light,
d in a costume of rich, sub-
ıed interest a letter, accom-
ı heavy Germans, who are
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ıot in costume.
ısed men in the legitimate;
stage-manager, looking at

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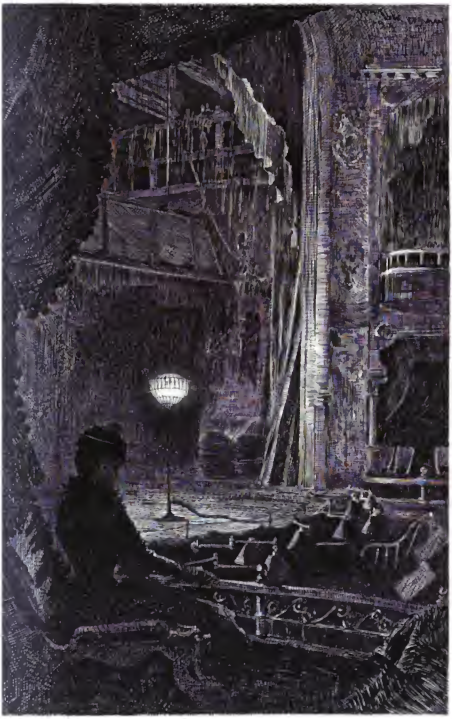

THE DAWN OF THE DRAMA.

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self.
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tage-door the light falls on
ecktie, an old-gold cheek.
e woollen hood, a pair of
hites of eyes, or the gleam
who had lost her ticket,

having retired to consult with her fellows, returns to the attack of the German fortress dismayed, but not discouraged. She makes a lively attempt to pass unnoticed in a crowd. But a large German hand detains her, and a voice that she alone can waken says, "Don'd got a dicket, don'd gome in."

"Now look yeah, boss, you knaw whar I b'long. How's dey gwine ter gib de show if you don't let de ladies 'n' gemmen in? Why, I done played de *Queen er Sheeby* eve'y time dey had it! Why, de derectur knows me. He mus' know me, fo' eve'ybod' knows me. I's numb' seventy-six, sec'nd row ob de cullud ladies, t'ird fum de end."

The assistant stage-manager appears on the inside of the second glass door, in response to the mulatto's frantic appeals in the plantation dialect he sends for the ballet master. As soon as that worried and overworked individual says he "thinks he recognizes seventy-six," the "colored lady" is within the door and out of sight as suddenly as if she had disappeared through an enchanted trap. The procession begins to lose interest. The stage door man in his Teutonic trance once more is as monotonous as he is peculiar.

Through the hallway to the right, then straight ahead again, and you are on the stage. The vast pale auditorium in the half light looks from the stage like a section of the Roman Coliseum. Down in the "bear pit" the musicians are rustling leaves, tuning instruments, and talking in German half-tones. The calcium light men are everywhere, rushing around with huge cylinders, such as are used in soda-water fountains. The stage hands are putting up Solomon's Temple; the carpenters are examining grooves in the floor; supers in all possible and impossible costumes are grouped here and there for the ballet master's inspection. Garlands, fans, wands, torches, harps, banners, tambourines, and other devices are distributed by the property-man's assistants. The Queen's golden palanquin is put in place; the sand storm is looked after. These things are all prepared and rehearsed beforehand, but to put them in the right place at the right time necessitates a new confusion.

It is the half-hour. Down goes the big curtain. The ballet side of the stage is full of life and contrast. You see the romance of tulle skirts and the reality of shirts and stockings to knit. Up on a landing sits little Léontine. She wears dark slippers over her ballet shoes, and a dark jacket protects her neck and shoulders. Now and then she nods her little fifteen-year-old head at the thoughts that come to her as she crochets a tidy of cotton thread. There is a confusion of figures on the stage below her. A performer coming down some set steps passes before a calcium that throws his shadow, huge and grotesque, on the scenery beyond him.

"We all bring work to do whenever we are here," says little Léontine. "Sometimes we are ordered to be dressed for rehearsal at ten in the morning, and our turn does not come until three in the afternoon. We all exchange patterns. Some of the girls have lovely patterns, and know how to knit all kinds of things. Come and see mamma."

Léontine takes us down to where her mother stands. Both belong to the rank and file of the ballet. The mother, a French American, is still pretty, and was young not so very long ago. She loves the little Léontine. There is a worried, mother look in her eyes that makes you forget the painted cheeks, the sketchy skirts, and flesh-colored legs.

"It is so hard to get along," she says, speaking quite freely of what is uppermost. "We must both work, you see, and even then it's hard to save enough for the dull season and for the lessons."

"Yes," adds Léontine, knitting away, "it's the lessons that cost money, and of course I make no progress if I do not study all the time. People who look at dancing from the front think it's all very fine. They have little idea what hard work it is!"

"And the rehearsals, and the long hours," adds the mother. "Last year Léontine was such a little thing her strength was not equal to it; and after the season was over she was ill for months."

"Now don't worry, mamma," says Léontine, coaxing. "I'm ever so much bigger this year, and the doctor thinks I'm stronger too."

The prayer for strength to work, the struggle for bread and butter! Where is the world we read about in books—the world where the income supplies itself, and there is nothing so serious in life as the rise and fall of a love affair?

It is time for the cry of "Orchestra in!" The last preparations are made. The calciums are ready, the lights at side and back are low. Ballet girls, taking a peep at their more fortunate sisters in the boxes, look like pearl-gray silhouettes, just the color of Hamlet's ghost. As we pass out the ballet master is sorting out the wives of Solomon, and has just fined a high-priest who, in elephantine German playfulness, has pulled another priest's beard off.

PANTOMIME.

At seven o'clock it is dark and slippery in the damp back street. The stage door is midway in the block, and to reach it you must pass, if you can, through a solid queue of wrangling, joking, pushing men and lads—a line which begins on the high stoop of a once elegant mansion, extending down the steps and out into the slush of the street. It is the gallery audience waiting for their entrance door to open.

All around and about are scores of poor ragged little boys, who hoot with envy at the gallery swells—rich enough to go to the show. The coupés, carriages, diamonds, and furs at the front entrance of a theatre make the gallery crowd look very much like the extreme of poverty. But in phases of humanity New York is inexhaustible: the gallery auditors are Vanderbilts to the hungry, penniless ragamuffins who enviously admire them. The little beggars are not bad hearted either, provided that in face or manner you show neither dislike nor fear.

"Make way fer de lie dy," says one grimy little fellow, trailing before us in his rags with all the dignity of a French beadle at a cathedral wedding. And, thanks to their good-nature, we are saved the penance of having to wade in the slush, or go back around the block and enter the street from the other side. You must find the stage door by instinct. There are no outward signs or tokens.

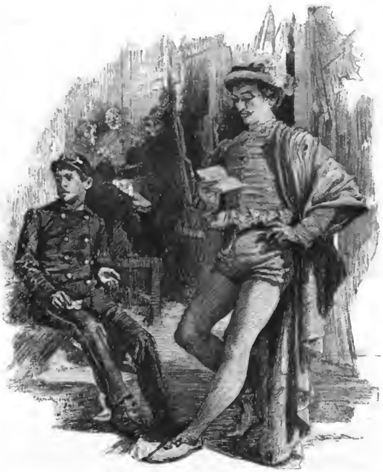
The theatre, one of the genuine old-fashioned kind, is at this hour as roomy and as gloomy as some deserted church.

The stage floor is full of marks, grooves, stars, squares, and triangles, that look in the half-light like the pattern on a faded carpet. On either side of the great stage are serried ranks of scenery, tall and vague. Overhead loose canvases flap softly, like the great black wings of gigantic birds. A Roman arch on the right makes a half-circle of bright light where the massive wall has been pierced, and broad steps of stone lead to rows of small stone dungeons, *i. e.*, dressing rooms, down below. Massive and sinister it all looks, like the subterranean part of some old castle on the Rhine.

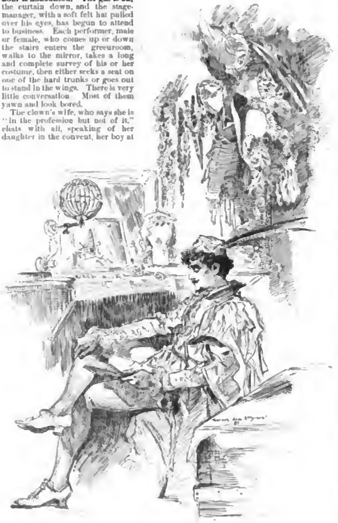
At the left of the stage is the green-room, a room (in books) where distinguished visitors and gifted artists meet to indulge a passion for deep discussion and brilliant repartee. The reality, as we have it here, is a long tunnel-like room with a row of trunks on either side and a pathway down the middle. On one side are some severely simple windows, ornamented from without by the flattened noses of street boys who have climbed a fence somewhere. The extreme end of this dark tunnel is made quite cozy by a bunch-light, a large mirror, and a sewing machine. At the sewing machine sits the clown's wife. They are going to a Masonic ball after the performance, and she is dressed already, in a black evening dress that is decidedly well made and becoming. Her fan and long gloves lie ready on the corner of the machine. She puts in her spare time usefully, sewing red spangles on the devil, white buttons on the clown's collar, repairing a break in the imp's green and red shoulder, and mending the high-priest's blue and yellow sword-belt.

There is the genuine "theatre smell" about the old place. It is composite and permanent. Steam, engine oil, illuminating gas, wood alcohol, the odor of old brick walls, soap, pomade, faded flowers, the musty smell of heterogeneous apparel that has been packed away—these and other ingredients, mixed and remixed, constantly re-enforced and never escaping, make up the sum of that behind-the-scenes odor that is attar of rose to *habitués* and death to all intruders. Bayaderes, demons, priestesses, fairies, skirt dancers, and priests come winding down a spiral stone stairway from above or climbing up from below. The half-hour is announced. The gas is on, the curtain down, and the stage-manager, with a soft felt hat pulled over his eyes, has begun to attend to business. Each performer, male or female, who comes up or down the stairs enters the greenroom, walks to the mirror, takes a long and complete survey of his or her costume, then either seeks a seat on one of the hard trunks or goes out to stand in the wings. There is very little conversation. Most of them yawn and look bored.

The clown's wife, who says she is "in the profession but not of it," chats with all, speaking of her daughter in the convent, her boy at the military academy, and keeps sewing on buttons and spangles with complete impartiality the while. The clown appears in costume. That is, he is a clown from his toes to his collar; but from the collar up he still retains his identity as the author of the piece and one of the proprietors. "If you would like to know how a Pierrot makes up his face," he says, "I know my wife will be very glad to accompany you to the dressing room."



WHERE THE REAL AND THE IDEAL MEET.



"QUARTER HOUR."

The star's dressing-room adjoins the stage and the green-room. He stands in front of a big mirror. The marble slab at the base of the mirror is adorned with a box of white powder and a can of lard. "One, two," says Pierrot; "now see me lose my identity;" and he pulls over his head a tight white skull-cap with apertures for the ears.

"Now a good coating of lard," he says, rubbing thoroughly his neck, face, and ears.

"Leaf-lard, for two reasons—it is harmless, and it helps intensify the white of the powder. The face of a Pierrot, you know, must be a pure bluish white; the yellow of the gas-light counteracts the blue, and the audience sees a perfect white."

Then on goes the powder with a big puff. "I keep on adding powder," he continues, "until I match the white of the skull-cap, and you cannot tell where the cap ends and the face begins; the hardest is to get the ears white, as they are naturally much pinker than the rest of the face."

When he has finished with the powder-puff he bends first on one side and then on the other, clapping his hands in front of the ears and nostrils so that the breeze made by concussion removes all superfluous powder. The artist is enchanted with the transformation. At this stage the head looks like an egg. The lips are covered, the large nose blends into the general whiteness and is hardly noticeable; the nostrils, eyebrows, and eyelashes are white, and the eyes can scarcely be seen. There is something almost supernatural in the effect that can be produced by white. Just as a snow-fall blots out the familiar features of a landscape, masking them to mean something new and strange, so the clown's white powder obliterates the anxious worker and responsible father of a family, making of him a weird, unnatural creature with no more of a soul than Undine, a being light as thistle-down and irresponsible as the butterfly. Whether Pierrot kisses a girl, kills a man, or cracks a nut is all the same to him and to us. We dwell with him in topsy-turvy land—where everything is nothing and nothing is everything—there to be free for a little moment from the limitations and restrictions of moribund mortality. But we are dealing in facts, not fancies.

"Now," continues the star, "this will never do. My face, as you see it now, could not carry an expression strong enough to go across the footlights. I must make it so it will speak loudly, in all languages, and yet without words."

"I often think," Pierrot goes on, putting a stick of black *cosmétique* through the wire of the bunch-light and letting it fry, "what a soft snap most of these actors have. When a man comes on the stage and *says* he does so and so, the audience is very apt to take his word for it. But I, on the other hand, must say nothing; by my actions I must carry the thread of a story, sustain the interest, fix the attention, and make the people laugh at the right time."

The *cosmétique* is cooked, and he lightly outlines each eyebrow, puts a thread-like black line down each side of the nose, a tiny dot of black at each corner of the mouth, daintily traces the curve of the nostril, darkens the eyelashes enough to make them visible, and around each eye at the roots of the lashes traces a line an eighth of an inch wide.

"When I produce my new pantomime," he resumes, "I think I shall fall ill for just one night—a luxury I can't afford at present—and get some stylish society actor or spouting heavy man to play my part. Imagine the condition of the average actor if he were not allowed to speak!"

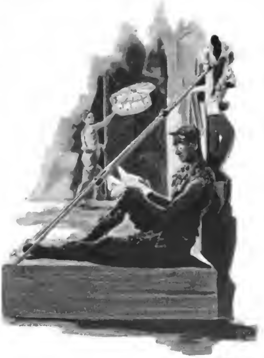
And so he chats while his wife brushes the powder off his costume, buttons the big ruffled collar around his neck, and Pierrot stands before us—a creature so curious and so devoid of human identity that his voice is an impertinence and his words do not belong to him at all.

"You see I have made no lines that commit my face to any one expression," he explains.

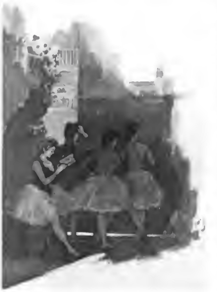
"Quarter hour," interrupts the call boy.

"Up three flights of stairs, that is the way to the room of the English dancers," says the high-priest.

On the first landing the Fairy Queen, standing on one foot, supports her equilibrium by leaning one arm on a cupboard that juts out from the wall. There is a man on his knees before her; but, judging from the back view, he is not



THE IMP AND THE IDOL



'EEP AT THE HOUSE.

have convinced me
no romance save that
I take courage to pro-
he Fairy Queen says:
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ıan, is measuring her

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and fairy qveens und
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, *Crispino e la Comare*,

in taking the theatre
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ner like scared sheep.
any woman with the
e little Oliver Twist,
"'ome" they love so
ave been bullied from
the cradle, perhaps beaten. An American child of seven has more independence and a greater consciousness of power than the four of these combined. To meet some one who knows London, and will talk with them of "'ome," fills their hearts with joy; and tears spring simultaneously in four pairs of eyes while the tallest, who is speaker, tells, the other three clinging around her waist the while, "'ow verry 'ard and lonely it wos to be so far away fr'm 'ome in such a verry strange kentry all through the 'olidays." You can easily see that the smiles and poses they assume before the foot-lights are merely so many meaningless bits of "business" which they have been taught, like parrots, and execute with mechanical accuracy.

"We're nawt much liked by the Amerricans," says the little speaker. "At first they'd run down Lunnen 'n' the Queen, and try all they could to hurt our feelings. So finally we told them thet treveiling in Amerrica wos nawt arf so comfortable as in England. Oh, you should ev seen them! They said they'd nawt ev it! They were verry mad. So now we just keep to ourselves. We're verry 'appy together. We've made no acquaintances, and sometimes for weeks we speak only to each other."

Four heads nod in concert every time a statement is made. They are anxious to know if their "act" looks well "from the front," and say they want clean costumes, but dare not ask the management lest they give offence. Evidently they have not yet found out they are in America.

The clatter of an electric gong intrudes upon the conversation. It is the signal for "orchestra in." I am very nearly swept upon the stage by a crowd of belated green demons rushing in a dizzy way down the spiral stone staircase. Priestesses and nautch girls ready to go on form long queues in the wings. They stand under tall, old-fashioned bunch-lights that, concealed by the scenery, flood the stage with light. By one of these lights the imp, quite oblivious, is smiling through his make-up as he reads a paper.

"If you will wait until his cue comes," says the stage-manager, "you will see him drop that paper, turn a back somersault through the idol's bosom, and land on the stage."

Away up among the rafters, too high for the stage lights' reach, is a young man. A reflected ray from the calcium he handles illumines his white shirt and shows his face, one cheek distended with chewing tobacco. It is his high mission to emphasize the moral tone of the pantomime by throwing a white light on the just and a red light on the unjust. The rise of the curtain is our signal for departure. The imp is still reading as the stage-door shuts us out from the patter of lively feet and the sound of gay music that begins with a crash.

COMEDY.

"Madame, may I come in?"

"You may, sir."

The maid opens the dressing-room door, and there sits Mrs. Malaprop. It is a scene of sparkling gorgeousness. The blazing lights illumine the jewels, the soft plumes, the lustrous brocade of her costume. She sits like a queen in a common every-day chair, while her train, laid across a second chair, reveals with pardonable indiscretion a dainty petticoat of fine lace and as pretty a foot and ankle as was ever shod in satin and silk. Comes briskly in no less a person than the immortal Bob Acres himself. His eyes are snapping with lively interest; from a precious package he unwinds the tissue-paper, and reveals to the surprised gaze of Mrs. Malaprop a small half-finished plaster statuette of Andromeda against the rock.

"Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it perfectly beautiful?" he queries, cocking his head on one side and holding the statuette at arm's-length.

"Just a sketch, you see, just a sketch, but so dainty and artistic," he continues, still holding the statuette in one hand, and with the other going through an imaginary process of modelling.

"I dare say," replies Mrs. Malaprop, dryly. "I know your artistic tendencies, my good friend. But for me it would be more interesting if Andromeda's features were carried a little further—and her drapery too, for that matter."

"Ah, but my dear Mrs. Malaprop," answers Bob Acres, appealingly, "you wouldn't break those lines, those beautiful lines?"

"If it's beautiful lines you want, that's just the business I've come on," says Sir Lucius O'Trigger, at the half-open door. "I want to show you a letter from my sweetheart," he explains.

"By all means," says Mrs. Malaprop. "Is your sweetheart half-finished and in plaster?"

"No, no, not plaster; but a bit sketchy, a bit sketchy—she's but seven years old, you know."

And he shows a blotted little letter full of childish affection, beginning, "mi deer sir lushus."

"My clothes-wringer! Dear me! I've forgotten to speak to Charles about the clothes-wringer!" and off rushes Bob Acres with Andromeda in his arms.

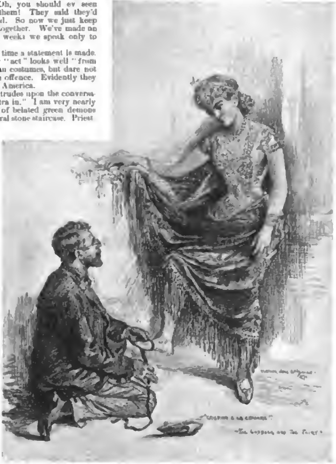
It might be possible to follow him did not the massive form of Sir Anthony Absolute bar the way.

"No," explains Sir Anthony, "the clothes-wringer does not mean that we have our washing done here. But, as a matter of fact, wherever you find Bob Acres you're pretty sure to find a clothes-wringer."

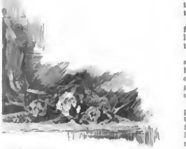
"You know how thorough an artist that gentleman is," he goes on, after a dramatic pause, during which the imagination vainly tries to solve the mystery of the clothes-wringer. "Well, whenever he has a picture in his mind he cannot get away from, and that is pretty much all the time, he paints it in monotint, working every minute he is not on the stage. While the painting is in the proper condition he lays a clean piece of paper on it, runs the two through the wringing machine, and, presto! has a very excellent copy of it. A clothes wringer, in short, is a Bob Acres printing-press."

The veterans of comedy are leisurely and well-to-do. They dine usually about three P.M., and give digestion an opportunity. About six P.M. they reach the theatre. By a quarter after seven the lengthy and often fatiguing business of dressing and making-up is over, and they enjoy the luxury of three-quarters of an hour to spend in some favorite pursuit. Mrs. Malaprop, who is the queen of her own kingdom, and bears herself accordingly, sits in dignified state, reading, perhaps, or reviewing her mail, or answering business communications or the messages of her children and her friends. Sir Anthony Absolute talks of his farm and his daughters, or writes to his family. Genial and popular Sir Lucius O'Trigger answers letters, or works on a new book of fables. Bob Acres makes notes for his book, signs artist-proof etchings, gloats over some new acquisition in the art line, or works on one of his capital monotints.

There are no favorites like the old favorites. Their destinies are tranquil, their manners proof against the usually disastrous effects of a wandering life. The results of nearly half a century of elimination, they remain a vigorous and vital reminder of the survival of the fittest. They are never idle, they are courteous to all and helpful to many. In such pleasant surroundings no wonder the "quarter hour" has passed unheeded. Much there is in life to make us weep, and some things there are to make us shudder. But to you are many of us indebted for hours of such healthy laughter as satisfies the intellect and rejuvenates the heart. Your lives preach the permanent value of artistic sincerity and the possibilities of sustained endeavor. Long may you all live to keep us young, and may nothing more serious come to part us than the shrill cry now uttered by the call-boy, "*Orchestra in!*"


"Crispino e la Comare"
"The Cobbler and the Fairy"

THE COBBLER AND THE FAIRY.



F BOB ACRES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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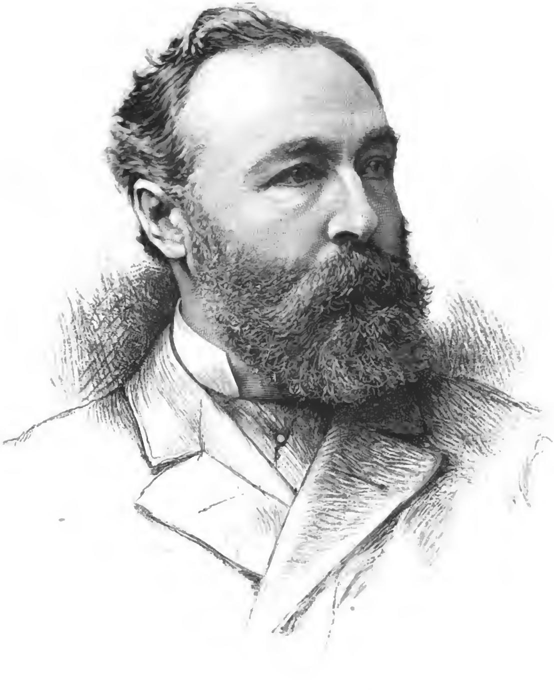
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890.

TEN CENTS A COPY,
INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



HON. GEORGE C. BARRETT, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE NEW YORK SUPREME COURT.
From a Photograph by Falk.—[See Page 292.]

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: been able to produce.—

ILE SERIAL
Y
IWELLS.

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t years; but the boy in it is the
them—not unnaturally good, a
bright, hearty, go-ahead, manly,
ing. The story tells of his daily
the Ohio town on the Great Miami
it was just the sort of a town for
ng very memorable ever happened
ld consists events"; but "every day
rture and thrilling excitement" to
attractive is that it may be consid-
phical: for MR. HOWELLS *has no*
doubtless drawn largely upon the rec-
ings for the material of "A Boy's

s April 8th in
YOUNG PEOPLE.

OP POTTER

ribe a paper on "David and Jona-
s of "Bible Story" articles by promi-
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CITY AND PROTECTION.

rprising statement in regard to the
an Congress is that a scheme of reci-
tical free trade among the American
the chief result of its deliberations.
one important commercial proposition
ation is generally believed, and it has
n the beginning that it would be very
nstrate to the South-American states
rests required them to buy in a dearer
cheaper market. It is plain that the
dom of trade among the States of the
of the rich sources of their prosperity,
lence of similar freedom of exchange of
ng all the states of the Northern and
ts of the continent would result in sim-
benefits. It is, indeed, the natural rela-
t countries. The free supply of hides
America enables our workers in leather,
t and shoe enterprises, to compete pros-
every market. To tax hides as the con-
ir entry is to raise the price of boots and
ry American. The obvious conclusion is
stless because it is so simple.

as the system of tariff obstruction con-
cannot expect our South-American neigh-
ce very seriously our professions of desire
rade relations. The fundamental principle
in the cheapest market cannot be set aside
ing less strong than the offer of some
greater than that which results from the
of that principle. In the existing situation
to parts of the continent no such offer is
le. It is not, therefore, wholly improbable
a scheme of reciprocity has been entertained
ngress. This is made more probable by the
the Pan-American Congress will be regard-
e chief incident in the administration of the
epartment by Mr BLAINE. He is considered
e author of the movement, and a miscarriage
ere subsidence of its deliberations into minor
gative results—indeed any result which is not
e, substantial, and progressive—would be inevi-
njurious to the Secretary's prestige. He under-
this unquestionably better than any one, and
l hardly acquiesce in an abortive and futile
sion of the congress. During his previous
ontrol of the State Department his desire was
strated to enter into closer relations with the
American states, and to establish a continental
which should justify for himself the claim
CANNING made for the King of England. It
arkable, however, that the announcement of
sible scheme of continental reciprocity should
een made simultaneously with the presentation
high tariff of Mr. MCKINLEY, which is the nat-
al necessary result of the election of 1888.

It is never easy to prove the real significance of any general election, but accepting that of 1888 as a fair expression of the popular sentiment upon the question of protection, although the majority fell far below Republican anticipation, it called the Republican party to the control of every branch of the government. A measure embodying the protective principle in its full rigor was therefore fairly to be expected, and there is no doubt that the MCKINLEY bill conforms to that expectation. But Mr. BLAINE, the author and chief figure of the Pan-American Conference, in which apparently a policy of practical continental free-trade is under consideration, is also the leader of the party which is expected to sustain in Congress the rigorous protective tariff of Mr. MCKINLEY, which lays a tax upon South American hides. This situation has naturally attracted universal attention and comment. Not a word, however, has been reported from the Secretary himself, while many surmises and theoretical explanations have been suggested. Is it possible that a Congress which feels itself logically committed to the MCKINLEY tariff could also countenance the reported Pan-American policy? Is it at all probable that the Secretary has so radically and suddenly changed his views—for his article in the *North-American Review* is still fresh in the public mind—that he proposes South-American reciprocity, a policy which is not affected by a name, and if sound is as desirable with foreign European as with foreign American states? Even the rumor, taken with the undisguised demand of Republican New England for free raw material, gives significance to the assertion that serious discontent is brewing within the administration party, and that shrewd Republican leaders apprehend a dangerous reaction against the high tariff policy.

THE NEW SHERIFF.

THE interest in the recent developments of the carelessness, extravagance, and utter contempt of ordinary honesty and business methods with which the government of the city of New York is carried on is by no means local. The whole Union is concerned in the government of its greatest city, while our contribution to the solution of the problem of municipal administration is of interest to every country. Thus far one point is clearly demonstrated, that there is no important city in any country in which more reckless extravagance of administration and less practical advantage to the citizens can be shown than in New York. On the other hand, such energy and efficiency of exposure of the situation by the press, and such prompt investigation by legislative authority, are not to be found elsewhere. But it is undeniable that there will be no confidence in the permanence of relief so long as the causes which have produced the situation, and which have been long familiar, remain undisturbed. If the city government is to be controlled by political parties for their own advantage, the *régime* of TWEED, more or less modified according to the cleverness of the bosses, will also continue.

The most striking and interesting incident, after the recent revelations and the retirement of the Sheriff, is the appointment of General SICKLES to complete the Sheriff's unexpired term. It was wholly unexpected. It was a stroke of the Governor's which justifies the claim made for him by his friends that he is a shrewd politician, and the appointment has been universally greeted with approval. General SICKLES has had much experience of public life, but he was never called to important responsibilities with such general applause. What has been said foolishly of other new officers in the city administration may be said most truly of him—he has a great opportunity. This was not true of the Mayor nor of any of his subordinates. They were merely agents of Tammany Hall, and Tammany Hall is a conspiracy against honest and economical municipal administration. General SICKLES, however, is independent of Tammany. He was not suggested by Tammany, nor was Tammany consulted by the Governor. He is beyond the ordinary sordid temptations of Tammany, and if he has political ambition it is not of a kind that Tammany could make or mar.

Probably, however, General SICKLES had not expected to return to official life, and he enters upon the shrievalty with no pledges or understandings, with none of the usual engagements of any kind whatever, and with the clear perception that the more thoroughly he reforms the abuses in the office, the more strongly he will commend himself to public honor. He may not choose, indeed, to take this position, and he will not be surprised if the public awaits his action before saying more than that he has what other men have not had—a real opportunity. No man could enter an office which has been one of the chief dependencies of Tammany corruption with the determination to cleanse it without finding his task beset with enormous difficulties. The natural hope of good citizens is that General SICKLES's thorough acquaintance with city politics, his strong resolution and courage, and the desire of a man who has been conspicuous in national, civil, and military service to crown his career with signal honor, will induce him to make an office which has long been one of the greatest public scandals a public benefit. It is in that way that he has begun. As he says, he finds the system suitable for a small town still retained in one of the chief cities in the world. By strict observance of the law, which is entirely inadequate to the situation, he will compel a change of the law and abolish every pretence for illegal practices, while the demonstration of the honesty and economy with which the office can be administered will make it at least difficult for any successor to resort to the old prostitution of it.

BALLOT REFORM IN NEW YORK.

THE proposition of Governor HILL to refer the question of the constitutionality of the ballot reform bill to the Court of Appeals showed his consciousness that he was withstanding a very powerful and intelligent public sentiment, and his desire to escape the responsibility of preventing it from becoming law. His veto message shows the same consciousness in his endeavor to demonstrate its unconstitutionality. He lays chief stress upon the official ballot as one not known at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, nor contemplated by it. He says that the word ballot when the Constitution was adopted had a well-understood and popular signification. If he means by this that nothing can be considered a legal ballot except the particular kind of ticket in use forty years ago, he certainly adduces no good reason for his view. The real questions are of a very different kind. Does the law prevent an honest voter from voting for the candidate of his choice? If it does, it is a restriction of the right of suffrage. Does it prevent illiterate voters from voting? Certainly not. They have every right and opportunity which they now have, with an especial security against the ill results of their own illiteracy.

The Governor concludes his message with one of the flourishes of cheap demagogy which are not unfamiliar in his speeches. He will never assent to any bill which is to disfranchise a single honest voter, however humble or unlettered he may be. Yet the very object of the bill is to secure to every honest voter, however humble and unlettered he may be, the chance of honest voting. Corruption and bribery of every kind at elections have become so general and startling that intelligent public opinion everywhere has demanded relief, and the method proposed in the bill which Governor HILL has vetoed has been found to be of the greatest service in protecting the honest voter, whether unlettered or not. It has been strenuously opposed by scheming and professional politicians for the reason that it prevents bribery and corruption, and the frauds that are constantly practised upon the illiterate voter. The character of the opposition to the bill is one of the very strongest arguments for its passage, and, as generally happens, the Governor is in direct opposition to the best sentiment of his own party as well as of the country, and commands the approval of those whose political ascendency would be a public misfortune.

But the Governor is the undoubted choice of his party in New York. Even if it be true that he sold the Presidency for the Governorship, he received the great bulk of his party vote. If the Republican candidate had been elected, the ballot reform bill would now be the law of the State. The Governor's ascendency in his party is undeniably great, and the party at large must be held responsible for him. Some Democratic papers in other States insist that the party is not to be held responsible for Tammany Hall in the city. But if the party should disclaim its chief organization which gives it its victories in New York, and also the Governor whom its Convention nominates and its votes elect, it would discredit the things by which a party is necessarily judged. It is not the protesting and futile minority, it is the dominant majority by which in every State a party must be estimated. It is Democratic votes in New York which baffle ballot reform and license legislation.

REMOVAL OF THE SOUTHERN UTES.

THE question of the removal of the Southern Utes is one that really involves the national good faith toward the Indians. However small their numbers, and however uninteresting they may be to the general public, no public duty is plainer than that of treating them honestly, and with constant regard to their absorption into our civilized community. The annual report of the government agent for the Utes says that, although a few years ago they were leading the original life of savages, they have made great progress toward civilization:

> "The comparatively small assistance they have received from the government has borne good fruit. They have now under cultivation about 600 acres of land, and have raised thereon during the last season about 400,000 pounds of oats, wheat, and barley, besides a large quantity of vegetables and some corn. They have learned in a measure the art of irrigation, and would no doubt become in the near future self-supporting by their agricultural labor if further and more extensive assistance were given them by the government.

work of the New York *Times* building. Somewhat slower is the construction of floors. In a many-storied building the area covered by floors is immense. Some idea of proportions may be gained when the leaf surfaces of a book are compared to the binding. The hollow tile, which from its form makes its own arch, is now entirely in use. Above these floors there is put some three to five inches of solid concrete. This kind of flooring holds and locks together a building as nothing else ever did before. Errors of a hair's-breadth when carried out *in extenso* become in a building dreaded exaggerations. Minute measurements are constant, and the best thumbed of all papers is the working plan of the builder. The plumb-line and spirit level are always in requisition. "Pretty nearly right," is a shambling confession of weakness. "Absolutely correct as to height, width, position," alone suffices. There is a limit of error. Maybe man will never get anything entirely perfect. What latitude is permissible varies with the intelligence of the builder.

A thousand men find active employment, first and last, for the six or seven months on the Madison Square Garden, and that does not comprise all the hands contributing their labor. The builder takes nothing for granted. He holds himself responsible for material, for the placing of it, and must and does look as carefully into those portions of the structure which, once closed up, are never to be seen again as he does into the visible ornamentations of the façade. With the patience of Job, the builder must at the same time differ from the man of Uz in being able to impart the impulse of his enthusiasm to his workmen.

"How does our work compare as to rapidity with that of England or France?" was asked.

"We build very much more rapidly here. I cannot say that it is twice as fast. I do not wish to present my own work, but that of many other American builders. We are forced to keep up with the requirements. We are more likely to be interrupted in winter than they are abroad, that is, in England, France, Germany, and Italy. Hot weather makes no matter to us, but cold weather does."

"Are the workmen, then, more speedy?"

"It looks like it. There are fewer holidays. We count on steady work."

"Then what is it? You employ quite as many foreign workmen as American, do you not?"

"A good workman is of no special nationality to me," was Mr. King's answer. "I have often thought it over. It may be handiness in getting at material, seconds saved here and there, little odd snappy ways of doing things, which count for us as days in the long run. All I know is that the English or Scotch bricklayer working on our wall over there will set more brick than if he was plying his vocation in London or Edinburgh. There is something in the air which quickens a man's senses here, and gets him out of the slow stride. More nervous energy is put into him. I do not speak of myself, but of other builders throughout the whole country, who will, in the eight or ten months, construct a superb structure, which edifice, say in London, would take from two to four years—say three years—to complete. When we begin to hit, we hit heavy, and keep on hitting all the time. I have the very best men I can find. I should be ruined professionally and financially if I did not have the pick of men. I want good men. I find them, and when found I do my best to keep them. Now promptness, the brain guiding the hands, produces careful work. If you slouch over a slow job, you generally turn out wretched work."

Then Mr. King was down the ladder, gave directions to one of his foremen about the foundation of the tower, and a minute afterward was on the Fourth Avenue side, inspecting the excavations there for the steam machinery which was to heat and light the place, run the elevators, and do the thousand and other odd things for which power is to be employed.

In thinking over what the builder of the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue, of the Equitable, and of the *Times* had said in regard to the rapidity of work in the United States, the theory might be advanced that it depended a great deal on temperament. Perhaps Frenchmen in Paris, with their plastic Caen stone, work faster than Englishmen, while the German would be the slowest.

There are very good builders of Bushire, that Persian seaport. They are sure if they are slow. A structure commenced this century will have its roof put on in the next. The deliberation of the Bushire builder is thus explained: "Brother," says the bricklayer to the laborer, "in the name of the Prophet, praise be his name, pass me up a brick." Then the laborer below bows gravely and replies, "Brother, in the name of the Prophet, the Illustrious, the Beneficent, the Pure, the Tower of Strength, to whom all praise is due, the Scourge of the Infidels—may their graves be defiled!—pray accept this brick." At least a Bushire edifice constructed with such pious homily would never when finished have a spick-span appearance. It would be born, so to speak, venerable, for the travail, with the ceremonial, would have been interminable.

The man of the cave period, if he found a ready-made den in the rock, worried himself but little with the trimming of his abode. He is said to have had artistic tendencies, and was probably satisfied with such natural decorations as stalactites, but after we have built our house, endless are our requirements. While the shell has been reared, all the fittings-up for it have been under rapid preparation. Romantic fiction applied to social science has presented uniformity as the drift of the future. When men and women all dress in their exact costumes, and live in houses as much alike as are peaseeds, then house-building will be reduced to a minimum of time. In that happy future a house will be thrown together, in certain parts at least, as rapidly as is brought together the works of a modern watch or the mechanism of a repeating rifle.

More worry and annoyance come now to the builder than when the heavier work was under way. It is an era of the smaller miseries, this putting in place of the infinite number of little things. Painters, floorers, plumbers, cabinet-makers, layers of tiles, electric people, tinners, swarm through the place. It is a Tower of Babel of trades. You cannot paint until things are dry and the dust laid. You cannot wait for your electric communications. They must be applied before the plastering goes on. When you get to laying tiles, or lozenges of marble or hard stones, those are exactly the things that will not be driven. The mosaicist always says, "Manyana."

From the quiet way in which the builder took up the considerations of the whole plan, the idea was conveyed that there really was not so much to do after all in the new Madison Square Garden—only an amphitheatre of immense size, only a theatre as large as Palmer's; besides these, a concert-room and a ballroom of great capacity, and a restaurant, and a hanging garden, and a 300-foot tower, and an arcade all around the block.

Mr. King did not say so, but it struck the writer as if he might have wanted to express himself in this way: "It's all here, so to speak, where I can keep it in touch, let us say, under my hat. Now when I have a half-dozen large buildings going up at the same time in different parts of the city, each one having a problem of its own to solve, that requires some attention. But here it's all together. To you it seems as if it were a complicated thing to do; but I am forced to look at things as wholes. I shall at first put most of my work on the amphitheatre, and get that done, because it may be wanted first. As to the theatre and concert-room, they will crowd on the heels of the circus—no, I mean amphitheatre."

This must be about the drift of what I think Mr. King would have said. Nor can I be so far wrong, for an absolute invitation followed, couched in this guise: "God willing, some time this summer—1890—I hope to invite you to take the elevator in this tower (you will note that my men are now building the foundations of it), and from the top of it we will see quite a collection of buildings, to be known in the future as the Madison Square Gardens."

The architects of the Madison Square Garden, Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, have altered somewhat the design as it was first presented in a former number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The tower does not now front on Madison Avenue. The whole structure, imposing from its size, is highly attractive. Architectural effects are, as they should be, assorted to the purpose of the building. It will be the handsomest place of public amusement in this country, and that without false display.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

NOTE.—In New York during the last twelve months plans have been filed for 516 new buildings for business purposes, to be located "on ground previously occupied by other structures, and the estimated value of the proposed new buildings is $30,002,000." In Boston the number of old buildings demolished during the past year "to make room for new structures was 492; new buildings in the place of old ones, 32." Estimated cost of new buildings, "$4,490,000—an increase of $1,992,500." The Mayor of Boston writes that in this statement are included "buildings in the business portion of the city, which have been taken down to make room for the rapid progress of trade." In Philadelphia the same process of reconstruction must be going on, but information having been asked of the proper authorities no response was given. Chicago having been so recently rebuilt, reconstruction will come in the future.

I am indebted to Mr. Scott Thompson for information as to the original owners of the ground now occupied by the Madison Square Garden. See Mr. Scott Thompson's article, "Real Estate in New York," in HARPER'S WEEKLY of October 26, 1889.

COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

IN at least one particular college theatricals take us back to the stage of Shakespeare's time—the female characters are acted by men. It was said of a member of "Master Will's" company of players that he was the prettiest girl in London. A similar compliment can now be paid to one of the prominent actors in the Columbia College Dramatic Club; and there are other members of this association and of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club who would shine in a contest of beauty. Whoever has attended a performance of college theatricals can read with the fullest appreciation Aldrich's clever story of the youthful scion of a Knickerbocker house, who became desperately enamored of a lovely trapeze performer, and wooed her with fruits and flowers and jewelry only to discover that he had been lavishing his affections and his allowance upon a man. Indeed, a susceptible youth attending a performance of the Columbia College Dramatic Club without a programme for his enlightenment might find himself before the evening was half over smitten with the charms of the club's lovely *prima ballerina*, Mr. Thomas Kelly, a son of Mr. Eugene Kelly, and easily the queen of college theatricals. Changing the locality, one may say of Mr. Kelly what was said of the Shakespearian actor of female rôles—he is the prettiest girl in New York.

We are indebted for our college theatricals to the Hasty Pudding Club, one of the senior societies of Harvard, which gave such successful performances of *Helen and Paris, or the Duke, the Dunce, and the Daisy*, at the Berkeley Lyceum the other day. This club started the ball rolling in 1845 and has kept it merrily going ever since. The particular father of this most diverting class of entertainments was Lemuel Hayward, Harvard, '45, who arranged a performance of *Bombastes Furioso* at the Pudding rooms, he himself playing the title rôle. Mr. Hayward still takes a parental interest in Pudding theatricals. The spirit of fun has been contagious, and there are now at Harvard several other histrionic clubs, the most notable being that of the D. K. E., which is a Sophomore society at Cambridge. The Pudding and D. K. E. performances lead not only at Harvard, but in college theatricals generally; and it is certainly greatly to Harvard's credit that her students besides being prominent in athletic sports are pre-eminent in these sportive entertainments, which at least border upon the intellectual and æsthetic, and certainly require a keen sense of humor and a due familiarity with the terpsichorean graces.

Mr. Lemuel Hayward may be likened to a histrionic Moses, who, smiting the Pudding rock, caused a stream of fun to gush forth. The stream reached New York in January, 1879. There had been Harvard performances in New York before then, but this was on so elaborate a scale, and was such a success, that thereafter college theatricals became a regular feature of the New York social season. The piece in 1879 was *Fair Rosamond*, and it was acted and sung with great *éclat* at the old Union League Club Theatre by a company of Harvard graduates. The performance also introduced the music of *Pinafore* to New York. *Fair Rosamond* was a roaring burlesque, but it was not the only funny feature of the entertainment, for between the acts an amateur orchestra made things hideous, a criticism which will probably not be considered invidious when the writer adds that he himself contributed materially to that nightmare of discord.

The cause of both D. K. E. and Pudding theatricals received great impetus from the class of '82, upon one of whose members, Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell, the mantle of Mr. Hayward may be said to have fallen. Mr. Wendell was Æneas in *Dido and Æneas*, a clever burlesque by Owen Wister, of Philadelphia, a grandson of Fanny Kemble. It was given here in 1882, and is remembered as the greatest hit in college theatricals. As D. K. E.'s, the '82 men had been to New York with *Kenilworth*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Der Freyschütz*, so that there were several familiar faces in *Dido and Æneas*. This burlesque bore the sub-title, *A Revised Version of the Æneid.* Prompted doubtless by their love of the classics, the "Puds" had gone to Virgil for their model. The result was Hasty Pudding, *sauce classique*. There was a certain element of daring in producing a revised version of the Æneid, for at the time it was done revision was not so much of a fad as it is now. Napoleon once expressed his admiration of Virgil in this neat epigram, "Si Homère a fait Virgile, c'est son plus bel ouvrage." No doubt the success of *Dido and Æneas* would have justified the Pudding men in changing the epigram so that it would read, "Si Homère a fait Wister, c'est son plus bel ouvrage." The burlesque literally bubbles over with what may be termed undergraduate fun—a delightfully direct species of wit. Of course the action had the classic story for a basis, but Dido, after ordering a pyre "for one," is obliged to countermand it, as Æneas, having discovered that his ships have become filled with sand, returns to her loving arms. The Trojan weeps so copiously, both before and after his arrival at Carthage, that he has to carry a bucket labelled "Tears" about with him. Whenever a particularly grievous pun is perpetrated, the altar in Dido's palace "blows up." Here are a few choice specimens from the libretto:

Dido. Oh! 'tis a cold hard world, and (*sitting down*) oh! 'tis a cold hard throne. But what of that? We are all thrown into the world except me, and I am wheeled on to the throne. (*The altar blows up.*)

Dido. Carthage must have temples.
Æneas. I don't see why we couldn't get along without temples. You never go to church.
Dido. I admit that. But Carthage must have ruins. Ruins it cannot have if it has not previously had temples. You know it must have ruins; for Marius is to sit in them.

Æneas (*turning to his followers after they have sung five verses of a chorus*). We will omit the next nineteen verses, and sing the twenty-third verse, in which the chorus is earnestly begged to repeat the last four lines.

Besides Mr. Wendell there were in the cast, Mr. Pendleton, a nephew of the late minister to Germany, as Dido; Mr. H. G. Chapin, of Springfield, Massachusetts, as Achates; and Mr. Richard D. Sears, the retired tennis champion, as Puer Ascanius. Mr. Wendell retains his interest in theatricals, and is a leading member of the Amateur Comedy Club, holding his position as much through his ability as through his popularity. He is well known in athletic circles, retaining the amateur record of the world at one hundred yards. Other Hasty Pudding men who made decided hits in college theatricals were Messrs. Philip and Herbert Sears, brothers of Mr. R. D. Sears, the first named being himself the college tennis champion, and Mr. Howard Taylor, the tennis champion.

The ballet made its *début* in college theatricals in *Dido and Æneas*. Dido's costume was a light pink gauze dress, with flesh-colored tights. Doubtless the real Æneas would not have mourned if the real Dido had been thus airily clad. In the burlesque at any rate the costume was a great success, and the ballet has now become a leading feature of college theatricals. It has been especially prominent in the performances of the Columbia College Dramatic Club, which has now been before the public some four years. *Pocahontas*, *Captain Kidd*, *William Penn*, and *Whittington Junior and his Sensation Cat* have been its chief productions, and it now has in rehearsal a burlesque entitled *Lafayette*. Mr. George Morrison is its librettist, and its leading lights are Messrs. Edward Fales Coward, who has deservedly the reputation of being the most brilliant actor on the amateur stage, Thomas Kelly, whose grace and beauty as the *prima ballerina* have already been spoken of, Robert Morrell, and Robert Cutting.

College theatricals are the most enjoyable kind of amateur performances of the present day, because while the amateur clubs are branching out into plays which should never be attempted except on the professional stage instead of confining themselves to bright society farces and comedies, in which amateurs cannot only equal but even surpass professionals, the college men adhere to the burlesque. These burlesques are generally written by a member of the club, who fits his players with congenial parts, and as a result college theatricals are given with a humorous *abandon* which cannot fail to exhilarate the audience.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

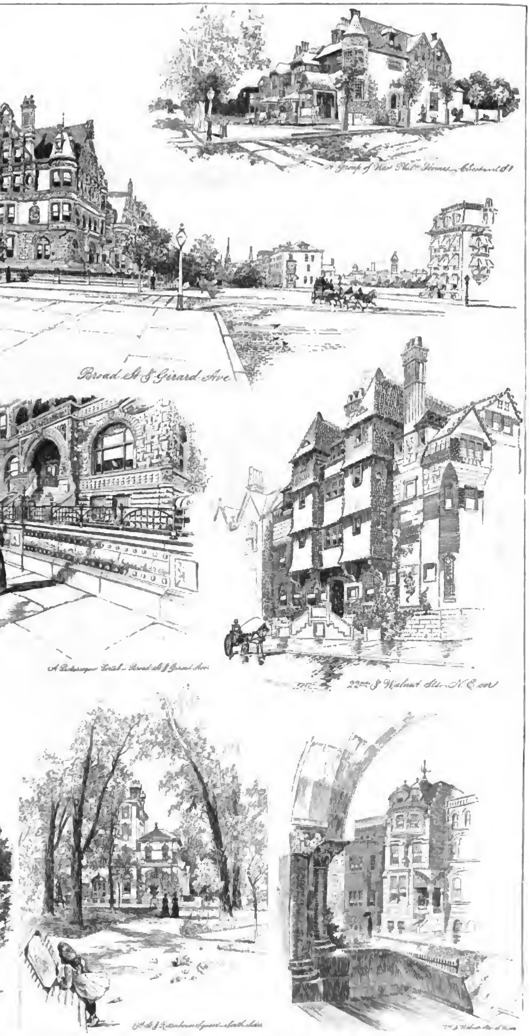
DAVID DOWS.

A COMPLETE biography of David Dows, who died at his residence in New York city on March 30th, would be largely a history of the economic development of this country during the last half-century. His active business life began before the age of railroads and telegraphs, and he witnessed and had personal experience in the gradual adaptation and practical application of those forces to commerce. His broadness of view, foresight, and courage enabled him to secure a fortune of many millions of dollars by taking prompt advantage of the changing and improving conditions in the revolution in trade brought about by steam and electricity, together with the general material growth of the nation.

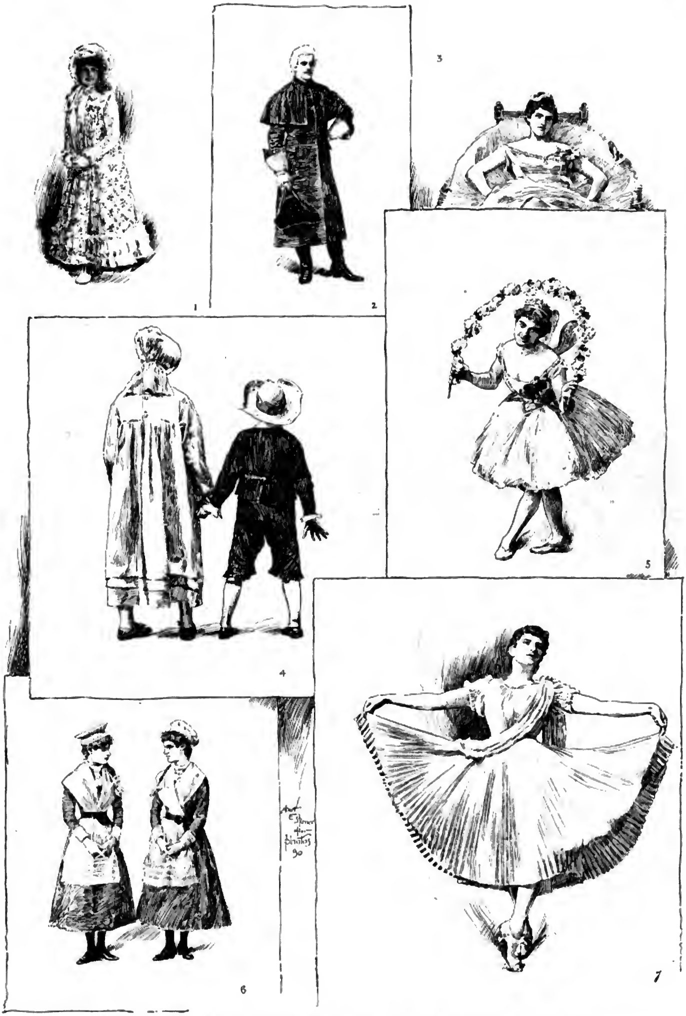
He was born in 1814, in Saratoga County, New York, and was the eleventh of twelve children, equally divided as to sex. His father was a farmer who had been a soldier of the Revolution, and was directly descended from the New England Puritans. The first ancestor of the family in America, leaving behind him in England a brother who became a Captain in Cromwell's army, migrated to Massachusetts in 1630, and took part with Governor Winthrop in the founding of Boston. From the New England point of view, Mr. Dows's lineage was of the purest American strain. At the age of fourteen he left his father's farm, with what school instruction the locality afforded, and went to Albany to begin life as a dry-goods clerk. This line of trade seems not to have proved his proper element, as five years later, after some experience at Utica, he came to New York to enter the employ of his brother's firm of Dows & Cary, commission merchants. Here his successful career fairly began. Four years after, in 1837, he was admitted to the firm. In 1844 his brother died, and in 1854 the death of Mr. Cary left him in sole control of the business. He subsequently took his brother Ammi, and in 1860 Alexander E. Orr and V. D. Mairs, as partners, when the now long familiar name of David Dows & Company was adopted.

The main feature of the firm's trade was grain, and its ramifications grew wide and far-reaching. They included offices and elevators in Baltimore, Chicago, St. Paul, and other points, and had necessarily much to do with transportation matters. Mr. Dows was actively interested in the extension of railroads throughout the Northwest, and was officially connected with nearly all the lines in the grain-producing region. He was for many years President of the New York Corn Exchange, out of which grew the Produce Exchange, and contributed greatly toward strengthening New York as a grain mart and point of export. In finding investments for his vast wealth Mr. Dows became associated with many corporations—banks, insurance companies, etc.

During the war for the Union, David Dows & Company rendered valuable aid to the government in the collection and forwarding of supplies. They were important factors in the work of sustaining the armies in the field. When Secretary Chase asked the assistance of New York capitalists in establishing the national banking system, and bringing order out of the chaotic condition of the country's finances at a critical period, Mr. Dows was one of the number who helped essentially to inspire confidence by starting the Fourth National Bank with a $5,000,000 capital.


A Group of West Phila. Homes—Chestnut St.
Broad St & Girard Ave
A Romanesque Portal—Broad St & Girard Ave
22nd & Walnut Sts—N. E. cor
18th & Rittenhouse Square—South Side

TO THE PRIVATE ARCHITECTURE OF PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 279.]



MEMBERS OF THE HARVARD HASTY PUDDING AND THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUBS
DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 283.]
1. Howard Taylor in "Robinson Crusoe." 2. Edward Fales Coward in "Captain Kidd." 3. Grafton Cushing in "Joan of Arc." 4. Robert Cutting and Robert Morrell in "Whittington Junior and his Sensation Cat." 5. Maurice Heckshe r in "Papillonetta." 6. The Twin Brothers Philip and Herbert Sears. 7. Thomas Kelly, *prima ballerina.*

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AN ANTHRACITE IDYL.

"Sure's the pur-rtiest lettle Irish gyur-rl that iver was bur-rn in Amurica," said Tim's grandmother. Tim sat on the steps, and his grandmother sat in the doorway, a white cap with large frills surrounding her face as the petals of a sunflower surround its great seeded centre. She might have been carved out of a hickory-nut, so brown and hard was the texture of her countenance, but big, bright, gray eyes, and wide, smiling lips that could never quite draw together over two enormous separated front teeth, helped, with a nose of true Hibernian pugnacity, to produce an effect of ugliness that was typical, and far from unattractive. In her exquisite cleanliness she contrasted strongly with the black fellow at her feet, who reeked of mine oil, and out of the creases of his boots and trousers scattered fine coal-dust upon her immaculate steps.

She was knitting a coarse sock, and kept the ball under her apron lest it should roll away; never looking at her work, but casting quick glances all around, not to miss whatever of interest might be going on in the neighborhood. Now and then she "shooed" away a cow possessing an undeveloped bump of locality, or a predatory pig whose appearance betokened riotous living, though not wasted substance; and sometimes she shouted, in her rich, deep-throated brogue, at reckless infants who sat in the middle of the road, facing an approaching coal wagon as calmly as if it were the car of Juggernaut, and they its self-destined victims. But with all this care over the outside world, Granny Grant was not oblivious of the nearer and dearer interests within her gates. The mere surface of her mind—her outer senses—took note of pigs and babies; deep below were the real faculties at work, and from out these depths came the sentiment which we have heard her express on the subject of Rosy, eldest daughter of Mrs. Burke, their next-door neighbor but one. Rosy was often granny's text, and Tim had ever been a willing audience, even suggesting new heads to the discourse or developing those he deemed too lightly touched upon; but to-day he hardly seemed to be listening to the oft-repeated panegyrics; he sat with head thrown back against one of the rough supports of the porch, mum, and gazing at nothing in particular.

Granny took up a clay pipe that lay beside her, puffed it vigorously into life, and went on talking through drawn lips. "Yis, Rosy's a pur-rty gyur-rl." Then, in a discriminating tone, twisting her head from side to side, and screwing up her eyes: "Et's not to sa-ay that her *fa-ace* is pur-rty, it's the *look* she has from her fa-ace. An' wheriver ded she acquoire thaht look? Et's not her *pe-rints* as gev et to her. Frank Bour-rke ez as oogly—as oogly as iver I seen a mahn wid a nose on um, an' God knows her mahther ezn't mooch fer shtolle." Which crushing criticism needed no heavenly witness to corroborate, but only a glance at the woman herself as she hung over her gate, with hair first cousin to the fretful porcupine's quills, and attired in a not overclean gown, whose cut displayed mercilessly what granny called "her endeshcroibable shlobbiness."

Mrs. Burke cared little for Granny Grant's opinion, or for public opinion either, which in those parts generally meant the same thing. She cared whether or not her children were run over in the road, and was endlessly screaming to them to "come out o' thaht, or I'll lick ye," to which injunction, with its accompanying threat, they paid little heed, however, "thaht" being present and perennial, while a licking bore the vague, uncertain character of all futurities. She also cared to have her husband's dinner pail well filled in the morning and supper ready for his home-coming at night; but more than aught else did she care to get her washing out before any of her neighbors, and for the sake of indulging this favorite whim would rise while it was yet night, in emulation of that uncomfortably virtuous woman who was King Lemuel's mother's beau-ideal of a daughter-in-law. Moreover, moved thereto by the same ambition, she invested half a week's wages in a washing-machine, to the deep offence of granny, in whom economy joined with conservatism to make her condemn "an expinsive theng that's no good but to kape oop a divilish squ'akin' and wa-aste good sawp, an' diz awa-ay wid the use o' the hands what God A'moighty fur-rnished ye."

One other item closes the brief list of Mrs. Burke's objects of pride, to wit, Rosy's white petticoats, of which that young lady owned more betucked and beruffled specimens than all the other girls together who dwelt in the seventy-four uniform cottages, single and well painted, that made up the aristocratic neighborhood known as Empire Row; and, strange to say, Granny Grant, who could bemoan the waste of good soap in "haythenish" washing machines, and who made herself intolerable at times on the general subject of thrift as *not* practised in the Burke household, found no fault with what she evidently considered indispensable to an Irish girl's wardrobe. Indeed, it is not unlikely that she regarded Rosy's superfluous petticoats as dowry, thinking her the more eligible for Tim in proportion to the number of such articles which she could bring along with her.

But Tim took no interest in the bravery of those rustling ornaments about his sweetheart's feet. He would have kissed the feet, and given away in advance all the neckties he ever expected to own to anybody who could have assured him that Rosy did not look upon him with indifference.

There was a time—not very far back either—when he knew she did not. He had known her all his life; they had sat in the road as infants and thrown coal-dust in each other's faces; they had wallowed in the same ditch, and sailed chips together upon the pond formed by escape water from the nearest mine. If the French proverb be correct, that "who teases, loves," then he must have loved her before the bones in their legs had hardened, for surely Kathleen O'Bawn never suffered more from her ardent Rory's attempts "to plaze" than did poor Rosy when little Tim Grant used to creep over on all-fours to torment her in ways peculiar to himself, such as sticking twigs in between her bare baby toes, poking pebbles and ashes down the neck of her gown, or—and this was the sorest trial—licking her dirty chubby face all over with as little mercy as an old mother cat who thinks bath-time has come shows to her kitten.

When Rosy was able to get up and run away, Tim was obliged to invent new methods of torture, though he still licked her face whenever he got the chance. On being catechised by his grandmother as to why he did so, he replied, "'Cause she allus has 'lasses on her," which was not far from the truth, albeit as a reason for his conduct the statement had no cogency whatever, since Biddy Hart, who lived between the Grants and Burkes, was literally smeared with molasses from morning till night without offering the slightest temptation to Tim's "sweet tooth."

After a while Rosy began to go shod, and to wear her "towsy" light brown hair in broad braids tied with ravishing blue ribbons. Tim, though not a connoisseur in white starched petticoats, had a decided eye for color, which developed itself in an early passion for neckties, and his admiration for Rosy's blue ribbons was so great that he never left one on her hair if it could be gotten off, which deed was sometimes accomplished by fraud, but oftener by force. He himself much preferred the latter method, since the inevitable tussle usually ended by his getting her into his arms, and making her "show her corn"—*corn* being Master Grant's euphemism for *maize*, a term ironically applied by Rosy's father to her white, even teeth. Rosy would resist to the death, but all efforts at keeping her mouth shut only resulted in more bewitching positions of the lips, which to any one understanding English said plainly, "Kiss me, if you dare," and Tim was not without a reasonable amount both of daring and English.

The invariable finale of these ribbon fights was a prolonged shriek from the victim, which displayed every kernel of "corn," from dainty incisors even to the last molar.

Ah, those were blissful times! But all was changed now. Rosy had become a school-teacher, and a school-teacher was in Tim's opinion something truly awful. He had put away such childish things as books at the age of fourteen, and he was now twenty, but it would take a good decade to obliterate from his mind certain impressions received at that hall of learning known as the "Fifth Districk." His ineptitude for study and his readiness for mischief would naturally have placed him among those pupils classified as "troublesome," but that an innate reverence for knowledge *per se*, quite unconnected with any acquisitive thirst, and a reverence amounting to awe for the hired dispenser of knowledge, kept his spirits in check and such mind as he had in a tolerably receptive condition.

But to these admirable motives must be added one not less admirable, namely, a desire to keep up with Rosy Burke. It remained a desire only; for although she was nearly a year his junior, he could never bridge the chasm that yawned between himself, wallowing in the vexations of multiplication, and her whose serene intellect the Rule of Three could not bother, nor practice drive mad.

Through successive promotions Rosy was at length rapt away into the upper heaven of Grammar A—a heaven utterly unattainable for Tim, who withdrew from school soon after entering the B room, and began his own support at slate-picking, only to feel more and more separated from Rosy, as she went winging her flight yet higher, alighting at length upon that top peak—the High School. He could never explain to himself how the separation grew, nor the exact point of time when he was first conscious of it. Who is there that can put his finger on such a point?

There had come a day when Tim actually found himself marching up the school-room steps behind Rosy, yet not daring to so much as tweak her long thick braid, with its delightful "fluff" flowing out beneath the fascinating bow of blue. When had he pulled that braid or stolen that ribbon? It was only yesterday. What had happened between to-day and yesterday? Nothing that Tim knew of. Time had passed; that was all.

After he once began to perceive a difference in Rosy, it was wonderful how many things came to substantiate it in his mind—things unnoticed at the time that now crowded around his bar of judgment, all too eager witnesses to signs of variation and quick change in the mistress of his heart.

Tim was far from being of a jealous disposition, and even had he been so he could have found little cause for jealousy. It was not that Rosy looked at any other boy, but that she did not look at him; that is, not so much as she used to, and when she did in such a queer way. Tim thought there was no sense in a girl's looking that way. Why couldn't she hold her head up, and give a fellow a square eyeshot, the kind he always gave her? But suddenly—or was it gradually, he could not tell—she must take to glancing at him sideways, like an old hen, or after the fashion of granny's tabby-cat, pretending not to see him at all, with a superior air of seeming to say, "I'm here, but you're not there."

But this was not all, nor the strangest part, either. What puzzled Tim most was the occasional thawing out of Rosy's manner. The times she chose for thawing out were very inopportune times for him. If ever he took special pains with his toilet, arraying himself in the full glory of store clothes, boiled shirt, and a cravat the latest and most flagrant marvel of aniline, these seemed only as signals for a certain charming nose to turn up even more than its Celtic origin would warrant, followed by a chin whose soft under fulness had often in bygone days mirrored the dandelion in assurance of its owner's predilection for butter, and which could now hardly express more than the merest shadow of anything so ungentle as scorn.

But let him happen to be in a particularly disreputable mining suit, and black past recognition, then it was that his fair neighbor saw fit to recognize him, and with just enough of the old effusiveness too to make him wild for the sweet revenge of bestowing a good black hug that would leave its mark on her dainty freshness.

Before Tim attained to the advanced position of "outside" mule-driver, Rosy graduated with high honors, and shortly thereafter shadowy rumors began to float about of her having passed a superintendent's examination, and applied for the primary department of Ironbrook School.

These rumors first spread themselves like a thin veil over Tim's sky, casting upon all things that light which is like a certain fearful looking for of change; then suddenly they gathered into a black cloud, which burst with the thunderous news that Rosy had gained the place she sought, and was indeed a teacher.

It would be difficult to describe the exact condition of Tim's mind at this point. His granny, in what was intended for low tones (she was incapable of a whisper), confided to Mrs. Hart, leaning over the fence and knitting the while, that "he was hur-rted in his faylin's to an extint that tuk the varry ta-aste oot o' pay-tates"—an extent of hurt truly alarming to any one who knew of the elective affinity existing between those underground esculents and his palate. Tim himself in the pregnant words "all broke up," perhaps sufficiently expressed the totality of wreck which the view of his inward state would disclose.

Had Rosy been made Empress of all the Russias she could not thereby have acquired a more transcending dignity in his eyes than she now possessed as a "school-marm." His awe of her high office set her apart as upon a throne, and invested her with robe, sceptre, and crown. Rosy was one who knew things! She could explain "sums," and hear lessons without a book! Also she had authority (under the principal, of course), and might thrash—judiciously.

This idea of remoteness was intensified by her boarding at Ironbrook and spending only Saturdays and Sundays at home. Tim did not know which he dreaded most—the dull pain, the "sorrow without torment" of her five days' absence, or the exquisite anguish of seeing her, or at least knowing that she was near, from Friday night until Monday morning. She boarded with Mrs. Hugh Wilson, who represented the top cream of Ironbrook society, and small airy tatters were very busy in carrying word of how Rosy was "making a regular mash of it" over there.

Once, after she had smiled upon him at intervals all day Sunday, Tim plucked up heart and made a pilgrimage to Ironbrook the very next evening, only to call himself a fool for doing so. In the first place, Miss Burke had on her best company manners, of which it might be said that, like her petticoats, they were able to stand alone. Then Tim, who had spent one solid hour in his adorning, and felt himself irreproachably clad, was mortified to the dust to find all the Ironbrook fellows wearing that style of collar which conceals the existence of a larynx, and is called "Piccadilly," while he was still risking assassination from a three-inch "cutthroat." Lastly, he was subject to the horror of encountering two teachers instead of one, for the principal was also making a call at the Wilsons', and talked upon matters connected with the school, to which conversation Miss Burke contributed her share in a way that was appalling. Moreover, she had a private talk outside the door with the principal, who was plainly heard to say: "All right. I'll thrash him for you!"

Now Tim's moral system was at a low ebb, owing to the utter downfall of self-respect caused by his discovery that cutthroats were "out," and these ominous words of the great man made him wince.

What was more likely than that Rosy should enlist a powerful champion as skilled in the manly art of thrashing as Mr. McKenna to rid her of a suitor whose room was evidently preferable to his company?

When she came back smiling, and told Mrs. Wilson that Mr. McKenna was going to settle Jakey Decers for her to-morrow, Tim felt safe in his skin again; but possibly the consciousness of being where you are not wanted is more uncomfortable than the prospect of breaking your enemy's cane by the hardness of your skull. At any rate, Mr. Grant thought best to withdraw before his bodily substance had become so infiltrated by Miss Burke's calcareous smile as to render him valuable to dime museums as "a *bona fide* fossil man."

Once outside, he crumpled his obnoxious collar with both hands, as if that innocent structure of triple linen was solely responsible for every disagreeable incident of his visit; after which he felt somewhat better, and resolved never to go there again, anointing his wounded self all over with the mollifying thought that when Miss Burke should return for her next two days' stay at home, *he* would try *his* hand at the petrification business. He alternately amused and comforted himself for several days with highly-colored mind-pictures illustrating conversations which richly set forth his own skill in sardonic repartee, and cruelly exposed her feebleness of wit.

However, as Friday evening approached, he began to have an unpleasant sensation of being pulled two ways at once, and while still rehearsing his carefully prepared speeches, and practising looks and attitudes expressive of withering contempt, he would have welcomed a water-spout, a cyclone, a general cave-in, or any other casualty that might temporarily release him from the necessity of assuming his new rôle before a public which, being concentrated in a single person, aggravated his self-consciousness, and produced premature stage fright.

It is in such a condition that we find him at the opening of this history, leaning back on the steps, and hearing his grandmother's animated speculations as to the origin of Rosy's "loo-k," as if they were but the whirrings of the fan house, or the rattling of coal down the iron shoots. Granny Grant enjoyed talking for talking's sake, looking not for base rewards in the form of sympathetic response. She talked not as one who is in feverish haste to empty herself of perilous stuff, nor as one merely possessing a morbid desire of communicating something; nor, again, as one who fears that time will not hold out; but rather as if she had all the time there is, and more too, her speech gliding on with a rich serenity, a continuity and copiousness which seemed like so many assurances of faith in a future existence, and in plentiful opportunities throughout all eternity for saying anything that might chance to be left unsaid here below. This made her a delightful companion in case one did not wish to talk one's self. Tim did not wish to talk just now, and his preoccupied air was far from being an annoyance to his grandmother, since it offered no check to the simultaneous flow of ideas and words.

Having passed judgment in the few cutting words recorded above upon the scant claims to personal beauty possessed by the heads of the Burke family, she went on to discourse more at length upon certain domestic and social traits of theirs which many years' propinquity had brought to her notice.

"Thim Bour-rkes, lavin' oot Rosy, ez the foolishest folks iver was anny-wa-ay," said she. "I don't see how the Lor-rd A'moighty cud 'a' ma-ade oop hes moind to ma-ake 'em. He must 'a' been grea-atly shtrook at the toime wid the desoire to crea-ate, widout havin' jist the roight shtoof fer the purpose at hand. Why, they're wuss nor clenkers, 'cause thim ye can pound oop fer roa-ads, but et's a bahd sor-rt o' fittin' or whaylin' ye'd git over sich a wohblin' boddy as Frank Bour-rke. An' as fer Ja-ane, ye cud la-ay her cross-wa-ays on a hill fer to ketch the wagin' whayls an' rist the bastes awhoile; she'd niver wear oot in a hunthered year. She ain't no more fet to breng oop cheldern than a siven-month ba-aby. God knows, she's hed enoof of 'em, but soom pessons niver lear-rns. Why, last wenter was a year, whin Ann an' lettle Mikey was seck wid dipthiry, an' grea-at ulsters doon their troa-ats the wuss sor-rt, what do ye thenk thaht levin' cratur' of a wumman ded? She ded this: she wint to the sur-rcus, an' lift thim youngsthers all be thimselves, only their lettle brathers an' sesthers, an' soom o' the neighborin' cheldern what ketched the ulsters from 'em, an' they all wrapped oop in kerosene rags, an' a-playin' aroun' the foire, an' no wan but the Howly Var-gin a-kapin' 'em from exsh-plodin', an' their mahther awa-ay enj'yin' hersilf en the medst o' howlin' wild bastes an' haythens, what's got more hayer on their heds than dacency anywhere else; an' a-lukkin' at thim in nahthin' but their own skens, lavin' out a bet o' penk or grane selk, what 'ud be as good awa-ay. An' thim a-wokkin' on the saylin', an' a-shtandin' on their heds widout hur-rtin' 'em, 'cause there's nahthin' en 'em to be hur-rted. An' Frank he goes alahng wid 'er shtid o' kapin' to 'is wor-rk, an' whin they coom bahk I'm bilst ef he ain't tepsy, an' thim poor cheldren seck an' sofferin' an' gettin' ento meschief; an' it's me an' Mis' Har-rt as lukked afther 'em, a-runnin' en to gev 'em a dawse o' kerosene noo an' thin. An' I says to um, says I, 'Et's a murtherin' shaame as ye can't kape sthra-aight whan your own cehlds ez a-ailin'.' An' says he, 'Do ye thenk I'm dhrunk?' An' I says, 'Sure, an I don't thenk, ye're bastely sawler.' Nor he wasn't, nayther; an' thin whin lettle Mikey died—wid chokin' to death wid the ulsters on his throat an' the pay nuts an' the pop-corn what his mahther gev um, thin they must have seen a waake as ye niver seen; an' the convent cufant a layin' oot wid candles, an' a white coffin all dicorated wid flowers, an' a white hearse an' white hor-ses to dhraw et, an' a loine o' kerrige wagins what nd maake the sare-cus mor ritified to shew et silf, an' Frank an' Jaane a-wapin' an' a-pukin' oot behind their handkerchiefs to show their grafe—ow ch!" And granny dumped the ashes out of her pipe as if it was one of the seven vials of wrath.

"Noo ther's Rosy," she went on, and her tone softened with her theme. "Ye wudn't thenk she'd a bet o' their shtoof en 'er—wud ye? She's a maate lettle pesson as iver was, *she* ain't wan o' the shlatterin' sor rt. Why, whin she was a wee baaby I usn't to b'lare they got her roightly, though I was at the layin' in mesilf, an' gev her the feest shpankin' she iver got, to maake sure she was aloive; but she growed oop thaht defferent from thim what's about her that I says oftentoimes to Jaane, says I, 'Sure 'n' Rosy's not your own enfant; somebody's wint an' chaanged her.' An' Jaane she got teatin' mahd every toime I told her thaht, an' says she, 'It's yourself as chaanged her, thin.' Howly Saaints! an' me a-countin' on that blissed baaby iver seuce before she come ento the worrld fer me gran'dahter; supposin' she dedn't turrn oot to be a by, what wud I be a-chaanglin' her fer?

"But she was ahlways defferent. I niver seen the exthryordinary waay she tuk to books, an' to luk at her at foive year a-standin' oop, wid her rag baaby en her arrums an' her layer en lettle reng-currls, a resitin verses loike a praste! What's thim verses, noo?

'The by stud on the bur-nin' deck

(an' a leg fool he was, sure), but to see her saay 'em—ow! et was par-rty.

"Ye'd jist know she'd tur-rn oot a school-taycher, an' a foine theng 't ez to be enstructin' cheldern. I wis' ye wudn't taake on about et so. Rosy's jist as fond o' ye as she iver was, an' it's the troot I'm a-saayin'. I seen her last Sunday was a fortni't, a-pukin' oot the windy as shloy's a caht to ketch a soight o' ye all dhressed oop in your new claws, an' whin ye putt your haht on the bahk o' your hid, to wan soide, I jist heerd her saay, 'Ain't he a daaisy fallow?'

"Noo, Tem, ye mustn't be so poor-hear-ted; gyurls ez quare thengs sometoimes. They're jist thaht contrairy ye can ahlways taake 'em to maane what they dedn't saay, an' whin they'll not look at ye, et's themsilves as 'll be a-lahugin' for ye to enquoire the rason."

This shameless "giving away" on granny's part of her own sex was not without its effect upon Tim, whose dull ear had been just awakened by the flattering remark alleged to be Rosy's, but which in truth was only a flower of fancy from the fertile soil of granny's own mind, and then roused into eager attention by an *exposé* of feminine inconsistency finely calculated to act as an alterative upon his relaxed masculinity. For some occult reason—one of those things undiscoverable by any fellow—Rosy was trying to make a fool of him, and he had been tamely consenting to the process. To think of his weakening after all those resolves taken on and since Monday night! But *now* let Miss Burke appear! Let her be rigid with starch and stateliness! Let her—

At this moment was heard a brisk, clattering sound, suggestive of a gentle wind in sails, or the flapping of a sheet stretched out on line to dry and sweeten in the sun and breeze. It was caused by the little boots of Miss Burke tap-tapping against her petticoat as she tripped along the hard coal-ash walk; but for all its gentleness it came with the force of a command to "fire!" and forthwith Tim shot like a ball from a cannon's mouth through the door, right over the head of his grandmother, who calmly adjusted her cap frill, remarking to Rosy that "she'd betther not go about turrifyin' young min thaht waay or she'd have somethin' t' answer fer."

On Saturday morning Tim made an early escape to work, and at three o'clock "shnaked bahk," as granny said, like a runaway slave, felicitating himself upon his successful avoidance of that fair-haired Gorgon who dwelt temporarily at No. 18.

But between three o'clock and bedtime there are a dangerous number of hours and minutes, and while making his toilet Tim resolved to go down to town, a way of spending Saturday afternoon not unusual with him, although of late he had preferred hanging about home, in the hope of catching glimpses and glances which were at once exasperating and delicious. Yes, he would go to town, and come back late, and retire early, and—well, and trust the saints for his future safety.

Passing a drug store he was reminded of the healing property there is in soda-water for a wounded spirit, and straightway walked in upon Mrs. Hugh Wilson and Miss Burke regaling themselves at that fountain of froth and "fizz"; so he betook his wounded spirit to the street again, hoping he had not been seen. Walking aimlessly about, he stumbled no less than thrice upon these two seemingly ubiquitous ladies, who smiled graciously at him, but not with the smile that says, "Won't you join us?" So the disheartened youth strolled homeward, concluding that this world offered no asylum for poor hunted wretches like himself.

Miss Burke attended early mass on Sunday, being not less pious than pretty. Tim was enjoying "forty morning winks" as she went clacking by; but that petticoat music mingled with his dreams in a way that made waking seem a cruel transition from paradise to purgatory. Still he ate a fairly good breakfast, and time somehow wore along. The day of rest performed well what would appear to be its chief function, namely, to enforce the blessedness of that portion of the primal curse which promises no other sauce for bread than the sweat of the brow. "Blue Monday" approached, clad in the rose-colored robe of all to-morrows that hold out the hope of change from present misery.

In April, when the sun shines warmly, four o'clock in the afternoon is not a bad time for a walk. Tim found it much pleasanter in the marshy meadows than remaining a prisoner in his own house, a butt for his grandmother's choicest ridicule. He climbed a grassy hill, and sat down upon the ridge, with his back to the big town lying hazy by its winding river, while before him rose a dark mountain wall stretching from east to farthest south. Throughout the whole length of the narrow valley at his feet was an almost continuous chain of breakers with their attendant culm heaps, jetty in the near foreground, but taking from distance the rich hue and bloom of a purple plum.

A strange spectacle with a charm of its own! But Tim had not climbed that hill for a spectacle; he went there for peace and quiet, and a chance to make his mind up once for all. His mind, however, preferred remaining "in the raw," and utterly refused to submit to the process of manufacture. His attention would not be drawn inward and concentrated; it flitted like a butterfly, alighting at length upon a smiling spot of pink at the foot of the verdant slope. This was a wild crab-tree jubilant with budding promise. No bee ever flew straighter to its favorite honey pot, lured by the color signal, than did Tim fly toward this vast posy.

The tree stood in a corner of the meadow, nearly surrounded by a natural hedge of thorn bushes and sumach. Its few leaves were of the newest green, but their brightness only served as an unobtrusive setting for a million buds, whose form, texture, and ineffable hue have but one counterpart in nature—the little dainty cushions underneath a baby's toes.

Tim gazed at the sight which one might think even a cow could not pass unmoved. He was wondering if he had enough daring left to take home a bunch of these beauties to a certain person, when a singular shaking movement among the branches made him step nearer and look more closely up into the thick blooming mass. Somebody was there, sure. A girl, too, for he saw a glimmer of white.

"Hello!" said Tim, in telephonic greeting; but no responsive hello came from the tree.

"What you doin' up there?" he asked.

A faint voice came down to him. "I'm caught! I can't get loose."

Tim parted the branches. Seated upon a stout limb, with her feet in a crotch, was Miss Burke. At first sight there appeared to be no reason why she should not descend at her will, but he soon discovered that a strong linen lace on her petticoat's hem had fastened itself upon one of the huge thorns of the tree, quite beyond her reach. Both thorn and lace refused to yield, so there she sat, surfeited with sweets, like a cat drowned in her coveted cream.

"Hello!" said Tim again, when he saw who it was. A sudden change had come over him. This was no longer Miss Burke, assistant teacher of Ironbrook school; it was Rosy, and he was Tim the tease, once more.

He felt not in the least hurry to help her down. She could not possibly look prettier anywhere than she did up there, with her sunny brown head against a bewildering background of blossoms, between whose shell-pink clusters tiny odd shapes of tender blue showed themselves. She was safe, too. He had her, so to speak, and he meant to keep her as long as he could. So he leaned against the trunk, comfortably crossing his arms upon a convenient lower branch, and proceeded to make himself agreeable.

"How long you been here, Rosy?" said he. "Ain't you gettin' some tired? Better come down."

Rosy gave a tug at her skirt. "I can't get loose."

"Oh, that's what's ailin', is it? Well, you see the tree ain't content wid bein' as purty as 'twas made, it wants all the more purty it can git," replied Tim, whose progenitors had kissed the Blarney Stone, and transmitted its effects.

"Oh, you!" said Rosy, in a tone that might mean a dozen things, but which Tim construed as meaning one thing, so he went on:

"I *thought* 'twas lookin' mighty smilin' when I seen it up on the hill, so I come down to find out what 'twas smilin' about. Don't blame it, neither. Guess I'd smile too if I was the tree." Here he received a shower of buds full in his upturned face. "I say, don't ye be peltin' me that way with them hard things, 'nough to break a fellow's head. *Look* here! I seen a swarm o' bees when I come down, all flyin' this way. The head one he says, 'Smell a new kind o' flower down yonder, sweeter'n honey; le's go have a sting at it.'"

Just now, in terrible corroboration of Tim's words, a huge bumblebee, with rich premonitory a-zum-m-m, swung heavily in among the flowers right over Rosy's head.

"Oh, Tim, take me down—take me down! Oh! oh! I'll be stung all over. Oh, Tim, *please* take me down!" shrieked Rosy, dodging this way and that, and holding out two entreating arms that would have weakened Tim's heart at once if he had not been so tickled with the thought of having her at his mercy.

"You be easy, now. Bumblebees don't sting." He looked over his shoulder. "That swarm must 'a' got on the wrong track. Don't seem to be a-comin' this way yet. I say, Rosy, you do look awful purty there. Guess I'll climb up and take a kiss."

"No, you shan't," said Rosy, filling her hands anew with blossoms.

"Now you know that can't do me no harm," said the heroic Tim, looking up with unflinching countenance at this would-be engine of destruction preparing to discharge its dainty projectiles. "You jest throw me a kiss instead o' them things, and then *maybe* I'll let you down." The red lips pouted. "There, I see the kiss a-comin'; it's most out. Jest help it along a leetle, won't you?"

"*Oh, Tim!*"—in an exasperated tone—"hold your tongue, and go away."

"I won't hold my tongue, nor I won't go away, nor you don't want me to, neither. How'd you git down if I went away?"

"Well, help me down, then."

"I will if you'll give me a kiss first."

"You don't dare to kiss me."

"*Don't* I?" And Tim began to climb the tree.

Rosy tore off one of the less obstinate thorns and presented arms. Tim paused, seated himself astride of the limb where his elbows had rested, took out his pocket-knife, and cut off the largest thorn he could find, then held it out menacingly in imitation of his fair foe.

Rosy smiled; naturally Tim smiled too. Then Rosy burst into a peal of laughter, and for a while the tree shook with their combined cachinnations. When this timely mirth had subsided, Tim started a fresh subject.

"I say, Rosy, you didn't treat me so very well when I went over to Ironbrook that time. Never seen anything stiffer'n you was."

"I wasn't stiff," said Rosy.

"Wasn't you, though? Then a corpse is limber. Well, you made *me* feel stiff, anyway; kind o' thought I was laid out in my coffin—cold chills all runnin' up and down me. What made you act so, Rosy?" Tim was realizing to the full the advantages of his present position, and waxed bold beyond imagination. "'Tain't a nice way to treat a fellow you've always knowed. What makes you do it?"

Rosy appeared to be tracing out cabalistic figures upon her palm with the whilom threatening thorn; she looked grave, not to say cross. Presently, in her starchiest tone, "How did I treat you?"

"Now look here! I don't want none o' your nonsense. I won't stand it, nor I ain't a-goin' to tell you how you treated me, neither, 'cause you know's well's I can tell you, an' you meant to do it, an' you're meanin' it now." Tim spoke with great severity, for he wanted Rosy to think he was angry, but twinkles twitched at the corners of his mouth and under his eyelids. The latter he managed to conceal by keeping his eyes down, but the feathery red line upon his upper lip left the former cruelly exposed. He *had* been angry, but who could be so now, with little bird in bush and hand at once? He felt perfectly sure of her, but he would not let her know it—not just yet. It isn't every day in the year that you can catch your sweetheart up in a tree like this: the pleasure must be lengthened out. So he was sternness itself as he went on: "I tell you what, Rosy, a girl can play one too many tricks of this sort. A fellow gits kind o' disgusted after a while. He says to himself, '*That* girl ain't no good; she's all slaty; she won't light a fire worth a cent.' So he goes off prospectin' fer a vein what'll pay fer the workin'. Now, if you think I'm a-goin' to marry you—"

"Who's talking of marrying?" snapped out Miss Burke.

"*I'm* talkin' o' marryin'," replied Mr. Grant, calmly. "That's what I come here for."

"Well, *I* didn't."

"What *did* you come fer, anyway?"

"I came to pick flowers, and have a good time all by myself."

"You don't seem to be havin' such a very good time."

"I was having it till you came."

"Oh-h!" said Tim. "I guess I'll quit." And he made as if he were getting down.

"Don't go and leave me. Help me down first," implored Rosy.

Tim relented slightly. "All right, but you've got to promise me something before I do."

"What's that?"

"Promise me you'll marry me."

"I won't no such thing," said Rosy, forgetting her school English in the heat of contest.

"Then I won't let you down." And Tim the tease reseated himself, leaning back, and twirling what he had hopes would one day be a mustache.

The sun was sinking now behind the green hills, but the upper half of the crab-tree yet glowed with its parting beams. Rosy's head was in this more favored portion, and her light frizzled hair formed a misty golden *gloria* around her brows. Tim sat in the shadow with upturned eyes, like an adoring worshipper before a shrine.

Soon the sun disappeared, the glow vanishing with it, and a little shivering breeze went through the tree.

"It's getting cold," said Rosy. "Please help me down."

"Any time you like," replied the amiable Tim, not stirring an inch, nor moving his eyes away from her face. An almost overpowering odor from the myriad buds filled the cool air. "Smells nice here. Guess I'll stay all night." And he folded his arms serenely, closed his eyes, and pretended to snore. The next moment Rosy began to cry, the trunk against which Tim leaned trembled with her sobs, and all the pink buds quivered in sympathy.

Tim was suddenly revealed to himself as an inhuman monster. In an instant his feet were upon the limb where he had been sitting, and his arms were where they had been aching to be for a longer time than he could tell.

"Rosy, Rosy, don't you cry, Rosy! I didn't mean to make you cry. I deserve a lickin', I do. Put your head on my shoulder, Rosy darlin'." But it was already there, the dear little head, with its soft curly hair close against his cheek and neck, the tears falling upon his Sunday suit—happy Sunday suit!

That strong shoulder under its cloth coat was quite the most agreeable place for a good cry that Rosy had ever found, and she did not try very hard to quiet herself, but kept on uttering gentle, hysterical sobs and sniffs, because it was so pleasant to have Tim patting her as if she was a baby, and saying, "Sh-sh!" and, "There, there, don't cry!" But at length she managed to speak.

"Let's get down," she said.

"All right; but I must stick to my word, you know," responded her high-minded lover. "I *said* I wouldn't let you down till you'd kissed me and promised to marry me, an' I won't."

A very wet face was lifted to his, the kiss bestowed being perchance a trifle salt for a critical taste, though Tim seemed wholly satisfied with it.

"Now say you'll marry me—quick," said he, for love's wine was warm in his veins, and the branch had become a rather unsteady footing. Her answer came with all the promptness he could desire:

"Of course I will, Tim dear. Who else would I marry if not you?"

Tim raised himself up to the next notch, reached out a trembling arm, and disengaged the lace from the thorn that held it so obstinately. In a few moments more they had both descended out of their roseate cloud-land, and stood upon common earth again.

Rosy had given her promise, but she made Tim wait a year for its fulfilment. He must be getting better wages, she said, before they could marry, and she herself must teach some more to lay up money toward a trousseau and house-furnishing. Such thrift and moderation delighted granny, who made daily public rejoicing that her grandson was "kaapin' company wid a gyurl what had her wets about her, an' dedn't maane to go floppin' ento widlock loike a hin wid its hid off."

THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL ROWAN.

VICE-ADMIRAL ROWAN, who died in Washington March 31st, at the ripe age of eighty-five years, had an unusually brilliant and successful career. His record covers a period of sixty years' service in the United States navy, and he was probably the only officer in American naval history who enjoyed the honor of promotion to two ranks on the same day—those of captain and of commodore. He participated in three wars with distinguished honor, the Seminole, the Mexican, and the civil, and in the last his achievements take rank among the greatest of that trying time.

The deceased admiral was born in Ireland, in December, 1805, and coming to this country in early life, he was appointed, in 1826, to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, from Ohio, where he had been for some time a student at Oxford College. He was promoted to passed midshipman in April, 1832, and during the Seminole war he cruised in the sloop of war *Vandalia* on the west coast of Florida, being placed in command of frequent boat expeditions and operations on shore. Commissioned as lieutenant in 1837, he passed several years on coast-survey duty, and then took an active part in the war with Mexico, being present at the capture of Monterey and San Diego, where he landed and hoisted the American flag July 29, 1846. He commanded the naval battalion under Commodore Stockton at the battle of the Mesa, Upper California, in January, 1847; took charge of a landing party that made a successful night attack on a Mexican outpost near Mazatlan; and he was executive officer of the sloop *Cyane* when she bombarded Guaymas, captured twenty Mexican vessels, and destroyed several gun-boats. Later he commanded an expedition into the interior of the country, which defeated a large force of the enemy.

After serving on ordnance duty, 1850-53, he was promoted to commander September, 1855, and appointed to the store-ship *Relief*. In May, 1861, he was appointed to the com-

, OF NEW YORK.—[See Page [illegible]]

able option of coining silver for private account before the option was available. In so doing, Congress deprived the people of a reserved power before the occasion for its exercise had arisen, and thus abused the functions of representative government. No man, acting as the agent of another, would dare to make a gratuitous surrender of any of his legal rights; but here the legislative body did so for the community at large, and the community was bound by its act. How a majority was found in Congress for such a measure would pass comprehension, were it not remembered that for ten years the country had been confused in its notions of the dollar by giving the legal tender quality to a government promise to pay.

If the law had been left undisturbed, and in course of time silver had declined so as to make it practicable to bring it to the mint for coinage, one of two results would have 'ollowed. Either the coinage of silver would ave worked well, in which case nothing nore could have been desired, or it would ave worked badly, and the people themlves would have called upon Congress to ange or to repeal the law. Supposing the w actually repealed in this manner, no ound for dissatisfaction could exist. But course adopted was certain to breed dislsfaction, and it did so, with many pracl difficulties in addition. In five years m the time that the silver dollar was pped, it was restored to the list of coins and to full legal tender; but owing to the fall in price in the interval, it was coined only on government account, and to a carefully limited extent. Within a year after this restoration the paper currency of the country was brought to par in gold, and it has been maintained there ever since. Silver, however, has sold lower and lower, causing constant uneasiness as to the amount of silver dollars that could be kept afloat at par with gold, as can be readily understood by the fact that we have now some 364,000,000 of silver dollars, full legal tender, and worth in gold only 75 per cent. of their nominal value. At times this anxiety has been serious; but the large decrease of national bank-notes in recent years has been attended by an increasing need for currency, and this conjuncture of circumstances has happily floated the silver safely.

It is important to consider our silver difficulty with reference to the wants of this country first and chiefly. We are to get over the blunder of our Congress in 1873 in our own way. The situation ceased to be a simple one when the continuity of the provision for silver coinage was broken, and subsequent events have made it very complicated. The difficulties of the subject have been keenly felt by successive Secretaries of the Treasury, and they have made suggestions in consequence; but down to last December their remedy was one which the people would not accept—the stoppage of silver coinage. Instinct and interest alike opposed this remedy, and they form a combination hard to overbear. Experience, too, has removed some of the objections which were made to this coinage. Notably, the old argument against silver dollars, that they are too bulky, and only fit for the poorer nations, is repeated in vain in a community where every man carries the silver certificates in his pocket. None the less, there is a danger in continuing our present system. No one knows when the silver coinage will become too great for stability at par with gold, but every one knows that the day may come, and with it the overthrow of our monetary system.

Secretary Windom, in his report of December, brought forward a plan for utilizing the silver product of our mines and smelters without coining the metal which it sells under its mint valuation in gold. Introduced in Congress and amended in the House, this measure proposes that silver produced or smelted or refined in the United States may be deposited with the government, and Treasury notes be issued against it at the market-price, the notes to be receivable for customs, taxes, and all *public* dues, and to be counted by national banks as part of their lawful reserve. The holder of such notes can get silver bullion for them from the Treasury to the value expressed on them, the price of silver being fixed on the day the notes are presented; or he may demand payment in silver dollars. The government reserves the right to pay them in gold. Market-price of silver is to be determined by the Secretary, and the objection has been raised that he cannot fix the market-price, as such a thing does not really exist outside of London. The objection has no weight. The Treasury has bought, with precisely the same determination of market-price, the silver which has been coined into $364,000,000, and is making purchases from week to week. The idea no doubt is that this system of deposit of bullion and issue of Treasury notes will make the Treasury the preferred buyer for American silver, thus diminishing our export of the metal, and affecting the price favorably in consequence. It is not clear that all this will follow. An advance in the price will stimulate the production of silver both here and in other countries, with what consequent effect upon demand no one can foretell. The metal, like gold, is both merchandise and money, and a low price favors its use as the former, but a high price the latter.

It is, however, to be borne in mind that several other countries are nearly as anxious about silver in its relation to gold as this country is, and Mr. Windom's scheme, which is evidently an improvement over our present system, may commend itself to some of them. If so, so much the better for the future price of silver. In the event of silver reaching our mint price of $1.2929 per ounce fine, or $1 for 371.25 grains fine, it is proposed to throw open the mint on the terms of the old law, for then the blunder of 1873 would be rectified. At present the claims of the measure rest upon the stoppage of coining silver dollars, and these claims should be influential with all who wish to preserve our currency at par with gold. It is better for the Treasury to store bullion than silver dollars, and better that it should cease to make the present ignoble profit from coining dollars which cost only seventy-five cents.

HENRY J. MACDONALD.

. DANIEL E. SICKLES, SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK.
From a Photograph by Falk.—[See Page [illegible]]

THE ABILITY TO BEAR PAIN

Is the test of fortitude among the Indian tribes. But we defy any Cherokee, Sioux, or Comanche to endure the twinges of rheumatism without wincing. These, indeed, are slight at first, but grow in intensity until they become unbearable. No malady is more obstinate in its maturity than that which gives rise to them. The more need, then, of attacking it at the outset. Foremost among remedies for it is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, safer and infinitely more effective than colchicum, veratrum, and nux vomica, all remedies which might prove destructive of life in a slightly excessive dose. Mineral depurents, also, when not positively mischievous, are far inferior in remedial power to this salutary botanic medicine. It entirely expels from the blood the acrid impurities which originate the disease, and enriches as well as cleanses it. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, and other ailments also give way to it.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

HAVE YOU SEEN "CHATTER?" Julian Ralph is conducting a bright weekly called "Chatter," for the home circle, with stories, pictures, and plenty of fun and valuable reading. One dollar a year. R. G. Riggs, publisher, 12 Beekman Street, N. Y. City.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"The Beverage for Nursing Mothers" is what physicians say of Nicholson's Liquid Bread. It strengthens and invigorates the mother's system. Try it. For sale by all druggists and grocers.—[*Adv.*]

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DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

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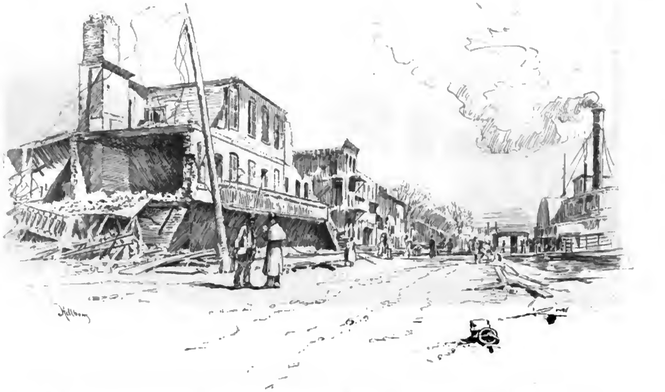


WRECK OF MORGAN'S HOTEL, FRONT STREET, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. BEUST, NEW ALBANY.

LOUISVILLE AFTER THE TORNADO.

SUFFICIENT time has elapsed since the appalling descent of the tornado upon the city of Louisville, Kentucky, on the evening of March 27th last, to ascertain definitely the amount of damage to life which it has caused, and approximately the loss of property. Fortunately the calamity, in the light of the latest information, has been discovered to be much lighter than was feared when the first tidings estimated the loss of human life at several hundreds, and the damage to property at many millions. It was natural to form an exaggerated idea of the number of people killed and wounded, for it seemed impossible that such extensive and sudden destruction of buildings in a populous city could be otherwise than attended with great disaster to human life. But it is now known, through the official list of casualties, that not more than seventy-five people were killed by the storm in Louisville. About one hundred others were injured, of whom a great proportion at this date—almost all—are likely to recover. The majority of the deaths and injuries occurred at Falls City Hall, in West Market Street, a three-story building, the ground-floor of which was a market, and on the second floor of which Golden Lodge Knights and Ladies of Honor were in session, and in an adjacent room a dancing class was being taught by Miss Rosa App. In one afternoon following the tornado there were thirty funerals, and the city was one of mourning. An affecting death was that of Rev. Stephen Elliott Barnwell, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, who, with his little son Dudley, was overwhelmed amid the ruins of the church and parsonage. Father and son were buried in one coffin, their obsequies attended by Bishop Dudley and all the clergy of Louisville.

Circumstances that account for the light loss of life are the width of the streets, the standing of houses in wide lots, the smallness of the houses, and the number of manufactories deserted at the hour of the storm. Main and Market streets, the principal scene of disaster, were largely occupied by tobacco warehouses and small manufactories relating to the tobacco trade.

Fortunately for the contents of roofless buildings in which were vast quantities of unprotected merchandise, the disaster was followed by three days of good weather. The estimates of property losses have been greatly reduced, the last estimates now placing the figure at $2,500,000, and even lower. The stock, which was far more valuable than the warehouses which contained it, received little injury, the main damage being that which shows so obviously in wreckage of buildings. It causes a temporary suspension of business, but the tobacco men are able to take care of all tobacco shipped to this city. The Union Depot was lifted from its foundations and swept to the ground, and twenty-one passenger coaches crushed in its wreck, but trains on the roads leading into the city have been able to leave and receive their passengers at convenient points without much delay. The work of clearing away the débris is actively in progress, and the work of rebuilding commenced. Tobacco sales are now going on regularly, and many of the merchants whose places were destroyed have secured quarters elsewhere, and have resumed their occupations. Much energy in rebuilding is displayed, and the devastation of the tornado will soon be repaired. In Christian, Breckinridge, Webster, Daviess, Allen, Barren, and Hancock counties, in Kentucky, and in parts of Tennessee, Illinois, and Indiana, there was a considerable loss of property and human life.

This tornado, rising in the Southwest, followed the general course of the Ohio River in a northeasterly direction. It first struck Parkland, a beautiful resident suburb in the southwestern part of Louisville, in the course of a rain-storm with wind, and amid thick darkness and with an appalling roar it swept in a minute through the city, and leaving a path of destruction, disappeared across the river. No reliable record could be obtained of its terrific velocity, which was swift beyond the power of instruments to register. It approached the heart of the city in a regularly pursued path, in a course diagonal to the streets, which run east and west and north and south. So confined was the tornado to its comparatively narrow path that most of the people in other parts of the city slept through the night of its occurrence with no intimation of the havoc it had wrought, and they learned of the disaster first in the morning papers. On the day following the storm, the people gathered among the ruins where searchers had been working all night long. As soon as they could get together after the tornado, the Board of Trade met and organized itself into a General Relief Committee. A Committee of Visitation and Inspection was next appointed, and its members instructed to go into the devastated district, and make a thorough examination of damaged houses and names of parties who had suffered loss so as to obtain accurate information of those entitled to assistance. The City Council at once appropriated $20,000 for the immediate relief of the homeless people. The militia organization known as the Louisville Legion entered upon guard service upon the boundaries of the devastated district, armed and equipped for duty by order of the Governor, to guard the property until it could be protected by its owners. The General Relief Committee and the leading newspapers have from the first maintained that Louisville is fully able to meet its losses, and although outside subscriptions have been gratefully accepted, they have not been solicited. It is remembered that Louisville passed through the disasters of the flood of 1883 sustained by her own self reliance and self help. Nevertheless individual residents of New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, and other large cities, made generous contributions, and generous offers of aid have come from every quarter. The contributions, mainly made in Louisville, include $20,000 raised by the City Council, $30,000 voted by the State government, and nearly $15,000 subscribed by railroad and bridge companies, and now amount to about $150,000. Disbursements were made at first only to those who needed immediate help, but later have been extended to those who lost their furniture and household goods.

A noteworthy and most serious disaster caused by the tornado was the wrecking of the stand pipe tower of the water-works, a structure about 150 feet high. It was cut and twisted sheer off by the wind, about thirty feet from the ground, at the point where the stone-work substructure of the iron and frame work ended. The purpose of this tower was to obtain the necessary pressure to force water into the city reservoir. These reservoirs, three in number, have a storage capacity of 125,000,000 gallons. Unfortunately they were only half filled when the disaster occurred. One million gallons of water daily is the ordinary requirement of the city, and although economy has been exercised in the use of water, the supply is practically exhausted, and were a fire to break out in Louisville at a point away from the river bank there would be no adequate means of repressing it. There is a sufficiency of water for drinking and cooking purposes, for at any point in the level plain upon which the city stands an inexhaustible supply of clear well water is reached at a depth of thirty feet. On every second corner the city maintains a public pump, and from these pumps the drinking water is generally taken when the Ohio River is high and muddy, although the impregnation of this well-water with lime renders it unsuitable for the laundry or for use in boilers, and manufactories of the city which are uninjured by the storm have generally had to shut down for lack of water.

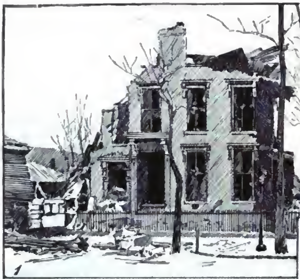
SHERIFF DANIEL E. SICKLES.

THE appointment by Governor Hill of General Sickles to the Shrievalty made vacant by Mr. Flack's resignation was an agreeable surprise to men of all parties. The new Sheriff had achieved a large measure of success as a soldier, politician, and diplomat, and the services he has rendered the country in varied capacities are noteworthy. The possessor of an ample private fortune, and of a reputation associated with large dignities, his acceptance of an office which, however important, could have but little attraction to a man of his calibre should be looked on as a sacrifice for the public good.

Daniel Edgen Sickles is a native of the city of New York, born October 20, 1822, of a respectable old family. His youth, like that of many other notable men, was stormy and intractable, and he left home to become a journeyman printer. He finally, however, entered the University of New York, but did not remain till graduation. He studied law in the office of Benjamin Franklin Butler, then United States District Attorney, and was admitted to the bar in 1843. He passed rapidly into politics, was the editor of a campaign paper in 1844, supporting Polk, became an influential Democratic leader, and in 1847 was elected to the Legislature. The rise of the young aspirant for public honors was now rapid. He served a short time as Corporation Counsel in 1853, and the same year was appointed Secretary of Legation, when James Buchanan was sent to England as Minister. When he returned, two years later, he was elected State Senator, and in 1856 and 1858 he was sent to Congress as Representative on the Democratic ticket. In 1861 his voice sounded in the political din as one of the sturdiest of war Democrats, and his natural instincts as a soldier at once responded to the call of his country. He raised the Excelsior Brigade of New York Volunteers, and was made Brigadier-General. His command, a part of the division of "Fighting Joe Hooker," participated gallantly in all the battles of the Peninsular campaign, afterward in the disastrous battle of Bull Run, and was again with McClellan when the latter turned the tide at Antietam. Elevated to the rank of Major-General, Sickles fought in the terrible battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and at Gettysburg, in 1863, commanded the Third Corps, which bore the brunt of the first day's fighting. In this great battle, which determined the final result of the war, General Sickles lost a leg. He continued in active service till the end of the conflict, and in 1866 was appointed a Colonel in the regular army and Major-General by brevet. Three years afterward he was placed on the retired list, with the pay and rank of his brevet appointment. General Sickles commanded the admiration of the army and of the country by his gallantry and ability as a soldier, a career for which nature gave him superior aptitude. No one of our civilian Generals except General Logan was perhaps to be compared with him in this respect.

He had the special confidence of Mr. Lincoln, of whom he became a trusted friend, and in spite of the fact that he was eminently a fighting General, there were but few prominent military men so deep in the interior secrets of the Lincoln administration. He was a supporter of General Grant for the Presidency in 1868 and 1872, and was appointed Minister to Spain in 1869, where he remained for four years, resigning his post in 1873 that he might return again to New York and resume his law practice. Though keenly interested in politics, General Sickles remained aloof from active partisanship till the candidacy of General Hancock in 1880, when he became again closely identified with the Democratic party, and worked for its interests, though he evinced no ambition for office.

When General Sickles accepted the appointment of Civil Service Commissioner from Governor Hill in 1887, he was not a believer in any practically effective system of civil service reform. When he resigned his Presidency of the board in 1889 he announced his conversion to the fullest sympathy with and belief in this great measure, and in his letter to the Governor last year, he emphasized its importance with much earnestness. The succession of so able and experienced a public man to the duties of the Sheriff's office promises a speedy cleansing of that Augean stable, the scandals of which, however suspected, have proved so great as to cause something of a public shock. His executive energy and financial independence will insure an administration which will set an ideal for those that come after him, unless all the precedents of his public life prove at fault. General Sickles has already taken preliminary steps to remove those temptations to maladministration in the office which have made this important legal function one of the worst features of a bad city government. The public will watch the issue with great interest.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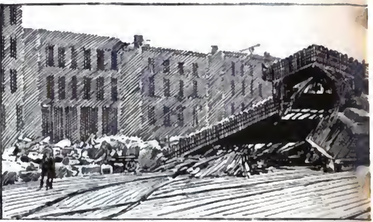

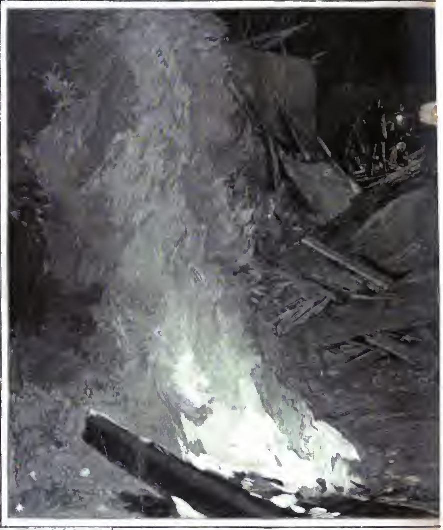
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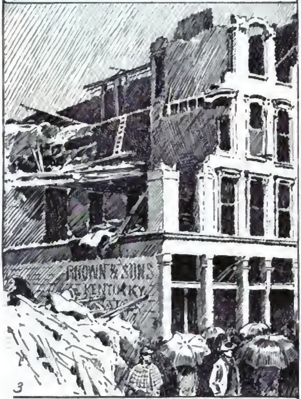

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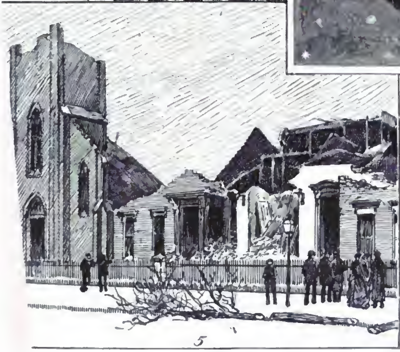
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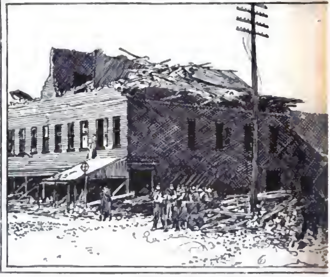
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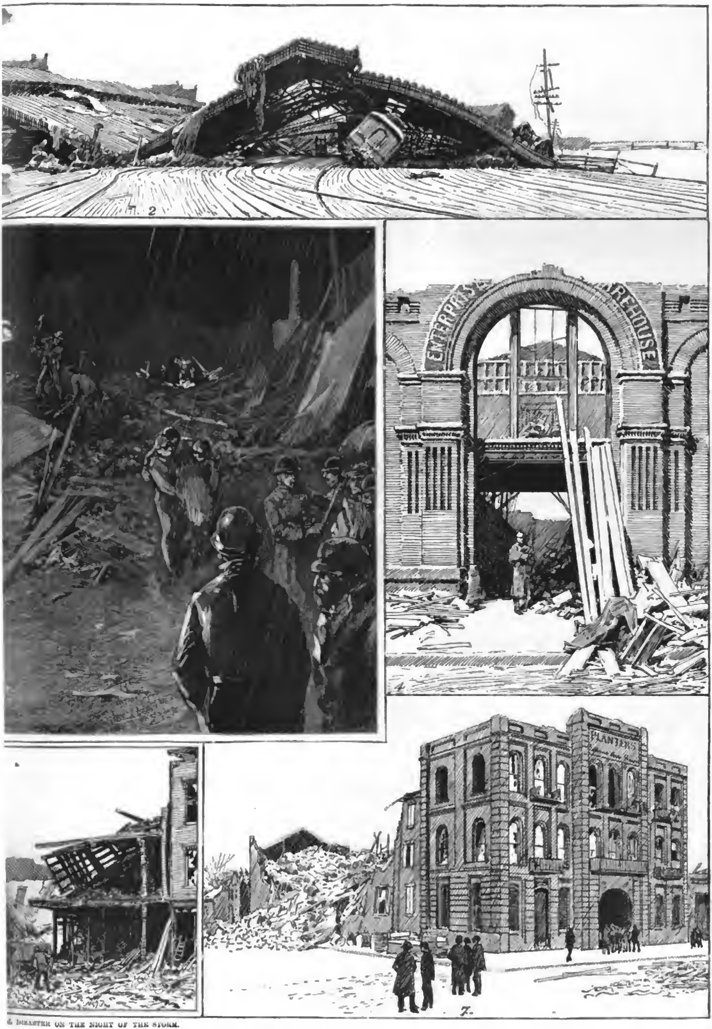
*RESCUE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE FALLS CITY

THE WORK OF THE TORNADO AT LOUISVILLE

1. Residence of Dr Griffith 2. Wreck of the Union Depot 3. Northeast Corner of Eight and Main Streets. 4. Warehouses on


2
ENTERPRIS
REHOUSE
4
PLANTERS
7.

3. DISASTER ON THE NIGHT OF THE STORM.

KENTUCKY.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 289.]

lain Street. 5. St. John's Church and Parsonage. 6. Corner of Eleventh and Market Streets. 7. Warehouses on Main Street.

IE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL STEPHEN C. ROWAN, U.S.N.
From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 267.]

E BARRETT.

r C. Barrett, of the Su-
e State of New York, who
st conspicuous Judge in the
as born in Dublin, Ireland,
his father being the Rev.
arrett, a clergyman of the
ch.
only six years old, young
h his father to Canada, the
ving been sent as a mission-
a Indians. On the banks of
Upper Canada, the future
seven years. In 1851 his
he came to this city and en-
bia Grammar School. Grad-
entered Columbia College,
taking his degree.
up the study of law, and on
to the bar, began at once to
nd made the acquaintance of
pine ("Private Miles O'Reil-
his genial influence began to
ress of the city.
n only twenty-five years old,
yer was elected Civil Justice
udicial District, and served as
7, when he was elected to the
Court of Common Pleas to fill
His associates were Charles P.
n R. Brady.
ation of his term in 1869, Judge
ed to the bar, and for the next
voted himself to his increasing
took an active part in the move-
throw Tammany Hall after the
g disclosures" had been made,
of the callers of the mass-meet-
Cooper Union on September 4,
h the Committee of Seventy was
He became counsel for that com-
n September 7th procured from
ge Barnard the famous order en-
ard B. Connolly from acting as
of the city. In support of this
peared before Judge Barnard a
r, being opposed by the late Wil-
ett and Richard O'Gorman, later
orney, and now a Judge of the
urt of the city. The injunction
d by the resignation of Connolly,
intment of Andrew H. Green as
r.
r 19, 1871, Mr. Barrett was nom-
he Apollo Hall Democrats as Jus-
Supreme Court to succeed Josiah
l. The Committee of Seventy, the
Council of Reform, and both wings
ublicans endorsed the nomination.
put up as its candidate Thomas A
a Police Justice. The election took
Tuesday, November 5, 1871, and
it received a majority of more than
es.
Barrett took his seat on the bench
preme Court on January 1, 1872,
ates being Daniel P. Ingraham,
Judge, Albert Cardozo, George G.
nd John R. Brady. Justice Brady
ly one of those four still alive.
first day in the Supreme Court
rrett was recognized as one of the
able men on its bench. The Cop-
involving the right of the Trustees
y Cemetery to refuse burial in his
to a Mason, was tried before him;
Court of Oyer and Terminer, the
anch of the Supreme Court, he
ied at some of the most famous
e last twenty years.
Justice Barrett, in the Court of
Terminer, in which his popular reputation may be said to have been made, were tried the three negroes, Thompson, Ellis, and Weston, accused of killing a Jewish peddler in Lydig's Woods, in the northern part of the city. They were convicted late in October, 1875. During that term Justice Barrett sentenced no less than six convicted murderers to death, and imposed thirty life-sentences.

Justice Barrett's term expired on December 31, 1885. In October, 1885, he was nominated by Tammany Hall (such are the whirligigs of time) to succeed himself. Irving Hall, the County Democracy, and the Republicans endorsed the nomination. The Prohibitionists nominated a candidate and made a valiant fight. The polls stood: Barrett, 197,278; Marshall, 857. Justice Barrett was re-elected.

During his second term, Justice Barrett has presided at the trials of four of the five "boodlers" who have been tried. The "boodlers," it may be well to say, were the Aldermen who in 1884 passed a resolution giving to the Broadway Surface Railroad Company the right to run cars on Broadway below Fourteenth Street. The consideration for that vote, it was popularly believed, was $400,000, distributed among the Aldermen. Henry W. Jaehne and "Honest John" O'Neil were severally tried and convicted before Justice Barrett; Thomas Cleary, the janitor of the Equitable Life-Insurance Company's building, obtained a disagreement of the jury when tried before him. Jacob Sharp, who, more than any one else, was interested in obtaining the franchise for the Broadway road, was tried before Justice Barrett in the summer of 1887. Six weeks were spent in obtaining a jury, and the actual trial lasted two weeks more. It ended in a conviction, which, however, the Court of Appeals set aside.

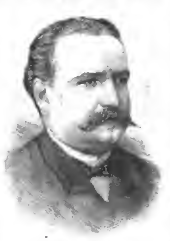
Other important cases tried before Justice Barrett have been the boycotting cases, the Ferdinand Ward case, in which false representations through the telephone were first considered in a court, the Sugar Trust, and most recent of all the Flack conspiracy case.

Although the work required of a Justice of the Supreme Court is heavy, Justice Barrett has found time to devote to various branches of literature, and in December, 1888 produced at Wallack's Theatre (now Palmer's) a comedy entitled *An American Marriage*, which met with some success. Justice Barrett's literary training shows itself in his written opinions; and his remarks in court are models of well-chosen and correct language.

THE SITUATION IN PERU.

The Presidential election in Peru takes place on Sunday, April 13th. Presidential electors and members of Congress are to be chosen, and the policy which is to govern that country for the coming four years will to a great extent be decided upon. As the country of the Incas is only just beginning to recover from the effects of its unfortunate war with Chili, and the result of this election may be to retard if not to completely block its progress, the political events there are naturally clothed with unusual importance just at this time. As a result of the late war, Chili acquired the territory known as the provinces of Tacna and Tarapacá, which were worth, in round numbers, [illegible]. Immense deposits of nitrate of soda made this territory far more productive than if it had been studded with gold mines. Last year the net receipts by the Chilian government in this district from an export duty on the nitrate amounted to $25,000,000. On the other hand, Peru was completely prostrated. Her government was bankrupt. A depreciated paper currency became so poor that it required $1000 in bills to buy a cigar, and for several years the money had been worth only one per cent. on its face value. A national debt of $250,000,000 was left as a legacy of the war, besides $50,000,000, known as the domestic debt, in the hands of Peruvians. President Caceres was inaugurated, after a constitutional election, in August, 1886, and he at once began the work of funding this debt. Within the past three months his efforts have been entirely successful, and by one of the most extraordinary financial transactions recorded in history, Peru has freed herself from her entire foreign debt, and if the agreement be carried out, her railroad system will be at once extended according to the original plans made in the time of Henry Meiggs, involving an expenditure of $40,000,000 to $60,000,000. The entire system of railroads, built originally by the government, is to be transferred to an English syndicate, together with the remaining guano beds and nitrate lands. In addition, Peru is to pay annually for a term of thirty years the sum of £80,000 to the syndicate, which, in turn, guarantees to complete the railroads and to cancel all the outstanding Peruvian bonds.

Such a gigantic scheme requires for its fulfilment a continuous line of policy similar to that inaugurated by the administration of President Caceres. This is one reason why the approaching election is regarded with so much anxiety. By a constitutional prohibition, General Caceres is not eligible for a second term. He favors as his successor Colonel Remigio Morales Bermudez, now First Vice-President of the republic. Colonel Morales Bermudez was born in Pica, in the province of Tarapacá, September 30, 1836. He entered the army as a sub-lieutenant in 1854, at the age of eighteen, and his life has been spent in the army and in the service of the government. He has been Prefect of the Department of Trujillo, and when General Caceres was fighting the Chilians, and afterward in his contest for the Presidency with General Iglesias, Colonel Morales Bermudez was his assistant and one of his chief supporters.



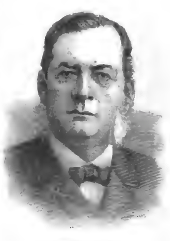
COLONEL MORALES BERMUDEZ

Another candidate for the Presidency, and a conspicuous figure in Peruvian politics, is Dr. Francisco Rosas. This gentleman is a native of Chancay, in the department of Lima, where he was born April 2, 1820. He studied medicine in Lima, and became a professor in one of the medical schools. In 1872 he was made a member of the cabinet of President Pardo, serving as Minister of Government until 1874, when he withdrew, and was elected Alcalde of Lima. In 1875 he was sent as a special commissioner to Europe to negotiate the sale of guano, and on his return, in 1876, he was chosen a Senator from Cajamarca and President of the Senate. The next year he was again sent to Europe as financial agent of the government, and during the war with Chili he was once more commissioned as agent to procure financial aid in Europe, and in 1882 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France, and served in that capacity until the recognition of the Iglesias government in Peru. He returned to his home in Peru after a seven years' absence, and was at once elected a Senator. He is now serving as President of the Senate.

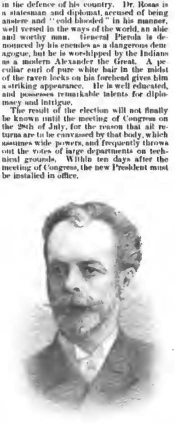
Opposed to these two, and the man with the largest element at his back, is Don Nicolas de Pierola, the candidate of the Democratic party. He was born at Camana, near Arequipa, January 5, 1839. Young Pierola studied law, was called to the bar in 1860, and soon afterward established a review entitled *El Progreso Católico*. In 1864 he became the editor of *El Tiempo*, and soon after, on account of the downfall of President Pezet, he was compelled to fly to Europe. In 1869 President Balta appointed him Minister of Finance and it was during his administration that some of the most expensive public improvements were made and some of the most gigantic loans of money were contracted. From 1872 to 1878 he was continually engaged in conspiracies to overthrow the government, and at the outbreak of the Chilian war he was a refugee, residing in Chili. He tendered his services to the Peruvian government, and was permitted to return to Lima, where, in December, 1879, he headed a small body of revolutionists, who declared him Dictator. The Chilian army was marching on Lima, and the Peruvians could do nothing else than permit him to try his hand. His first act was to telegraph to Rome tendering his submission to the Pope, and asking for the papal benediction on his government. When every resource should have been gathered to resist the invasion of the country by the Chilians, Pierola spent the time of the army in witnessing the public "blessing" of a new cannon, named "The Nicolas Pierola," by the Archbishop of Lima, or in listening to bombastic proclamations, in which he announced that he had completely annihilated the Chilians, when in fact the progress of the invading army was scarcely interrupted, and the government of Pierola at length fell to pieces, and the control of the unhappy country was vested in a provisional government set up by the Chilians themselves. Pierola was compelled to leave the country; and since his return, two or three years since, he has been engaged in preparations for this campaign. His followers are almost entirely among the uneducated and poorer classes, by whom he is regarded as a great hero, and among the priests and monks, who wield a great influence.

Colonel Morales Bermudez is a soldier, courteous and affable, popular with all who know him, and distinguished for his services in the defence of his country. Dr. Rosas is a statesman and diplomat, accused of being austere and "cold-blooded" in his manner, well versed in the ways of the world, an able and worthy man. General Pierola is denounced by his enemies as a dangerous demagogue, but he is worshipped by the Indians as a modern Alexander the Great. A peculiar curl of pure white hair in the midst of the raven locks on his forehead gives him a striking appearance. He is well educated, and possesses remarkable talents for diplomacy and intrigue.

The result of the election will not finally be known until the meeting of Congress on the 28th of July, for the reason that all returns are to be canvassed by that body, which assumes wide powers, and frequently throws out the votes of large departments on technical grounds. Within ten days after the meeting of Congress, the new President must be installed in office.



DR. FRANCISCO ROSAS



DON NICOLAS DE PIEROLA.

through it will remain a puzzle to me to my dying day.

All this while we could hear plainly, through the holes in the wall, the crashing blows which every minute or so were delivered against the grating, together with a shrill roar of shouts and yells, and we knew that before this vigorous assault the grating must give way within a very brief period and let in the whole yelping pack. If I were right in my belief that the Priest Captain alone knew of the secret outlet in the oratory, we still would be safe enough, and could make some preliminary examination of the cave before we closed the way behind us irrevocably by letting the statue fall back into its place; but if I were mistaken, then there was nothing for us but to take the chance of life and death by going on blindly into that black cavern after wedging fast the underside of the statue in such a way that it no longer could be swung open from above.

It was most necessary, therefore, that we should see what course our enemies would take when they came into the oratory and found it empty of us, and the idol broken, and the Priest Captain lying dead there; and, that we might compass this end, Young and I returned into the Treasure Chamber and mounted upon a ledge—that seemed to have been provided for a standing place—whence we had a clear view into the oratory through the slits in the wall. And at the very moment that we thus stationed ourselves there reverberated through those rock-hewn chambers a deafening crash and a jingling clang of metal and a rattle of falling stone; and with this came a yell of triumph and a rush of footsteps—and then, in an instant, the oratory was full of soldiers and priests all yelling together like so many fiends.

But upon this violent hubbub there fell a hush of awe and wonder as those who had thus tumultuously entered the oratory saw the Priest Captain lying dead amidst the fragments of the shattered idol, and perceived that the prisoners who had been shut within these seemingly solid walls had vanished utterly away, and then a sobbing murmur, that presently swelled into moans and cries of terror, arose from the throng, and in a moment more, seized by a common impulse, the whole company bowed downward in suppliant dread of the gods by whom such direful wonders had been wrought.

Young gave a long sigh of relief, and with a most mouth-filling oath whispered in my ear, "They haven't tumbled to it—an' we're all right!"

As we gazed at these terror-stricken creatures a thought occurred to me on which I promptly acted. "Get both of your revolvers pointed through that hole," I whispered to Young. "Point high, so that the balls will not hit anybody; and when I begin to shoot do you shoot also, and as quickly as you can. Mind, you are not to hit anybody," I added; for I saw by the look on Young's face that he longed to fire into the crowd point-blank. For answer he gave me a rather sulky nod of assent; but I saw by the way that he held his pistols that my order was obeyed. "Now," I said, "Fire!"—and as rapidly as self-acting revolvers would do it we poured twenty-four shots through the slits in the wall. No doubt several people were hurt by balls bounding back from the rock, but I am confident that nobody was killed.

When we ceased firing it was impossible to see anything in the oratory because of the dense cloud of sulphurous smoke wherewith it was filled; but such shrieks and yells of soul-racking terror as came from beneath that black canopy I hope I may never hear again. I waited a little, until this wild outburst had somewhat quieted, and then—placing my mouth close to one of the openings and speaking in a voice that I tried to make like that of Fray Antonio—I said in deep and solemn tones: "Behold the vengeance of the strangers' God!"

What effect my words produced I cannot tell. Our firing must have loosened a fragment of rock between the gold plating that lined the oratory and the outer surface of the wall, and even as I spoke this fragment fell. With its fall, the opening was irrevocably closed.

"That was a boss dodge," said Young, as he recharged his revolver. "Those fellows 'll just think hell's broke loose in here, for sure; and I guess after they've onct fairly got outside they'll rather be skinned alive than come back again. But what did you say to 'em? Hearin' you talkin' like th' Padre, that way, gave me a regular jolt. Don't you think, though, maybe it was a little bit risky t' give ourselves away?"

But when I had repeated in English the words which I had spoken, Young very seriously shook hands with me. "Shake!" he said. "I've done you injustice, Professor. Sometimes I've thought that you was too much asleep for your own good, but if anybody ever did anything more wide-awake than that, I'd like t' know *what* he did and who he was. Why, when those fellows tell about all that's been goin' on in here—about their busted idol, an' their dead Priest Captain, an' our skippin', an' this row our shootin' has made, an' then about th' Padre's ghost talkin' to 'em that way—it's bound t' give 'em such a jolt that th' whole outfit 'll slew smack around an' be Christians right off!"

Some such notion as this had been in my own mind as I executed the plan that on the spur of the moment I had formed. And yet, in the end, I could not but regret, for Fray Antonio's sake, my hasty action; for he would have been the very last man to approve of such stringent methods of advancing the Christian faith. If any result came from my demonstration, it certainly came through terror, and the essence of Fray Antonio's doctrine, as it was also of his own nature, was gentleness and love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VISITORS TO THE FLAG-SHIP "CHICAGO."

LIFE on board our new cruisers is not the perpetual holiday pictured in the cable despatches and glowing letters of special correspondents. There have been, and let us hope will be, balls and receptions till the ships come home; but these are the incidents, not the purposes, of the cruise; and they have a definite value as breathing-spaces in the programme of drill, in the denials and limitations of routine, they are most useful as the playtimes which keep maritime Jack from becoming the dull boy of the halting rhymes.

It is the season of merrymaking along the Mediterranean just now, and the Americans of the Riviera are only too glad to visit our vessels; for, after all is said and done, I doubt much if any sight-seeing is half so filled with pleasure as the first glimpse the exiles get of their country's flag fluttering from the peaks or staffs of our war ships rolling gently in the blue waters of Villefranche Bay.

Abroad, as at home, the ships have been crowded by visitors, not only those who look at the surface of things, and are honestly happy with the cleanliness and bright work, but by others who are studying with technical knowledge these first signs of our naval development. So far as official opinions and impressions can be gathered from foreign newspapers, the design, equipment, armament, and *personnel* of the squadron have elicited the warmest encomiums. It is a particular satisfaction to know that the guns have been pronounced equal to any mounted in European vessels of like types, for the armament is American in design and fabrication, and save with one calibre has been built up of American steel. In the re-creation of our navy we have had to develop a theory of ordnance for ourselves, to plan foundries and equip shops, to invent tools, and to educate workmen—and this despite the violent interference of politicians, and the intolerant abuse and wire-pulling of manufacturers wedded to old theories and anchored to old workshops.

The spirited illustration of Mr. De Thulstrup is therefore most timely, because it gives a capital picture of the *Chicago's* all-steel 8-inch breech-loading gun, with its shield, carriage, and sponson mountings. Bigger guns have been designed and finished, but this calibre has a special interest as it is at present the heaviest piece afloat in the new navy. Three higher calibres are provided for in our ordnance policy. Of these the 10-inch has been satisfactorily tested; the 12-inch is fairly under way; and, with the completion of the Bethlehem plant, we are prepared to furnish forgings not only for the 16-inch, but for any other size needed. Surely this is a great stride in less than ten years, for in 1883, when contracts were made to supply the main batteries of the *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Chicago*, ingots and forgings for the 5 and 6 inch guns could only be produced at home. With our marvellous development in other material directions, we were then unable to make the average ordnance required by modern theories of defence, and had to buy from English firms, under disadvantageous limitations as to test and inspection, the metal for the 8-inch guns.

Such a policy was of course distasteful to the pretensions of our people, but a dense wall of ignorance surrounded the question, and no technical hammering could batter it down. Finally the indignant insistence of naval officers, and the sledge-hammer though tardy advocacy of the press made a breach in the adamant, and Congress ordered a board to examine into the methods adopted abroad, and to report a plan suited to our necessities.

Nothing but good results has been the outcome of this delayed action. After searching investigation a recommendation was made that the government should establish within its own territory a plant for gun fabrication, and that it should contract with private parties for the forged and tempered material. When Mr Cleveland's administration came in, other decisive steps were taken, first, by refusing to buy abroad either armor or gun steel; next, by allowing the wants of the Navy Department to accumulate until contracts of sufficient magnitude could be offered to the profitable competition of domestic manufacturers; and, finally, by imposing a condition that the successful bidder should erect in this country a plant adequate to the production of armor and steel equal to requirements of the highest standards abroad. The Bethlehem company secured the contract, and went so valorously and honestly to work, that to-day we are independent of alien whims, of foreign control, and can turn out all the war steel necessary to protect our national integrity.

After a successful period of tentative work, the naval gun factory at Washington has been established by law, and is rapidly assembling the ordnance required to arm the new ships, and to replace the obsolete batteries of the wooden cruisers. At the end of the last fiscal year the factory's output included, besides carriages and accessories, two 5-inch, thirty 6-inch, four 8-inch, and three 10-inch guns. To-day the machinery for calibres up to 12-inch is in place, and tools for the 16-inch are being completed. When the entire plant is laid down, the establishment will have a yearly capacity—or the equivalents in working hours—of twenty-five 6-inch and twelve 12-inch breech-loading rifles, with carriages and equipments complete.

This will revolutionize the ordnance afloat, for with the exception of the new steel vessels, the main batteries of our war vessels are still composed of Dahlgren 9-inch smooth-bores and Parrott rifles, all cast-iron and muzzle-loading. These are supplemented with makeshift 8-inch rifles, converted on the Palliser system from smooth-bore, muzzle-loading 11-inch Dahlgrens, and with 60 and 80 pounder breech-loading rifles revamped from old muzzle-loading Parrotts. A series of tables, for which there is no room here, would be required to show the increase of power in the new guns; but it may be sufficient to say that the relative efficiencies of the cast-iron converted 8-inch, and of the 8-inch all-steel rifle shown in the illustration, are in weight of projectiles 180 pounds to 250 pounds; in energy, 2481 foot-tons to 7645 foot-tons, and in penetration of wrought iron at 1000 yards, 10.8 inches to 17.9 inches—all, of course, in favor of the new piece. It may be explained that the term "energy in foot-tons" means that the work developed by the projectile at the muzzle would raise the stated weight in tons to the height of one foot.

Abroad, the energies developed or expected in the greatest calibres are wonderful. Leaving out of question the slightly heavier but not equally efficient Krupp gun, we find the highest tabulated performances in the 16.25-inch English gun. This was built by Armstrong, and is nearly forty-four feet in length; weighs 111 tons; fires a charge of 850 pounds, and a projectile of 1800 pounds; develops a muzzle velocity of 2148 feet per second, and an energy of 57,580 foot-tons, with a penetration of 34.1 inches into wrought-iron at a thousand yards' distance. Whether we will ever need such guns is just now a mooted question, but they mark the wonderful strides of ordnance manufacture. Here, for example, is another comparison between the batteries of the *Atlanta* and *Constitution*, which may be interesting as showing the development in less than a century. The Old Ironsides was the heaviest frigate of her day, and carried a battery of fifty-four guns—thirty-two 24-pounders and twenty-two short 32-pounders—which threw at a single broadside 684 pounds of metal. The *Atlanta* has eight guns—six 6-inch and two 8-inch—and discharges at a single broadside 800 pounds of metal, in every way more destructive.

"With her long 24's," writes Lieutenant Meigs, United States Navy, in the report of the Naval Intelligence Office, "the *Constitution* could probably just about penetrate her own water-line—some 22 inches of oak—at 1000-yards range; to penetrate with the short 32's she would have to approach nearer. The *Constitution* is then completely protected against the fire of her like at ranges greater than 1000 yards.... The *Atlanta's* 6-inch guns can penetrate at 1000 yards a thickness twenty times that of her side at the water-line. And the 8-inch guns can penetrate at the same range about 14 inches of iron. It may be further observed that the five-eighth-inch steel at the *Atlanta's* water-line has just about the same resisting power as the 22-inch oak of the *Constitution*. Thus, while the defensive power at the water-line has remained about the same, the latter ship has a battery power—considered with reference to penetration alone—twenty-five times stronger. As regards the size of the two ships, the *Atlanta* is about one-half larger, but their military duties, their employments in war-time, are identical. They are both, in the military sense of the term, frigates; the duties of both are to accompany and assist the battle ships, to carry them information and stores, to act as lookouts for them, and to attack the enemy's commerce, and guard and convoy our own. Thus the *Atlanta* and all our *protected* ships can penetrate their likes while they are still hull down on the horizon, while battle ships—or *iron-clads*, as they are often called—must approach within from 2000 to 4000 yards before they can hope to make any serious impression."

This extract shows the purposes and uses of the vessels forming the evolutionary squadron, and it is satisfactory to know that in the rough weather encountered on the run from Boston to Lisbon they behaved so admirably as to convince the most exacting critic of their equality to the best of their date and class in any other service. The design proved no less effective than the motive power, for under severe tests the staunchness of construction and steadiness of gun platforms were as pronounced as the low coal consumption and high resultant speed. Save for a mishap to the *Yorktown's* steering gear the voyage was unmarred by accident and the capital seamanship in fair weather and foul showed that, even under novel conditions, our officers are, as of old, equal to any demands made upon them.

At Gibraltar and Toulon they lay at anchor with battle ships of the two greatest navies, and while no comparison of *matériel* could be made between our unarmored ships and the foreign liners, still the association was interesting as illustrating what our development should be in the type which, after all, is a seaboard country's main reliance. America's showing was a brave and picturesque one, but our point-device and trim, well set up cruisers would, in any engagement with these great war machines, have had but scant opportunity.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances a part of the drill programme of the squadron was abandoned at first; but in the end this proved only a temporary respite for the blue-jackets and marines. Admiral Walker believes in hard work, and in the early establishment during this transition period of drills that will satisfy the new conditions. The result of this is to make the squadron a school of intelligent experiment, and pleasant as it may be to show the flag under circumstances which dignify the country, all hands are finding the cruise anything but that "mere holiday junketing between pleasant ports" which the hayseed legislator describes as the main achievement of a naval officer's sea-life.

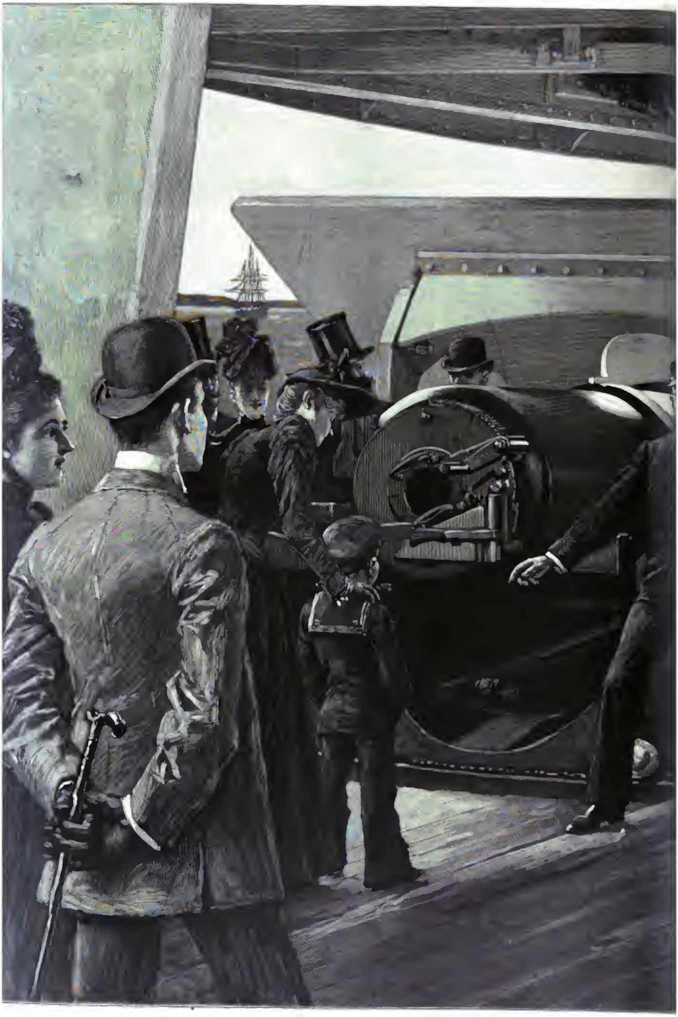
J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

JUNIUS S. MORGAN.

WORD was received in New York, April 5th, announcing that Mr. J. S. Morgan, of the London banking-house of J. S. Morgan & Co., had been thrown from his carriage near Monte Carlo and severely injured. He had been driving near that town, when a passing railroad train frightened the horses, and in the excitement of the moment he leaped or fell from the carriage. The horses ran some distance before the coachman could regain control of them, and upon returning to the spot where they started, the driver discovered Mr. Morgan lying near the track in an unconscious condition. He was conveyed to his house, and there found to be suffering from concussion of the brain, added to other serious injuries. From that time he lingered in an insensible state until the following Tuesday, April 8th, when he died.

Junius Spencer Morgan was born in West Springfield, now Holyoke, Massachusetts, on April 14, 1813. He was the son of Joseph Morgan, whose ancestors had been among the early settlers in that district. When four years old his parents removed to Hartford, Connecticut, and he attended school in that town until his sixteenth year. He entered the employ of Alfred Welles, a Boston banker, on April 7, 1829, and at the age of twenty-one he became connected with the banking firm of Morgan, Ketchum, & Co., New York. In the early part of 1836 he returned to Hartford, and entered the firm of Howe, Mather, & Co., dry goods, as junior partner. In 1850, upon the retirement of the senior partner, the firm became Mather, Morgan, & Co. A year later the firm dissolved, and accepting the offer of James M. Beebe, of Boston, to form a copartnership, Mr. Morgan moved to that city. Under the name of J. M. Beebe, Morgan & Co. the firm became celebrated as one of the largest dry-goods commission houses in the country. While in England in 1853 he made the acquaintance of George Peabody, the millionaire philanthropist, and so attracted that gentleman that a partnership in the banking-house of George Peabody & Co. was offered to him, and a year later Mr. Morgan entered the firm. When Mr. Peabody retired in 1864 the firm became J. S. Morgan & Co., under which name it has steadily advanced until it stands in the front rank among the great banking concerns of the world. In 1836, while a resident of Hartford, Mr. Morgan married Juliet, a daughter of the poet John Pierpont. Four children survive him, one of whom is J. Pierpont Morgan, of the New York firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co.

Mr. Morgan was a type of the old school, possessing the highest regard for honor and honesty. Beginning life at the foot of the ladder, as so many other Americans have done, he reached the top, and lived to reap the harvest of success, and enjoy the respect and praise of his fellows. Although a resident of England for many years past, Mr. Morgan has never forgotten the country of his birth. Hartford especially has been dear to him as the place of his early successes in business, and only a short time ago he gave $100,000 toward the establishment of a free library in that city. The Hartford Orphan Asylum has been the recipient of a large sum, which is known as the Sarah Morgan Fund, in memory of his mother, and Trinity College has received many benefits from his bounty. While a resident of Hartford he was an active member of Christ Episcopal Church, and that, together with a number of other institutions, has been substantially remembered. A few years ago a valuable painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, valued at $50,000, was presented by Mr. Morgan to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His charity has also extended to several other institutions throughout the country. Among his friends and associates in London and New York Mr. Morgan has been always held in high esteem, and his death will be mourned by a large circle, both in business and society. His son, J. Pierpont Morgan, sailed before the date of the accident, and arrived in Europe after the death of his father.



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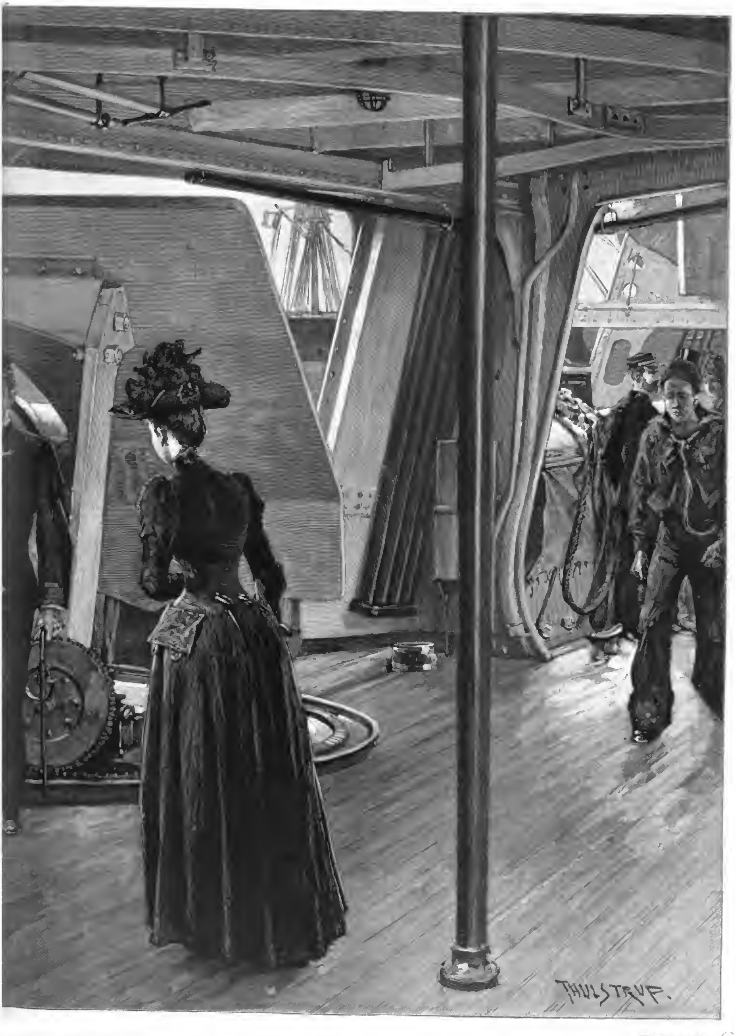


AG-SHIP "CHICAGO."—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 299.]

"OWN FOLKS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"PRUDENCE, Prudence, there ain't any spunk in the vinegar!" The voice was querulous and insistent, and made a harsh discord amid the bird songs and soft spring murmurs with which Prudence Favor's soul was half unconsciously thrilled as she hung out her clothes.

"I should like to know what she thinks you're a-goin' to do about it," grumbled Cyrus Larkin, who had chopped some limbs off the dead plum tree, and was now tying one of Prudence's clothes-lines carefully around it.

Prudence took a clothes-pin out of her mouth and called, cheerfully, "I'm a-comin', Laviny!"

Prudence was a large, finely moulded woman, with the head of a Greek goddess and a great mass of auburn hair which Poultney Corner people called red. Forty-five years had made her figure somewhat heavy and her face a little coarse. She was "real good to look at if she wa'n't hansome," her neighbors said, and "real clever" too, which latter adjective signified in Poultney vernacular a mixture of all the smaller virtues.

"You hadn't ought to humor her so, Prudence, you really hadn't ought to," said Cyrus Larkin, as he tied the line in a strong double knot, keeping his eyes fixed upon the operation.

Prudence surveyed his back with evident astonishment, and the color mounted swiftly to her strong cheek-bones. Whispered criticisms of her conduct toward Laviny had reached her ears many times, but no one had ever dared to speak openly to her before. She turned abruptly toward the house; although she was a prudent housewife, she left one end of a sheet dragging upon the ground. Cyrus had turned his head in time to catch a glimpse of her sudden movement and of the fiery red upon her cheeks.

"You ain't put out, be you, Prudence?" he said, anxiously. "I know I hadn't no right to speak so, but I do hate to see you sot on."

She looked at Cyrus's honest, homely face, quivering with agitation. "I ain't one that could be sot on 'thout I was a mind to be," she said.

A minute or two afterward, Cyrus, who had undertaken to finish her task of hanging out the clothes, saw her hurrying out of the house, with her apron over her head and a small pitcher in her hand.

"You ain't a-goin' clear'n over to Mis' Lisa Hughes's after a little vinegar?" he called. "Here, you jest let me take the pitcher! 've got some first-rate cider vinegar, and it's sharp enough for anybody, I'll warrant."

Prudence hesitated for a moment, and then went on. "You're real kind, Cyrus, but I guess I'd better go over to Mis' 'Lisa's. Laviny she'll calc'late that Mis' 'Lisa's vinegar tastes better'n—better'n other folks's."

Cyrus heaved a sigh, and went meekly on with his task, watching Prudence, meanwhile, as she went "across lots," letting down some heavy bars and climbing a stone wall. A Maltese cat, a sleek and dainty creature, washed her face, sitting serenely on the flat stone outside the wash-room door. Cyrus cast a cautious glance toward the vine-shaded window of the great kitchen, where Laviny, he knew, was eating her late breakfast of warmed-over baked beans and cream toast; then he picked up a small stone, and threw it with vigor and an excellent aim at the sleek cat, supplementing the action with a low-toned but forcible "S-sc-at!"

The cat rushed like a small whirlwind, bristling and spitting, and from some unknown regions appeared three other cats, equally plump and sleek, and joined her mad flight. After them came a small terrier, with his hair in his eyes, barking madly.

"Oh dear! what is the matter?" cried Laviny, coming hurriedly out. "Benny, Benny, I shall have to punish you if you chase dear Estella so. I know you don't mean anything, sweet one, but poor dear Estella doesn't understand. Come here, dear kitties, and you shall have a nice piece of meat to pay you for being so frightened."

Laviny was a tall gaunt woman of forty, who looked older than her age. Her blue eyes were faded, and the fair, childishly silken, curling hair was thin above her forehead. On her high cheek-bones—which, by reason of her thinness, were much more prominent than Prudence's—were patches of color which looked curiously like paint, although they were not. She fed her cats with strict impartiality—three more had appeared as if from space—reminding them reproachfully that they had breakfasted, and ought not to expect to be fed because "dear Estella" was being consoled for her fright, and so, with apparent laxity of discipline, she fed the terrier, the supposed cause of "dear Estella's" sufferings.

Cyrus chuckled wickedly as she went into the house. "It don't seem jest the thing to take revenge on poor dumb creturs," he said to himself, "but I've been hankerin' for a long spell to heave something at Laviny's cats, and I declare it done me good."

He had remained in retirement behind the flapping sheets while Laviny was in sight—an easy matter since he was but a little lean man, and his back was somewhat bent.

"I ain't a mite afraid of her," he murmured aloud, feeling that such ignoble conduct required explanation even to himself. "I should enjoy givin' her a piece of my mind. But it would only be spitin' myself. I'm goin' to have hard work enough anyhow to get Prudence to take a stand agin her. Beats all how weak sensible folks can be on some p'ints. You'd think Prudence wa'n't no more'n the dirt under Laviny's feet to see the carryin's on here, and no reason that anybody knows of but jest that Laviny is five years younger, and her hair curled, and she went to the 'cademy, and had a beau that was a minister and went off and left her, and was always kind of sickly and good-for-nothin' even before she got clear'n off her balance about dumb creturs. Mother she was always sayin' that one of them girls would be crazy because their great-uncle Joel Hopkins hung himself. She calc'lated that 'twould be Prudence; she said her red hair showed that she was high-strung. And she said Favors was Favors; they never was nobody, and never would be. I wonder how 'twould have turned out if I'd courted Prudence strong and stiddy, as I begun when we was young, and never listened to mother? Sometimes I don't know but what Prudence has got a grudge agin me for shilly-shallyin' so. It can't jest suit a woman to be courted kind of slack and easy for twenty-five year. And there was spells when mother got kind of wearin', that I never come nigh her at all. But she knew jest how 'twas, Prudence did; she knew 't the farm was left to mother, and I hadn't nothin' but the mill and the medder lot. And mother was a smart woman that had reasons to give for what she wanted you to do. 'Twa'n't nothin' like bein' led 'round by the nose by a foolish cretur like Laviny. What a manager mother was! The farm's worth double what it would have been if I'd run it alone. Prudence could hold up her head with the best in Poultney if she'd only have me instid of workin' herself to death sewin' straw, jest to keep body and soul together, and to buy butcher's meat for Laviny's cats and dogs. Lizy Ann Green that worked there a spell—the time that Prudence sprained her ankle—she said it cost more for them cats, the way Laviny kep' 'em, than for all the rest of the family. Land! how she did flare up at me once jest because I said, 'Laviny, why don't you let them cats be cats?'"

Prudence was coming, out of breath with her haste. She paid no attention to her humble servitor, who was still devoting himself to his self-imposed task of hanging out the clothes. He looked after her with an anxious and distressed face as she passed him in silence. Desperation suddenly seized him. He had felt for a long time that there was one way in which he could win Prudence from her reluctance to marry him, but hitherto his courage had faltered before it.

"If I could only jest convince her that I wa'n't thinkin' a mite of what mother would say! But I never can as long as I be," he had said to himself over and over again in despair.

Perhaps "heaving" a stone at Laviny's cat—a far more doughty deed than the uninitiated could understand—had inspired him to even loftier acts of courage.

"Prudence, are you a-mind to take a ride with me down to the buryin'-ground to-morrer afternoon?" he called after her, in a voice that quavered a little in spite of himself.

"I don' know but what I will, Cyrus," said Prudence, with some hesitation, and a voice lowered so that it should not reach Laviny's ears.

"Here's your vinegar, Laviny," she said, as she set the pitcher down upon the table. "Mis' 'Lisa said she was afraid 'twas some flat, and if you want Cyrus to get you some of his—"

"I don't want Cyrus Larkin's vinegar anyhow, and I don't want anything that belongs to Cyrus Larkin in no way, shape, nor manner. And I expect nothin' but what folks'll say we ain't what we'd ought to be, havin' him here hangin' out clothes."

"He means real well, Cyrus does," said Prudence, apologetically. "I was hackin' away at that old plum-tree to see if I couldn't fix it so'st I could tie a line on to it, and he see me, and—and kind of come over with his sharp hatchet. 'Twa'n't no more'n neighborly," she added, in a more spirited tone. "And when I left the clo's a-draggin', he jest kind of fixed 'em up."

"I wonder if Cyrus Larkin *could* do anything so under-witted that you wouldn't find no excuse for him? And a man that has treated you as he has! Why, you got 'most as far as your weddin' dress once, and then he jest stopped a-comin'. And you a-promisin' to go to ride with him! I expect you're the laughin'-stock of the whole town. A woman of your age! I should 'most think you'd see how ridickerlous it is."

Prudence's face flushed deeply, but she said nothing. She went out into the wash-room and moved about quickly, setting things to rights there. She caught a glimpse through the window of Cyrus going homeward, with his slender bent figure, and with the blue yarn stockings which his mother had always knit for him showing at every step.

"I wonder how many pair of them stockings she has left Cyrus?" thought Prudence, absently.

She wished to stop thinking of Laviny's reproaches. Of course it was ridiculous that she and Cyrus should be in love with each other, she said to herself, but the fact remained. He had been the hero of her young dreams, and the halo of romance still lingered for her around this little homely weak-kneed man, who had been too much afraid of his mother to ask her to marry him. She was even fonder of him now than in her girlhood days. Not only was she one of those steadfast souls who cannot get out of the habit of loving, but now she realized her superior strength, and the element of motherly tenderness had entered into her feeling for him. She had never been able to resent deeply the way in which he had treated her, as people seemed to think she ought to; but perhaps to an unreasonable extent she had disliked Mis' Eunice Larkin, his mother.

When that worthy but masterful old lady had been gathered to her fathers, and Cyrus had straightway returned to his allegiance to her, she had speedily forgotten all bitterness, and, contrary to Cyrus's suspicions, had never been in the least degree troubled about what his mother would think. She had felt as if youth had come back to her, and in the sweet April weather, while she and Cyrus hung out clothes together, the whole world had become paradise. She cared nothing for the giggling girls of Poultney Corner, who were quite overcome at the thought of the stout old maid and her little elderly beau; but with Laviny's complaint about the vinegar—she had not known that Laviny was up—the serpent had entered into paradise.

Laviny "hoped that she had proper pride, and she wa'n't goin' to have anything to say to a man that had treated her sister so," however oblivious of self-respect that sister might become.

"She don't want you to get married jest because she hain't," Cyrus had offended his goddess by saying; and then he had tried to atone by solemnly vowing to "put up with Laviny as peaceable as she did," and even to "pretend that he thought cats and dogs was human creturs, if that would suit Laviny."

Prudence had not yet, however, accepted this generous offer. She thought, while she mopped the wash-room floor, that it was doubtful whether she ever could do so. But at least she would have that drive to the burying ground the next afternoon. And Prudence was conscious of high courage as she made this resolve. Laviny opened the wash-room door. She wore a shawl and a hood, although the April morning was unusually warm.

"I'm goin' out to see if the air won't make me feel a little mite better. I expect it's been kind of hard for you this mornin', my gettin' up so late and all, but I had that 'ketch' in my side again," she said, in a conciliatory tone.

"Oh, I got along well enough," Prudence said. And she was sympathetic about the "ketch," although in her heart she thought lightly of it. Laviny was always full of ailments, and had been so ever since she was threatened with consumption soon after her betrothed, the minister, proved false to her. She treated herself with roots and herbs, which she gathered in the fields and woods, and which were constantly brewing upon the stove. Prudence's disrespect for these messes was always deeply disguised. "They don't hurt her, anyhow, as real doctorin' might, and I expect they do her a sight of good jest because she thinks they're a-goin' to," Prudence had been heard to say, although the mind-cure was as yet unknown to Poultney Corner.

When the next afternoon Prudence was carefully helped into Cyrus's new covered buggy, she had, to use her own expression, "been through consid'able." Laviny had resorted to her strongest weapon, hysterics, to prevent the drive. She felt utterly worn out, and also oppressed with a sense of guilt. Laviny had said her "ketch" was terrible; she knew it was heart-disease, and Prudence might confidently expect to find her a corpse on her return. This prophecy had been weakened by long usage, and Prudence really had no such expectation; but nevertheless she felt a miserable sense of wrong-doing.

"You look all wore out, Prudence," said Cyrus, tenderly.

"I'm afraid I've been dreadful wrong, Cyrus. I'm strong, and I hain't bore the burdens of the weak as I'd ought to."

"I should like to know who has if you hain't," protested Cyrus. "And some folks ain't so weak as they be obstinate and selfish, that's my idea."

"Oh, Cyrus, you hadn't ought to say that! Laviny hain't never been real rugged, and she ain't fit to do for herself; folks that thinks she is, don't understand. I ain't mean and wicked enough to feel that it's hard to do for her, but I can't always feel to give in to her, and I'd ought to, because it works her up so when folks don't. Seems as if I'd ought to be real sanctified, with all the discipline I've had, but I ain't a mite—not a mite."

"Seems as if 'twould be a good plan to let Laviny do some of the givin' in, and get her share of the sanctifyin'," said Cyrus, dryly.

Prudence looked at him in a kind of perplexity through the mist of trouble in her eyes. She had a truly feminine lack of humor, and Cyrus's little vein, as thin and dry as himself, was always wasted upon her.

"Laviny ain't a professor, you know; she don't seem to sense religion like some. Aunt Octav'us she thinks I'd ought to worry about it, but I can't help thinkin' there'll be allowance made for them that ain't like other folks. And—and—there don't nobody know—maybe doin' for the least of these may mean poor dumb creturs as well as folks. There ain't enough thought of 'em, Cyrus, and that's certain. Laviny's a sight better'n other folks about some things."

"For my part give me them that feels for folks first," said Cyrus, stubbornly. "And I can't see as it's agin nater or Scripter for cats to ketch mice."

"Laviny is tryin' about not havin' the fowls killed," admitted Prudence. "We've got a terrible sight of roosters."

"'Pears to me that folks that gets such ideas as them into their heads must be nigh about crazy," said Cyrus. And then he drew himself up suddenly in great alarm. He would not for the world have reminded Prudence of her great-uncle Joel Hopkins, who hung himself. He was relieved to see that she showed not the least sign of disturbance. In fact, if Prudence had not entirely forgotten this unfortunate relative, his memory remained too far in the background of her mind to be easily recalled. And she had never heard of this one of Mis' Eunice Larkin's objections to her as a daughter-in-law.

They had now reached that turn in the road which they must take to reach the cemetery, and Cyrus reined in his horse, and his countenance showed doubt and dejection.

"I don' know but what 'twould be full as pleasant to go 'round by the mill and through the pine grove, after all," he said, hesitatingly.

"Oh, le's do jest as we set out to, Cyrus; I always do like to do as I set out to, and it's consid'able of a spell sence I've been to the buryin' ground," said Prudence.

Cyrus looked at her keenly. "She thinks I hain't got the courage to take her there, but I'll jest let her know that I have," he said to himself. And he chirruped to the horse almost gayly as he turned him into the cemetery road. In fact, Prudence had no suspicion whatever of Cyrus's reluctance to take her to his mother's grave; she was influenced merely by that mild taste for cemeteries which was universal in Poultney. Cyrus hitched his horse at the gate, and they walked through the shaded paths in the afternoon's drowsy stillness. In the peace of the scene and in Cyrus's companionship, Prudence felt so soothed and comforted that she almost forgot Laviny's hysterics.

It was at a large lot, where several generations of Larkins reposed in peace, that they came to a pause. Prudence sat down under the shade of a weeping-willow which drooped over the freshest mound. It looked as if she were sitting unconcernedly upon the grave, as she fanned herself with her hat and asked Cyrus a question about the new fence. Cyrus wiped his forehead as if he was heated, but his face was pale, and he stammered as he tried to answer her.

"Why, Cyrus, how you look!" cried Prudence, suddenly. "I ought to have thought that 'twould be affectin' to you to come here."

It did, in truth, seem to her vaguely surprising that any one should feel a tenderness for the memory of Mis' Eunice Larkin. Her own feelings had been quite softened toward her as she looked at the mound where, after her grim battle of life, in which she had subdued all her kinsfolk to her will, she now lay, heedless of her fallen sceptre. But now that she was dead, she thought very little about her. Laviny, with her active, hysterical objections to the marriage, was much more important.

"I shouldn't wonder if—if 'twas shadier and—and pleasanter over the other side of the buryin'-ground," stammered Cyrus.

"Why, it's real hot and sunny over there, Cyrus. I never did see such a day for April. But—but I'd ought to have remembered that she was your mother. Le's go and set a spell under the pine trees outside the gate."

Once outside the gates, Cyrus was himself again. "I—I hope you don't think 'twas my fetchin' you there, Prudence, that upsot me so," he said. "I hain't been there many times, and she *was* my mother, as you say. And she was a good one, too, and smart. She had great reasonin' faculties, mother had."

"The Bemises was smart folks, I've always heard," said Prudence, magnanimously.

Cyrus gazed at her curiously and tenderly. "Prudence, I b'lieve you be the best woman that ever lived," he said, with intense conviction. "And I ain't a-goin' to let anything stand between you and me no longer, anyhow. It ain't no use talkin' about Laviny's objection, nor hollerin', nor nothin'. She'll be a sight bettern off where there's plenty of everything and nothin' grudged to her, and she'd ought to know it. She hain't no right to regerlate your life anyhow; but if folks are only obstreperous enough—own folks—there's some that 'll give in to 'em jest as if they was slaves. I don't b'lieve in no such doin's myself. I always were of an idee that folks hadn't but one life to live, and they had a right to live it as they was a mind to."

Prudence looked at him a little slyly, remembering what all Poultney knew, that he had been all his life "under his mother's thumb." But he looked so honestly unconscious and courageous that her smile died away in admiration. She had never known Cyrus to seem so manly.

"Laviny 'd ought to know that you can't go on always workin' as hard as you do now, and there ain't goin' to be no chance to sew straw by hand a great while, they're gettin' up machinery that does every mite of the work."

"I don't calc'late but what Laviny and I could always get along with the eggs and the garden sass and all. I ain't thinkin' of marryin' for the sake of gettin' a livin', Cyrus," said Prudence, with a touch of dignity.

"You know I don't mean no such a thing as that, Prudence. I was only jest a-thinkin' how Laviny could be fetched to a better mind. But as true 's you live, Prudence, there ain't but jest one way for us to do, and that's to get married unbeknownst. As long as she hollers you can't stand out agin her, you be so tender-hearted, to say nothin' of its bein' terrible mortifyin' to have the neighbors fetched in that way. But, you see, if I should jest get a license kind of private, and we should kind of step into the minister's next Sunday afternoon after meetin', why, when she found it wa'n't no use, she wouldn't take on a mite. It wouldn't be nothin' strange if she should be real kind of pleased."

Prudence shook her head. Experience forbade her to take this optimistic view of Laviny's probable conduct. But nevertheless, with little more urging, she assented to Cyrus's plan. She knew even better than he that she could not openly "stand out agin Laviny." She resolved with desperate courage that for once she would have her own way, "live her own life," as Cyrus said.

As for Cyrus, he went home so full of triumph that the painful emotions which had overcome him at his mother's grave were almost forgotten. He went about the house that night thinking of changes in the arrangement of the furniture that Prudence might like to make, and feeling a pride in the abundant housewifely stores which were waiting for her.

But that night he dreamed of his mother so vividly that when he awoke he could scarcely believe that it was a dream. She had stood beside his bed, her tall figure and keen old face sharply distinct in the moonlight, and had thrown upon the floor the key of her ancient linen-press. (He had searched high and low for that key, and had not been able to find it.) With this act of surrender she had turned upon him a terrible face, and had said that Prudence Favor was crowding her down into her grave, and that she and Laviny had made a plan to strangle her with her own best table-cloths.

Cyrus awoke with cold drops upon his brow, and he groped about upon the floor for the key before he could persuade himself that it was a dream. The next night he dreamed it all over again, with yet more thrilling effect; and he was so disturbed that he felt it necessary to take a trip to L——, a small city near by, to divert his mind, making the purchase of some agricultural tools the excuse. This weakened the impression made by the dream, and revived his courage, so that he stopped on his way home the next forenoon and obtained the marriage license. When he reached home he found his aunt Cynthy Prouty, his mother's sister, waiting for him. She had keen eyes like his mother's, and as she looked at him, Cyrus felt as if the marriage license in his pocket were clearly visible.

"I come over to fetch you the key of the linen-press, Cyrus, and to tell you the dyin' charge that your mother give me," said Aunt Cynthy, impressively. She drew a key from her pocket and threw it upon the table before Cyrus, who was conscious that his hand trembled as he picked it up. "I don't really s'pose you need to be told what she said, Cyrus, for I expect you know too well what b'longs to your mother's memory to need any warnin', but there is a sight of talk, so I thought I'd jest come over." Aunt Cynthy's tone had become mollified as she looked at her shrinking nephew. "It was the last night I ever watched with her," she continued, having recourse to her handkerchief. "She'd been a little mite wand'rin', and her mind 'peared to run on her best table-cloths. She thought a sight of her table-linen, your mother did, and nobody up this way ever had no nicer. When she drawed that key out from under her piller she was jest as rational and sensible as ever I see her. 'You keep it, Cynthy,' says she, 'for I couldn't rest easy in my grave with them Favors let loose 'mongst my nice things. Like as not they'd use my double damask snow-drop table-cloth and napkins every day; and I expect nothin' but what they'd put the linen sheets onto the hired man's bed.' I said I'd keep the key so's't they couldn't, jest to peaceify her, and I thought she'd kinder dropped off, but pretty soon she began to be restless agin, and, 'Oh dear,' says she, 'my pound-for-pound preserves would be jest as common as apple sarse if them Favor girls should get here. And how could Cyrus with his dyspepsy stan' her saluratus? There never was slack folks like them that didn't use a sight of saluratus.' 'Now don't you take on so, Eunice,' says I, 'for Cyrus won't never do no such a thing.' And whatever folks tells me about walkin' home from prayer-meetin' together, or takin' her to the buryin'-ground, or diggin' up her garden for her, I says the same thing, Cyrus won't never do no such a thing. Now don't you say a word, Cyrus. You jest let me have my say." A quite unnecessary command, since poor Cyrus was overwhelmed with trouble too deep for words. If he had felt a momentary impulse to defend the lady of his love, he had not the spirit to try to arrest the flow of Aunt Cynthy's eloquence. "For my part, I hain't nothin' to say against Prudence Favor," pursued Aunt Cynthy, with an air of great magnanimity. "She's a sister in the church, and I can't say as ever I heard anything against her Christian character. But Favors is Favors; *that* we *all* know. Her father was shif'less, and her mother was poor-sperited and sickly. And them that was brought up slack will be slack. And a man that marries Prudence has got to marry Laviny, so to speak, and her whole menadgery of creturs. I don' know as your mother could be expected to lay still in her grave with them cats and dogs a-layin' round on her stuffed chairs and sofys. But, there! there ain't no need of my sayin' this, and I know there ain't, if folks does talk. But your mother, she wouldn't be peacified when I told her you wouldn't do no such a thing. Says she, 'Prudence Favor 'll get round him when I'm dead and gone, mark my words!'"

Cyrus plucked up a little spirit, in spite of the fact that Aunt Cynthy's dramatic powers were so great that he could almost hear his mother's voice. "Prudence ain't the kind that tries to get round anybody," he said, stoutly.

"I ain't sayin' she is," said Aunt Cynthy, quickly perceiving that she had made a false move. "It ain't neither here nor there what she is, the way I look at it. The p'int is whether your mother hadn't ought to have her say about who she didn't want to have the proputty and the nice house-keepin' things that she'd worked and tit so hard to get. You can't remember your father, Cyrus, but I can. You favor him consid'able. He was as good a man as ever stepped, but he wa'n't smart nor strivin' like some. When he died he didn't have no great propputty; this farm was pretty well run out. Your mother she made it what it is. It's all owin' to her that you're the forehanded man that you be."

"I guess I know it. There ain't no need for anybody to tell me nothin' about that," said Cyrus.

"I was only jest a remindin' you that your mother had ought to have some say about who was to come after her and have the doin's of her nice things that she set so much by."

"I always calc'lated that a man had a right to marry as he was a mind to," said Cyrus, making an effort to assert himself. But he felt that it was a failure, at least in appearance, as he rose limply, and murmuring something about seeing to his horse, beat a hasty retreat.

Aunt Cynthy, as she drew her knitting from her bag and set her needles to clicking, had the air of being mistress of the situation, but inwardly she had her misgivings. "I didn't come none too soon," she said to herself, with profound conviction.

When Cyrus returned from the barn—it was not until after a long interval, during which he had "chewed the cud of bitter fancy" in the retirement of the hay-loft—she announced her intention of remaining for a short visit.

"It's plantin'-time, but own folks is before crops, as I told J'siah, and I'm a goin' to stay a week unless J'siah comes after me. I calc'late that girl of yours, Lonizy Fickett, will bear a little lookin' after. Oh yes! mebbe she does do well; the house 'pears middlin' clean, but I know hired girl capers better'n you do."

Cyrus succumbed to this dispensation of Providence with a sense of helpless misery. He could not order Aunt Cynthy out of the house, he said to himself; still less could he bring Prudence home and present her to Aunt Cynthy as his wife. He saw her at the Friday evening prayer-meeting, but only for a slight greeting, with Aunt Cynthy leaning imperatively upon his arm. In his long and anxious deliberations he had sometimes almost resolved to slip across the field and explain the state of affairs to Prudence. But Prudence seemed to expect a great deal of courage in a man, and it would be embarrassing to tell her of Aunt Cynthy's objections to her. And there was the blessed possibility that J'siah, her son, would come after her. There was much work to be done in planting-time, and Malviny, J'siah's wife, was subject to neuralgia.

When Saturday passed with no summons to Aunt Cynthy, Cyrus rested all his hopes upon a very severe storm the next day. Then Prudence would not expect him to fulfil his engagement. He was afflicted with rheumatism, which made it very imprudent for him to go out in wet weather. There were hopeful signs of a storm. When the Sunday morning dawned fair and bright, Cyrus felt that even nature and Providence had conspired against him. He left Aunt Cynthy to go to church unattended, pleading illness. So unusual an event as his absence from church would be commented upon, and perhaps Prudence would hear that he was ill.

"Prudence Favor was terrible dressed up with a bunch of white flowers on her bonnet this afternoon," said Aunt Cynthy at the supper table that night. "Some folks don't never seem to see that their time has gone by."

Cyrus was cut to the heart. The thought of Prudence, pale and dismayed, in her hard-earned bit of wedding finery was more than he could bear.

"I 'ain't acted the part of a man, and I'm goin' right over and tell her so. And I'll fetch her right home here for all of Aunt Cynthy, if she'll come. And I'd jest as lives tell Aunt Cynthy so to her face," he said to himself, valiantly.

But Aunt Cynthy was deep in a Sunday nap in her chair, and Cyrus thought that, after all, it would not be worth the while to arouse her. In fact he slipped out at the front door, an unusual proceeding, and closed it softly behind him. All of Cyrus's experience in life had tended to convince him that discretion was the better part of valor.

The doctor's carriage was driving away from Prudence's door. As she let the doctor out, Prudence saw Cyrus coming, and waited for him. She had on her every-day dress, and her hair was strained away from her temples, so that the patches of gray showed plainly. Her face was pale, and showed traces of tears.

"I'm an orfle wicked woman, Cyrus," she said. "If I hain't killed my sister it's only by the Lord's mercy. She kind of got wind of what was goin' on. I expect Jo Liscomb told about your gettin' a license. And then I'd got some new fixin's." Prudence flushed all over her pale face. "I expect 'twas silly, but I'd kind of got to feelin' as if I was a girl agin, and I didn't want you to be ashamed of me. She hollered when she see 'em, Laviny did, and I jest went off and left her hollerin'. Seems as if the Lord had hardened my heart, jest like Pharaoh's, lettin' me be all took up with gettin' married."

"Prudence, you'd ought to have more strength of mind than to be drove by her hollerin'," said Cyrus, severely. "She knows she can drive you—"

"I'm surprised at you, Cyrus, to say such a thing. She can't help it. She's jest a poor little cretur, and I've treated her cruel." Cyrus smiled bitterly. The "poor little cretur" was half a head taller than tall Prudence. "When I come home from meetin', she was layin' here alone in a dead faint. I thought much as could be she was dead. When I'd fetched her to a little, I run for the doctor. He says she hain't got no real heart disease, but she's got to be kept quiet, and not crossed the least mite—not the least mite—or she may have. And I never thought nothin' of her ketch! Seems as if I couldn't be thankful enough, Cyrus, that you didn't come. S'posin' I'd got to tell Laviny now that we was married! 'Twould kill her, jest as sure as the world! I felt bad at first, Cyrus, real bad; but I heard 'em say that you was sick, and"—she looked at him with a kind of wondering tenderness—"it would have been real unhandy about your aunt Cynthy. Don't seem as if I should have minded her much. But there! 'twas the Lord's doin's." Cyrus uttered an impatient protest. It seemed to him that the responsibility was entirely Aunt Cynthy's. "It's terrible hard to say it, Cyrus—things has been hard between you and me always—but we can't keep company together no more anyhow, and—and you hadn't better come here at all. Laviny she can't stand it nohow, and I've promised her. Mebbe it's jest as well for you to be mad, Cyrus, for then you won't feel so bad. Seems as if 'twas most too bad; but"—a shrill, persistent call of "Prudence!" resounded through the house—"but mebbe in a better world—"

"If it's a better world, it 'll be one where folks has some chance to do as they're a mind to!" cried Cyrus as Prudence softly shut the door.

SHAD-FISHING ON THE DELAWARE.

THE coming of the first shad is an event the importance of which may be gastronomic or scientific according to the way you have of looking at it. In 1889 the first *Clupea sapidissima* of the North River was caught on the 1st of April. This year the forerunner of the school was some two days later, so for the last two years shad have been fairly punctual. Generally following an old European custom, the first shad caught in the North River is sent to the Mayor of New York for his own private delectation. In this habit may be found a trace of the older time when certain fish, caught no matter when or where, belonged of right to the sovereign; as, for instance, the sturgeon captured in the Thames, which had to be forwarded at once to the King or Queen of England. There is a pretty story having to do with Joan of Arc and the first shad. When the Maid was at her hostelry in Orleans, the first alose, or shad, was bought by the landlord, and he would have prepared it for the maid's breakfast. "No," said the champion of France; "I have other fish to fry. When I have driven the hated English back, which will take place about noon, then I will return, and we will have that shad for dinner." The chronicler informs us that Jean did raise the siege, but we are not told whether the Maid partook of shad for dinner on that eventful day.

In Pennsylvania, according to the careful data kept by the United States Fish Commission, the first shad taken last year in the Delaware was on the 25th of March. For this year the date was some four days earlier. So we see, in the one case, that for the North River the shad this year were somewhat later, and for the Delaware somewhat earlier. Just here comes in scientific inquiry as to the coming of the shad, and following the studies carried out by the present efficient United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Marshall McDonald, water temperatures have a great deal to do with the first appearances of shad.

For a long time it was supposed that shad were migratory to a great degree, and in the winter moved in bulk to the South, returning *en masse* when warmer weather set in North. This is found not to be the case. There seems to be the strongest evidence that shad, when they descend the rivers in which they were born as small fish, never leave a great distance between them and the mouths of such rivers. There are slight differences in the coloration of the caudal and dorsal fins of Southern Atlantic fish, and such fish are very rarely found in Northern schools. This shows that the fish go back to the particular rivers they belong to. That they do not go very far from the mouths of certain rivers is evident from this fact that in the neighborhood of New York shad are often taken in winter.

It looks as if there was a close relationship between the movements of many kinds of fish and water temperatures. If then the water be too cold, shad do not ascend the rivers, and so far this season in the latitude of New York, though the winter was abnormally warm, just at the end of March and beginning of April there was a sudden lowering of the temperature. It would be entirely unscientific to jump at the conclusion that because there has been an abundance of floating ice this year that that made the sea water colder. Between that part of the ocean where portions of the icebergs are floating and our shores the Gulf Stream runs, which diverts from our coast line the colder water; but what effects on air temperatures the ice may have brought about is difficult to determine. Taking temperatures of water off Sandy Hook for March of 1890, it has always been from two to three degrees higher than in 1889. For instance, on the 30th of this March it was forty-one degrees at high water, the same at low water on the surface, but the bottom water was between forty-five and forty-six. Last year, on the same date, w[illegible] the same water, it was on surface forty-o[illegible] and the same at the bottom. Then the temperatures went rapidly up in 1889.

No phenomenon in natural science can be determined from the experience of one or even ten years. It is only by close observations over extended periods that deductions can be arrived at. The following is, however, the conclusion arrived at in regard to shad, and it is "that shad occupy a hydro-isothermal belt or area limited by the temperature of 60° to 70° F., and that they move with this belt, as the season advances, into and up the rivers." In that beautiful study of natural equilibrium there may be factors that as yet we know nothing about, but which the United States Fish Commission may discover. When the time of perfect adjustment comes, as Mr. Marshall McDonald expresses it, "the fish are brought, by influences of which they are entirely unconscious, into such relations and under such conditions as to make reproduction possible."

Gloucester, on the Delaware River, on the New Jersey side, has always been celebrated for its shad fisheries. Drift nets and gill nets are used, and these are sometimes from 200 to 250 fathoms in length. Deep water is a necessity for a drift net, and at the same time there must be a shelving bank, so that the nets may be readily hauled inshore. The true gill net is stretched on stakes. The illustration shows the hauling of a net, and the fishermen are putting the catch in a small boat, the shad to be at once sent to the market. As to value, the shad fisheries of the Delaware River are of the greatest importance. The epicure in shad is generally inclined to believe that the further north shad is taken, the better it is. In the times of the past, however, when Philadelphia was a smaller city, and the Delaware and Schuylkill flowed unpolluted, the fish caught near that city were deemed the finest. To-day Connecticut shad fetch the highest price.

RUSSIA.

"Russia! Russia! I behold thee from my wondrous beautiful distance."—GOGOL.

SARMATIAN mother! why dost thou devour
Thy offspring, who by loving thee are curst?
Why must they fear thee who would fain be first
To add new glories to thy matchless dower?
Why must they flee before thy cruel power,
That punishes their best as treason's worst—
The treason that despotic chains would burst—
That makes men heroes who in slavery cower?

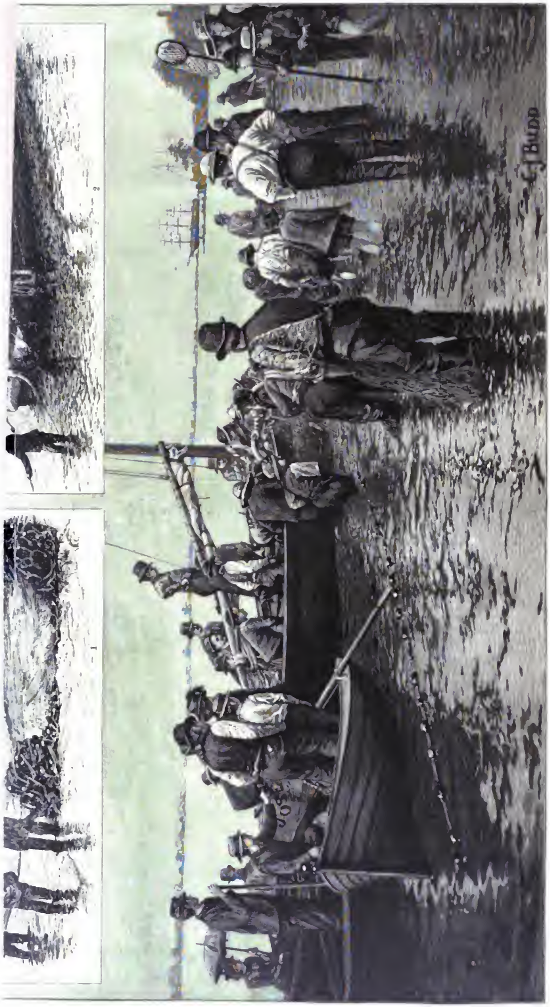
Upon thy brow the stars of empire burn;
Thy bearing has a majesty sublime.
Thy exiled children ever toward thee yearn;
Nor should their ardent love be deemed a crime.
Oh, mighty mother of men, to mildness turn,
And haste the advent of a happier time!

SIBERIA.

"ALL hope forego, O ye who enter here!"
Here winds are sweet with breath of myriad flowers,
The skies arch blue o'er lands of richest dowers,
And all the fairest gifts of earth appear.
All hope forego? Why, surely hope, not fear,
Should view this land, whose lofting Ural towers
With wealth of gold and precious stones, and pours
Of mighty rivers winding far and near!

Yet look! What mean those melancholy trains
Of desperate men and sad-eyed women, looking back
To bid that awful bourne a last farewell?
O hear those groans, those sighs, those clanking chains,
As on they drag along the hopeless track
That leads, if not to death, to worse than hell!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.



SHAD-FISHING ON THE DELAWARE.—Drawn by C. J. Budd.—[See Page 363.]

1. Drawing in the Shad Net. 2. Putting the big Shad Net into the Boat after the Haul.

to this light rig they unquestionably owe in part their extraordinary capacity to withstand fatigue.

Marching on the Mexican plateau is a severe strain upon both muscles and nerves. Unless some especial purpose is to be served, garrisons are shifted in the dry season, when the roads are ankle-deep with dust, and when the sun beats down, hot and strong, from a relentlessly clear sky, and casts upon everything a blinding glare. It is the way of roads in Mexico, especially in the northern states, to seem interminable. One low ridge of rocky hills is ascended, and from its crest another like ridge is seen half a dozen miles away across an arid valley, over which the waves of heat shimmer and undulate, and in which the only vegetation (if so cheerful a word may be used to describe such brown and yellow bleakness) is thorny cactus, tufts of Spanish-bayonet, and a few distorted and scraggly pita palms—a desolation so complete that it seems unnatural and unreal.

All day long, saving only the hot halt at noon, the march continues through this utter dreariness, oppressed by blighting sunlight, the head of the column (where the officer in command rides with plucky erectness) raising a cloud of dust that grows thicker and heavier with each successive file, until the rear guard literally is lost in its dark density. The smaller streams and many of the larger ones are dried up, and a draught of fresh water by-the-way is a joy impossible; the water in the canteens grows hot in the fiery rays of the sun, and never anywhere is there so much as a hand's-breadth of shade. And yet such is the power of endurance that these wiry Mexican soldiers possess, the men rarely become exhausted by the way; and at night, when a halt is made at some little town, or at some *hacienda* where water can be obtained, and when the cool delicious wind sweeps down refreshingly from the hills, they are as lively, and go at their rations of *frijoles* and *tortillas* with as much zest as though their eight or ten hours of toiling through heat and dust had been no more than a *paseo*—an agreeable stroll.

It should be, and doubtless is, a cause for thankfulness throughout the Mexican army that with the building of the new railroads, by which all the important cities in the republic, excepting Oaxaca, Durango, and the forts on the west coast, have been connected, the arduous marching heretofore attendant upon garrison transfers in great part has been done away with. The increased military strength of the federal government that has come with this change is obvious. Large bodies of troops can now be moved to nearly all important points expeditiously and without waste of strength by the way.

Thomas A. Janvier.

A HUNTER'S "SHACK" IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Eastern visitor to the markets of the cities near the base of the Rocky Mountains is usually much impressed by the abundance of mountain game there displayed. Before the stalls and doorways are rows and heaps of the carcasses of deer and elk, somewhat rarely a mountain sheep, bunches of wild turkeys and grouse, and often hanging from a strong hook, or disposed upon the sidewalk in a life-like attitude, the huge body of the grizzly or cinnamon bear.

The hunters' wagons no longer come into Western cities from the prairie piled high with skins of buffalo and the dried tongues and other choice parts of the animals, for the buffalo has disappeared from the plains. The antelope is rapidly succumbing to the same fate, for these creatures, whose home is the open country, have no place of concealment. But the apparent diminution in numbers of mountain animals, though in part real, is largely caused by their retirement, frightened by the presence of man and discharge of fire-arms, into the region of inaccessible peaks and mountain recesses, beyond the reach of the ordinary hunter. Fortunately the natural features of the Rocky Mountain country do not admit of pursuing deer successfully with dogs, and thus the exterminating effects wrought by this mode of hunting in the deer ranges of Maine, New York, and Michigan cannot be repeated in that region. The hunting methods in the Rocky Mountains partake more of the character of the pursuit of game by Indians, who, in killing such animals as they need, do not exterminate the species nor frighten surviving wild creatures from the region.

Mr. Graham's illustration on the first page represents a hunter's "shack" in the Rocky Mountains. The two occupants have selected a site for their cabin in a locality that combines the general character of a favorable hunting-ground and the specific features of a convenient and pleasant encampment. To follow the deer—the game which they chiefly seek—far up the mountain sides is impracticable in the snowy season; but the hunters know that these shy animals, when the snow is deep, will at some hour of the day descend into the valleys to feed. Their time and mode of doing this vary according to the season of the year, the depth of snow, the extent to which they have been recently hunted in the vicinity, and other circumstances, which are all carefully taken into account by the skilled hunter, who can tell closely the altitude and surroundings in which game of various kinds is likely to be found under given conditions. A heavy fall of snow that sends the deer down to the valleys of the foot-hills will lower the range of the elk only to points midway between the peaks and their bases. The mountain sheep and goats rarely come far below the snow line, and these animals, so difficult to reach, are seldom systematically sought by the "business" hunter, who, of course, is glad to take a shot at them when they are encountered within possible range. A favorite location for the hunter is the vicinity of a salt or alkaline deposit, for such places are very attractive to deer. Sometimes the hunter makes an artificial "lick" by burying a bag of coarse salt in a marshy spot. The gradual dissolving of the salt results in a saline deposit at the surface, which the deer, even when very shy, will take great risks to visit. From behind a "blind," built at an advantageous spot, the hunter shoots the deer as they approach the "lick." Two or three hunters are the usual number in a party, which enables the hunting to be continued while one of the members is taking game to market and returning with supplies.

The "shack," with its walls of upright small logs or splints well chinked with moss, grass, or mud, its roof thatched with evergreens covered it may be, with a foot of earth, and its warm fire within, is a thoroughly comfortable habitation in the sharp frosty air of the mountain heights. Sweeter sleep could hardly be than that which the wearied hunters enjoy upon their couch of pine boughs laid thickly, and smoothly overlapping, on the floor of natural earth. The mountain valley opens upward into a view of the great peak beyond its head; the air is laden with the balsamic odors of spruce, firs, and pine; the stillness is soothingly broken by the splashing gurgle of the mountain brook and the whispering of the wind in the pines, and sometimes is rudely shattered with the shock and thunder of the distant avalanche. By night for companionship not unwelcome to the hunter comes the howling of wolves about the camp, the barking of foxes, the hoot of the owl, and not infrequently the snuffing and grunting of a grizzly bear, drawn to the camp in the hungry season of the year by the odor of the carcasses of venison hung before the door.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

An occurrence in the valley of the Mississippi which was recently noticed in the New York daily papers to the extent of some fifteen lines, was vividly illustrative of what most Eastern people literally know nothing about—the perils and the problems of the great Father of Waters. A band of twenty-five men, armed with Winchester rifles, went to the levee at Opossum Fork, and after driving away the guards who were stationed there to protect the levee, they cut a gap through it, letting the water of the swollen river through, and so flooding two counties. This they did, according to the brief despatch which came over the wires, in order to protect their own homes from the danger which threatened them from the pressure on the levee below.

This was as if the people of Jersey City, in order to protect themselves from a threatening danger, should deliberately flood the whole of Staten Island to the depth of twenty or thirty feet. So stupendous an act, if it had happened in the East, would have filled the newspapers of the whole civilized world with comments and detailed description. Happening where it did, it hardly provoked a notice. The local correspondents, learning of it some days after it had happened, sent a bare statement of the fact, without date or detail, and some of the newspaper editors thought it not worth publishing.

Yet the government of the United States spends millions of dollars every year in attempts which have, so far at least, proved totally futile, to confine the great river within its banks, and so avoid the perils which every spring threaten an area larger than all New England and the Middle States.

Two utterances which I heard in the valley of the Mississippi at the time of the great flood of 1882 are fairly expressive of the problem with which the Mississippi River Commission are wrestling. One man said: "I have lived on the river for thirty years, and I have studied it, for it was my business to do so. I have been steam-boating all that time. I am now certain that I don't know anything about it, or about what ought to be done to it."

Another said, "When God put the river into this valley, He told it to go wherever it pleased, and it always has done so, and always will."

The wonderful and often terrible changes that come with the changes of season, and which produce such effects as the artist has shown, are simply inconceivable to one who has not seen them. That a stream so quiet and comparatively small as the Mississippi is at low water, should become a raging torrent of twenty miles average width, and ten feet average depth from shore to shore, throughout the eleven hundred miles from Cairo to the sea, is simply incredible until one has seen it. This river, however, did that in 1882, when the great general overflow occurred. Unnumbered lives were lost that year, and the damage to property was never even estimated. Details were hard to get when communication was so nearly cut off as it then was, and after the floods were over no effort was made to reckon the extent of the disaster.

Since that spring the reports which have come to the East have not indicated any flood equal to the present one, and the only reason why this year has not proved as disastrous as 1882, is that the levees have been strengthened since then. The fact, however, that the levee system has, as a whole, successfully withstood the pressure of the highest water known for many years, is by no means as reassuring as it seems on first consideration, for there is grave reason to believe that the levees themselves serve to increase the very danger against which they are a guard.

The problem is a complex one, and while the plans of the Mississippi River Commission must be accepted as the best practicable, being indorsed as they are by a majority of the best engineers who have studied the subject, there are not wanting capable critics who declare that they are false in theory and essentially dangerous and mischievous in practice.

The main factor in the problem is that which makes news of this article just at the present time. Every spring when the waters of the North are released from their icy bonds, there comes a mighty flood into the valley below. It is not always equally great, of course, and the conditions this year have produced exceptional perils, but the flood comes as certainly as the season does. It may be doubted whether the reports are true that the water is higher this year than it was ever before known to be, but it is unquestionably true that the present flood ranks among the highest.

What to do with this enormous volume of water is the question that baffles the engineers. If it were left unconfined, it would, of course, render vast districts of country uninhabitable, at least for a month or so each year, and even after all the work that has been done, it sometimes happens, as at present, that thousands of people are driven from their homes, and in many cases houses are destroyed, cattle are swept away and drowned, and not a few human lives are lost.

Two principal theories are advanced, one of which is diametrically opposed to the other, and the advocates of each abuse the advocates of the other in unmeasured terms. One is the outlet system. It is argued in favor of this that since the water will come in such quantities as to be dangerous and often destructive, the philosophical thing to do is to provide it with all the outlets possible. Among the many bayous and natural outlets formed by the river near its junction with the sea, it is claimed that a few should be selected and kept clear, so that the surplus water may find its way out as quickly as possible. Such a proposition seems simple, feasible, and rational; but it is not the one which has been followed in the work of the commission, and it is declared by the majority of engineers to be unscientific and radically wrong. The plan that has been adopted is to erect artificial banks (called levees), and to rely upon the "scour" of the water to keep the river bottom free enough to afford a clear passage to the sea. The scour is aided as far as possible by clearing away obstructions where it is desired to maintain a channel, and by placing other obstructions in places where natural shallows have been formed. This is the work carried on by the commission, and is one in theory with that executed by Captain Eads in the South Pass of the Delta. He claimed that if the water flowing through the pass should be confined within comparatively narrow banks, it would scour out the bottom, and so deepen its own bed. The primary result was exactly opposite to this. The water refused to do the work expected of it, and following the law of nature, sought the line of least resistance. Finding the South Pass obstructed, or rather narrowed, much of it turned aside and poured through the Southwest Pass and the Pass à l'Outre, and instead of scouring out the South Pass, scoured the other two to the depth of two feet below where their beds had formerly been. As soon as this was discovered the two passes were partially dammed up, and the water thus forced through the South Pass.

The natural scour has not proved sufficient to maintain the channel that was expected, but powerful dredges have been used supplementarily, and a satisfactory result has been secured. Whether a similar result will be attained throughout the length of the river is a mooted point, but the engineers of the commission are confident of success. Of course the expense is enormous, and it is considered likely that fifty millions will be spent before the work can be considered complete. Even then a considerable sum will have to be spent yearly to keep it in order.

The levees are relied on as the chief aid to the work of the commission, but the commission does not construct them, or even work directly to strengthen them. These levees are nothing more than artificial banks or heaps of soil shovelled up along the line of the natural banks. The commission is working to narrow the wide places in the river, so as to secure a uniform width of three thousand feet. This is done by constructing revetments, consisting principally of mattresses of wire and brush, which are secured by rubble-stone. In other places great quantities of stone are dumped, and various similar means are used to encourage the scour in the shallower parts of the river, and also to prevent the undermining of the natural or artificial banks.

The chief criticism of this plan is based on the fact that the water of the lower Mississippi contains so very much silt in solution. This silt, undoubtedly all brought down by the river from the upper lands, forms the entire surface of the land for many thousands of square miles to an unknown depth—hundreds of feet. As a matter of course, anything that retards the free passage of the water to the sea causes a precipitation of this silt, and it is claimed that the ultimate result of the present system will be to build up the bed of the river so high that the stream will finally forsake its present course entirely, and make a new route for itself. That such a result may follow seems to be a reasonable expectation, though it is likely to take many years in coming—possibly many centuries.

It is asserted, however, that even in the few years that have elapsed since Captain Eads constructed his famous jetties, the bed of the river above has been raised to an appreciable extent. If this be true, the lapse of time may be much less than has been expected before some such catastrophe may occur.

On the other hand, such prophecies are ridiculed by the engineers who endorse the plans of the commission. They assert that the water by being confined in a narrower channel than it would naturally make for itself is really compelled to move on more rapidly, and therefore more forcibly, than it would otherwise do, and consequently, that instead of depositing more silt, it actually deposits less than would be the case if it were unconfined. The complexity of the problem comes from the various attributes, or habits, as they might almost be called, of the great river, and the seeming hopelessness of ever being able to determine which of these attributes is predominant.

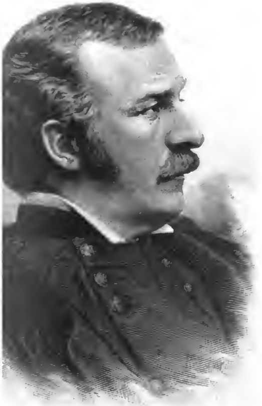
In one respect the casual observer is moved to sarcastic reflections. When a flood does come, like the present one, or even one of much less dimensions, the work of the commission is of necessity suspended, and at first sight it seems extremely ridiculous to see engineers waiting for the water to subside before they can place confines many feet below the present surface, which confines are intended, in part at least, for the purpose of preventing similar overflows in the future.

GENERAL N. A. MILES.

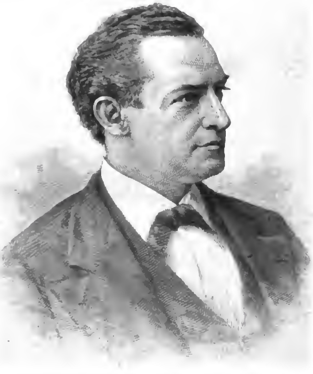
On the 5th of April President Harrison nominated Brigadier-General Nelson Appleton Miles to be a Major-General in the army in place of the late General George Crook. The distinguished officer thus selected for promotion has had a career of remarkable brilliancy and success. Born at Westminster, in Massachusetts, August 8, 1839, he was engaged in mercantile life in Boston when the civil war broke out. He joined the Volunteers as First Lieutenant of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Infantry, and the following year, May 31, 1862, was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-first New York. With the Army of the Potomac, he took part in all the battles of the Peninsula under McClellan, and then in the Antietam campaign, his regiment being in the Second Corps, then under Sumner. At Fair Oaks he was wounded. In the autumn of that year he became Colonel of his regiment, and in the battle of Fredericksburg commanded a small brigade in Hancock's division of the Second Corps. At Chancellorsville he greatly distinguished himself by checking with his command, consisting then of three regiments and detachments of three others, Jackson's assaults upon Hancock's front, being then in charge of the skirmish line. This service was performed by the intrepid and skilful young officer at a costly price to himself, since he was shot through the body, and carried from the field with what was supposed to be a mortal wound. When the brevets were distributed, his as Brigadier-General in the regular army was "for gallant and meritorious services at Chancellorsville."

During the Virginia campaigns of 1864 and 1865 General Miles added to his reputation as an enterprising officer, and received a commission as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, dated from March 12, 1864, and specifically expressed to be "for distinguished services during the recent battles of the Old Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House." He also afterward received the brevets of Major-General in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services at Spottsylvania, and of Major-General of Volunteers "for highly meritorious and distinguished conduct throughout the campaign, and particularly for gallantry and valuable services in the battle of Reams Station."

At the close of the war, General Miles received the command of a regiment in the regular army, being commissioned as Colonel of the Fortieth Infantry, July 28, 1866. In March, 1869, he was transferred to the Fifth Infantry, and while commanding this regiment acquired a high renown for Indian campaigning. In 1875 he defeated the Cheyennes and the Kiowas and the Comanches on the borders of the Staked Plains. In 1876 he defeated the hostile Sioux in northern Montana, scattering the bands of Crazy Horse, Spotted Eagle, and other chiefs, and compelling Sitting Bull and his followers to take refuge in Canada. His next great achievement was the defeat and capture of the famous



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.—[See Page 307.]



THE LATE HON. SAMUEL J. RANDALL.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

Chief Joseph, and his continued his series of ure of a band of hostile orce being his armed es ded to be Brigadier Gen- 80, and assigned to the Columbia, where he re- ar years; but in the sum- ndered to the command f the Missouri, and next ommand of the Depart- d intrusted with the im- duty of hunting down s Chief Geronimo. This ccomplished, on expedi- awton, Fourth Cavalry, s into the mountains of ng them so that they ider. General Miles has of the Legislatures of rizona for this achieve- received the thanks of Montana and Kansas, Arizona further testified senting to him a sword, with appropriate cere-

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MR. RANDALL.

Randall, who died in lay, April 13th, was born ctober 10, 1828. His fa- all, a well known lawyer iladelphia. His mother Young Randall did not went into business, and voted himself to mercan- is father, he attended the ion at Cincinnati which ted James Buchanan for a Mr. Randall afterward scious that politics was n business in Philadel- years as a member of the al during 1858–9 served

· Randall had joined the of Philadelphia, and as front with his company attached to the Second y. Later, as Cornet, he oop when it was called casion.

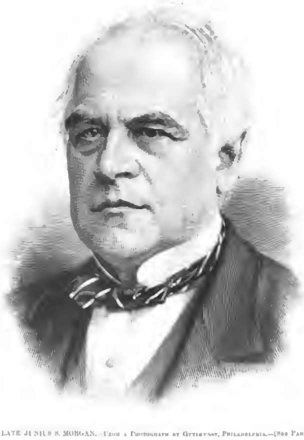
ovember, 1862, he had ves as the Representative vania District. He was t was Republican; but ty won his first election, at the voters of the dis- ity to the Pennsylvania n secured for him thir ons. Mr. Randall took , 1863. In the Thirty- ecame the leader on the ratic minority of thirty

d session of the Forty- hich expired by limita- 75, the Republican ma- te efforts to pass the so-called "Force Bill." The hope of the Democrats lay in delaying it, so that the Senate would not have time to act upon it. The fight lasted for two days and a night in February, 1875. Mr. Randall was on the floor the entire time, eating as he could, sleeping not at all, obstructing all business, until, on February 27th, the bill was passed by a vote of 135 to 114, and sent to the Senate too late for that body to act upon it. This practical victory made him famous.

In December the Democratic majority chose Mr. Kerr as Speaker, and he appointed Mr. Morrison chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, thus recognizing him as the leader of the party. In the succeeding session, however, Mr. Randall was chosen Speaker, and acted as such from December, 1876, to March, 1881, but when the Democrats were again in control, his attitude on the tariff question not commending itself to his party, Mr. Carlisle was chosen in his stead.

Of late years the Democratic party had left Mr. Randall, around whom a small band of protection Democrats had gathered, and he assumed to some extent the rôle of an obstructor. He opposed both the Morrison and the Mills tariff reform bills, and to the latter offered a high-tariff substitute. His advice on parliamentary matters was highly valued, and from his sick bed he directed the Democrats in their recent struggle with Speaker Reed and his rulings.

For nearly twenty years he had occupied the little house in C Street, Washington, in which he died. He leaves a widow—a daughter of General Aaron Ward, of this city—a son, and two daughters, one of whom is unmarried.



THE LATE JUNIUS S. MORGAN.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 307.]

THE BLESSING OF STRONG NERVES

Is recoverable, not by the use of mineral sedatives, but by a recourse to effectual tonic treatment. Opiates and the like should only be used as auxiliaries, and then as sparingly as possible. Vigorous nerves are quiet ones, and the most direct way to render them so is to reinforce the vital energies. That sterling invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will be found all-sufficient for this purpose, since it entirely removes impediments to thorough digestion and assimilation of the food, so that the body is insured its due amount of nourishment, and consequently of stamina. Rheumatic tendencies and affections of the kidneys and bladder are also counteracted by the Bitters, which is besides a pleasant medicinal stimulant, infinitely purer than the raw excitants of commerce, which react injuriously upon the nervous system.—[Adv.]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS

Can use "Brown's Bronchial Troches" freely, without fear of injury, as they contain nothing injurious. They are invaluable for allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, effectually clearing and strengthening the voice. Ask for and obtain "Brown's Bronchial Troches." 25c. a box.—[Adv.]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[Adv.]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[Adv.]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds: all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[Adv.]

Nicholson's Liquid Bread is a complete substitute for all alcoholic drinks. Persons of delicate constitutions can take it with impunity, and the most beneficial results. Sold by all druggists and grocers.—[Adv.]

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of the hair. Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as cannot be surpassed.—[Adv.]

A WONDERFUL OFFER

$700 Piano for $1. Sample copy of Indiana State Sentinel sent free to any address, explaining this offer. Address Sentinel, Indianapolis, Ind.—[Adv.]

Angostura Bitters are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite. Try it.—[Adv.]

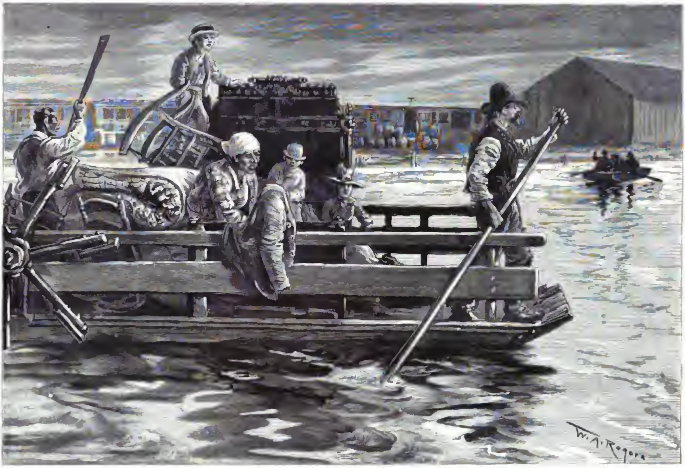
DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[Adv.]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits. 25c. a box.—[Adv.]

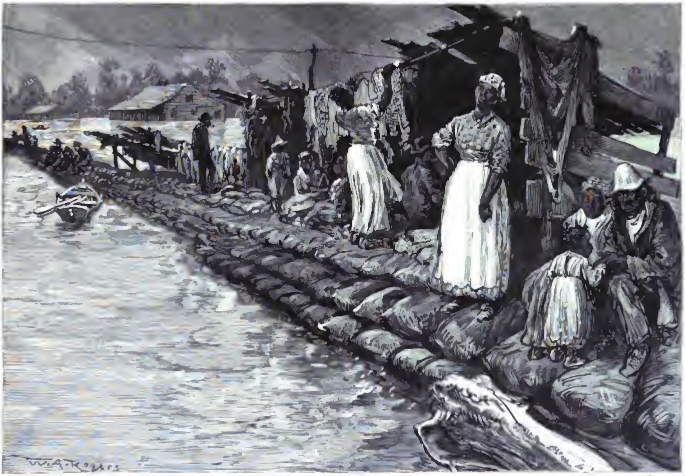
Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[Adv.]

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

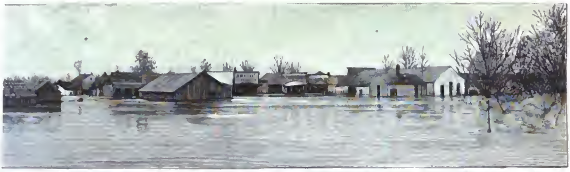
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATORNO AND COOVERT, GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 307.]



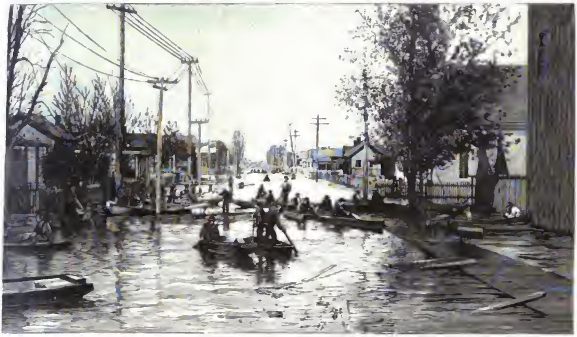
REFUGEES COMING INTO GREENVILLE FROM THE BACK COUNTRY.



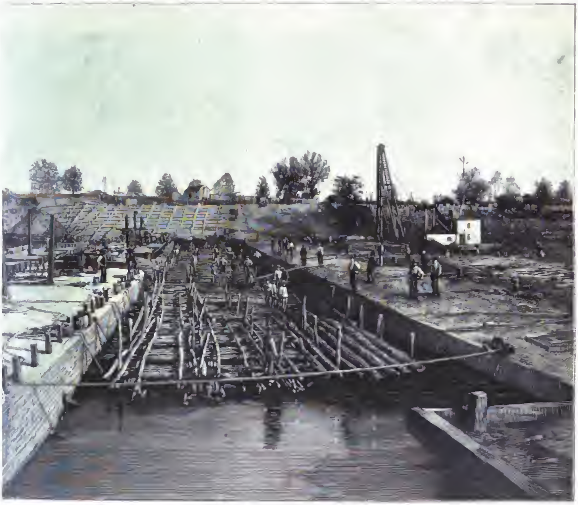
NEGROES CAMPING ON LEVEE ABOVE SKIPWITHS, MISSISSIPPI.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.



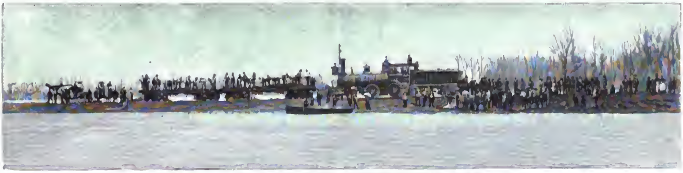
NERAL VIEW OF SKIPWITHS, MISSISSIPPI, AFTER THE BREAKING OF THE LEVEE, MARCH 26



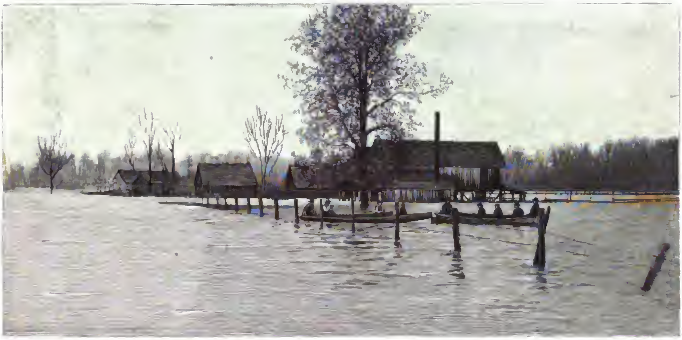
FROM WASHINGTON AVENUE, GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, AFTER THE WATER ENTERED FROM THE NORTH.



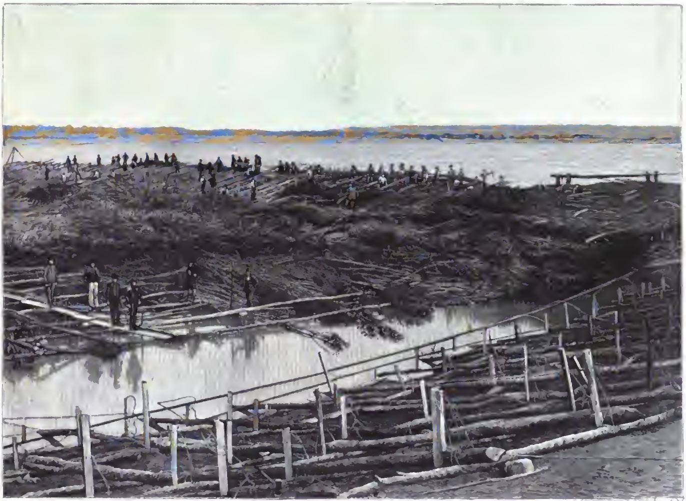
MATTRESSING THE RIVER FRONT, GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.



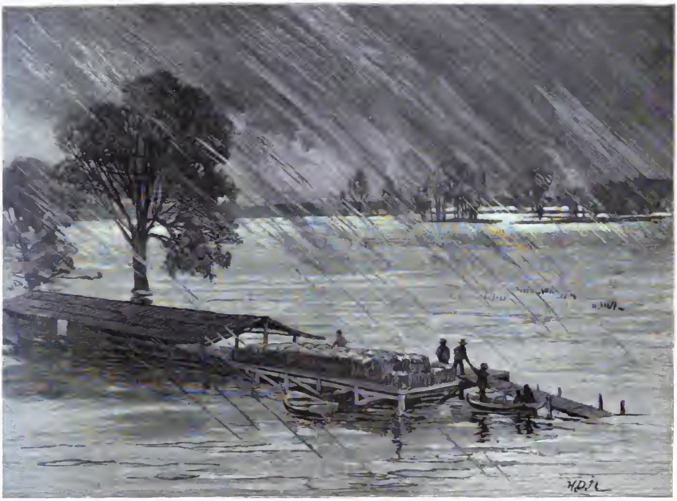
CONSTRUCTION TRAIN HAULING DIRT TO LEVEE, SUNDAY, MARCH 30.



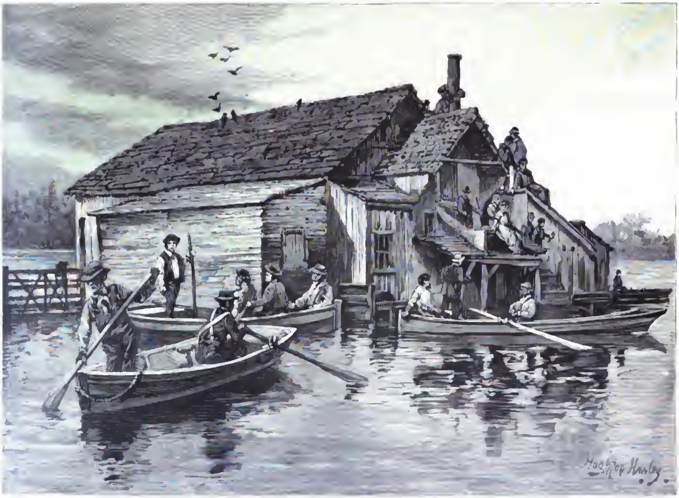
GIN-HOUSE AND CABINS ON W. E. MOLLINSON'S PLANTATION, NEAR MAYERSVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.



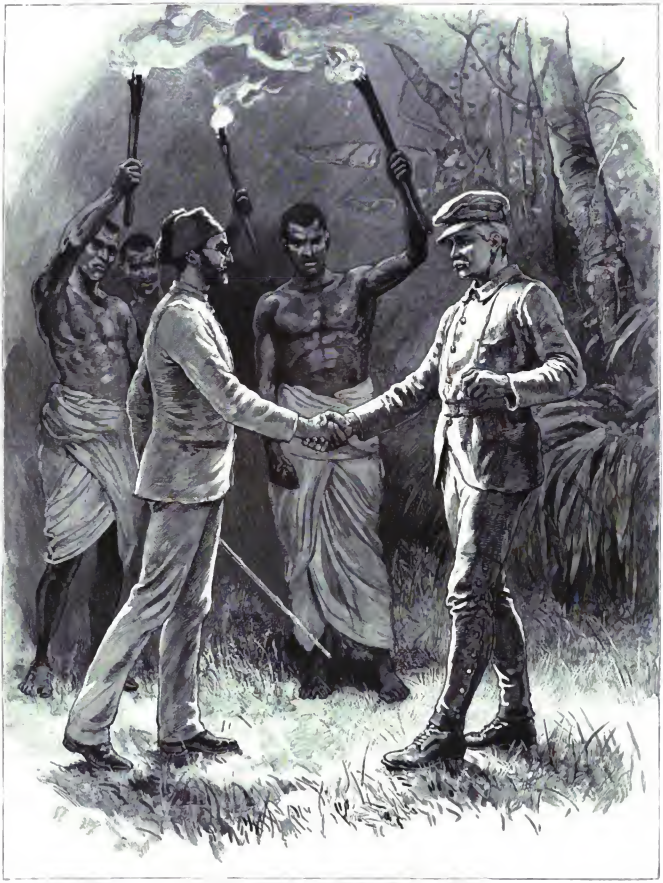
CONSTRUCTING MATTRESS FOR GOVERNMENT WORK AT WILSON'S POINT, LOUISIANA.



VAUCLUSE LANDING, ARKANSAS, TWELVE MILES BELOW GREENVILLE, DURING THE STORM.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.



REFUGEES' QUARTERS, W. E. MOLLINSON'S PLANTATION, NEAR MAYERSVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.



THE MEETING OF STANLEY AND EMIN PASHA.

THE STANLEY-EMIN RELIEF EXPEDITION.

To become an explorer in Africa—at any rate, to make an indelible mark—it would seem as if a previous training were essential. Before setting foot upon African soil, Mr. Stanley had, by a life of adventure, fitted himself in no ordinary manner for his great life's work.

Born at Denbigh, in Wales, in 1841, Stanley appears to have been educated at a school in St. Asaph. He has been described as having possessed as a boy a keen intelligence, high spirit, and determined will. He was, however, unusually sensitive, and did not appreciate chaff or humor; but he was not averse to act as ringleader in many boyish escapades. Geography and arithmetic seem to have been his favorite studies. When about sixteen a roving disposition became manifest, and apparently tiring of school life and a humdrum existence, he left home for Liverpool, and took a passage for New Orleans. There, searching for employment, he found it with one Henry Mortlake Stanley; and on the death of his employer, who adopted him, he took his name, dropping his own patronymic, John Rowlands.

The next event of importance in Stanley's life was his enlisting in the Confederate army, where he saw much service, being taken prisoner, however, at Pittsburg Landing. Here, at any rate, he gave proof of his remarkable courage and daring, for he escaped, under a storm of bullets, by swimming across the river. Some time after he again enlisted, but this time he took service in the Federal navy, and joining the flag-ship *Ticonderoga*, he filled the post of secretary to the Admiral, and remained in the service until the beginning of 1865. He obtained officer's rank for swimming under fire some five hundred yards and making fast a hawser to a Confederate ship, thus enabling her to be towed off a prize. We next hear of Stanley as a newspaper correspondent, and afe seeing some service in the guerilla warfare against the Indians, he obtained the appointment of correspondent for the ew York *Herald*, and accompanied the expedition to Abyssinia, thus entering Africa for the first time, the country here his great achievements were to be accomplished, and here he was to win undying fame. Stanley proved himself to be an intrepid and gallant war correspondent, capable not only of grasping the details of an expedition with remarkable rapidity, but also of forming his own opinions as the tactics employed, and boldly criticising military proceedings. He distanced all other correspondents in telegraphing the results of the Abyssinian war to the New York *Herald*. This expedition, and a subsequent campaign in pain, had proved his metal, and every one knows the story f how, in October, 1869, he was commissioned by Mr. James ordon Bennett to find Livingstone.

It is unnecessary to repeat details, but Stanley had a roundabout route to take in order to reach his starting point, Zanzibar. He had first to describe the opening of the Suez Canal; he then visited Palestine, Constantinople, and the rimea; then on to Tiflis; thence through Armenia to Teheran; and on, *viâ* Ispahan, Shiraz, Bushire, from which place e sailed *viâ* Bombay to Zanzibar, where he arrived on January 6, 1871. This adventurous journey was graphically escribed in a series of letters to his paper.

It is no slight matter to record that during this remarkable tour he had, by exercising extreme caution and tact, succeeded in avoiding all untoward complications. At Zanzibar he had to exert his diplomatic skill. his expedition was remain a profound secret, and yet he had to ascertain here Livingstone might be, and also to distance other proposed expeditions which were being got ready to beat him ther. He had utilized his time at sea by learning how to ke astronomical observations; and so well had he utilized s opportunities, that the observations he afterward made in frica would have done credit to a trained surveyor.

Those who have travelled in Africa know the difficulties f organizing a caravan and fitting it out, yet such was Mr. tanley's energy that by February 5th he was ready to start ith a caravan of two hundred men. He had two European ubordinates—W. L. Farquhar and J. W. Shaw—both of hom had been mates. He also obtained the services of ombay, Uledi, and Mabruki, who had been respectively in peke, Grant, and Burton's expeditions. Selim, an Arab boy, ho had been picked up at Jerusalem, was his interpreter.

We cannot follow Stanley's route from the coast to Ujiji; uffice it to say that on arriving at Unyanyembe he passed a aravan which had been sent to the relief of Livingstone by ir John Kirk. He was compelled to leave here many of is men who were sick, including Shaw. At last, 236 days fter leaving Bagamoyo, he caught sight of Tanganyika, and marched, with flags flying and guns firing, into the town of jiji, shortly after to grasp by the hand the veteran explorer e had come so far to aid. His mission was crowned with uccess and he had achieved a triumph which was to bring is name into the foremost rank of African travellers.

Livingstone undoubtedly exerted a great influence upon tanley, who managed to win his confidence, and he instilled into him a love of exploration which had probably itherto been latent. They were, however, not to part until ey had explored the northern extremity of Tanganyika, nd in so doing came to the conclusion that Tanganyika had o connection with the Nile River system, for they found at the Rusizi River flowed into Tanganyika from the orth, and not out of Tanganyika to the north as had been upposed. This put an end to Dr. Livingstone's theory that anganyika and the Albert Lake might have, in fact, some ommunication.

On December 27th Livingstone and Stanley parted—the one o return to the haunts of civilization, the other to turn once ore to his patient, self-sacrificing work—work which was to e continued with failing strength, uncheered by European ompanionship, and only to be ended when the noble spirit uitted the weakened frame that so long had withstood the ttacks of disease. The iron will which so long had borne e strain was compelled to yield at last, and quietly the reat philanthropist passed away, tended by the faithful ands of his negro followers. After receiving Livingstone's st blessing, Stanley heard from his lips words which must ave rewarded him for what he had undergone: "Well, I ill say this to you, you have done what few men could do -far better than some great travellers I know—and I am rateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide ou safe home and bless you, my friend." No time was ost by Stanley in his return march to the coast. Notwithstanding the flooded state of the country, onward the expedition marched. The elements seemed to fight against them, ey had to battle with storms, to encounter swamps, and ften nearly perished; but yet on May 8, 1872, they arrived the coast, 525 miles having been traversed in thirty-five ays.

Soon the news of Stanley's success reached Europe. At rst it was hardly credited; the anxiety felt concerning Livingstone's safety had been so intense that the news was considered too good to be true; but when Mr. Stanley arrived in ondon with Livingstone's own diaries and letters, doubt as thrown to the winds, and he was received with the applause and gratitude of Livingstone's admiring countrymen. he toils Stanley had undergone had been indeed great. e had aged much; his hair had grown gray. But after a ort rest, occupied in writing his celebrated book, *How I ound Livingstone*, he was again on the way for Africa, this me accompanying the British expedition to Coomassie, arving at Cape Coast Castle in October, 1873. Space only ermits of a brief reference to this expedition. It again dded to Stanley's prestige as a newspaper correspondent, nd on his return to England gave him the opportunity of riting another fascinating book, entitled *Coomassie and agdala*,* which was published in 1874.

THE EXPLORATION OF THE CONGO.

We now turn to what we may call the fourth chapter in tanley's African experiences, and for the first time we shall e him engaged as an African explorer pure and simple. he conception of this new expedition occurred under exceptionally impressive conditions. In Westminster Abbey e remains of the heroic Livingstone, the great missionary nd philanthropist, were consigned to their last resting-place midst the pomp and circumstance of a national mourning. tanley, who had last seen Livingstone at Unyanyembe, ood by the open grave, and, standing there, he formed the esolution to take up the work which Livingstone had been nable to accomplish.

The mystery of Tanganyika remained to be solved. What was the Lualaba River, and whither did it wend its uggish way?

Soon Stanley had made his arrangements, and under the auspices of the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily Telegraph*, he left England on August 5, 1874, and, accompanied by three Europeans and some 350 porters, he left Zanzibar on November 12th to perform one of his greatest feats.

The march to the south end of the Victoria Nyanza was rapidly accomplished, for on February 27, 1875, the lake was reached, and this, notwithstanding the desertion of some of the men, attacks of dysentery and fever, and want of food. Edward Pocock, one of Stanley's three European companions, died at Chiwyu. The natives also attacked the expedition for no less than three days. At Kagehyi, Stanley launched his boat, the *Lady Alice*, in which, accompanied by only eleven men, he circumnavigated the great lake. The voyage to Uganda was not without its dangers, and on several occasions it required the greatest tact and presence of mind to avoid conflicts with the natives. One fight, indeed, did take place near Uvuma, where the *Lady Alice* was surrounded by thirteen great war canoes. Stanley's heavy repeating rifle, however, rendered him good service, and by firing at the water line of the canoes he pierced them through and through, so that to save their canoes from foundering the Wahuma were compelled to withdraw from the contest. At Uganda, Stanley met with a hearty reception from King Mtesa. He was received in great pomp, presents were showered upon him, and he saw for the first time a really great African potentate, who knew well how to insist upon courtly etiquette, whose government was based upon a feudal system, and whose warriors, estimated by Stanley at over a quarter of a million, were well-disciplined, and dreaded by the surrounding tribes. After a short visit, Stanley returned to Kagehyi to bring the whole of his expedition to Uganda. Calling at Bambiri, he and his companions nearly lost their lives, as the natives seized their oars, and then commenced a fierce onslaught. It is difficult to understand how they escaped, but escape they did, and using the boat stretchers as oars, they sped from the inhospitable shore. Arrived at Kagehyi, after exploring more than 1000 miles of coast line, Stanley found his expedition in safety, but Barker, another of his white companions, had died in his absence. After a bad attack of fever, from which Stanley suffered, the whole expedition was transported to Uganda, having administered a severe punishment on the inhabitants of Bambiri.

It would be interesting, were it possible, to relate the stirring incidents which occurred during Stanley's residence with Mtesa. He met Linant de Belefonds, one of Gordon Pasha's officers; he accompanied Mtesa on a warlike expedition to Uvuma, and aided the King by his counsels. He also set himself to work to convert Mtesa, and is said to have translated the whole of St. Luke's Gospel for his benefit, and to have written a synopsis of the Bible. His description of the religious conversations he had with Mtesa is extremely graphic. They ended in Mtesa professing to accept the white man's Book in preference to the Koran, and in Mr. Stanley publishing a letter in the London *Daily Telegraph*, urging that missionaries should be sent to Uganda.

This letter was acted upon by the Church Missionary Society, whose missionaries commenced labor in Uganda in 1877, and have carried on their work there up to the present time, with no inconsiderable success.

With regard to Mr. Stanley's letter, an incident little known may here be mentioned. He had given it to Linant de Belefonds to send home. A few weeks afterward the latter was killed by the Baris, and when his boots were removed, previous to his burial, the letter was found in one of them, and was forwarded, with other letters, to Europe by Gordon Pasha, who related the circumstance.

Stanley utilized to the full his sojourn in Uganda by investigating the habits, customs, and traditions of the people, and he left it to visit, if possible, the Albert Nyanza. Owing, however, either to the treachery of the escort Mtesa had given him, or more probably to private orders given by the King, he was only able to visit a gulf, which he named Beatrice Gulf, and which now proves to be an arm of Lake Albert Edward, the latter draining into the Lake Albert.

Marching to the south, Karagwe was visited, the Alexandra Nile, flowing from the Alexandra Lake into the Victoria, was explored; and thence the expedition pressed onward to Tanganyika, which was likewise explored, Stanley coming across Cameron's route at the Lukuga River, which either flows into or out of Tanganyika on the west. Probably, in seasons when the rains have been great, some of the waters of Tanganyika do flow into the Lualaba, thus constituting Tanganyika as one of the sources of the mighty Congo.

It was soon after this that Stanley decided to follow the Lualaba whither it would lead him; and at this time, too, he met Tippoo Tib, with whom he entered into a contract to provide him with an escort, as many of his own men had died and deserted, thus weakening his effective force considerably. Apparently all was well, but, as Tippoo Tib has more recently proved, his word was unreliable. Soon his men, fatigued by the difficult marches, in which sometimes only six miles could be accomplished in a day, and frightened by reports of the cannibals who lived beyond, refused to proceed. By means of extra bribes and threats and promises, Stanley succeeded in keeping his escort together until reaching Ikondu, where he was obliged to release Tippoo Tib from his agreement, and having obtained twenty-three canoes from the natives, after several desperate battles, the expedition commenced its marvellous descent of the Congo.

It is difficult, indeed, to portray with any attempt at brevity the adventures undergone, the sufferings bravely endured, the attacks of natives heroically withstood, and the constant perils experienced by the expedition through famine or sickness or physical obstacles to their course. Sometimes two and three bodies a day were thrown into the river, and Stanley, writing of these days, once said:

"Frank and I endeavored our utmost to alleviate the misery; but when the long caravan was entering camp, I had many times to turn my face away lest the tears should rise at sight of the miserable victims of disease who reeled and staggered through the streets. Poor creatures! what a life! Wandering, ever wandering in search of graves!"

With regard to the physical obstacles encountered, they had sometimes to shoot the rapids, at others, owing to the passage of the river being impossible, they had to hew a road through almost impenetrable forest and along this road had to drag their canoes, in order to launch them once more on the smoother waters below the falls.

In the Aruwimi district no less than twenty-eight pitched battles were fought on the river between the now diminutive expedition and the fierce natives jealous of the appearance of strangers from afar. To show the tremendous odds against which the expedition had at times to fight, on one occasion near Bungala they were attacked by sixty war canoes, no less than three hundred of the natives being armed with guns, yet, after a five hours' battle, Stanley conquered his foes, and the expedition sailed on in peace. At Massassa Falls, Frank Pocock, who had been of such inestimable value to Stanley, lost his life. He insisted on trying to shoot the falls, but, his boat capsizing, he was swept away and drowned. The mouth of the Congo was reached on August 9, 1877. No less than 7000 miles had been traversed by the expedition in 999 days. The mystery of the Congo was solved; and, after taking the few faithful followers who still remained to him to Zanzibar, Stanley once more returned to England to be loaded with fresh honors, and to be acknowledged as perhaps the greatest explorer of the age.

FOUNDING OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.

After spending 1878 in writing his great book, *Through the Dark Continent*,* we find the intrepid explorer, in January, 1879, again on his way to Africa, but this time under very different auspices, and with a remarkable object in view.

No sooner had Mr. Stanley landed in Marseilles in 1878 than he was met by an embassy sent by the King of the Belgians, Leopold II., inviting him to come direct to Brussels in order to confer as to a new expedition. It was hardly to be expected that a man just returned from such a journey in the heart of Africa, and after enduring all he had undergone, should be ready at a moment's notice, and on first setting foot on European ground, to return to the scene of so much disaster and suffering.

He said to the commissioners, "I am so sick and weary that I cannot think with patience of any suggestion that I should personally conduct it, six months hence perhaps I should view things differently, but at present I cannot think of anything more than a long rest and sleep."

Three weeks in Switzerland in July restored Stanley's jaded energies, and in August he was again approached on behalf of the King. In November he went to Brussels, where a committee was formed, assuming the title of *Comité d'Etude du Haut Congo*. By the 2d of January all was ready for a new enterprise, which was intended to open up the Congo to civilization and to commerce. Stanley was empowered to purchase land, to form settlements, to enter into treaties with the natives, and to place steamers on the navigable parts of the great waterway. Surely at last he had received a reward for his labors, but at the same time a task which few would have had the energy and pluck to undertake. He proved himself, however, equal to any emergency, and we shall now proceed briefly to describe his arduous work during the next six years.

After going to Zanzibar to enlist a number of men, Stanley arrived at the mouth of the Congo on August 14, 1879, almost exactly two years from the time that he had reached it after his memorable descent. On this occasion he had with him eleven assistants, five steamers and launches, two steel lighters, and a whale-boat, immense stores of all descriptions, as well as wooden houses and iron sheds. He commenced his first establishment at Vivi, forty miles above Boma, at the end of Livingstone Falls. It is a rocky spot, and in levelling it for building purposes Stanley gained the name by which he is now so well known on the Congo, that of Bula Matari (Breaker of Rocks). Having erected this station, the next business was to construct a road from Vivi to Isangila, a distance of fifty-two miles—a stupendous undertaking, for it was necessary for it to be a wagon road. A few abbreviated quotations in Stanley's own words will show the difficulties undergone. He had 106 men at his disposal. In making the road through grass-land comparatively little difficulty was experienced. Thus: "At mid-day the pioneers were formed in line, hoes in hand, along the road, and at a signal of uplifting the grass, began. By night there was a clean roadway fifteen feet wide and 2500 feet made." Sometimes, however, "during the progress of the work, the hollows, gullies, depressions, and many irregularities of surface along the roadway had been revealed. Much scrub and many trees, besides large rocks, stood exposed and isolated, but our axes, hoes, crowbars, and sledge-hammers had been distributed, and by the evening of the 2d wagons could roll in safety from the Vivi to the lower river." On March 29th the "temperature averaged eighty degrees Fahr. in the shade. We are carving our roads on both sides of the gorge, digging into the stiff red clay with strong Dutch hoes. The bottom of the gorge is 400 feet below the level of the plateau." Forests were cut through, and at a rocky promontory called Ngoma a causeway had to be built in the river itself for 400 yards. The progress of the road-making at this time averaged forty-two yards a day. No less than 366 days were occupied in making a road fifty-two miles in length. During this time Mr. Stanley had marched himself backward and forward no less than 2352 miles. Referring to the year's exertions, he says: "We must have had an unusual and sacred regard for duty, besides large hope that some day we should be rewarded with positive success after all this strenuous endeavor. That it was not a holiday affair with its diet of beans and goat meat and sodden bananas in the muggy atmosphere of the Congo Cañon, with the fierce heat from the rocks and the chill, bleak winds blowing up the gorge and down from seared grassy plateaus, let the deaths of six Europeans and twenty-two natives and retirement of thirteen invalided wives, only one of whom saw the interior, speak for us. It has been a year dark with trial and unusual toil. Our little band of laborers are proud of the grand work their muscles have accomplished, but are more hopeful of the future, inasmuch as their labors, by means of the steamers, will be greatly lightened."

It must be remembered, too, that during the road-making all the provisions and *impedimenta* had to be carried from Vivi, as well as a steamer and a steam-launch. After completing the road, the station of Leopoldville was built, being finished by April, 1882. Mr. Stanley then went on an exploring expedition up the river, and following the Mfini, he discovered Lake Leopold, but severe fever attacking him, he was compelled to return to Europe for a few months. Four hundred miles of country had, however, been opened up, five stations established, and the boats launched on the navigable Congo above the rapids.

Stanley appears to have been, even from the first, greatly hampered by his assistants. They were continually resigning, suffering from home-sickness, or complaining about their rank, or the work allotted to them. One or two quotations will show Mr. Stanley's experience in this respect. On one occasion he writes: "If my work is to imitate the tourist conductor—to be, as it were, a Cook on the Congo, escorting engineers to make short excursions into the interior—I fear that my interest in the projects of the Comité will be but short-lived."

Referring to the frequent changes in the staff, he says: "I attribute the reason mainly to nostalgia, which requires wearisome repetition of paternal advice and fraternal encouragement. However salutary these may be for a short time, a little biliousness, a slight cold, or a trifle of over indulgence are sure to superinduce periodic attacks of ill-humor and bile of greater virulence, compelling me to again have recourse to the most tender letter writing. When these attacks become chronic, people who, like myself, have rather serious and absorbing duties to perform, are very apt to despise such weak-minded petulance. Chronic home-sickness is held by travellers in much the same estimation as incipient sea-sickness is by sailors. The sailor laughs at the beginning, but pities the long continuance; the traveller is apt to scorn the continuance, but often sympathizes with the first attack." "I . . . deprecate sending many Europeans, as in its present state the expedition is not ready for the reception of people who may become a burden by their never-ceasing demands for luxuries and medicine. Europeans mean more baggage. They have stomachs requiring good food; they are tender, and will require nursing."

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* *Coomassie and Magdala*. The Story of Two British Campaigns in frica. By Henry M. Stanley. pp. xvi, 510. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* *Through the Dark Continent*; or, The Sources of the Nile Around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. With 149 Illustrations and Colored Maps. By Henry M. Stanley. pp. xxxv, 1008. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Apart from trouble with his European assistants, Stanley had naturally some difficulties with the natives in procuring from them the necessary permission to settle in their country, but patience and tact generally smoothed matters. Sometimes, however, blood brotherhood had to be made.

On Stanley's return to the Congo in the end of 1882, he found that those he had left in charge had let affairs go to rack and ruin, and it took him some time to set matters right. He was soon, however, again on the upper Congo, and by May, 1883, he started with three steamers to establish stations along the river as far as Stanley Falls, a distance of 1413 miles from the river's mouth. By the beginning of 1884 treaties had been made with 450 independent chiefs, and nine fortified stations had been erected, and Stanley, who expected to be relieved by Gordon Pasha on his arrival at Leopoldville, found that the latter had proceeded to Khartoum, and that Colonel Sir Francis De Winton was to take his place.

After all his exertions on the upper river, one can imagine his disappointment when, on arriving at Vivi, he found that once more his subordinates had played him false. Referring to his arrival, Stanley writes:

"I sent myself, glass in hand, to scan what improvements have been made during our long absence in the interior and I confess with regret that I cease from the survey, wishing earnestly that I could sponge out the history of this unhappy place from my tablet of facts. Were it possible to do so, I should be relieved from a burden of knowledge which infects my opinion of the Europeans. . . . But like him who sat and brooded and grieved over the ruins of Carthage, I can only grieve that my memory is haunted by so many shadows of puerile manhood and of figures of youth without substance."

One cannot wonder that Stanley writes bitterly when we read the following:

"On the top of the hill there are two houses less than I built, the garden is a waste, the fence broken down. . . . The houses look squalid, dilapidated, and unpainted. There are about twenty-five whites, most of whom appear as if they did not know how on earth they came or what business they had there. A few bear a truculent scowl on their faces, as though they were laboring under an uncommon load of trouble which they would gladly shuffle off in some manner."

In August, 1884, Stanley was able to report to his Majesty the King of the Belgians that the mission he had given him to perform in the Congo Basin was accomplished with vastly greater success than the most sanguine of those gentlemen who sat at the council held at the Royal Palace in December, 1878, could ever have anticipated. He says: "I have no reason to believe that his Majesty was displeased with the result of these long years of bitter labor."

Stanley had succeeded, after remarkable efforts, in founding a state in Central Africa. He had opened up the Congo Basin, with 5249 miles of navigable river, and country containing an estimated population of 43,000,000, with an area drained by the various rivers of 10,900,000 square miles. It remained for the coping stone to be placed upon his magnificent erection, and in February, 1885, at a conference assembled in Berlin, the Congo Free State was finally recognized by all the great powers, and his Majesty the King of the Belgians was recognized as its monarch.*

CENTRAL AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

In order to rightly understand the events which led up to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, organized and led by Mr. H. M. Stanley, it is necessary to refer both to the Central African slave-trade, and also to the annexations carried out on behalf of Egypt in the Nile Valley.

It will probably be remembered that in 1820 Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, arrived at a small fishing village situated at the junction of the Blue and White Niles. At once grasping its strategical importance, he formed a settlement there, which gradually grew to be the important town of Khartoum. This settlement undoubtedly led to a great increase in the slave-trade. Already slave-traders had penetrated toward the south; but it cannot be said that before 1840 the traffic in human beings had been very considerable.

Subsequent to this date, however, ivory-hunters and slave-raiders—for these occupations were always combined—having a firm basis for their operations at Khartoum, extended their sphere of action, and yearly a large fleet of vessels sailed up the White Nile, returning the next year laden with white and *black* ivory. The trade prospered and grew apace—even Europeans became mixed up with it—and finally, about the year 1860, slave-raiders were to be found scattered over Darfur, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the equatorial districts of Africa, and some 40,000 slaves a year were brought down the Nile—a number which represented an enormous loss of life. The whole area indicated above was dotted over by the traders' zeribas, occupied by ruffians of the deepest dye, who spent the time between the annual visits of their superiors from Khartoum in collecting ivory and slaves, and committing atrocities upon the inhabitants of the most terrible character.

It will be remembered that in 1863 (it was on the 2d of February) a meeting took place at Gondokoro, on the White Nile, between Speke and Grant, returning from their splendid expedition to the Victoria Lake, and Baker, afterward Sir Samuel, who, being anxious at their long delay, had fitted out an expedition, and, accompanied by his wife, was on his way to find and relieve them. This meeting led to great results. Baker discovered the Albert Lake; but he also saw enough of the slave-trade to fill him with horror and, on his return home, such were the accounts he gave of the scandalous state of matters that a strong public interest was aroused, and pressure was brought to bear upon Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, to do something to stop the inhuman traffic. The result was that Baker was commissioned by the Khedive to fit out an enormous expedition, to place steamers upon the White Nile above the sixth cataract, and, proceeding to the south, he was instructed to annex the country in the name of the Khedive, and to free the natives from the slave-traders' yoke.

Space forbids details of the way in which Baker carried out his expedition. He placed the steamers upon the White Nile; he founded stations at Gondokoro, Fatiko, and Mussodi, and in these districts, it is true, he delivered a mighty blow to the slave-dealers. But the evil was only scotched, not killed. And why? The reason is not far to seek.

The Egyptian officials at Khartoum favored the slave-trade, and Baker was constantly hampered by their action. He had been compelled, too, to limit his operations to the White Nile, leaving untouched the enormous district drained by the Bahr-el-Ghazal and Bahr-el-Arab, lying to the west, and no sooner had he retired from his labors than the trade sprang up again with renewed vigor. It is just possible that at this time interest in the equatorial regions might have flagged had it not been for Schweinfurth, who from 1869 to 1871 had explored the Bahr-el-Ghazal and Monbuttu districts, and who in his travels had come across the great slave king Zebehr, and published a most graphic description of the power possessed by this man, with his hundreds of soldiers, his thousands of slaves, who was living in right regal state in the centre of a densely populated district in the Bahr-el-Ghazal. This interest was not allowed to flag, and in 1874 Gordon Pasha was commissioned by the Khedive to take up Baker's work, to further consolidate the province, and, if possible, to open it to commerce. It would lead us too far from our present purpose were we to follow out in detail Gordon's work.

It is sufficient to say that he placed two steamers on the Albert Lake, that he founded stations throughout the whole of the district, that he entered into friendly relations with the natives, and thoroughly freed the Equatorial Province from the slave-traders. He too, however, saw how useless it was to hope to check the trade by simply confining his attention to a limited though large area, whilst all his endeavors were nullified at Khartoum, and he therefore retired from his post. His work, however, was not yet finished, for in 1877 he returned to Khartoum as Governor-General of the whole Soudan—a district some 1,000,000 square miles in extent. During the preceding ten years the Egyptian Soudan had extended very considerably, for Senaar, Kordofan, Darfur, and the region of the Bahr-el-Ghazal had all come under Egyptian rule. One is tempted to enlarge upon Gordon's work as Governor-General, but a knowledge of his heroic labors should be fresh in the public recollection, and we are compelled to refrain. We now pass on to a subject of more present interest, namely, the reason why Emin Pasha became Governor of the Equatorial Province.

EMIN PASHA.

When, in 1886, letters from Emin Pasha were published in Great Britain, speculation was rife as to who he was, and from that day to this all manner of erroneous accounts of his individuality and apocryphal stories concerning him have been published far and wide. This is hardly to be wondered at, perhaps, as only two or three Englishmen had ever seen him, and he was practically unknown when his first appeal for help arrived. We have no intention of writing his biography, still a few words regarding his origin and the way in which he became Governor of the Equatorial Province will not be out of place.

The following quotation is abbreviated from *Emin Pasha in Central Africa*, a book which was published in 1888, being a collection of his letters and journals: "Edward Schnitzer was born on March 28, 1840, in Oppeln, in the Prussian province of Silesia. He is the son of the late Ludwig Schnitzer and his wife Pauline. His father was a merchant. His family removed in 1842 from Oppeln to Neisse. After being educated in the Gymnasium in Neisse, Edward Schnitzer commenced the study of medicine in 1858 at Breslau University. He completed his medical education in Berlin, where he attended the university during 1863 and 1864 and graduated. A strong desire to travel and a great love for natural history which distinguished him as a boy led the young medical man to look for a sphere of work in a foreign land. He left Berlin at the end of 1864 and went to seek a practice in Turkey. Chance led him to Antivari and Scutari, where he obtained the confidence of the Vali, Mushir Divitji Ismail Hakki Pasha, from whom he received a post on his staff, and whom he accompanied on his official journeys throughout the various provinces of the extensive district under his jurisdiction. In this way Schnitzer became acquainted with Armenia, Syria, and Arabia, and at length arrived in Constantinople, where Hakki Pasha died in 1873. In 1875 Dr. E. Schnitzer paid a visit to his family in Neisse, and remained there for a few months, devoting his leisure hours to the study of natural history. The desire, however, for travel came over him again, and he went to Egypt in 1876, and joined the Egyptian service as Dr. Emin Effendi. He was ordered to join the Governor-General of the Soudan at Khartoum, and from there was sent to act as chief medical officer in the Equatorial Province, of which Gordon Pasha was then Governor."

It has caused considerable discussion and surprise that a German should have an Eastern name. Some people, however, do change their names, although not always for the reason which Emin did. With reference to it he writes in 1871:

"Here in Trebizond, too, my good fortune has not forsaken me, and I have quickly gained a reputation as a doctor. This is due to the fact that I know Turkish and Arabic as few Europeans know them, and that I have so completely adopted the habits and customs of the people that no one believes that an honest German is disguised behind the Turkish name. Don't be afraid; I have only adopted the name, I have not become a Turk."

The name he chose, Emin, "the Faithful One," has turned out to be a very appropriate one, and certainly no one has ever proved himself more worthy of bearing such a name as a description of his character.

Having now shown how Emin and Gordon became acquainted, it is only necessary to mention that Gordon fully appreciated Emin's remarkable powers, and during the two years in which Gordon was near the equator he utilized Emin's abilities by sending him on tours of inspection throughout the country, and he also sent him on three dangerous diplomatic expeditions—two to Uganda, and one to Unyoro.

When Gordon left the Equatorial Province in 1876, it was, as was mentioned above, well organized and peaceful, but it was suffering under a very heavy debt, due to the initial cost of Baker's expedition and its annexation, and it was administered with a deficit of rather over £30,000 a year.

Gordon soon found out that the Governors who had followed him had, with the exception of Mason Bey, who was only Governor for a few months, permitted the province to go to rack and ruin, and he therefore, in 1878, appointed Emin to be its Governor. Most men would have shrunk from undertaking such a position, and to Emin, with his scientific tastes, it was a very uncongenial task.

He took up the work, however, with remarkable energy, and with rare administrative ability, and there is ample testimony to prove that in a remarkably short time he was perfectly successful in bringing his province into a satisfactory condition. Emin's knowledge of men and of languages, and of the habits and customs of the people he had to rule, now stood him in rare stead. He was not compelled, as had been other Governors, to trust to interpreters in his dealings with the natives, for he had already mastered their languages; nor had he to trust to the honesty of his secretaries, for, being able to read Arabic, they were obliged to write what he desired, and not, as had been formerly the case, to receive instructions and to write as they thought fit.

So energetically did he administer his province that a number of useless officials were sent back to Khartoum, stations were rebuilt, and the province peaceably extended both toward the east and to the fertile districts of Makraka on the west. Economy, too, had been introduced in the administration, and instead of a deficit, he had in 1882 a profit of £8000. Apart from this, he had once more cleared the province from the slave-dealers, as likewise the province of Rohl, which was placed under his jurisdiction. It might be supposed, and it has been supposed, that in doing all this work Emin was carrying out a line of policy suggested to him, and that he was upheld in his authority by strong arms at Khartoum. Nothing could be further from the truth. Every one will acknowledge that Emin had learnt much during his contact with Gordon, but critics fail to understand that from the time he was appointed Governor of the Equatorial Province until Gordon's retirement from Khartoum in 1879, only one single steamer went from Khartoum to Lado, conveying instructions, wages, and barter goods. This was owing undoubtedly to the Nile having become blocked in 1878, but in estimating Emin Pasha's work, a fact of such importance ought not to be overlooked, as it enhances tenfold the appreciation which must be given to the work. Again, it has been suggested that so long as Emin could get rid of objectionable officials from his province, so long all went well. It is forgotten that the reverse obtained, and that officials who were obnoxious at Khartoum were sent to the equator for punishment, and it is only too true that in many cases Emin was compelled to utilize the scourings of Khartoum because he had no other material to employ. Subsequent to Gordon's leaving Khartoum in 1879, the officials at Khartoum took no interest in the Equatorial Province whatever; at least the only interest they did take was to send a few steamers conveying prisoners, but no salaries or barter goods, in order to bring down the ivory, India-rubber, ostrich feathers, and what not, which Emin's industry had collected, to swell the coffers at Khartoum, or to speak more accurately, wherewith to feather their own nests.

Apart from all the labors of government, and notwithstanding all the journeys Emin was compelled to take throughout the immense district under his rule, and the jealousy and unsatisfactory characters of the men he was compelled to employ, his scientific labors were still continued. The amount of work he did for science can only be appreciated by scientific men, and as it is only proposed in this article to sketch his position in broad outlines, the interested reader must be referred to his published work, which proves his patience as an observer, his accuracy as a scientific worker, his aptitude as a philologist, and his knowledge of the habits and customs of those among whom his lot was cast. Enough has probably been said to interest readers in Emin's personality. It now remains to be shown how it was that he became isolated and shut off from the world, still retaining the government of his province, and still upholding the torch of civilization until such time as he had fondly hoped he should be relieved, not, be it said, in order to retire, but so that he might continue the work which he had carried on so long unaided and unappreciated save by a few who knew of it.

THE REVOLT IN THE SOUDAN.

Current literature has been so full during the past few years of the Mahdi's rebellion, that it will only be necessary to briefly summarize the events which occurred between 1880 and the fall of Khartoum in January, 1885.

As a matter of fact, few people realize the enormous extent of the Egyptian Soudan in Gordon's time, nor is it appreciated how hampered he was during the last year or two by want of support from Cairo. Ismail Pasha had frankly and honestly upheld him. After his abdication matters wore a different aspect. Difficulties occurred too near home perhaps for Cairo officials to interest themselves much in aught else save their own intrigues, and the actions of the various European nations were not at that time calculated to promote the prosperity of Egypt or its dependencies.

During the time that Gordon had been Governor-General of the Soudan, he had been fighting tooth and nail against the slave-trade and corrupt officials; and although successful in suppressing the one and curbing the other, he had not had time to change the national character, nor to uproot the apathy, corruptness, and greed which inspired so many of his native subordinates.

No sooner had he, then, laid down the reins of government than the state of the Soudan commenced rapidly to relapse into a condition of chaotic misery. Brutal officials recommenced their tyrannical oppression, the people were taxed far above their ability to pay, and injustice reigned supreme. The slave-trade broke out once more; and what wonder that the down-trodden people, who had so recently experienced even-handed justice and the beneficent rule of a great and noble man, were discontented, sullen, and ready at the least provocation to turn upon their oppressors, and to endeavor by force of arms to regain their freedom?

Various revolts had occurred during Gordon's rule—revolts which had been instigated in the interests of the slave-trade by Cairo Pashas, and, not least, by Zebehr, whose power Gordon had broken, and who utilized all means, hoping against hope to recover his pristine power. These revolts had been unsuccessful, partly on account of the energy with which Gordon and his brave subordinate, Gessi, had crushed them; partly, too, because a factor was wanting with which to eliminate the previous blood feuds of the Arab tribes, and to weld them into union.

This power was found when Mohamed Achmed, professing to be the Mahdi, raised the banner of revolt at the island of Abba, preaching a religious war against the oppressors. Success after success followed his arms, until finally, in spite of active British interference and the return of Gordon to Khartoum, the whole of Egypt's power over her dependencies collapsed, with the exception of the province held by Emin Pasha. What, then, had Emin been doing during this time when such events convulsed the Soudan?

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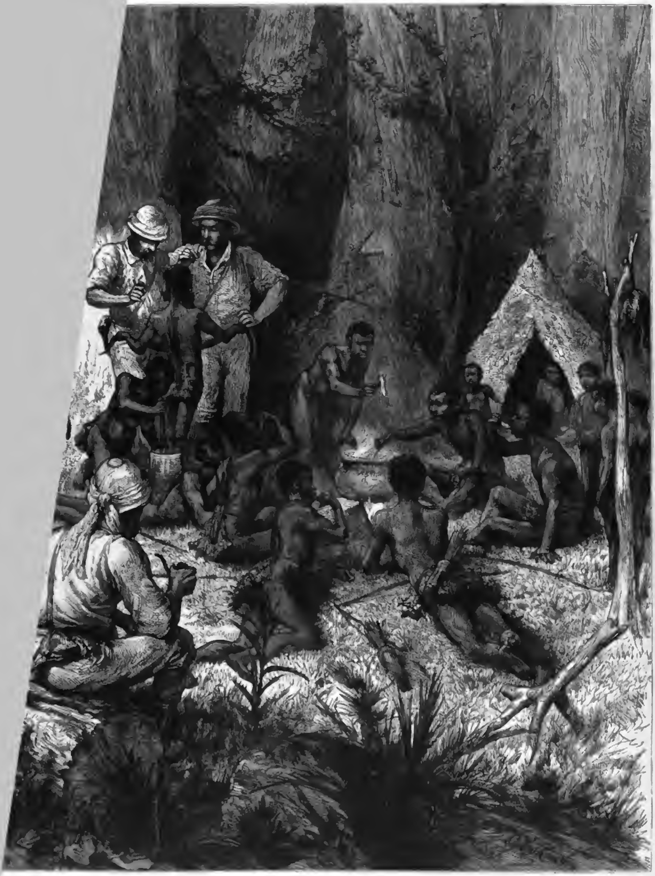
* *The Congo and the Founding of its Free State. A Story of Work and Exploration.* By Henry M. Stanley. pp. xxxviii, 1014. With over One Hundred Full-page and Smaller Illustrations; Colored Maps and Marginal Notes. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00. New York: Harper & Brothers.



FOREST DWARFS EATING SNAKES.*

April, 1882, knowing the grave state of matters, he came hartoum, and tried to impress the officials there with ecessity of prompt action. From Khartoum he wrote: At the present time the situation in the Soudan is grave ed. You will have heard of the so-called Mahdi, the en of God, and of the rebellion he has commenced; you therefore excuse me writing a criticism upon these events, ch must fall out to the disadvantage of all parties. Blind aticism and unnecessary deeds of violence, cowardly de-, and fear and indescribable conceit, insane measures, perfectly intolerable insolence, are the factors which e sufficed to overthrow the mental balance of even the t clear headed for the moment. Under these circumnces I offered to throw the whole of my weight into the les to prevent final collapse; to use my whole influence, position as Turk and at the same time as European, and whole of my knowledge of languages and persons, to rt a calamity."

Emin's advice and assistance were ignored. He was told to mind his own business, to return to his province, to hold it for his government, and to see to it that the Mahdi's influence did not extend to it. He obeyed the order, returned to Lado, and from that time he remained completely shut off from all knowledge of what happened in the Soudan. From April, 1882, when Emin returned to Lado, no steamer went up the Nile until 1889, when the troops steamed up to Rejaf, about thirty miles to the south of Lado.

EMIN'S ISOLATION

Month after month Emin expected relief to arrive from Khartoum, and still no rumor even reached him of the tragedy which was being enacted in the Soudan deserts. Supplies ran short, his men had not received pay for years, and yet he held on to his post, striving to do his duty both to his government and his people. All remained at peace until September, 1883, when the Dinkas in the neighboring pro-

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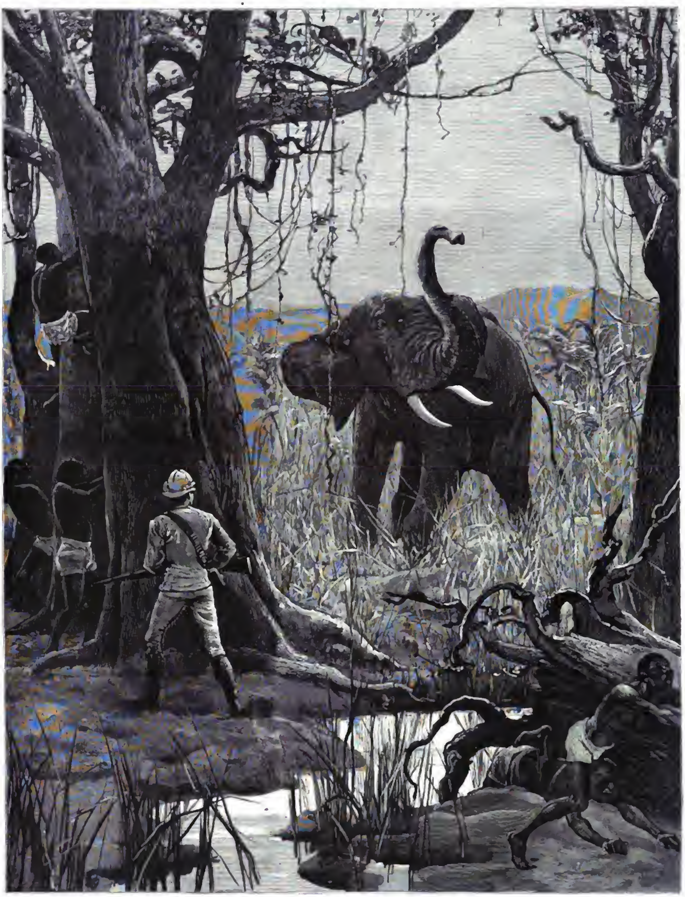
* These snakes are non-poisonous; they give forth a most savory smell when cooking, and several of the expedition tasted them much to their satisfaction. They have plenty of fat on their bodies (the snakes), and are sometimes from three and a half to four feet in length, and very thick. None of the party were bitten by snakes throughout the whole expedition.

The dwarfs are about four feet in height, and live entirely under the shade of the large forest trees. They are of a rich brown color, and are entirely covered with a soft short down. They were as a rule very treacherous, and their first instinct was to let fly one of their poisoned arrows, of which they generally carried fifteen or twenty (not feathered) at the party; some of them, however, attached themselves to the party as carriers, etc., and one young woman became particularly attached to one of the officers, with whom she acted as carrier, cook, etc., for nearly twelve months. She would speak to no one else, and showed much reluctance in returning to her tribe when the expedition finally left the forest. They are unable to live in the sun, and therefore remain almost entirely in the forest. Their sole garment (male and female) is a narrow belt (a grass rope) under which they insert in front and behind a twig covered with green leaves; when this is worn out it is thrown away and replaced by another. They live almost entirely on roots and vegetables, occasionally indulging in snakes, birds, and monkeys, and are not averse to human flesh when procurable.



LIEUTENANT STAIRS CHARGED BY A WOUNDED ELEPHANT.[*]

vince of the Bahr-el-Ghazal revolted, and Lupton, the brave Governor of that district, was compelled to succumb to treachery on the part of his own men. It may be mentioned here that Lupton's brave defence of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province has passed almost unnoticed by the European press, and yet how heroically he struggled!—in one year alone twenty pitched battles being fought by him against his foes. He was at length carried a prisoner to Khartoum, where he recently died.

It was only in May, 1884, that Emin's real difficulties began, for the rumor of the collapse in the Soudan then reached his province, and in August, 1884, it was attacked by the Mahdi's troops under Kerem Allah.

A few abbreviated quotations from Emin's letters written during the next year will serve to show better than any summary could do the difficulties of his position, and they will at the same time serve to rebut some of his critics, who would have us believe that he was ignorant of his real difficulties, and also of the character of the men with whom he had to deal. In one letter he says:

"Ever since the Arab occupation of the Bahr-el-Ghazal—I will not say its conquest, since everything that has been gained there has been gained by treachery—we have been most vigorously attacked, and I feel that I cannot give you an idea of the admirable devotion of my black troops throughout this long war, in which, for them at least, there can be no advantage. Destitute of the various necessities of life, and with their pay long in arrears, they fought most resolutely, and at last, after nineteen days of hardship and privation, weakened by hunger—the last shred of leather, the last boot having been devoured—they forced a gap in the enemy's ranks and made good their escape. These brave fellows endured all this misery with perfect disinterestedness, without prospect of reward, simply because they were prompted by a sense of duty, and were desirous of exhibiting their bravery to the foe. Whatever doubts I may ever have had of the negro, the history of the siege of Amadi has convinced me that in resolute courage the black race is inferior to none, and in the spirit of self-sacrifice is superior to many. Without any highly skilled officials to direct them or to give them orders, they performed miracles, and it will be difficult for the Egyptian government to give them any worthy proof of its gratitude."

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[*] The elephant, meeting a warm reception, retired after his first charge, and was no more seen, having been only slightly wounded. Lieutenant Stairs avoided the charge of the elephant by dodging behind a tree, the attendant blacks vanishing in various directions, and being conspicuous by their absence for a considerable time.

Many elephants were at times seen at a distance with large ivories, and had the officers of the expedition had time to devote to the chase, a large amount of ivory might have been obtained.

In a letter written on December 1, 1885, Emin explains fully the difficulties of his position, how he has lost hope, having heard through Kerem Allah of Gordon's death and the fall of Khartoum, which, by-the-way, his people would not believe, and that Dr. Junker (who will be referred to immediately) had decided to try and make his escape through Uganda to Zanzibar, and he describes the necessity of massing his troops together, and retiring gradually to the south. He writes, "If we collect together, it is perhaps possible, with good management and the ammunition we have in hand, to maintain our position for another year, which may be long enough to send letters and men to Egypt and receive an answer. But will Messieurs les Officiers obey orders?"

On March 3, 1886, he writes, referring to an official despatch from Cairo, the first he had received for years: "The Egyptian despatch written in French informs me that the government is unable to assist us, for the Soudan is to be given up, gives me *carte blanche* to take any measure I please till I decide to leave the country. . . . In Egypt and elsewhere they have certainly no notion of the difficulties of my situation. They simply suggest to me the way to Zanzibar, just as they would a walk to Shubra. You will have perceived, from the information contained in the foregoing pages, that I cannot depend with any certainty on my own officers. The greater part of my men, especially the officers, have no desire to leave the country. Most of our soldiers, coming as they do from our own districts (Makraka, Dinka, etc.), and having never seen Egypt, naturally prefer to remain here and live as their fathers did, while the negro soldier sent here from Egypt, whether he be an officer or a private, has forgotten in the lapse of years what strict discipline means. [Emin Pasha was not ubiquitous; he could not be continually visiting all the stations in his large territory, and therefore he was perforce compelled to trust to a great extent to his officers.] Further, he has adapted himself to the country to such a degree that it has quite taken the place of his native land. Each has his family, often a very large one, if all its dependents be counted, and each has his couple of goats or cows.

"Every one knows that the journey is long and the toils great, that many days of hunger and hardship lie before him, and that when he arrives in Egypt the loose bonds of discipline will be tightened again, that he must then say farewell to the 'Mrisa' jug, and that the 'T'a'âl, ya valad' (Come, oh boy) and 'Rhu, ya valad' (Go, oh boy) must come to an end. . . . Then consider how little attention has been shown to our soldiers from Khartoum, and how they have been left without supplies, without clothing, without pay. But enough, you can now understand why the men do not wish to move. Besides, it is quite impossible to make a Soudanese understand why the government has given up the Soudan, and he refuses in so many words to believe that a horde of Danagla is able to crush a well-trained army. Even now it is believed here that the news of General Hicks's defeat in Kordofan is a fiction.

"All my efforts during the last twelve months to concentrate the men in the south have had no other result hitherto than to draw from the First Battalion stationed at Lado and the neighborhood, or at any rate from the officers, a categorical declaration that they would not give up Lado, etc. Now if I send copies of the order from Egypt, written in French, too (was this not almost criminal folly?), it will at least be considered a fabrication—that is, a device of my own—and will not be obeyed. But something worse may happen, for when the people are once convinced of the impotence of the government, universal anarchy may ensue, and the destruction of all the white men may be the result. . . Added to my misgivings about my own men, who may place all kinds of difficulties in my way, not from ill will, but from unfathomable and unconquerable stupidity, I have a foreboding that one of these fine days the Danagla will suddenly come down upon us in steamers. It is certain that they will not leave us in peace, and equally certain that they will occupy these districts again as soon as possible. They have men and weapons enough now, and the resistance of the negroes will soon be broken down if a thousand or two of such scoundrels appear well-armed."

On April 5, 1886, he writes:

"The situation in this country is still a very gloomy one. As I wrote before, the greater part of our people do not wish to retire from here. If I could only get the negroes to let the Egyptians retire, I am quite ready to remain myself."

And in a letter written on April 20th, the same year, he categorically explains that "the men have agreed amongst themselves not to go south, for they maintain that the way to the seat of the government does not run southward, and that no one believes any news coming from the south." He says also, "I am hourly expecting to hear that open rebellion has broken out in Lado."

Only one more quotation need be added to this already long list. It is from a letter written on May 15, 1886.

"We are just as we were; the men will not move, and the few who are inclined to make the journey dare not speak their minds. Moreover, the disagreement between the Soudanese and the Egyptians becomes more marked every day, and hatred of the latter is openly expressed, only a few of them who enjoy a fairly good reputation being spared. This is certainly not undeserved, for the Egyptian gentlemen (?) have always treated the Soudanese *en canaille* in spite of all my warnings; but now the tables are turned. I endeavor to mediate as much as possible, but can this go on long? I have made a fresh attempt to bring the men to reason. If this too fails, I must resign myself to circumstances, and reserve the show of authority which I still possess as long as I can. If the worst comes to the worst, the only thing I can do will be to put the reins into the hands of the oldest Soudanese officer, and withdraw, if possible, to Kabarega's."

The foregoing quotations are from letters which were published as soon as received from Emin Pasha. After reading them, can any one suggest, as has been suggested, that Emin had concealed the state of matters in his province? Surely not. And it is only scant justice to set him right with the public. Any one realizing the difficulties of his position can but marvel that he faced them so long, and was even able to temporize until the long looked for expedition for his relief arrived.

JUNKER AND CASATI IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Before referring to the way in which news of Emin Pasha's situation arrived in Europe, a few sentences must be written concerning two other Europeans who were in Emin Pasha's province. Dr. Junker, the celebrated Russian traveller, had been exploring the sources of the Welle from 1880. Unable to return to Europe *via* Khartoum, he visited Emin, and decided to try and make his way to Zanzibar *via* Unyoro and Uganda. He had great difficulty in passing through Unyoro. After all the years, however, of patient wandering amongst native tribes, he stuck manfully to his purpose, and at length succeeded in passing through those countries, and in due time, as we shall see, he arrived safely at Zanzibar.

Captain Casati was sent out as a correspondent to the geographical review, *L'Esploratore*, an Italian paper, and from the end of 1879 he had also been exploring the districts of the Djur, Dinka, Makraka, and Mombuttu. In Emin's endeavors to enter into correspondence with Egypt *via* Zanzibar, he had requested Casati to take up his residence with Kabrega, King of Unyoro, and to endeavor to maintain a post-route between the Equatorial Province and Uganda. Casati suffered much at the hands of Kabrega, but he managed to maintain a *modus vivendi*, until, at length, in 1888, Kabrega stripped him naked and drove him into the forest, from whence he managed to make his way to the Albert Lake, where Emin Pasha was fortunate enough to rescue him. Thus it came to pass that Emin and Casati were together on Mr. Stanley's arrival at the Albert Lake.

THE MISSIONARIES IN UGANDA.

Had it not been for the presence of Mr. Mackay, of the Church Missionary Society, who was residing in Uganda, and the self-denying and noble way in which, knowing Emin's difficulties, he exerted himself on his behalf, in all probability a catastrophe like that which happened at Khartoum would have taken place at Wadelai. Mackay, however, with admirable patience and tact, managed to pacify King Mwanga's fears, got him to permit Junker to enter and pass through Uganda, and also enabled Emin's correspondence and a caravan of goods Junker was able to purchase for Emin from the Arabs at Mwanga's court to pass through the country. Emin's gratitude to Mackay has been often expressed, and he richly deserved it, for it was a matter of no little danger to obtain these concessions from such a suspicious and bloodthirsty King.

It will be seen, then, that owing to Mackay's aid, Junker was able to proceed on his way to Zanzibar. Arriving there, he lost no time in publishing to the world Emin's position and Emin's need; and we shall now proceed to describe the response with which it met in Great Britain, and the steps which were immediately taken to send aid to Gordon's last lieutenant, who had been cut off from civilization for so many years, and whose difficulties and dangers have been so briefly sketched above.

ARRIVAL OF NEWS FROM EMIN.

On October 27, 1886, news was received in Great Britain that Emin was still holding his post in central Africa. Emin's letters were written from Wadelai to Dr. Felkin, of Edinburgh, who had visited his province in 1878, and to Mr. Allen, of the Antislavery Society, London, with whom Emin had been in correspondence regarding the slave trade.

Emin's appeal for help was immediately published, and it is curious now to look back on the utter ignorance of the public then concerning the existence of either Emin or the Equatorial Province. Now every one is more or less acquainted with the subject; then hardly a dozen men knew of Emin's work. Dr. Felkin brought the subject under the notice of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, and the council petitioned her Majesty's government to be permitted to organize an expedition for Emin's assistance. The Antislavery Society, too, petitioned the government to take measures for Emin's relief, and in a very short time his difficulties were realized by the public at large, and the keenest interest was felt both in the man personally and in the steps taken to send him help.

MEASURES FOR EMIN'S RELIEF.

On the 8th of December, 1886, Lord Iddesleigh, her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, announced that the government itself was unable to take active steps in the matter, but that "some private persons in this country have offered to organize a relief expedition of a pacific character, under the guidance of Mr. H. M. Stanley. The offer has been approved by her Majesty's government, and a sum of money will be given in aid by the Egyptian government."

This announcement served to stimulate interest. All manner of speculations were rife as to who the "private individuals" were, and as to whether Mr. Stanley—who, it was known, was on a lecturing tour in America—would really consent to go; and a discussion as to the character of the expedition and the route it should take to reach Wadelai took place in the daily papers. Opinions seemed to be unanimous that the character of the expedition was to be pacific, and most authorities capable of judging advocated one or other route starting from Zanzibar. It was at first thought, too, that Mr. Stanley himself was in favor of an east coast route.

By the end of December all doubts both as to the nature of the expedition and its leader were set at rest by the arrival of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the redoubtable African explorer, in London. He had thrown himself heart and soul into the project, and was ready to lead the expedition himself. Interest was therefore focussed upon him and all that he said on the subject was seized upon with avidity. The money was readily provided, Sir William Mackinnon most generously guaranteeing the whole sum required. Ten thousand pounds were given toward the expedition by the Egyptian government, £1000 was voted by the Royal Geographical Society of London, another £1000 was subscribed by two members of the Royal Geographical Society of Scotland, and several leading newspapers contributed to the fund on condition that they should be allowed to publish Stanley's letters.

During the next three weeks Mr. Stanley must have had a trying time. No less than five hundred applications were received of every variety from persons wishing to accompany him on his quest. The enormous stores in connection with the expedition had to be provided, including a steel boat in sections and a Maxim gun. Meanwhile, at Zanzibar, Consul Holmwood and Mr. George Mackenzie were engaging porters for the expedition, and in Egypt a company of Soudanese soldiers was being prepared to accompany it. Mr. Stanley had also paid one or two flying visits to Brussels, and by January 20th all was ready for a start, Stanley's chosen companions being Major Barttelot, Captain Nelson, Lieutenant Stairs, Dr. Parke, Mr. Bonny, Mr. Mounteney-Jephson and Mr. Jameson. Mr. Ward and Mr. Rose Troup were also associated with the expedition on the Congo.

START OF THE EXPEDITION.

On January 20, 1887, the *Navarino* left London with Mr. Stanley's staff on board and all his outfit. Two assistants embarked at Liverpool direct for the Congo, being commissioned to engage 680 porters to transport the baggage from Matadi to Stanley Pool, where, as was mentioned in describing Stanley's founding of the Free State, he had constructed a wagon road. Stanley went *via* Brindisi himself, leaving London on January 21st, thus gaining a week in Cairo to consult with the Egyptian government and Drs. Junker and Schweinfurth.

On February 22d Stanley and his staff arrived at Zanzibar, where it was found that the steamer *Madura*, which was to convey the expedition, *via* the Cape, to the mouth of the Congo, had just arrived. On February 23d an event took place which really sealed the fate of the expedition. As soon as it was made known it created consternation, and its advisability was keenly criticised. Stanley, with the aid of Consul Holmwood, entered into a contract with the renowned slave-dealer Tippoo Tib. The reason for this step was somewhat as follows. A disturbance had taken place between the Arabs and the Congo State Station at Stanley Falls. The Arabs had attacked the station and driven out its garrison, and they threatened to descend the Congo and destroy the other stations on that river. Stanley's own account of the affair reads as follows:

"While at Brussels I was consulted by his Majesty the King of the Belgians respecting Tippoo Tib and his designs on the Congo State. I advised that he should be employed as an agent of the Congo State, it being a far cheaper and more humane method to disarm his hostility than the costly method of force, and I was intrusted with the mission to negotiate with him. With the aid of Mr. Holmwood, Tippoo Tib was enlisted as the salaried Governor of Stanley Falls region, whose duty it would be to arrest the advance of the Arabs down the Congo, and to save its rich and populous banks from the devastation which I saw in 1883 had already commenced below the Falls. I also obtained his signature to a formal contract, drawn up by the acting Consul General, that he would furnish me with a contingent of 600 Manyema carriers, to be paid for at the rate of thirty dollars *per capita*, to assist in the porterage of the goods and ammunition for Emin Pasha's force, for which promise I gave him a free passage for himself and ninety-six of his followers from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls, and also free rations."

It will be seen in the sequel how Tippoo Tib kept his promise. It may be mentioned that Tippoo Tib is in verity a nickname for Hamid ben Mohammed, it having been given to him on account of a peculiar movement of his eyes. Lieutenant Becker thus describes him:

"The son of a Zanzibar Arab and a Marima woman, Tippoo Tib has resided for ten years in the Manyema district, where he enjoys an unbounded popularity, not only in his own, but in the adjoining districts, where he is known as a man who would heartily disapprove of any unneighborly acts. From his immense plantations, cultivated by thousands of slaves, all blindly devoted to their master, and from his ivory trade, of which he has the monopoly, he has, in his duplex character of conqueror and trader, succeeded in creating for himself in the heart of Africa a veritable empire, in which, though he is nominally a vassal of the Sultan of Zanzibar, his authority is supreme. Though not of pure Arab blood, the Arab characteristic seems so far predominant in him as to dispose him instinctively to the exercise of patriarchal virtues. His self-command, his indomitable courage, his capacity for business, his far-sightedness, his rapid power of decision, his unfailing success, and a certain chivalrous attractiveness of manner combine to make him, like Mirambo, a kind of hero, celebrated by all the rhapsodists of Oriental Africa."

It is probable that this account of Tippoo Tib is slightly over colored. He broke his contract with Stanley previously, when the latter was on his first descent of the Congo in 1876, as has been mentioned above, and that he is a veteran slave-dealer who has devastated immense districts of country probably his most creditable apologists will not deny. The probability is that the mere fact of choosing the Congo route rendered the co-operation of Tippoo Tib necessary. Indeed, it seems difficult to know what else Stanley could have done, for the Manyemas had taken Stanley Falls, and if the expedition had gone into that territory, armed as it was, it would have been attacked, and probably destroyed, but the fact of Tippoo Tib being with them disarmed—at any rate at first—Arab suspicions.

The expedition sailed from Zanzibar on February 25th, having on board 800 men, all told; and Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, was reached on March 18th, after a successful voyage. They had only three deaths, and writing at this time Mr. Stanley says:

"I do not know of any expedition from Zanzibar to the Congo which has had such a wonderful immunity from sickness. Ten per cent. is the usual rate of reduction from the numbers of the physically fit. . . There was a row soon after leaving Zanzibar, the 620 Zanzibaris and ninety of Tippoo Tib's men crowded the Soudanese into a hot and stifling place between-decks. Strangers all round them, and none understanding their guttural Arabic, the poor fellows became frantic, and abused the strangers right and left. This led to blows. Sticks, clubs, and firewood flew in all directions, and the matter looked serious. We lashed in, however, with our sticks, and flourishing them in earnest, the Zanzibari mob was driven back."

The expedition was soon transferred to five river steamers, and sailing past Vivi, they reached Matadi on the evening of the 20th, and landing next day, arrangements were made for marching on. The caravan was divided into seven sections, each under command of a European. A correspondent describes the start of the expedition somewhat as follows: "A shrill and piercing blast from a marine fog-horn, provided with a huge gong worked by a piston, sounded the *réveille*. In a moment every one was astir, the porters all rushing to get their loads and appointed places, shouting and gesticulating, whilst the Europeans rode madly about upon their donkeys trying to bring order out of confusion. In about half an hour, however, all fell into their places. The Soudanese soldiers formed the vanguard, next followed the Somalis and the Zanzibaris with their loads. Tippoo Tib followed, the flags were unfurled, and with another blast from the horn the march commenced."

Mounted on a donkey that had been handsomely caparisoned for the occasion, Stanley took the head of the column. By his side marched one of his boys bearing the Stars and Stripes—an overt demonstration that, notwithstanding his English birth, and in spite of his being in the service of the ruler of the Congo and in command of an Anglo-Egyptian expedition, he does not forget, nor intend it to be forgotten, that he is an adopted citizen of the United States.

It was not to be expected that men fresh from a long sea-voyage would be in good condition for marching, carrying at the same time loads of seventy pounds' weight, yet, nevertheless, the 235 miles from Matadi to Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, was covered by April 21st. But in the march sixty-three men and twenty-eight rifles were lost, three-fourths due to desertion—a peculiarity which characterizes all caravans composed at Zanzibar. Matters do not seem to have been very favorable to the progress of the expedition through the Congo Free State, and on arrival at Stanley Pool Mr. Stanley found, doubtless to his surprise, that fresh difficulties were placed in his way.

At any rate he writes: "The same disposition that we found at Banana Point to obstruct our advance and to glory in our misfortunes was strongly manifest at Stanley Pool. The steamers promised by King Leopold were not ready, and even with the best good-will of the commandant, M. Liebrichts, only the *Stanley*, steamer, was available after a certain amount of repairs. The *En Avant*, steamer, had neither engines nor boilers; the *Royal* was beached on the shore, a hopeless and unseemly wreck; the *A. I. A.*, steamer, was at Bangala Station, 500 miles away. There remained the *Peace*, steamer, of the Baptist Mission, and the *Henry Reed*, steamer, of the Livingstone Inland Mission; but the missionaries were loath to lend their steamers. Meanwhile I had the dissatisfaction of learning that a body of armed men, nearly 800 strong, had been invited by the sovereign of the state to march through a territory which was utterly unable to support its own soldiers, and that they were encamped at the *entrepôt* of the upper Congo without the prospect of being furnished with even one meal from the country itself."

Mr. Stanley had formerly experienced the way in which the Congo Free State was managed in his absence, but, nevertheless, he seems not to have expected the difficulties he would meet with. Fortunately, however, difficulties only stimulate him, and so he was able to bring order out of chaos, and after the utmost exertion the expedition arrived on the 16th of June at Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, after a river voyage of 1050 miles. Stanley had to leave Ward and Bonny's detachment of 131 men at Bolobo, and 600 loads of goods in store at Leopoldville.

Tippoo Tib and his people were sent to Stanley Falls under charge of Major Barttelott, the Arab chief promising that in nine days after his arrival at his station he would set out with 600 porters to join Mr. Stanley, and accompany him to the Albert Nyanza.

The critical point of the expedition had now arrived. Stanley had been utterly deceived as to the condition of the Congo Free State, and the possibilities of transporting so large a force through its territory. He had arrived, as he believed, within a comparatively short distance of the Albert Nyanza, but many of his men and loads could not arrive for some time. It was only natural that he should be most anxious to fulfil his brilliant forecast. This can be seen in all his letters. A gain of two days here is mentioned, a loss of three there, and he knew with what almost breathless anxiety his expedition was being followed by the whole of the civilized world. With his full force, march he could not. What, then, was to be done?

After mature deliberation, and trusting in Tippoo Tib's loyalty, he decided to divide his forces, and to march himself with a body of picked men to the Albert Nyanza, leaving Major Barttelott in command of the camp at Yambuya to follow in his trail as soon as might be. No one can wonder that Stanley came to this decision. He remembered the fall of Khartoum, and the bitter cry of "Too late! too late!" which has resounded ever since that catastrophe took place. He did not wish the same cry to be raised in regard to his own expedition, and therefore to him every day's delay was simply a spur to rapid action. Having seen that a strongly fortified camp was erected at Yambuya, and having given Major Barttelott a letter of instructions how to act, Mr. Stanley collected together an advance column of 389 men, rank and file.

The instructions given to Major Barttelott were explicit: "March after us as soon as you can march, even supposing Tippoo Tib does not send the requisite number of men; it will be your duty to march if you can; and as it is of vital importance that the goods left under your care should reach us in safety and in as great an amount as possible, it will be better for you to make double marches—that is to say, make a short march, deposit your loads, and return for more. We will blaze the trees for you, so that you may have no difficulty in following the route taken by us." It is quite evident that Stanley did not anticipate what subsequently happened, nor did he think he should be away for so many months, because in one sentence of his orders he says: "We may assume that we shall not be longer than a fortnight with him (Emin Pasha) before deciding on our return to this camp along the same route traversed by us when going east." And again, referring to the possibility or otherwise of Barttelott being able to take all his loads with him, he writes: "If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make marches of six miles twice (if you prefer marching to staying for our arrival) than throw too many things away."

Having, as he thought, left everything in a satisfactory condition at Yambuya, Stanley plunged into the forest region on June 28th, and there we will leave him for the present in order to relate what happened to his rear-guard during his absence.

FATE OF THE REAR-GUARD.

Major Barttelott, including the contingent which had been left behind at Bolobo, had 271 men, and an enormous amount of stores under his charge, and this part of the expedition experienced a year of the most disastrous inaction. Barttelott and his companions were daily expecting the arrival of Tippoo Tib and his promised carriers; none, however, arrived. Sickness broke out in the camp, and fever and dysentery decimated the detachment, no less than 112 of the carriers succumbing; Ward and Rose-Troup were invalided home.

In African expeditions it is a well-known fact that inaction breeds disease. It appears, too, that the unfortunate men were not able to get proper provisions. They were also depressed by want of news from Stanley. Only rumors reached them, brought by deserters and Arabs, who related the difficulties Stanley was encountering, and on more than one occasion his death was reported.

It would be painful to dwell upon all the sad incidents which happened until June 11, 1888, for it was only upon that day, eleven months after Mr. Stanley's departure, that Tippoo Tib had provided Barttelott with some of the porters promised. He had made all manner of excuses for the delay in carrying out his contract, and even when the men did arrive he delayed matters as much as possible by various subterfuges.

Barttelott's expedition arrived at Banalya on July 19th, and early the next morning a tragedy took place which brought the rear-guard to an untimely end. Barttelott was shot by a Manuyema named Sanga, in consequence of his ordering the natives to stop singing and tomtoming. As a result, Mr. Bonny was left in charge of the camp, and Mr. Jamieson went back to obtain assistance, but he overtasked his strength, and a violent attack of fever ended his career on August 17th, at Bangala, without his having been able to make the Europeans at the station understand what was the object of his coming.

In referring to this disaster Mr. Stanley writes: "These tragedies and catastrophes, which reduced a completely equipped and well-organized column of 271 men, rank and file, to 102 meagre, starved, and anæmic souls, were due, in the first place, to the breach of contract by Tippoo Tib and to his method of prevarication and dissimulation, to which crooked manners the young officers of the rear column were strangers. They were led on little by little by repeated promises, uttered with fervor and apparent sincerity, to delay their march in the track of the advance column, in the hope that the promised contingent of porters from Tippoo Tib would arrive. They did finally arrive eleven months after date; but in the mean time the rear column, consisting of Zanzibaris and Soudanese, had lost three-fourths of their number in the camp from disease, anæmia, and manioc poison. One hundred graves contained the bodies of 100 faithful fellows who had died within eleven months of idle and useless camp life."

SUSPENSE.

When Mr. Stanley started from Yambuya, it was his intention to march as rapidly as possible in a direct line to Kavalli, a village situated at the southwestern corner of the Albert Lake. The distance in a straight line was about 300 miles, and it was hoped that in two months the goal would be reached. But from the time that this expectation was published, fully fifteen months elapsed before news arrived as to Stanley's whereabouts. He was veritably lost in central Africa. During this time the utmost anxiety was expressed as to his fate and the fate of the little band he led. Surmise was rife, reports as to disease and death decimating the expedition were more or less credited, and on several occasions accounts of Stanley's death were telegraphed both from the east and west coasts of Africa. A most circumstantial account arrived too at Suakin, saying that the Mahdi's emissaries had arrived at Lado, and that Emin and Stanley had been taken prisoners and were in chains.

The report in question was contained in the following letter received by the Governor at Suakin: "In the name of the Great and Merciful God, this letter is written by one of the lowliest servants of Allah to the Chief Kalifa. We advanced with the steamers and reached the town of Lado, where Emin, the Mudir of the Equator, had his quarters. We arrived there on Safar 26th, 1306. We owe our thanks to the officers and soldiers who made our victory easy. Before our arrival, they had captured Emin and a traveller who was with him, and had put them in irons. The officers and men refused to go to Egypt with the Turks. Tewfik sent to Emin a traveller called Stanley. By Stanley he sent a letter to Emin ordering him to go back with Stanley. To the rest of the forces he gave the option of going to Cairo or remaining where they were. They refused to obey the Turkish orders, and received us joyfully. I also send a copy of the letter which was written by Tewfik to Emin, and I send besides the flags which we have taken from the Turks. I understand that another traveller had arrived to join Emin, but he had left again. I am seeking for him, and if he returns, I shall certainly take him prisoner. I have found all the chief officers in residence delighted to receive us. I have taken all the arms and ammunition. I instruct you to send back to me the officers and the head commissioners when you have seen them and given them your directions. They will be of service to me.

"(Signed) Osman Saleh."

The news raised public excitement to the highest pitch. It was very generally discredited; only very few of those who knew the country believed it, and they were laughed at, when at last a telegram was received by Reuter's Agency, and communicated to the House of Commons by Mr. Goschen. It was to the following effect:

"St. Thomas, December 21, 1888.

"Letters from Stanley Falls, dated August 21, 1888, state that on the previous day a letter had been received from Stanley announcing that he was at Banalya, on the Aruwimi; he had left Emin Pasha, eighty-two days previously, in perfect health and well supplied with provisions. He had retraced his steps in order to bring up his rear company and their loads. He had arrived at Banalya on the 17th of August, and expected to start again in two days to rejoin Emin. All the white men belonging to the expedition are well."

Mr. Goschen's communication was received with immense enthusiasm, as it apparently disproved the reported capture of Emin, and it also indicated that Stanley had been successful in his expedition.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.

Before proceeding to follow Mr. Stanley's adventurous journey, it may be well in the briefest possible manner to state succinctly the course of events which took place from the time of the advance of the expedition from Yambuya until it left the Albert Lake for the coast with Emin Pasha and Captain Casati in April, 1889.

Stanley marched to the Albert Nyanza, and he arrived there on December 13, 1887. No news was to be obtained of Emin, and as Stanley was unable to procure a boat by means of which to send in search of him, he was compelled to retrace his steps in order to procure his boat which he had been obliged to leave behind some ninety-five miles short of the lake. This he did, then returned for the second time to the lake at the end of April, 1888, and on May 1st Emin and Stanley met. They staid together until May 25th, then, as Mr. Stanley was anxious about the fate of his rear-guard, it was arranged that he should return and seek for it, and in the mean time Emin and Mr. Mounteney-Jephson should proceed to the various stations, read the Khedive's instructions, and collect together all those who wished for Mr. Stanley's escort to the coast. Stanley then left the Albert with his expedition, retraced his steps to the edge of the forest district, made there an intrenched camp, under command of Stairs, Nelson, and Dr. Parke, and then marched to the Aruwimi, collected the remnants of the rear guard, and for the third time marched to the Albert Lake. On his arrival there he learnt that Emin and Jephson had been taken prisoners, but they managed to escape and rejoined him in a few days. They reported that Lado and Redjaf had been captured by the Mahdi's troops, who were subsequently repulsed at Dufli. It turned out then that Osman Saleh's letter was correct in almost every particular.

This brief summary has been given because even now many people do not understand how it was that Stanley arrived three several times at the Albert Lake.

FROM YAMBUYA TO THE ALBERT LAKE.

On June 27, 1887, Stanley broke camp at Yambuya to commence his celebrated march. All were in high spirits, hope and confidence were strong, and the expedition little realized what lay before them. Lieutenant Stairs commanded the advance-guard, a picked company of seventy-five soldiers armed with rifles and hatchets to cut a pathway through the forest for the main body of the expedition. Progress, however, was not to be rapid, for fierce and warlike tribes barred the way, resenting the progress of strangers through their country, and every device which the arts of savage warfare knew was utilized to impede their progress. Cunningly devised pitfalls were constructed to entrap them, and, worse than this, the pathways were guarded by spikes concealed by leaves, which grievously wounded and incapacitated the unwary porters. Many men were placed *hors de combat* by this means, as their lacerated feet festered, and they were unable to march, and had to be left behind. Nature, too, combined with man to obstruct advance. The underwood was dense and interlaced with strong creeping plants; in fact the expedition had to plough its way through one continuous unbroken primeval forest, which maintained the same aspect, density, and character across nearly four and a half degrees of longitude.

From July 5th to the middle of October the expedition clung to the river, and they were able to utilize their boat and some canoes to transport some of their baggage and their wounded and sick men.

"The river retained a noble width—from 500 to 900 yards—with an island here or there, sometimes a group of islets, the resort of oyster fishermen. Such piles of oyster shells! On one island I measured a heap thirty paces long, twelve feet wide at the base, and four feet high. Such a land for flies, insects, and butterflies! The butterflies congregate round me as I write this statement, and flap their wings in approval of this statement. There are clouds of them sailing daily up and across stream, which last four hours."

Describing the forest, Stanley writes: "We were then introduced into the difficulties which more or less would impede our movements and arrest rapid progress. These consisted of creepers, varying from one-eighth of an inch to fifteen inches in diameter, swinging across the path in bow lines or loops, sometimes massed and twisted together, also of a low dense bush, occupying the sites of old clearings, which had to be carved through before a passage was possible. Where years had elapsed since the clearings had been abandoned, we found a young forest, and the spaces between the trees choked with climbing plants, vegetable creepers, and tall plants. This kind had to be tunnelled through before an inch of progress could be made. The primeval forest offered least obstruction, but the atmosphere was close, stagnant, impure, and an eternal gloom reigned there, intensified every other day by the thick black clouds charged with rain, so characteristic of this forest region.... The mornings were generally stern and sombre, the sky covered with lowering and heavy clouds; at other times thick mists buried everything, clearing off about 9 A.M., sometimes not till 11 A.M. Nothing stirs then; insect life is asleep, and the forest is as still as death; the dark river, darkened by the lofty walls of thick forest and vegetation, is silent as a grave. Our heart-throbs seem almost clamorous, and our inmost thoughts loud. If no rain follows this darkness, the sun appears from behind the cloudy masses, the mist disappears, and life wakens up before its brilliancy. Butterflies scurry through the air, a solitary ibis croaks an alarm, a diver flies across the stream, the forest is full of a strange murmur, and somewhere up river booms an alarm drum.

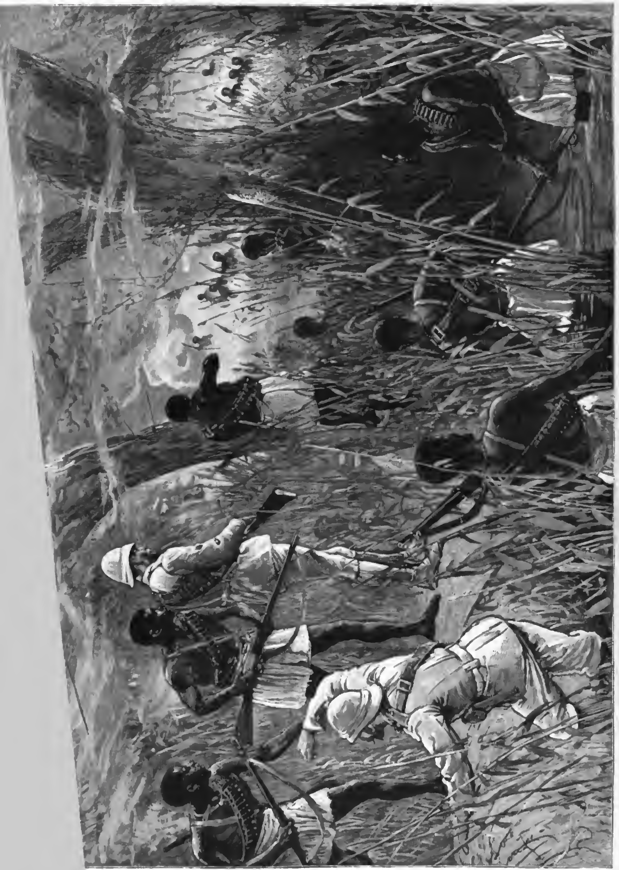
"The quick-sighted natives have seen us; voices vociferate challenges. There is a flash of spears, and hostile passions are aroused.... At Avisibba, about half-way between Panga Falls and the Nepoko, the natives attacked our camp in quite a resolute and determined fashion. Their stores of poisoned arrows they thought gave them every advantage; and, indeed, when the poison is fresh it is most deadly. Lieutenant Stairs and five men were wounded by these. Lieutenant Stairs's wound was from an arrow the poison of which was dry. It must have been put on some days before. After three weeks or so he recovered strength, though the wound was not closed for months. One man received a slight puncture near the wrist; he died from tetanus five days afterward. Another received a puncture near the shoulder, in the muscles of the arm; he died six hours later than the first case of tetanus. One was wounded in the gullet—a slight puncture; he died on the seventh day. I believe one wounded in the side died at night the same day. Tetanus ended the sufferings of all.... These poisons are prepared in the woods; in the depths of the forest the savage makes his fire, and prepares the fatal venom which lays low even the large elephant. It is forbidden to cook it near a village. In the forest he smears his arrows, and having covered the points with fresh leaves, lest he himself might be a victim, he is ready for war. I could write a book almost on the various species of bees found in this forest region, and several books might be written about the multitude of curious insects we have seen. What with the bees of all kinds, the various kinds of ticks, gnats, etc., our lives have been made just as miserable as they could well be. We were prepared to encounter the most ferocious cannibals, but the central African forest, now open for the first time, contains some horrors within its gloomy bosom that we were not prepared for."

Apart from the fighting and the loss of men it entailed, ulcers, famine, and dysentery sapped the strength of a great number of men. "The whole of October, though we had only about fifty miles to travel, was spent in gaining the settlement of Kilonga-Longa's, and sending relief parties back to the survivors of those we had left behind. Fungi and wild fruits sustained us, and those who could not get sufficient of the strange things we lived upon perished, or deserted the starving column to die elsewhere."

One of the reasons why Stanley had taken the Congo route was to avoid the Arabs, but he had the misfortune to meet them in this forest, where they were engaged in their usual occupation of devastating the country, collecting ivory, and killing or enslaving the population. Stanley was compelled to leave fifty-six men at Ugarrowwa and thirty-three more at Kilonga-Longa's.

Referring to this, and to the bad treatment which he and his men received from the Arabs, he writes:

"It was doubtful whether they were any better off in this Moslem settlement than in the uninhabited forest. Yet we had no other option; the ulcers were most rabid; a slight wound or a pimple in the foot or leg would develop in three or four days to the most ghastly sores, several inches in diameter, and penetrating to the bone. It was a terrible sight, and this ulcerous disease raged like an epidemic,



ATTACKED BY DWARFS IN THE FOREST.*

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spoons. During all this September and October and November the people were demoralized by their sufferings. Whatever we said to them was disbelieved; they hooted at, jeered at, our assurances that a few energetic marches would take us beyond suffering. It required infinite patience to bear against this wolfish feature of human nature. They might have proceeded to violence, but they did not; considering their sufferings, I call this a virtue. When we finally issued out of the darkness into daylight and bright sunshine, this virtue expanded, and every soul of the 178 men who witnessed the sight joined with us because inflamed with zeal to do the best he could, and we never had any trouble with them afterward.

Almost 100 men had been left in the forest region, and Captain Nelson, who was too ill to move, and Dr. Parke, as well as the boat, had to be left at Kilonga-Longa's. But even now trouble was not at an end, for a fertile and populous country was reached, the inhabitants of which attacked them.

"On the 9th we came to the country of the powerful chief Mazamboni. The villages were scattered over a great extent of country, so thickly that there was no other road except their villages or fields. From a long distance the natives had sighted us, and were prepared. We seized a hill as soon as we arrived, in the centre of a mass of villages,

(Continued on page 334.)

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* A great part of the journey through the forest was performed along the trunks of fallen trees, owing to the thick undergrowth and mangrove-trees which obstructed the way, and also the marshy ground in the neighborhood of the lakes. The forest dwarfs generally chose the most difficult parts to make their sudden attacks on the party—several of which on these occasions were almost invariably wounded. The dwarfs had no sooner delivered their attack than they disappeared in the most marvellous manner amongst the high reeds and thick forest. The English officers of the expedition took turns to command the advance-guard, which was composed of the sharpest of the natives who were always on the alert for brushes of this description.

Our engraving represents an occasion on which a most determined stand was made by the natives, several of whom were killed and wounded.

The arrows used by the dwarfs were barbed and poisoned, but were never feathered, hence they were never well directed except at close quarters. The blacks attached to the expedition showed great courage and determination, being invariably supported by the English officers.

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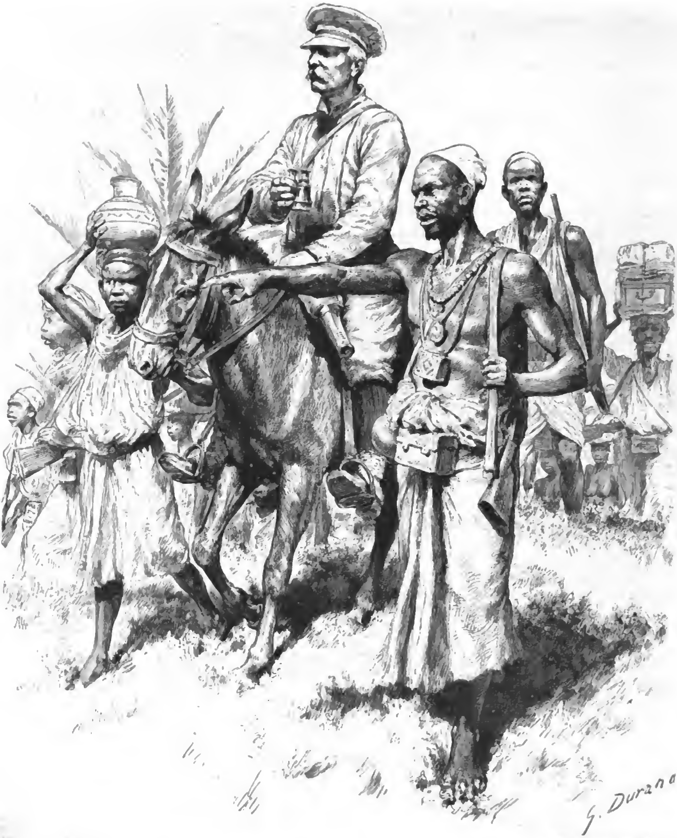

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A TERRIBLE LETTER.

A MORE vigorous political document has not recently appeared than Mr. H. C. LEA'S letter to the President. It has, what all such documents have not, the weight of personal character behind it. There is no private or partisan or selfish object of any kind to be aided by it. It is a public service, arraigning by name public offenders, the writer taking the entire responsibility of the proceeding. The letter recalls the statements made originally in the Pennsylvania Republican press, and lately recapitulated in detail by the New York *World*, concerning the acts of Senator QUAY, of Pennsylvania, the chairman of the Republican National Committee. The charges cover, as Mr. LEA says, a series of "flagrantly dishonest acts, including the temporary abstraction from the State Treasury of $260,000 in one instance, and of $400,000 in another.... If they are true, Senator QUAY ought to be in the penitentiary. If they are false, he is a cruelly libelled man." But although, after two months of the widest publicity and circulation of such charges, Mr. QUAY makes no explanation and seeks no redress, "you," says Mr. LEA, addressing the President, retain your close political connection with him, and "you must share the losses as well as the gains of the venture."

Mr. LEA has an especial right to speak. He was one of the independent Republicans who, withholding his support of the party candidate in 1884, believed the party promises and the pledges of the candidate in 1888, and, like many other honorable men, unwilling to condone what he felt to be the shortcomings of Mr. CLEVELAND in justifying the faith of independents who supported him in 1884, voted for Mr. HARRISON. After thirteen months of an administration which has had every opportunity to win the confidence of the country, Mr. LEA sums up his survey of the President's course:

> "You have thus degraded it [the Republican party] to the lowest level, till it no longer deserves or enjoys the public confidence, and its interest, as well as that of the nation, demands its purification by defeat. You have earned for it the denunciation of the Hebrew prophet: 'The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us. Therefore shall Zion for your sake be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps.'"

This result Mr. LEA attributes largely to the malign ascendency of Senator QUAY. The only cloud at the opening of the administration was the appointment of a Postmaster-General at Mr. QUAY'S dictation, ostensibly as a reward for certain services performed during the canvass, but really for raising money to be used by a person whom the Republican press had taught the country to distrust. That cloud has now covered the firmament. But three years still remain, says the letter, in which to undo what has been done, and to apply to public duties the high standard which the President applies to his private life. You must remember, however, says Mr. LEA, that evil produces only evil, and that you have on your soul a charge "for which you must reckon to posterity and to God." This appeal to the President at the end of the first year of the administration follows that of Bishop POTTER at its beginning. Both are noble illustrations of civic courage and a high sense of public duty. Both also are indications of the activity of conscience in politics, and of that moral independence of mere party considerations which is the sure hope of the country. Both serve to silence the cry that because there are two parties, a helpless choice must be made between them. It is because party requires of its adherents dumb acquiescence in such courses as Mr. LEA depicts that party allegiance may become fatal to the public welfare, and that party denunciation may become the duty of the highest patriotism. When in Pennsylvania regular Republicanism is represented by QUAY, and in New York by PLATT, honest men will instinctively become as "irregular" as possible.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

THE Union League Club in New York was formed as a Republican club, and still remains a Republican club. But recent circumstances have constrained it to make a distinct declaration to that effect. When the club was organized, Republicanism meant constitutional opposition to slavery and the unconditional prosecution of the war. After the war ended, the club condemned the conduct of so eminent a Republican as Mr. GREELEY for consenting to sign JEFFERSON DAVIS'S bail-bond. Later, the present president of the club was a State candidate with a Democrat against the regular Republican candidate, and together with the chief Republican editor in the State, and one of the present Republican Senators in Congress, and many other former Republicans, supported the Democratic candidate for the Presidency against General GRANT. The election ended, they held that in voting for Mr. GREELEY they had not left the Republican party. In other words, they held that while friendly in general to Republican ascendency, they were at liberty, for personal or other reasons, to refuse to support a particular candidate. Republicanism, in their opinion, was not inconsistent with individual independence.

The club has now reaffirmed this view. The committee on admissions has admitted members who had exercised precisely the same independence in voting, without adhering to the Democratic party, and the club has now expressed its entire confidence in the committee. It has refused to censure it for admitting as members those who voted for the Democratic candidate at the last national election. The declaration that the club is a Republican club is one which such members would not probably challenge, for as between the two parties they prefer in general Republican ascendency. But they do not therefore acknowledge any kind of obligation to support candidates whom they disapprove. The resolution which was adopted was doubtless drawn as a compromise, under the apprehension that a decided declaration of independence might be adopted by the club. But really, as we have said, it leaves the situation unchanged. This is fortunate, because, had it been otherwise, it would have invited the resignation of a very large and important body of members, and it would have laid down as the principle of the club a proposition which has been steadily denied by original Republicans from the organization of the party, and which is fatal to an honorable party connection, that the test of Republicanism is the unwavering support of regular party action however corrupt or unwise.

This, as one of the members of the club said in the debate, would be the adoption of the fundamental Tammany dogma as the faith of the Union League Club. It would destroy the pride and boast of the Republican party that it is an organization of political freemen and not of slaves. The assertion that our government is one of party, and that practically there are but two parties, and consequently a citizen must belong to one or the other, is an assertion which is not involved in the discussion. Let it be assumed that the club is Republican. Does it follow that if a man buys a Republican nomination to office, or is, in the judgment of the voter, unfit for the office, every member of the club as an honorable Republican is bound to support the corrupt bargain or the unfit nomination? If it does, we should suppose every self-respecting gentleman would hasten to leave the club. If it does not, every member is at liberty to decide for himself in regard to every candidate what his course shall be. The conclusion therefore seems to be wise. The club declares itself to be Republican, and refuses to declare that independent members whom the committee has admitted are not Republicans. No gentleman would desire to join a political club with which he is not generally in sympathy. But no gentleman would wish to join such a club under an express or implied obligation to vote for every candidate who might be nominated by a party convention, or to approve every measure that might be proposed by a party committee.

THE FISH COMMISSION.

A MOVEMENT has been quietly begun at Washington which ought to be effectually frustrated—to enlarge party patronage by making the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries an officer of the Department of Agriculture, and giving to the head of that department the power of appointing and removing the officers and employés of the Fish Commission. A bill to this effect has been introduced in the Senate by Mr. PADDOCK. But no valid argument has been yet offered for interfering with one of the most efficient branches of the service. The reasons alleged for the change are evidently pretexts. The object is to drag the Commission into politics, and the result can be only mischievous. Fish culture and the intelligent study and care of the fishing-grounds are confessedly the creation of our national Fish Commission. Its work has been accomplished largely under the men who are now engaged in it, and who were trained by Professor BAIRD and one or two others. There is no complaint of ignorance, inefficiency, extravagance, or dishonesty in the management of the Commission. There is no allegation that the work would be more intelligently or economically done under the headship of a Secretary of Agriculture, or that there is any reason for intrusting it to him rather than to the Postmaster-General.

The Fish Commissioner is appointed by the President, by whom he may be removed at will. In both Houses there are committees which supervise the work. The appropriations are based upon careful estimates, and the Commissioner reports annually the expenses in detail, so that injudicious or unlawful expenses may be promptly checked. The chief work of the Commission demands special training in fish culture, fishery methods, and scientific inquiry. This work was organized by Professor BAIRD, and the active force of the Commission has been gradually completed by training and by choice from technical scientific institutions, and this system has made the Commission what it is. Professor BAIRD declined to receive a salary as Commissioner lest the Commission should become political plunder, and thus its usefulness be destroyed. Upon his death Colonel MARSHALL MCDONALD, an acknowledged master of the subject, was indicated by scientific experts and those intelligently interested as the fitting successor of Professor BAIRD. He was appointed, and the work has been prosecuted by him as it was begun. His appointments have been made to keep pace with the enlarging work, and solely for special fitness. The Commission has been kept wholly free of the foreign and disturbing influences of politics.

How could a Secretary of Agriculture, however well fitted for his especial duties, increase the efficiency and usefulness of the Fish Commission? There are no relations between agriculture and the fisheries, except in the figurative sense of TIMOTHY PICKERING'S burst of rhetoric about his maritime constituents, "whose farms are on the ocean, and whose harvests are gathered in every sea." The Commission is concerned not only with fish culture, but with the study of the whole coast line of fisheries. The increase in the appropriation during the last three years is mainly due to the establishment of new hatching stations in accordance with law. Indeed, there is no statement of any kind urged as a reason for a change which is not at once susceptible of simple and satisfactory explanation. It is evident upon so brief a showing as this that no public advantage is to be gained by disturbing the present system. No intelligent person can suppose that the objects of the Commission would be more certainly and adequately secured "by making its officers and employés possible foot-balls of political preferment instead of encouraged and enthusiastic scientists in their life work," as the Gloucester Board of Trade remarks in its resolutions unanimously deprecating the proposed change.

A NECESSARY APPROPRIATION.

THE Civil Service Commission estimates that with the increase of its duties and the proved inadequacy of its force the appropriation for the service should be raised to $53,000, with an addition of five persons to the clerical force. To refuse the increase would be greatly to embarrass the service and to prevent the Commission from the proper discharge of its duties. It would be an indirect and sneaking method of crippling it. We are glad to see, therefore, that Mr. EWART, who is the accepted leader in the House of the opposition to reform, proposes to try to defeat the entire appropriation. This is the course which General GRANT said he should regard as a virtual condemnation of reform, and which the Republican House at that time practically adopted. In President ARTHUR's time it diminished the amount of the appropriation. The action of the present House is uncertain, but a very imposing petition has been presented from Massachusetts in favor of the increased allowance, signed by the Republican Governor and Lieutenant-Governor and most of the chief State officers, the Chief Justice, all the Senators and many of the Representatives, members of the Democratic and Republican State committees, and many eminent citizens of all parties in all parts of the commonwealth.

This is a striking sign both of the general diffusion of the reform sentiment and of the desire of leading Republicans especially to identify the movement with their party. Mr. LODGE's Fourth-class Postmasters bill is another sign, and most important of all is the declaration of Mr CLEVELAND, the probable Democratic candidate, that the reform is of vital necessity. It is well, therefore, that Mr. EWART should join issue upon the main question and compel the House to express its opinion. The ayes and noes will be carefully scanned and distinctly remembered at the autumn election. Congress and the country will both be instructed by the report of the Investigating Committee of the National Civil Service Reform League on the details of Congressional patronage. Reckoning on a basis of twenty-four members well chosen for the purpose, there are about 254 appointments now dependent upon each member. The number of applications is about 1700 to each member, and fully one-third of the time which should be devoted to their legitimate legislative duties is consumed in the distribution of offices.

The result is logical. The committees of the House can consider only a small fraction of the bills submitted to them. Many even of the bills reported do not receive consideration from the House. Many of those that pass are crude and obscurely drawn, and their meaning is determined only by costly litigation. One chief reason of this result is the fact that at least a third of the time which is designed for proper legislation is devoted to business which has no concern whatever with legislation. The abuse springs from the confusion of duties which were intended by the Constitution to be kept carefully separated. Had the union of the legislative and executive functions been thought wise, it would have been provided by the Constitution. But the object of the framers was to separate them. As General GARFIELD said, while yet a member of the House, the junction of such diverse duties "impairs the efficiency of the legislator." But it does much more, because it degrades politics by making them venal, and destroys the function of party by transforming elections into contests for plunder. The report of the committee of the National Civil Service Reform League is of much more service to the cause of reform than the recent resolution of the Union League Club declaring that the efficiency of the National Civil Service Commission, which is universally conceded, is a "fulfilment of the pledges of the party in 1888." The club very properly asks for the increased appropriation. But if the Republican House should refuse it, we suppose the club will console itself by the reflection that the party pledge to extend the area of reform is fulfilled by the excellent character and efficiency of a Commission whose work the Republican Congress would have deliberately paralyzed.

NEW MEXICO.

THE Governor of New Mexico, the Hon. L. BRADFORD PRINCE, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, paints upon the whole a pleasant picture of the condition, resources, and prospects of his realm. The climate he holds to be the most delightful and healthy in the country. The maximum heat of the year in 1889 was 96°, in July; the minimum, 1° below zero, in February. Fruit so flourishes that the whole valley of the Rio Grande will probably become an orchard and vineyard to the exclusion of other agriculture.

The condition of education in the Territory is not wholly satisfactory, but yet encouraging for the future. The population is probably rather less than 200,000. In twelve of the fourteen counties there are 143 schools in which the instruction is in English only, 106 in Spanish only, and 93 in both languages. But as yet there is no school fund, and the illiteracy of the adult native population is general. A university, an agricultural college, and a school of mines are authorized by the Legislature. Land has been ceded, but building depends upon taxation, and support upon donations of land from the national government.

Governor PRINCE holds that in variety and extent of natural resources and advantages New Mexico surpasses any State in the Union. In support of his opinion he adds to his own observation and knowledge citations from earlier authorities, making a very interesting survey. The water supply during the year was scant, and the business of cattle-raising was depressed, while mining was unusually prosperous. But the most striking statement of the Governor's is that concerning the quiet and good order of the Territory. Ten years ago, when he went as Chief Justice, the Territory suffered greatly from the horde of lawless and reckless adventurers that follow the railroad. That has passed on, and there is no more peaceful community in the country. "Crime is more rare than in staid New England," and in one county, embracing an area as large as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, together with New Jersey and Delaware, mainly a ranching and mining county, in which the sheriff is very efficient, he found last summer not a single prisoner in the jail. The Governor thinks the refusal to admit New Mexico as a State a great wrong, since no Territory in his opinion was ever so well fitted for admission to the Union.

A FRIEND AT THE POLLS.

THE amendment offered to the SAXTON ballot reform bill, permitting an illiterate voter to have the aid of a friend at the polls, is a provision so certain of abuse as to make it a very serious if not fatal injury to the bill. The reason alleged for its introduction we understand to be that it meets the objection of the Governor. It is one of his objections, undoubtedly, and perhaps the most plausible. But if the Governor finds that his veto leads to a surrender of one of the most important safeguards of the bill, he is not the practical politician that he has shown himself to be if he does not hold out blandly behind his veto until every point to which he objects is conceded.

If the friends of the bill are willing to allow the ballot of every voter who swears that he cannot read to be supervised at the polls by a political agent, it is not a very far cry to the party printing of ballots. The Governor certainly will not yield when he finds his opponents yielding. But a bill amended to meet his approval would not be a reform bill. On the contrary, one more step in the direction of the proposed amendment would be the surrender of the bill. Even the adoption of the amendment and the consequent approval of the bill by the Governor could not be hailed as a triumph of reform.

If it should be said that it would be better than nothing, we should doubt it. If the original bill were in any way extreme or impracticable, a smaller measure might suffice. But it is not so. It is a method which experience has approved, and we may as well continue as we are until we are ready for actual reform. In other words, it is as well to walk as to be carried in a sedan-chair without a bottom. Again, if the object of the amendment be "to put the Governor in a hole," it is useless, because his hostility to reform needs no further demonstration. Ballot reform lies in the public printing and in the secrecy of the ballot. These are interdependent, and either private printing or a supervised ballot is incompatible with reform.

THE RESULT IN RHODE ISLAND.

THE result of the supplementary elections in Rhode Island was a Democratic victory, and the Legislature will elect Democratic State officers. The explanations and the improvement of such an election will be various. It is indeed impossible to interpret such a result precisely and in detail, but the general fact is plain and suggestive enough. As we said last week, it takes Rhode Island out of the Republican "column," and shows serious party changes and readjustments.

Indeed, the whole political situation in New England is worth observing. The Republican secession in Massachusetts includes a large representation of the original and most intelligent and influential Republicans. Some of them have joined the Democrats. Others, and we presume the larger part, like their brethren in New York, maintain a position of independence and observation. They are not affected by the usual taunts of "assistant Democrats," "Molly-coddles," "purists," and "Pharisees," because in general they do not mind that kind of rhetoric, they do not desire office, and of course are not susceptible to the alarms of those who do. Nothing disturbs such men less than the familiar "guying" of party newspapers and the twaddle of professional politicians.

Their constant increase in numbers, and so remarkable a result as that in Rhode Island, which cannot be explained away, indicate a healthful political condition. Among other things, they show that the cry of a high tariff as assuring constant employment, high wages, and protection to American labor is losing its charm. The more that question is discussed, the more it is tested by experience, the less certain is the high tariff of popular approval. If, as the friends of protection assert, it is really the dominant question, the Republican defeat in Rhode Island, with the national government in control of protectionists, and the high tariff just introduced in Congress, means that the protection policy is losing favor. That is as sound and logical an inference as any other of the result in Rhode Island.

EDITORIAL.

WE deeply regret that an article reflecting injuriously upon Mr. JOHN M. FORBES, of Boston, should have appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Mr. FORBES's character is his sure defence against such assault, but as silence might seem to imply the approval and acquiescence of the WEEKLY, we wish in these columns, where alone its opinions are to be found, to express its emphatic disapproval of the tone and entire dissent from the conclusions of the article.

PERSONAL.

AMONG the younger professional men of New York whose futures are full of unusual promise is Professor WILLIAM A. KEENER, who has recently been called from the Harvard Law School to the corresponding department of Columbia College. Mr. KEENER is a native of Augusta, Georgia, and was graduated from the University of Georgia previous to taking the law course at Harvard, which he finished in 1877. Then he formed a law partnership with CLARENCE D. ASHLEY, in this city, the firm being known as ASHLEY & KEENER, but was soon called back to Harvard, where he practically succeeded Judge HOLMES in the STORY professorship. While at Cambridge he successfully developed the course on quasi contracts, and edited a set of [illegible]. Now he is writing a book on the same subject. At Columbia he is to teach equity and real estate. Professor KEENER's proficiency as an instructor is accompanied by a genial dignity of manner which made him very popular with the Harvard students. In his private life Mr KEENER is as happy as he is successful in his professional work, a charming wife and a promising boy being the jewels of his home.

—Senator EDMUNDS's health is so poor that he and his family have left Washington for Virginia Beach, not far from Fortress Monroe, to remain an indefinite length of time.

—Connecticut has only one woman lawyer, Miss MARY HALL, of Hartford. After being graduated from Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, she taught mathematics for a time in a young ladies' school near Boston, and then began the study of law in the office of JOHN HOOKER, the husband of Mrs. ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER, at Hartford. In 1882 she was admitted to the bar, Chief Justice PARK, of the State Supreme Court, having decided that as a woman she was eligible. Miss HALL has been quite successful in office practice, to which she tries to confine herself, as she dislikes to appear in court. No other Connecticut women have followed her into the profession, although several are now preparing to do so.

—The artists are practically a unit in praise of Mr. BRIDGMAN's beautiful pictures now on exhibition in the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. The collection is one of unusual interest, and a marvellous record of the artist's accomplishments.

—The historical house built by the Marquis de Talleyrand on the St. John's River, near Jacksonville, Florida, when, in 1793, France and England both having denied him a home, he found a refuge in the United States, is now the winter home of Mr. and Mrs. RICHARD R. PAULISON. The latter, an accomplished and beautiful woman, is known as the best lady shot in the South. She can cut off a coot's head with a rifle at two hundred yards, or shoot an eagle on the wing, and has performed many other difficult feats of marksmanship.

—Virginia's first woman physician is Mrs. C. L. HAYNES, who has recently been elected assistant physician at the Western Lunatic Asylum after passing a successful examination before the State Medical Board.

—An interesting old mansion of the last century, known as the "Watson Webb house," at Claverack, New York, has been burned. It was built in 1727, and figured in colonial history, and in the events of and succeeding the Revolutionary war. Its rooms and halls were of generous proportions, the interior was finished in the highest style of Dutch art, and a venerable ivy clambered over the capacious porch. General LAFAYETTE visited General SAMUEL WEBB, its owner, after the Revolution, and with his diamond ring etched his name on a window-pane. Of late years the old mansion had been best known as the house where Professor CLEMENT C. MOORE wrote the famous verses beginning, "'Twas the night before Christmas."

—The late Marquis TSENG, the well-known Chinese statesman and diplomat, spoke five European languages, played the piano, and was an expert with the billiard cue, while he had contributed articles to English magazines. As ambassador to the leading capitals of Europe he performed his functions with tact and dignity. The annual revenue from his estates in China is said to have been about $500,000, while his salary as ambassador was $20,000.

—EMIN Pasha, who claims that he was rescued from the wilds of Africa against his will, speaks twenty-seven languages and dialects.

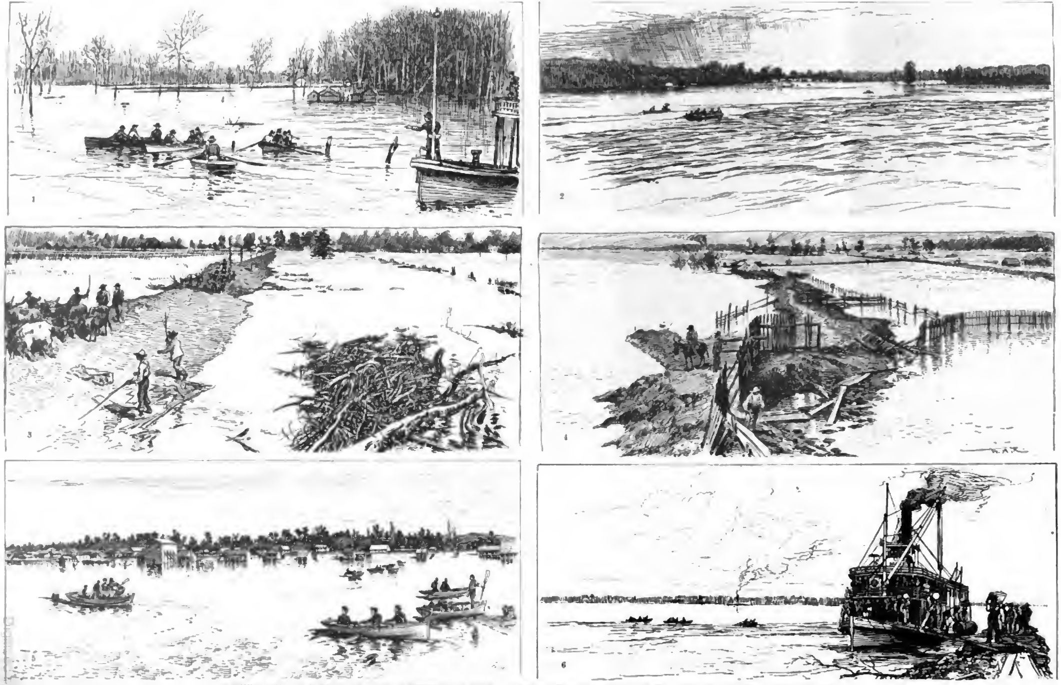
—The Empress of Austria is known as the best royal house-keeper in Europe. She looks after the details of the big imperial kitchen with the same anxious care that an American housewife bestows on the establishment of her lesser world, introduces new-fangled devices for cooking or saving work, and is said to be an adept in planning novel dishes with which to tickle the palates of her royal husband and his guests. The twenty-five men cooks, and as many more women—who make the pastry, and put the finer touches on the elaborate cuisine—with the numberless other attendants of the kitchen and throughout the palace, are marshalled and kept at their work with the skill of a general. And when special preparations are being made for some court festival, every servant, from the pompous head butler to the humblest scullion, has to "hustle."

—Governor CAMPBELL, of Ohio, an old soldier, declines a government pension for the simple but very potent reason that a man in his circumstances does not need one.

—When ROBERT J. BURDETTE was spending several weeks in the Adirondacks during the season of 1884 he temporarily filled the pulpit of the Second Baptist Church in Johnsburg, Warren County. He not only preached acceptably without pay, but he also delivered a lecture, the proceeds of which went to pay off a small debt on the church edifice.

—The last waltz that BISMARCK danced was in 1867, when the King of Prussia visited the Paris Exposition, and a ball was given in his honor. Madame CARETTE invited Prince BISMARCK, who was even then not as slender and as agile as he might have been in his earlier years, to be her partner in the "ladies' tour," and he accepted and waltzed with her, much to the surprise and amusement of those who understood the statesman's aversion for the light fantastic.

—The life-saving crew at Atlantic City, New Jersey, have a millionaire as a volunteer working member. He is JOHN COLLINS LEE, who comes of good old Kentucky stock, and whose father, RICHARD HENRY LEE, was once a well-known Cincinnati editor. The death of his father and a reverse of fortune threw young LEE on his own resources, and he became a New York dry-goods clerk. Later on a rich uncle in Paris died and left him about $2,000,000, and in his search for lost health LEE drifted to Atlantic City, and found it in the hardy life he now leads. He rooms at one of the big hotels, but spends his days at the life-saving station, donning the surfmen's garb and sharing in all their duties, even to taking an oar in the life-boat when it starts out on a mission of rescue. Mr. LEE is very popular with his associates, whose lot is alleviated in many ways by his



SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS (*Continued*).—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. STANTON, VICKSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

1. Coming for Mail and Provisions, Butler's, Mississippi. 2. Grand Lake, Arkansas. 3. Shiloh, Mississippi. 4. Henderson, Louisiana, looking Southwest. 5. Leota, Mississippi. 6. Steamer *Sunbeam* at the End of the old Levee near Raleigh, Louisiana.

Tres Palacios alone sat silent. Even when they started up his own well-known guerilla song,

"Casca, el padre de Cascarilla,
Nació, se casó, y murió en la silla!"

he contented himself with mechanically beating time on the deck planks. Seated on his valise, the only thing he had brought with him, he gazed ahead over the bowsprit, looking for the twin towers of old Panamá, which he should see long before they swung round to the north in the harbor of the modern port. Rumors of trouble and actual fighting in the town of Panamá itself had reached Santiago, but to the old outlaw such news seemed natural enough; nor did he begin to understand how they could affect him directly, until the morning of the second day, when a boat put out to meet and warn the captain against landing any passengers.

Tres Palacios thought otherwise; the boat that had brought the news could certainly take him back. So, while the schooner tacked and bore off toward the mouth of the Rio Grande, he was rowed toward the town.

The tide was out, and he landed on the shelf of rocks in front of the fort, where the sailors left him. A few minutes later he had climbed the weathered wall and stood inside the lines, not half a mile from Teresita's house. At this early hour there were usually scores of business men taking their morning walk, but to-day the broad boulevard was silent and deserted. With his bag over his shoulder, Tres Palacios lounged along leisurely, watching out of the corners of his eyes, and more alarmed at the unusual silence than had there been active fighting in the streets. His progress was arrested by a barricade built across the road in front of one of the barracks. Under its shelter fifty or sixty men lay, half asleep, beside their arms. Beyond, the windows of the *Cuartel* seemed deserted; not a musket was seen, nor even the gay color note of a uniform. He crept up to the top of the wall and cautiously looked across; but just as his head emerged from behind the stones a couple of shots fell, he felt a pull at his hair, and a moment later a drop of blood trickled over his forehead, and remained hanging on his heavy eyebrows.

"I wonder on which side I am fighting?" the old man said to himself as he dodged behind the wall. "At any rate, if the fellows can shoot as straight as this, matters cannot yet be very serious." But before he could obtain any information a heavy report rang out beyond; a paving stone shot downward from the coping, and ricochetting, struck him sufficiently hard to knock him off his feet. In a second the old guerillero's blood was up, and he had taken command, for the others soon recognized his superiority and accepted him as their leader. Three times within an hour the barricade was attacked, and three times the old man drove the assailants back, still ignorant of the party for which he was fighting and of the meaning of the flag which had been thrust into his hands. But little, indeed, did he care for the cause of the fight; he was in it, and now, right or wrong, it was too late to draw back.

But the fourth attack was successful. A small field gun had been wheeled into position, and the loosely built barricade rapidly melted before its blows. The bugle sounded a charge, and a few minutes later the defenders were swept back and the street cleared. Tres Palacios was but slightly wounded; but he knew that the fight was over, and that the best thing to do was to lie quiet and wait for a favorable opportunity of escape. Long before the soldiers had reached the wall he had dropped on his face near one side of the street, and lay perfectly motionless, covering his valise with his body, and to all appearances a corpse. They trampled him under foot as they passed, but the old man's limbs merely rolled aside a little, limp and heavy as those of a dead man, and no one paid any further attention to him. Unfortunately the soldiers, finding no enemy to pursue, returned before Tres Palacios had had time to rise, and one of these, a mere child, drunk with his first bloodshed, and boasting of the number of men he had killed, stumbled over the prostrate body, and fell headlong on to the pavement. He picked himself up with an oath, and turning savagely, drove his bayonet with all his strength through the old man's back. But the half-spoken curses died on his lips, for the ghastly crunching of the steel through the resisting bones sickened him, and without waiting to look at the effect of his blow, he dropped the musket and ran away, holding his hands before his face.

It was evening when the old man opened his eyes. Save for a dull, heavy burning somewhere in his body—he could not exactly say where—he felt numb and cold. His mouth was full of blood, and when he breathed it seemed as though some one were fanning red coals in his breast; streams of fire broke away slowly from the central wound and trickled outward to the very tips of his fingers before they passed away, only to be followed by others. He endeavored to remember what had happened, but his agony was so great that he gave a gurgling cry and swooned again.

A few hours later he awoke a second time, suddenly, as from a deep sleep; his mind seemed perfectly clear, and the events of the last twenty-four hours passed rapidly before him, not as they really were, but as he would have had them to be. Below his left arm he felt the hard ridges of the valise that contained the price, or the ransom, of his happiness. Teresa's house was only a few yards away, and now, at last, he should see her. Only a few minutes more to wait! He pictured to himself how he should knock at the great door and ask to see Teresa's maid; how he should send word to her. Should he merely say, "Tres Palacios has come," or should he send up the gold first? No, he could not leave the gold. Some one might steal it, and he shuddered at the thought of what that would mean to him. No, he must take it up himself. Only a few minutes more now; why should he hurry? The mere thought of the great happiness to come made him so happy now that he hesitated to move, and he waited until a bell rang out the hour somewhere in the town.

"Now!" he said, and made an effort to rise; but the paralyzed muscles refused to obey, and with the suddenness of a stroke of lightning the poor old dreamer understood.

This was the end, then—to die miserably in the street alone, like a poisoned cur, a few yards only from his little Teresa, and happiness just beyond his grasp! The gold—*her* gold—what would become of that? Up in the lonely gulches his heart had leaped with joy as he had gathered his treasure grain by grain; he remembered how at one time he would have sold an ounce of his blood for an ounce of the yellow metal, and now that the yellow gold was turned to red, he would have given the whole treasure for a little of the life-blood that stained it.

He groaned aloud. "God, God, it is not right!" and sobbed with wild, impotent rage. "Die! No! he should not, he could not die thus!" With a superhuman effort he raised himself a little from the ground and crawled forward a few inches, gulping down the blood that filled his mouth, and choking the hysterical cries of pain that burst from him in his agony. Hour after hour, with fierce determination, he wrestled with death; and inch by inch he dragged himself nearer to the iron-bound door that to him was the gate of heaven. But as the night waned his struggles became weaker, his swoons became more frequent and lasted longer, and the fever that enabled him to concentrate the remains of his colossal strength burned lower and lower. He alternately hoped he knew not what, and despaired again as his consciousness ebbed away. His mind wandered, and he forgot his surroundings. In a vague, indistinct way he remembered the old days in Santiago, but these blurred pictures were disconnected and meaningless beside the one intense purpose of these last moments.

Through the long hours of the soft tropical night he struggled fiercely, desperately; groaning, gasping, biting the paving stones in his agony, and repeating, in a thick, choked voice, that no longer sounded like anything human, "Teresa, my little one! Teresa, my little daughter!" while, unconscious of his suffering, the girl slept quietly in the great house over the way.

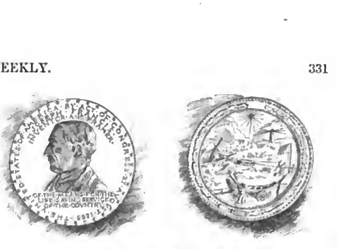
From above, the moon and the stars watched him unmoved, and passed on their way, and the soft blue night light gradually turned to gray. The streets were silent and deserted. In the morning twilight the heavy dews rose slowly from the ground and hung in shreds of mist between the houses, swinging to and fro in the faint sea-breeze, and imperceptibly drifting toward the interior. On the wet pavement, before the door that glistened as if covered with a thin layer of snow, the cramped body of the old negro lay across the narrow street, at the end of an irregular brown line that ran like a loose ribbon toward the débris of the barricade. From the soldiers' quarters the hoarsely shrill tones of the bugle sounded the reveille; a gun boomed in the distance, announcing that it was day once more, and with a sudden spasmodic jerk Tres Palacios raised himself on his side. For a moment he glared around with eyes that could no longer see, and appeared to listen. A few drops of blood trickled down from the corners of his mouth, and under the ghastly smile of his purple lips his teeth glistened, horribly white.

"Te... Teres...!" but the cry died in a gurgle; his head fell forward, and slowly he sank down to the ground. It was the end. And once more the street was silent.

An hour later the door opened, and a young man, stepping out, looked up and down the street. He shuddered slightly as he noticed the corpse, and wondering why it should be lying there, he raised the head with his foot and recognized Tres Palacios. At the other end of the bloody streak that marked the track of his struggle during the night lay a black square valise, and the young man ran toward it. By its weight he guessed the contents, and raising it to his shoulder he ran quickly back to the house, pausing only to kick the passive corpse before his door.

"I was in luck at the club last night," he said to his wife later, as he brought her some of the gold; "and this is for the bracelet I promised you so long ago."

Meantime the American sailors had taken possession of Panamá and cleared the streets. And thus this black Lear of the savanna, poor, unknown, yet loyal to the end, was buried by strangers in the common insurgents' grave. There were none to mourn his death. As the time passed and he never came, Teresa sometimes wondered what had become of Tres Palacios. But who should know what happened in the lonely gorges where the old man hunted for gold?


UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY ACT OF CONGRESS
INVENTOR AND FRAMER
OF THE MEANS FOR THE LIFE SAVING SERVICE OF THE COUNTRY

THE FRANCIS MEDAL AWARDED BY CONGRESS.

JOSEPH FRANCIS.

If the world crowns with fame and fortune those who invent the destroying appliances of the battle field, what honors should it not award to those whose ingenuity is consecrated to saving the lives of their fellow-men? Such a benefactor is the venerable Joseph Francis, to whom, in his ninetieth year, President Harrison, on the 12th of April, presented a gold medal, provided by Congress, in recognition of his memorable inventions—prominent among which are the metallic life-boat and life-car.

The career of Mr Francis is full of interest. its dates seem to belong to by-gone generations. Born in Boston on March 12, 1801, at the age of eleven he fitted up a boat with cork, making it unsinkable. In a letter dated March 26, 1890, written in a clear and firm hand, he alludes to this specimen of his boyhood's ingenuity, saying that "the first public notice and description of my inventions were published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, July, 1851, written by Jacob Abbott, thirty-nine years after my first invention in 1812." From 1812 to 1816 he was employed as a page in the Massachusetts Legislature. In 1819, being then only eighteen years old, he received at the Fair of the Massachusetts Mechanics' Institute a premium for a fast row-boat. He had now made the building of boats his business, especially giving his attention to constructing life-boats. Having established himself in New York, he was called upon to build life-boats for two of our war vessels at the Portsmouth Navy-yard, and exhibitions and public trials in New York and Philadelphia of boats which could not be upset brought them wide celebrity. Presently he added to his inventions that of a portable boat, which could be taken apart, and also new and ingenious methods of construction. From the use of wood as his material he passed to iron, then a novelty for that purpose, and between 1838 and 1842 invented a most valuable system of corrugating sheet metal, which he applied first to his famous life-car, with which to land people from wrecks. By 1845 he had perfected his metallic surf-boat. About three years afterward, having meanwhile vainly sought to induce the government to adopt his life-cars, he placed one of them on the New Jersey coast at his own expense. In January, 1850, during a terrible storm, the British ship *Ayrshire* was wrecked on Squan Beach. She had 201 souls on board. When other devices for reaching her had failed, a line was thrown across the ship from a mortar and the life-car pulled out. Back and forth it went on its errand of mercy, until all were rescued, the only person lost being a man who persisted in going on the outside of the car containing his relatives, and so was washed off. At the National Museum in Washington this life car may still be seen.

From that day Mr Francis and his invention became famous, and he was overrun with orders for corrugated metallic life-cars and boats from various nations. And it was not alone in these that his ingenuity found scope. He extended his remarkable system of corrugating sheet metal to various kinds of vessels, and to buoys, floating docks, pontoon wagons, and so on. He furnished appliances alike to our troops on the Western plains and to the Russian on the steppes of Asia. His busy brain also produced the double joint rowlock, the circular yacht, an improvement of the hydraulic press, and, in short, twenty-five patented inventions.

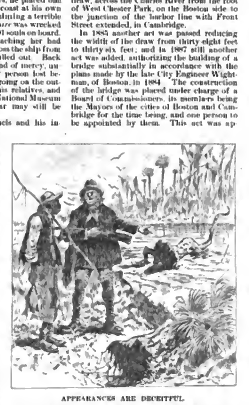
On visiting Europe he was received with distinguished honors. Russia made him a Knight of St. Stanislaus, Napoleon III., after witnessing an exhibition of his car on the Seine, gave him a valuable gold snuff-box studded with diamonds; medals and diplomas came to him from various European societies. Now, at last, a medal from his own country has followed, upon memorials from the American Institute and the New York Chamber of Commerce. Its inscription records that an Act of Congress, dated August 27, 1888, gives the token to Mr. Francis as the "inventor and framer of the means for the Life-saving Service of the country." The same face contains a finely engraved likeness of the recipient. On the other side is engraved a vessel in distress, with the life-car ready to rescue her. The medal is of pure gold, struck at the mint in Philadelphia, and is four inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick, exceeding three pounds in troy-weight, the metal having $760 intrinsic value, and the workmanship bringing the cost certainly to over $3000, while some estimates of other items carry the total cost to between $5000 and $6000. At any rate it is the most expensive medal ever struck by the government.

Only a portion is told of the life of Mr Francis in the record of his mechanical devices. His prolonged span of years has been full of beneficence, and his knowledge and skill have freely helped other inventors to success. Well did Congress thank him for his "life-long services to humanity and to his country," and happy must be his reflection at this close of his career that as his inventions have already saved thousands of lives, so they will continue to do in generations to come. His works will live after him.

THE HARVARD BRIDGE.

On September 15, 1887, the work of building the Harvard Bridge across the Charles River at Boston was begun, and the structure was completed during the past winter. For a long time the necessity of a bridge between the Back Bay section of Boston and Cambridge had been frequently urged, and with the increase in the resident population of the fashionable Back Bay quarter and the inception of great street and park improvements in that locality, the need of such a structure continually became more apparent. In 1882 the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act authorizing the cities of Boston and Cambridge to build a bridge, provided with a draw, across the Charles River from the foot of West Chester Park, on the Boston side to the junction of the harbor line with Front Street extended, in Cambridge.

In 1885 another act was passed reducing the width of the draw from thirty-eight feet to thirty-six feet; and in 1887 still another act was added, authorizing the building of a bridge substantially in accordance with the plans made by the late City Engineer Wightman, of Boston, in 1884. The construction of the bridge was placed under charge of a Board of Commissioners, its members being the Mayors of the cities of Boston and Cambridge for the time being, and one person to be appointed by them. This act was ap-



APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

"See here, my boy, what do you use to kill alligators with down here? I've fired ten shots at that chap, and he wasn't budged."

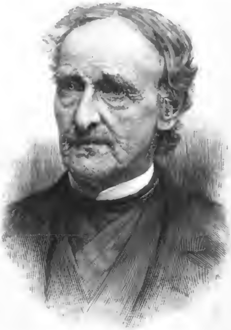
"'Tain't likes as he will, sah! 'Twould keep yer shootin' fo' de nex' ten yeah ter make a 'pression on dat ole cypress stump, sah."

ved by Governor Ames, May 18, 1887, and on May 20th that year Mayor Hugh O'Brien, of Boston, and Mayor lliam E. Russell, of Cambridge, appointed as third Com sioner Leander Greeley, of Cambridge, who continued serve in that capacity through the different municipal ninistrations until the bridge was completed. The City gineer of Boston, William Jackson, was elected engineer the bridge, and John E. Cheney assistant engineer. ·ious names for the structure were discussed. It was gested that it be called Blaxton (an antique Boston n of spelling "Blackstone"), Longfellow, Chester, and wmut Bridge; but the Commission, taking into consid- lon that the bridge would open a direct avenue to vard College, at last concluded to name it Harvard dge, in honor of Rev. John Harvard, the founder of Har- d College.

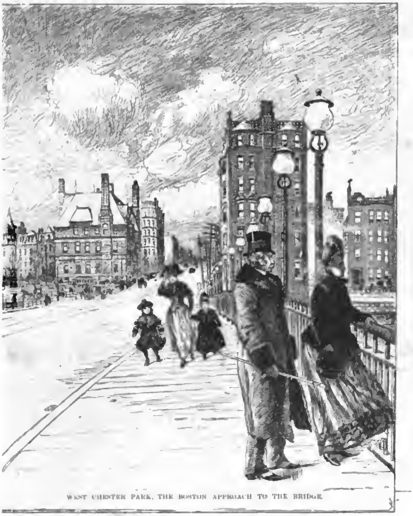
'he bridge is 2160 feet in length and 70 feet in width. There are two sidewalks, each 9 feet 6 inches wide, leaving 51 feet of width for the roadway. By the terms of the legislative act the Boards of Aldermen of Boston and Cambridge are empowered to authorize the running of street cars over the bridge, and to set apart a portion of the structure for their use, and the West End Street Railway has obtained the privilege of placing and maintaining two tracks upon the bridge.

The number of spans in the bridge is twenty-four, twenty-three spans being fixed, and one being a draw span. The fixed spans are supported on masonry piers and abutments, and the draw span is carried by a foundation of oak piles. The bed of the river at the bridge is generally composed of clay, overlaid with a considerable depth of mud or other soft material, and the piers, with three exceptions, were built upon piles driven to a firm bearing in the clay. After the piles were driven they were cut off two feet below mean low-water, and a sheathing of plank driven about them to hold the cement concrete with which the spaces between piles were filled for a depth of from two feet to eight feet below the tops of them. Two feet of this concrete was put in above the tops of the piles, and the masonry commenced from that point.

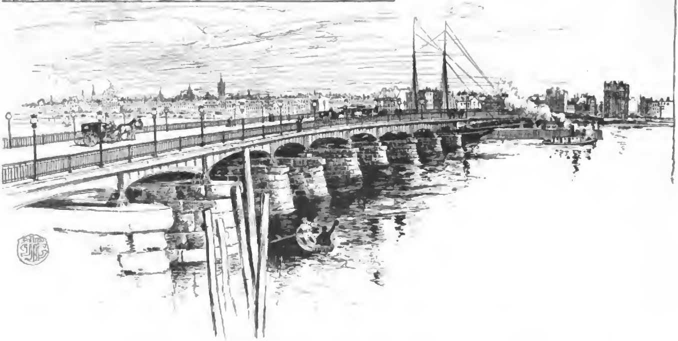
The fixed spans each have four main supporting girders of iron, of the plate girder type, and iron floor beams and brackets for supporting the projecting sidewalks. At the middle depths of the main girders limited advantage was taken of the cantilever system for increasing the lengths of the alternate spans of the bridge, and thereby reducing the number of piers. The lengths of the spans are generally 75 feet and 105 feet alternately, 75 feet of the larger span being supported by 15 feet cantilever extending from the shorter spans. The draw and six spans on each side of it are 19½ feet above mean high water, leaving clear space to a height of 12½ feet beneath them, which will give ample room for the passage of boats. On the Boston side the bridge is reached by a gradual ascent from Beacon Street, and it will be reached from the Cambridge side by an extension, at present uncompleted, of Front Street. On the Boston side this bridge is a continuation of West Chester Park, and it affords a direct driveway from Beacon Street into Cambridge. Harvard Bridge is a well-built and substantial piece of work, and it forms a necessary and additional connecting link between the two cities separated by the Charles River.



JOSEPH FRANCIS.—From a Photograph by Bogardus.—[See Page 31.]

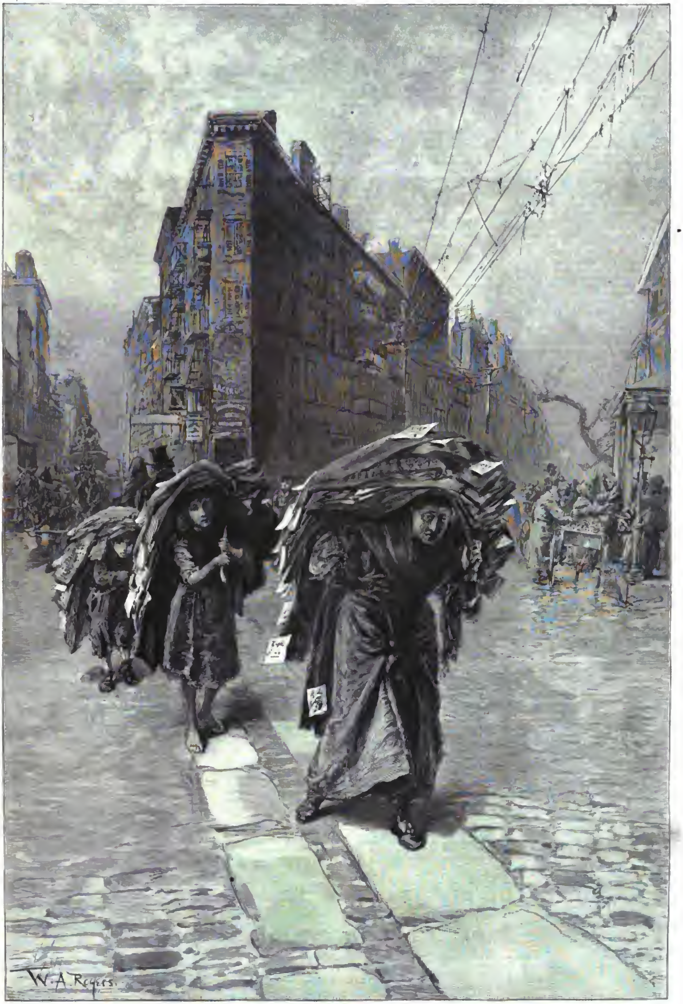


WEST CHESTER PARK, THE BOSTON APPROACH TO THE BRIDGE.



VIEW LOOKING FROM CAMBRIDGE TOWARD BOSTON.

THE HARVARD BRIDGE BETWEEN BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE.—Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett.



CHEAP CLOTHING—THE SLAVES OF THE "SWEATERS."—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 335.]

THE STANLEY-EMIN RELIEF EXPEDITION.

(Continued from page 330, Supplement.)

about 4 P.M., and occupied it, building a zeriba as fast as billhooks could cut brushwood. The war-cries were terrible from hill to hill. They were sent pealing across the intervening valleys. The people gathered by hundreds from every point. War horns and drums announced that a struggle was about to take place. Such natives as were too bold we checked with but little effort, and a slight skirmish ended in our capturing a cow, the first beef tasted since we left the ocean. The night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow.

"Our hill stood between a lofty range of hills and a lower range. On one side of us was a narrow valley 250 yards wide; on the other side the valley was three miles wide. East and west of us the valleys broadened into an extensive plain. The higher range of hills was lined with hundreds preparing to descend. The broader valley was already mustering its hundreds. There was no time to lose. A body of forty men was sent under Lieutenant Stairs to attack the broader valley. Mr. Jephson was sent with thirty men east. A choice body of sharp-shooters was sent to test the courage of those descending the slope of the highest range. Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep and narrow river in the face of hundreds of natives, and assaulted the first village, and took it. The sharp-shooters did their work effectually, and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope, until it became a general flight. Meantime Mr. Jephson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back, and taking their villages as he went. By 3 P.M. there was not a native visible anywhere, except on one small hill about a mile and a half west of us."

The next morning they resumed their march, but were attacked four times, but they easily got rid of their assailants, and after camping at noon, they marched on again at one. Mr. Stanley's account of the first view of the Albert Lake must be given in his own words:

"I cried out, 'Prepare yourselves for a sight of the Nyanza.' The men murmured and doubted, and said: 'Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed. Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us?' At 1.30 P.M. the Albert Nyanza was below them, and now it was my turn to jeer and scoff at the doubters; but as I was about to ask them what they saw, so many came to kiss my hands and beg my pardon that I could not say a word. That was my reward. . . . Kavalli, the objective point of the expedition, was six miles from us as the crow flies. We were at an altitude 5200 feet above the sea. The Albert Nyanza was over 2900 feet below us."

The next day the lake was reached. The natives appear to have been fairly friendly, but they could give no news of Emin Pasha. This is remarkably strange, as we know he surveyed the south end of the lake, and discovered and surveyed the Semliki River as far as Hamgurko. Indeed, his paper describing this exploration was sent home in October, 1886. Mr. Stanley writes:

"My boat was at Kilonga-Longa's, 1190 miles distant; there was no canoe obtainable, and to seize a canoe without the excuse of a quarrel my conscience would not permit. There was no tree anywhere of a size to make canoes. Wadelai was a terrible distance off for an expedition so reduced as ours. We had used five cases of cartridges in five days of fighting on the plain. A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested which seemed feasible to me except that of returning to Ibwiri, build a fort, send a party back to Kilonga-Longa's for our boat."

And this is what was done. On January 7th Ibwiri was reached, a fort built, and the boat was sent for, and arrived with Dr. Parke and Captain Nelson, and then Mr. Stanley was attacked by gastritis and an abscess on the arm, which required a month's careful nursing by Dr. Parke before he recovered. The expedition had no difficulty in returning to the Nyanza. Food was supplied them in abundance, and they soon received a letter from Emin, who had visited Kavalli during Stanley's absence. The natives were full of stories about "big ships as large as islands filled with men." On arriving at the lake, Stanley's boat was launched, and Mr. Jephson sent to M-swa, Emin's most southern station. On the 29th, in the evening, the steamer *Khedive* arrived at Stanley's camp with Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, and Mr. Jephson on board. At length, then, Stanley and his devoted band were rewarded for their intolerable hardships. They had at last found Emin Pasha, and brought him news from the civilized world. They had, at any rate, now reached the goal of their endeavors.

STANLEY'S REST.

For about three weeks, until May 25th, Stanley and Emin camped together upon the shores of the Albert Lake, and Mr. Stanley had a short but well-earned rest. The one thing which marred his satisfaction was that he had had no news of his rear guard. He and Emin discussed the future, and Mr. Stanley found that Emin was still anxious to retain his post, and to have a route opened to the east coast. There was apparently a good deal of difference of opinion as to the best course to pursue, but Emin appears to have thought that were he provided with sufficient ammunition, he would still be able to maintain his province. Mr. Stanley writes:

"Nor did any one impress us with his eagerness to return to civilization. They all seemed content to remain in the land; they praised it highly for its fertility and agreeable climate. They loved the natives, and were tireless in praises of everything connected with life in that region."

With regard to these points, however, the information published up to the present is vague and insufficient. It may therefore be best to omit further reference to it. It was finally arranged that Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson should visit the various stations in the province (for it must be remembered that neither Mr. Stanley himself nor his expedition entered the province at all), and tell the people of the chance they had of returning to Egypt under Mr. Stanley's escort, and that all those who wished to go should be brought to the south end of the Albert Lake. After this Emin was to march to Fort Bodo, and bring the stores which Stanley intended to leave there back to the lake, and everything was to be prepared for decision one way or the other on Stanley's return from his search for the rear guard. It will, perhaps, be best to follow Mr. Stanley on his journey, leaving Emin, Jephson, and a few Soudanese soldiers to steam to the north.

STANLEY'S RETURN TO YAMBUYA.

Early in June the advance column returned to Fort Bodo to proceed to the relief of Major Barttelot, or to ascertain the fate of the rear-guard, for, as Mr. Stanley writes, "so anxious had we all become—whites and blacks—respecting the fate of the rear column that throughout each day many an eye was directed to the road leading toward Yambuya, and many an ear was strained to catch the expected signal shots. The people dreamed that the column was approaching, and that they saw the major at the head of quite an army of carriers, and that Mr. Jameson and his friends were also with them, robust and happy. But as the days passed, and no news was heard of the volunteer couriers that had left Fort Bodo on March 16th, we became alarmed. On June 16th having prepared abundant food to cross the dreadful wilderness, which had wellnigh proved fatal to us on our first journey toward the lake, we departed from Fort Bodo on our search for the rear column, leaving Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson, and Surgeon Parke behind, with a garrison of fifty-nine rifles. Twenty-eight days' march from Fort Bodo brought us once more to Ugarrowwa's station, but it was now abandoned. The slave-trader and his hundreds of desperadoes had commenced the return home with 600 tusks of ivory, which had been collected after immense loss of life and native property. People have not the slightest idea what the present fashion of ivory-collecting, as adopted by the Arabs and Zanzibari half-castes west of the lake regions, means. Slave-trading becomes innocence when compared with ivory-raiding. The latter has become literally a most bloody business. Bands consisting of from 200 to 600 Manyuema, armed with Enfield carbines, and officered by Zanzibari Arabs and Suaheli, range over that immense forest-land east of the upper Congo, destroying every district they discover, and driving such natives as escape the sudden fusillades into the deepest recesses of the forest.

"In the midst of a vast circle described by several days' march in every direction, the ivory-raiders select a locality wherein plantations are abundant, prepare a few acres for rice, and while the crop is growing, sally out by twenties or forties to destroy every village within the circle, and to hunt up the miserable natives who have escaped their first secret and sudden onslaughts. They are aware that the forest, though it furnishes recesses of bush impervious to discovery, is a hungry wilderness outside the plantain grove of the clearing, and that to sustain life the women must forage far and near for berries, wild fruit, and fungi. These scattered bands of ivory-hunters find these women and children an easy prey. The startling explosion of heavily loaded guns in the deep woods paralyzes the timid creatures, and before they recover from their deadly fright they are rushed upon and secured.

"By the possession of these captives they impose upon the tribal communities the necessity of surrendering every article of value, ivory or goats, to gain the liberty of their relatives. Thus the land becomes thoroughly denuded of ivory, but, unfortunately, also it becomes a wild waste. The 600 ivory tusks that Ugarrowwa was bearing now to the coast had been acquired by just such bloody work, relentless destruction of human life, and condemnation of the unhappy survivors of the tribal communities to indescribable miseries. What Ugarrowwa had done within his elected circle, Kilonga-Longa had performed with no less skill, but certainly with a far greater disregard to the interests of humanity, within his reserve; and the same cruel, murderous policy was being pursued within dozens of other circles into which the region as far south as Urega, north to the Welle, east to longitude 29° 30′, and west to the Congo was parcelled out."

Through all this devastated land, through the gloomy forest, Stanley made rapid progress, discovering the remnants of the rear column on August 17th. "We witnessed," says Mr. Stanley, "in that crowded pestful village wherein the unfortunate remnant of the rear column was housed enough of the miseries that they had endured. The small-pox was raging; there were six bodies uninterred in the village; the reek of the crowded village was overpowering; dozens of disfigured men passed constantly before our eyes; and if any member of the rear column presented himself to us for recognition, we saw only a living skeleton, a creature stricken with anæmia, or a poor man whose pitiful state of mind and body was most awfully expressed by hollow cheeks, woe-begone face, and eyes brimful of grief or anxiety." Such a discovery as this would have been a crushing blow to almost any man, and every one must heartily sympathize with Stanley on the terrible shock he must have sustained. But his indomitable will bore up against this new strain. He reorganized the remnants of the expedition, and then marched once more for the Albert Lake.

On the whole, the march was rapidly accomplished, but on more than one occasion death from famine stared the whole expedition in the face. At one camp twenty-one persons altogether died from lack of food; and Stanley says that in the whole of his experience it was the nearest approach to absolute starvation he had met with. To show the sufferings endured one need only relate that for several days they existed on broth made of a pot of butter, abundance of water, a pot of condensed milk, and a cupful of flour, this being the total nutriment for 130 people.

On arriving again at Fort Bodo, to Stanley's utmost surprise, he found it still occupied by the garrison he had left in it. No news had been received from either Emin Pasha or Mr. Jephson, and, filled with direful surmisings, the combined expedition now marched to the Albert Lake, where they were soon put into communication with Mr. Jephson, and learnt of the disasters which had taken place in the Equatorial Province during their unfortunate absence.

THE REVOLT IN THE EQUATORIAL PROVINCE.

Space, unfortunately, forbids a detailed account of the stirring times and hardships experienced by Emin and Jephson during the past year. It must, however, be briefly summarized. All appears to have gone well until Laboré was reached on August 12th. Jephson had read the Khedive's letter and Stanley's proclamation at each station, but at Laboré the smouldering fires of discontent broke into flame. Emin and Jephson were flatly told that their mission was not believed; they were charged with having forged the Khedive's orders, and with the intention of evacuating the province only to sell its defenders as slaves at Zanzibar. The ignorant, credulous people refused to believe that marching to the south would ever lead them to Egypt. For years they knew that all communication with Egypt had been by way of the Nile, and with their elementary knowledge of geography it was impossible to convince them that any other way existed. Emin and Jephson were imprisoned and removed to Dufli, where they remained in durance vile until the end of November, never knowing whether or not they would be executed before the close of each several day. Their final escape was due to a curious circumstance already referred to, namely, the attack on Lado and Rejjaf by the Mahdi's troops from Khartoum. At Rejjaf the chief of Emin's enemies were killed, and it was then that his native (negro) soldiers found out that they had been misled by their officers, and insisted upon his reinstalment as Governor.

The Mahdi's troops were grievously repulsed at Dufli, but nevertheless two parties had been formed in the Equatorial Province; the one sided more or less with the Mahdists; the other was inclined to support Emin, on condition, however, that he did not desert them; and, as a matter of fact, it turned out as Emin had so forcibly prognosticated, that few, if any, of his people in reality wished to leave the province. It is only just to say that the revolt was simply due to Egyptian incendiaries working upon the feelings of an ignorant and superstitious people. Matters would have been very different had no thought of retreat to Zanzibar been expressed, but a determination manifested at all odds to maintain the Equatorial Province and to drive back the Mahdists again, as had been done before.

It is all very well to blame these people. Blameworthy they assuredly were, but at the same time considerable allowance must be made for their peculiar characteristics; and it is little to be wondered at that their previous knowledge of the slave-trade and all its horrors rendered them suspicious of a rumored expedition they had never seen, and of a proposed march to Zanzibar, which they knew, at least by repute, as being that place to which thousands of slaves had been transported from countries lying to the south of their own.

In December, 1888, Emin and Jephson, being set at liberty, proceeded to Wadelai, and in February they arrived once more at Mr. Stanley's camp at Kavalli. Stanley was then anxious to march at once for the coast. He was out of patience with people who did not care to be rescued; he was afraid that his expedition might be captured by the Mahdists, and he therefore urged a speedy retreat; but Emin, with sublime patience, urged a little delay, in order to give an opportunity to any who wished to accompany the expedition to the coast to do so. Some of Emin's followers manifested thieving propensities, and the rebels in the north sent letters to others urging them to delay Stanley's march if possible; this being found out, Stanley took prompt action.

He decided to march on the 10th of April, 1889, and march he did, the number of fugitives accompanying being 514. The total number of the expedition at this time was 1500, including some hundreds of porters, who were engaged to carry loads.

THE RETURN TO THE COAST.

The march from the Albert Nyanza to the south end of the Victoria was accomplished with little or no difficulty save one attack by Kabrega's men, who were speedily driven back. The people supplied the expedition with abundance of food; not a bead or a yard of cloth was demanded from them, and in this 400 miles of absolutely new country which was traversed many geographical problems of the greatest importance were solved. The veritable Mountains of the Moon were discovered in Mount Ruwenzori, whose highest peaks were estimated at over 19,000 feet, and from whose slopes some fifty streams feed the Semliki River, which, after a course of 100 miles from Lake Albert Edward Nyanza, empties itself into Lake Albert. The northern shores of Lake Albert Edward were coasted, and numerous hitherto unknown tribes were met with, a description of which will greatly add to our knowledge of the natives of central Africa. More than this, it was found that the great Victoria Lake extended in an unexpected direction toward the southwest, and Stanley was therefore able to estimate that its superficial area was 4500 square miles greater than he had previously believed.

But in traversing this district the expedition suffered much from sudden changes of climate. Mr. Stanley writes: "Since the commencement of our march homeward from our camp at Kavalli we have undergone remarkable vicissitudes of climate. From the temperate and enjoyable climate of the region west of Lake Albert we descended to the hot-house atmosphere of the Semliki Valley, at nearly 3000 feet lower level. Night and day were equally oppressively warm and close, and one or two of us suffered greatly in consequence. The movement from the Semliki Valley to the plains north of Lake Albert brought us to a dry but hot land. The ground was baked hard; the grass was scorched; the sun, but for the everlasting thick haze, would have been intolerable. In addition to which, the water, except that from the Ruwenzori streams, was atrocious, and charged with nitre and organic corruption. The ascent to the eastern plateau was marked by an increase of cold, and many an evil consequence—fevers, colds, catarrhs, dysenteries, and paralysis. Several times we ascended to over 6000 feet above the sea, to be punished with agues, which prostrated black and white by scores. In the early mornings at this altitude hoar-frost was common."

At Msalala the Church Missionary Society's station was reached, and the expedition were the guests of Mr. Mackay for nineteen days. Mackay had been in Africa since 1876, he having been one of the missionaries sent to Uganda on Mr. Stanley's appeal. Stanley speaks very warmly both of his hospitality and of his work, and with justice, for Mackay had been at his post for fourteen years, and had been exceedingly successful in his missionary work. Stanley calls him the modern Livingstone. (A despatch from Zanzibar, April 15, announces the death of Mr. Mackay from fever.)

After leaving the shores of the Victoria Nyanza the expedition marched through Usukuma and Mpwapwa to Bagamoyo. It was, however, attacked by the Wasukuma, who for five days disputed every mile of its advance through their territory. They gathered in immense numbers, and hundreds attacked either flank of the column; but the breech-loaders restrained them from approaching too near the column, and only one man was lost. Near Unyanyembe the expedition was met by a small caravan carrying luxuries with them sent off by the New York *Herald*; and soon after they were welcomed once more to civilization by the German troops under command of Major Wissmann. The march from the Albert Lake had not been accomplished without loss.

The death roll of the expedition may be given in Mr. Stanley's own words:

"According to a muster made at Kavalli on April 5, 1889, 570 refugees from the Equatorial Province had placed themselves under our protection for convoy to the sea. . . . We arrived at Bagamoyo with only 290 souls. The loss *en route* was therefore 280—nearly one-half—during a journey of 1400 miles. Of these 280 missing about 200 have been cared for by various native chiefs through whose territory we passed.

"If the head of a family suffered from a virulent ulcer in a country which furnished no carriers, and he could not possibly travel, there was no option left us but to leave him in some safe place; and as his family and servants preferred to stay with him, we were forced to yield to their entreaty. Probably 80 perished from ulcers, fever, fatigue, and debility; and one old lady, the mother of the Vakeel of the Equatorial Province, from sheer old age; she was nearly eighty years

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old. Of the 13 Somalis engaged by Major Barttelott at Aden, only 1 survived the journey; 3 of them were killed by natives while foraging for food, 9 died from fever and debility; of the 60 Soudanese enlisted at Cairo, only 12 returned to the coast, 7 having been already sent home from Yambuya; thus 19 out of 60 leaves a loss of 41, 2 of whom suffered the death penalty for mutiny and murder, and 1 deserted. Of the 620 Zanzibaris, only 225 were returned by us to Zanzibar; 55 were killed in the skirmishes which took place between Yambuya and the Albert Nyanza; 2 suffered capital punishment for selling their rifles and ammunition to our declared enemy; 292 died of starvation, ulcers, dysentery, and exhaustion; the rest deserted."

Of Stanley's European companions, Major Barttelott was murdered, Jamieson died of fever, Ward and Troup returned to Europe *via* the Congo; but Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Parke, and Bonny survived all perils, and reached the east coast in safety with Mr. Stanley. A warm tribute to their devotion is paid to them by Mr. Stanley, which must reward them for their endurance.

He says, "Words fail to express my deep feelings of thankfulness that it was my fortune to be blessed with such noble companionship. Men of higher intelligence and of superior attainments may enter this darkest zone of that darkest Africa traversed by us, and perform more valuable services to science and humanity, but never, while human nature remains as we know it, will there be four gentlemen so matchless for their constancy, devotion to their work, earnest purpose, and unflinching obedience to honor and duty. In brief, in all that belongs to thorough and noble manliness, these four will stand prominent above all I have met, or ever can hope to meet, within the limits of the African continent." Such generous and noble words from such a leader are praise indeed.

The task of delineating this most remarkable feat of modern times is now concluded. We have followed, although of necessity with the utmost brevity (fuller details are given in the Stanley Letters*), the expedition from its inception to its close; the terrible trials and sufferings undergone in its prosecution have been referred to, and the heroism which alone enabled its accomplishment will be appreciated by all readers. The indomitable will, physical endurance, sagacity, and genius of its leader, H. M. Stanley, have been proved time and again before now, but never has he manifested them in a more remarkable manner than in the expedition now brought to a close. A right royal welcome awaits him when he returns home to rest after his toils, and all classes will unite in heartily according it.

It is impossible to estimate the results of the expedition with regard to the future of Africa. Time alone, that great revealer of secrets, will prove whether or no the trials and losses and disastrous events which have throughout beset the expedition have been suffered in vain. It is fervently to be hoped that such heroism will ultimately result in good for Africa and the Africans.

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* *The Story of Emin's Rescue as told in Stanley's Letters.* Published by Mr. Stanley's Permission. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. With Map of the Route. 8vo, Cloth, 50 Cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SLAVES OF THE "SWEATERS."

THE burden of poverty is a heavy one, and the observer need not go to Hester Street, as the artist has done, to find an exemplification of it. Yet the artist has done wisely, for he has found what may be accepted as the embodiment of the extreme pressure of that burden. Poverty, to those who have studied the problem of it, seems to bear the hardest on those who struggle the most vigorously against it. The burden of it is not great upon the tramp or the idler, who relinquishes the struggle, and, lying down, leaves the community to do for him what he should do for himself. He is like the tropical savage, who simply opens his mouth and waits for the cocoa-nut to drop into it. If it drops, well; if not, well, the game is not worth playing. But to the toiler—to him who accepts the responsibility of carrying his portion of the burden of mankind—there comes always a load as heavy as he can well carry.

In the byways of New York there is an army of such. The student of sociology may not linger on the highways. There the prosperous pass. It is in the meaner streets, along the passageways of the "slums," that one may find the man whom civilization treads under foot. More than that, the man's wife and little ones may be found, as the artist has found them, staggering under the overplus of that burden. Into New York, as the gateway of the New World, flows, year by year, a steady and ever-increasing stream—the "surplus humanity" of Europe. Whoever in human form finds the conditions of life too hard in older civilizations turns to America as the land of promise. It is that. Yet, to the infinite dismay and discouragement of the toiler, the promise is one that may only be fulfilled in the third and fourth generation. Coming from the grinding conditions of labor in the Old World into the broad, generous sunrise of promise in the New, the toiler is at once confronted with the drawbacks of an overcrowded community. No doubt if he could "go West," or if he understood the necessity of doing so, he might find circumstances more favorable; but he cannot or does not. He has reached America. He stops where he is, and no man knows or cares about his necessities enough to guide him. He sits down in such a habitation as he may find, and does such work as he may find to do. It is the story of this man, not seen in the picture, which the artist tells in his picture of what may be seen any day in the streets of New York. He is a tailor; not one who accumulates a fortune by dictating fashions to the votaries of fashion, but the man who has learned to fasten together the garments that clothe the common people. Good honest work he is ready to give in return for a living, but in America he looks for a comfortable living, with a possibility of something more. The tools of his trade are few and simple, and he has them. At once he looks for work, and he finds it. He falls into the hands of the "sweater," and thenceforward, if his life is better than it was in Poland or Hungary—and it is—it is solely because of the larger liberty he has, and because of that bow of promise that is ever before him, and that will, so long as he lives, remain in the distance like an actual rainbow. His son, the little fellow who is tottering along, manfully struggling under his share and more of the family's burden, will grow up a happier and better man than the father ever can be, for he has the better start and larger opportunities; and the father and mother, seeing and knowing this, although vaguely, are content. It takes little to content the hopelessly poor.

And hopelessly poor the parents will remain. The squalor and almost incredible toil endured by the slaves of the "sweaters" can only be realized by those who see and study it. The artist has studied one incident of it in the picture, but it is only an incident. While the father is sewing at home, the mother and children are bringing him more work to do. Toilsome as their progress is through the wretched streets of the poorer quarters, the home must be seen before their poverty can be realized. It is a room—perhaps two rooms—in the top floor of a "rear tenement." Five, six, or eight dollars a month go for bare shelter, for rent buys nothing more than shelter in these places; comforts, conveniences, and cleanliness are not looked for. In these rooms are a table, a stove, a few chairs, a sewing machine, and perhaps a bed. Or, it may be, in lieu of a bed there is a heap of rags in the corner. Besides these things, there is nothing but a few dishes and the family of four.

Week after week, sometimes without even the rest of the weekly Sabbath, and year after year, the toiler struggles on for the enrichment of the "sweater." This creature is not a toiler, not a merchant, not a producer, not even a dealer in anything but human endurance. He is a contractor, and the name "sweater" by which he is commonly called is indicative of the character of his employment and the esteem in which he is commonly held. He is acquainted with some of the large clothing manufacturers, who, under competition, are striving always to lessen the cost of manufacture. They are willing to pay only a trifle for the sewing together of garments, and they contract with the "sweater" for the performance of the work. To him it matters little how small the price of the work is if he can secure enough of it, for he looks out for his own pay first, and pays the workmen whom he employs whatever is left. He serves no purpose whatever in the economy of civilization beyond the mere convenience of the manufacturer, and yet that slender hold is enough for him.

The figures tell the story, or would, if they could be collated accurately and fully. Within a few years a number of the States have established bureaus of labor statistics, and have set their commissioners at work investigating the facts of the daily life of the workers. The field is too large to be covered in a few years, and the reports that are made annually are valuable chiefly as material for the student. The chief criticism to be made so far is that the returns are too scattering. Figures are there, and they are instructive, but they are neither exact enough nor complete enough to be satisfactory. We can learn, however, from Commissioner Peck's report from Albany, that the newly arrived immigrant who goes to work for the "sweater" can make at first about five cents an hour in return for hard work. On this he expects to support his family, and he begins work hopefully. In a little time he finds that he is underpaid, and he begins the struggle, which lasts for the rest of his life, for better wages. He gets them. From the testimony which Mr. Peck has collected we learn that the clothing manufacturer pays as much as a dollar and a half to three dollars for "making," that is, sewing, a dozen pairs of pantaloons, and from fifteen cents to thirty-five cents apiece for making vests. Out of this munificent contract price the "sweater" retains so much that his victim is able to earn about fifty cents for sixteen hours' work. To do this, he has to employ the help of his wife and children. Newspaper reporters who have occasion to visit the homes of the very poor find children from four to six years old—just such infants as the one who toils under the lightest burden in the picture—sitting on the floor, pulling out basting threads. They are earning their quota of the half dollar a day that comes in for the labor of the entire family. Better wages come with more knowledge, but knowledge comes slowly, and the emancipation of the "slaves of the sweaters" is a very gradual process.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

IT was perhaps an auspicious portent, it certainly is an interesting fact, that the first play that was ever acted in America at a regular theatre and by a regular theatrical company was Shakespeare's comedy of *The Merchant of Venice*. Such at least is the record made by William Dunlap, the first historian of the American theatre, who names Williamsburg, Virginia, as the place, and September 5, 1752, as the date of that production. It ought to be noted, however (so difficult is it to settle upon any fact in this uncertain world), that the learned antiquarian Judge Daly, fortified likewise by Ireland, dissents from Dunlap's statement, and declares that Cibber's alteration of Shakespeare's *Richard the Third* was acted by a regular company in a large room in Nassau Street, New York, at an earlier date, namely, on March 5, 1750. All the same, it appears to have been Shakespeare's mind that started the dramatic movement in America. The American stage has undergone great changes since that time, but both *The Merchant of Venice* and *Richard the Third* are still acted, and in the *Merchant*, if not in *Richard*, the public interest is still vital. In New York, under Edwin Booth's management (at the Winter Garden Theatre, January 28, 1867, and subsequently at Booth's Theatre), and in London, under Henry Irving's management (at the Lyceum Theatre, November 1, 1879), sumptuous productions of the *Merchant* have brilliantly marked the dramatic chronicle of our times. Discussion of the great character of Shylock steadily proceeds, and seems never to weary either the disputants or the audience. The sentiment, the fancy, and the ingenuity of artists are often expended not only upon the austere and picturesque and terrible figure of the vindictive Jew, but upon the chief related characters in the comedy—upon Bassanio and Portia, Gratiano and Nerissa, Lorenzo and Jessica, the princely and pensive Antonio, the august Duke and his stately senators, and the shrewd and humorous Gobbo. More than one painting has depicted the ardent Lorenzo and his fugitive infidel as they might have looked on that delicious summer night at Belmont when they saw "how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," and when the blissful lover, radiant with his own happiness and touched and exalted by the sublime, illimitable, unfathomable spectacle of the star-strewn firmament, murmured to his mistress:

> "There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

It is not to be denied that lovely words are spoken to Jessica, and that almost equally lovely words are spoken by her. Essayists upon the *Merchant* have generally accepted her without a protest—so much do youth and beauty in a woman count in the scale when weighed against duty and integrity. There is no indication that Shylock was ever unjust or unkind to Jessica. Whatever he may have been to others, he seems always to have been good to her; and she was the child of that lost Leah of his youthful devotion whom he passionately loved and whom he mourned to the last. Yet Jessica not only abandoned her father and his religion, but robbed him of his money and his jewels (including the betrothal ring, the turquoise, that her mother had given to him), when she fled with the young Christian who had won her heart. It was a basely cruel act; but probably some of the vilest and cruelest actions that are done in this world are done by persons who are infatuated by the passion of love. Mrs. Jameson, who, in her beautiful essay on Portia, extenuates the conduct of Jessica, would have us believe that Shylock valued his daughter far beneath his wealth, and therefore deserved to be deserted and plundered by her; and she is so illogical as to derive his sentiments on this subject from his delirious outcries of lamentation after he learned of her predatory and ignominious flight. The argument is not a good one. Fine phrases do not make wrong deeds right. It were wiser to take Jessica for the handsome and voluptuous girl that certainly she is, and to leave her rectitude out of the question. Shakespeare in his drawing of her was true to nature, as he always is, but the student who wants to know where Shakespeare's heart was placed when he drew women must look upon creatures very different from Jessica. The women that Shakespeare seems peculiarly to have loved are Imogen, Cordelia, Isabella, Rosalind, and Portia—Rosalind, perhaps, most of all, for although Portia is finer than Rosalind, it is extremely probable that Shakespeare resembled his fellow-men sufficiently to have felt the aspiration which Tom Moore long afterward expressed:

> "Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
> But, oh! be a woman to-night."

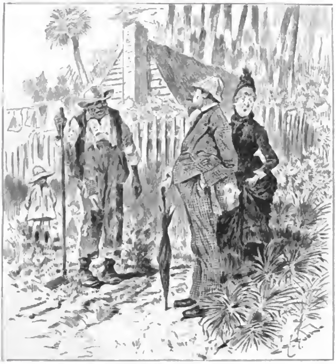
When Ellen Terry embodied Portia—in Henry Irving's magnificent revival of *The Merchant of Venice*—the essential womanhood of that character was for the first time in the modern theatre adequately interpreted and conveyed. Upon many play-going observers indeed the wonderful wealth of beauty that is in the part—its winsome grace, its incessant sparkle, its alluring because piquant as well as luscious sweetness, its impetuous ardor, its enchantment of physical equally with emotional condition, its august morality, its perfect candor, and its noble passion—came like a surprise. Did the great actress find these attributes in the part (they asked themselves), or did she infuse them into it? Previous representatives of Portia had placed the emphasis chiefly, if not exclusively, upon morals and mind. The stage Portia of the past has usually been a didactic lady, self-contained, formal, conventional, and oratorical. Ellen Terry came, and Portia was figured exactly as she lives in the pages of Shakespeare, an imperial and yet enchanting woman, dazzling in her beauty, royal in her dignity, as ardent in temperament as she is fine in brain, and various and splendid in personal peculiarities and feminine charm. After seeing that matchless impersonation it seemed strange that Portia should ever have been represented in any other light, and it was furthermore felt that the inferior, mechanical, utilitarian semblance of her could not again be tolerated. Ellen Terry's achievement was a complete vindication of the high view that Shakespearian study has almost always taken of this character, and it finally discredited the old stage notion that Portia is a type of decorum and declamation.

Aside from Hazlitt, who thought that Portia is affected and pedantic, and who did not like her because he did not happen to appreciate her, the best analytical thinkers about Shakespeare's works have taken the high view of this character. Shakespeare himself certainly took it; for aside from her own charming behavior and delightful words it is to be observed that everybody in the play who speaks of her at all speaks her praise. It is only upon the stage that she has been made artificial and prim and preachy. That misrepresentation of her has, perhaps, been caused, in part, by the practice long prevalent in our theatre of cutting and compressing the play so as to make Shylock the chief figure in it. In this way Portia is shorn of much of her splendor and her meaning. The old theatrical records dwell almost exclusively upon Shylock, but say little if anything about Portia. In Shakespeare's own time, no doubt, *The Merchant of Venice* was acted as it is written, the female persons in it being played by boys, or by men who could "speak small." Alexander Cooke (1588–1614) played the light heroines of Shakespeare while the poet was alive. All students of the subject are aware that Burbage was the first Shylock, and that when he played the part he wore a red wig, a red beard, and a long false nose. No record exists as to the first Portia. The men who were acting female characters upon the London stage when that institution was revived immediately after the Restoration were Kynaston, James Nokes, Angel, William Betterton, Mosely, and Floid. Kynaston, it is said, could act a woman so well that when at length women themselves began to appear as actors, it was for some time doubted whether any one of them could equal him. The account of his life, however, does not mention Portia as one of his characters.

Indeed, the play of *The Merchant of Venice*, after it languished out of sight in that decadence of the stage which ensued upon the growth of the Puritan movement in England, did not again come into use until it was revived in Lord Lansdowne's alteration of it produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1701, and even then it was grossly perverted. Forty years later, however, on St. Valentine's Day, 1741, at Drury Lane, when Macklin regenerated the character of Shylock, the original piece was restored to the theatre. Women in the mean time had come upon the stage. The garrulous and delightful Pepys, who had seen Kynaston play a female part, records in his marvellous Diary that he first saw women as actors on January 3, 1661. These were members of Killigrew's company, which preceded that of Davenant by several months, if not by a year, and therefore the common statement in theatrical books that the first woman that ever appeared on the English stage was Mrs. Sanderson, of Davenant's company (at Lincoln's Inn Fields), is erroneous, and indeed the name of the first English actress is as much unknown as the name of the first Portia. When Macklin restored Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* to the stage it is not likely that the character of Portia was dwarfed, for its representative then was Kitty Clive, and that actress was a person of strong will. With Clive the long list begins of the Portias of the stage. She was thirty years old when she played the part with Macklin, and it is probable that she played it with dignity, and certain that she played it with sparkling animation and piquant grace. The German Ulrici, whose descriptive epithets for Portia are "roguish and intellectual," would doubtless have found his ideal of the part fulfilled in Clive. The Nerissa that night was Mrs. Pritchard, then also thirty years old, but not so famous as she afterward became.

The greatest actress on the British stage in the eighteenth century undoubtedly was Margaret Woffington (1719-60). Sarah Siddons, to whom the sceptre passed, was only five years old when Woffington died. Both these brilliant names are associated with Portia. Augustin Daly's *Life of Woffington* he best life of her that has been written, l one of the most sumptuous books that e been made in America—contains this erence to her performance of this part: ll her critics agree that her declamation s accurate and her gesture grace and ure combined; but in tragic or even dra- tic speeches her voice probably had its its, and in such scenes, being overtaxed, l against her. As Portia she appeared to at advantage; but when Lorenzo says, als is the voice, or I am much deceived, Portia,' and Portia replies, 'He knows as the blind man knows the cuckoo, by bad voice,' the audience laughed out- it, and Woffington, conscious of her de- ency, with great good-humor joined with m in their merriment." The incident is ntioned in the *Table Talk* (1825) of Rich- llyan, to which book Mr. Daly refers. s. Siddons made her first appearance on the ndon stage as Portia (December 29, 1775), l conspicuously failed in the part on that asion, but she became distinguished in it erward; yet it is probable that Mrs. Sid- ns expressed its nobility more than its ten- ness, and much more than its buoyant l glittering glee, which is so entirely l beautifully given by Ellen Terry. Af- Woffington and before Siddons the st conspicuous Portia was Mrs. Dancer, om Hugh Kelley, in his satirical com- ition of *Thespis*, calls a "moon-eyed d," from which barbarous bludgeon ase the reader derives a hint as to her as- t. Some of the tones of Mrs. Dancer's e were so tender that no one could resist n. Spranger Barry could not, for he ried her, and after his death she became Crawford. Miss Maria Macklin, daugh- of the first true Shylock of the stage, acted Portia, April 13, 1776, with her father. She ecorded as an accomplished woman but titute of genius—in which predicament she bably was not lonesome. On June 11, 1777, tia was acted at the Haymarket by Miss sall, afterward Mrs. Lister, an actress o, since she excelled in such parts as were tomarily taken by Fanny Abington (the inct opposite of Portia-like characters), st have been unsuited for it. The names Miss Younge, Miss Farren, Miss E. Kem- Miss Ryder, Mrs. Pope, Miss De Camp, l Miss Murray are in the record of the stage tias that comes down to 1800. Prob- y the best of all these Portias was Mrs. pe.

he beautiful Mrs Glover played Portia 1809 at the Haymarket Theatre. Mrs. lvie played it, with Macready as Shylock first appearance there in that part), on y 13, 1823. These figures passed and left shadow. Two English actresses of great ie are especially associated with Portia— en Tree, afterward Mrs. Charles Kean, and en Faucit, now Lady Martin; and no doubt ir assumptions of the part should be mark- as exceptions from the hard, didactic, de- matory, perfunctory method that has cus- marily characterized the Portia of the ge. Lady Martin's written analysis of tia is eminently noble in thought and tle and tender in penetration and sym- hy. Charlotte Cushman read the text erbly, but she was much too formidable r to venture on assuming the character.



CHANGE.

TOURIST IN THE SOUTH. "You must have seen lots of change down here the last few years, uncle."

UNCLE. "Dey say dere's been lots, boss, but de mos' I's seen ob it ha' been a dime or a nickle ebery now an' den, explainin' to folks dat it a'n't safe to trabel roun' here 'mong de scrub palmetters, on 'count ob de rattlers an' moccasins."

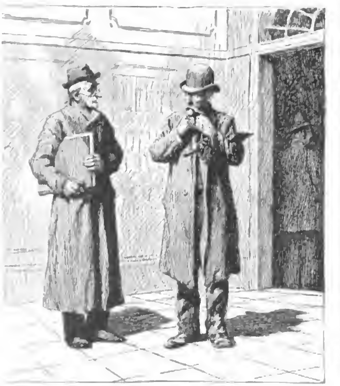
Portia is a woman who deeply loves, and deeply rejoices and exults in her love, and she is never the least ashamed of her passion or of her exultation in it; and she says the finest things about love that are said by any of Shakespeare's women; the finest because, while supremely passionate, the feeling in them is perfectly sane. It is as a lover that Ellen Terry embodies her, and while she makes her a perfect woman, in all the attributes that fascinate, she fails not, in the wonderful trial scene, to invest her with that fine light of celestial anger—that momentary thrill of moral austerity—which properly appertains to the character at the climax of that solemn and almost tragical situation.

On the American stage there have been many notable representatives of the chief characters in *The Merchant of Venice*. In New York, when the comedy was done at the old John Street Theatre in 1773, Hallam was Shylock and Mrs. Morris Portia. Twenty years afterward, at the same house, Shylock was played by John Henry and Portia by Mrs. Henry, while the brilliant Hodgkinson appeared as Gratiano. Cooper (whose life has been so well written by that ripe theatrical scholar Joseph N. Ireland in one of the recent books of the Dunlap Society) assumed Shylock in 1797 at the theatre just then opened in Greenwich Street. The famous Miss Brunton (then Mrs. Merry) was the Portia, and the cast included Moreton as Bassanio, Warren as Antonio, Bernard as Gratiano, and Blissett as Tubal. How far away and how completely lost and forgotten those once distinguished and admired persons are! Yet Cooper in his day was idolized: he had a fame as high, if not as widely spread, as that of Edwin Booth at present. William Creswick—lately dead at an advanced age in London—was seen upon the New York stage as Shylock in 1840; Macready in 1841; Charles Kean in 1845. With the latter, Ellen Tree (his wife), of course, played Portia. Charles W. Couldock enacted Shylock on September 6, 1852, at the Castle Garden Theatre, in a performance given to commemorate the alleged centenary of the introduction of the drama into America. The elder Wallack, the elder Booth, Edwin Forrest, G. V. Brooke, George Vandenhoff, Wyzeman Marshall, and E. L. Davenport are among the old local representatives of the Jew. Madame Ponisi used to play Portia, and so did Mrs. Hoey.

In December, 1858, when *The Merchant of Venice* was finely revived at Wallack's Theatre, with the elder Wallack as Shylock, the cast included Lester Wallack as Bassanio, John Brougham as Gratiano, A. W. Young (a quaintly comic actor, too soon cut off) as Launcelot Gobbo, Mary Gannon—the fascinating, the irresistible—as Nerissa, and handsome Mrs. Sloan as Jessica. The great German actor Davison played Shylock here, in his own language, and many German actors, no one of them comparable with him, have here been seen in it since. Lawrence Barrett has often played it, and with remarkable force and feeling. The triumphs won in it by Edwin Booth are within the remembrance of many play-goers of this generation. When he now acts the Jew, Madame Helena Modjeska is associated with him as Portia. Mr. Booth has customarily ended the piece with the trial scene, omitting the last act; and indeed that was long the stage custom, but with the true Portia of Ellen Terry and a good cast in general the last act goes blithely and with superb effect. The comedy was not written for Shylock alone. He is a tremendous identity, but he is not the chief subject. The central theme is Portia and her love. This theme takes up a large part of the play, which is like a broad summer landscape strewn with many-colored flowers that flash and glitter in the sun, while slowly a muttering thunder-storm gathers and lowers, and presently sweeps overhead, casting one black shadow as it passes, and leaving the fragrant and glistening plain all the brighter and sweeter for the contrast with its defeated menace and vanishing gloom.

WILLIAM WINTER.

NOTE.—An elaborate article on *The Merchant of Venice*—the second of a series on the Comedies of Shakespeare from the graceful pen of Andrew Lang, giving new conceptions of the great characters in these plays—appeared in the April number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, with superb illustrations by E. A. Abbey.



BETTING ON HIS EGOISM.

"My dear sir," said the lecturer, "I had a very observant listener in you to-night. May I ask the reason? Were you deeply interested?"

"I was, sir—I was. I had a bet that you would use the first personal pronoun once every minute, and, by Jove! I won the bet."

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discredited—overshadowed Clay's whole political career for a quarter of a century, what ought to be the effect of the charges of pecuniary dishonesty now brought with testimony, and reiterated in detail day after day, against Mr. Quay?

Such accusations cannot be dismissed as beneath the notice of any public man. Disregard of charges like those against Mr. Quay, made as they are made, is a practical admission that they are unanswerable. We do not, indeed, admit the moral right of a newspaper to accuse men of dishonesty, and then with a smirking conceit of candor proclaim that its columns are open for an explanation. If a newspaper alleges forgery against Bishop Potter, or grand larceny against Vice-President Morton, the outrage is not extenuated by the announcement that equal publicity will be given to their denial. Such men will not deny such charges. If their characters do not defend them, their word would be no defence. But this is not Mr. Quay's case. The time, the place, the figures, the methods, of the alleged dishonesty, with corroborative testimony and legal records, are published, and denial of the truth of the charges is defiantly challenged. Under such circumstances, Washington himself would have felt it to be the most imperative public duty to bring the matter to prompt and thorough investigation, that the libellers, if such they were, should be punished like other reckless malefactors.

A perfectly reputable journal makes and repeats what it states to be "a charge supported by evidence, that Mr. Quay took at one time $260,000 from the Pennsylvania State Treasury, and lost it in stock gambling, and at another time took $400,000, when he was State Treasurer, and used it to pay for certain railroad securities which he had purchased, subsequently returning the State's money when he had sold the securities." It cannot be said that Mr. Quay's character defends him against such charges. His standing in the country does not permit him to treat them with scorn. Indeed, he is known to the country only by such unanswered accusations made with proof, and by reports, universally believed, of disreputable pecuniary transactions in the conduct of an election as chairman of the Republican National Committee. Such charges, without evidence, alleged against Senator Edmunds or Senator Hoar would be discredited. But made as they are made against Mr. Quay, both of these Senators would at once challenge legal inquiry. Mr. Quay, through friends, replies only that the accusations are due to the spleen of free-traders and the rage of defeated Democrats. Was the Philadelphia *Press* a splenetic free-trader and defeated Democrat when it said, alluding to these charges when they were first familiar, "Take the lid from off the State Treasury, and uncover secrets before which Republicans would stand dumb"? Is Mr. Lea a disappointed and malignant free-trader? Mr. Quay's indirect rejoinder is not a denial, but rather a confession. It makes his position very much worse. Yet he is still a companion and counsellor of the President, the associate of Senators, and the chairman of the Republican National Committee. Do these facts comport with public decency?

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The conference of working-girls' societies or clubs which was recently held in this city was very interesting in many ways, and especially as showing both the admirable way of "putting things" upon the part of the speakers and the parliamentary readiness and ability of the leaders. The interest in the clubs of those who are not working girls is not a mere "fad" of fashionable ennui. It springs from sincere feeling, and is shown by efficient sympathy. Miss Dodge said conclusively, when a question arose which assumed a difference in the membership, that as members there was entire equality. Undoubtedly, as at the conference, those who are not technically working girls will generally take the lead, because they have a greater knowledge of the purposes of the clubs and greater facility in leading. When, for instance, young girls are to be amused in a bright and social way, they will naturally look to those who are peculiarly fitted to be mistresses of the revels, and who can at once lead the sport and keep order.

This system of clubs is of very great value. It supplies a place of agreeable resort for amusement and social intercourse to those whose homes are not attractive, and this alone is an inestimable service. It furnishes opportunities of careful instruction in many forms of self-help and in many methods of earning a livelihood, and, above all, it cultivates the sentiment of human sympathy and friendliness, and destroys the bitterness of class feeling. The advantages also are by no means on one side. Close and constant association with the less fortunate in life tends to correct the selfishness and heartlessness which mere prosperity is apt to produce, and to foster in the truest sense a happy Christian socialism. The interest in these clubs is one of the pleasantest signs of the modern spirit of fraternity, which is merely practical Christianity.

THE "RECOLLECTIONS" OF MR. CHILDS.

To be universally known as constantly doing good, as a rich man who holds his riches in trust for the benefit of others, as the effective friend of every humane enterprise, as the proprietor of one of the great and most prosperous newspapers in the country, conducted strictly upon the principles of courtesy and good sense which regulate the intercourse of gentlemen, and as the friend of the most distinguished persons of his time, is the happy fortune of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

The beginning of his prosperous career is characteristically associated with benefit to a justly famous man. It was the publication of Dr. Kane's journal of his arctic expedition, an undertaking against which Mr. Childs was warned, but which resulted in the payment of $70,000 to Dr. Kane as his share of the profits in the first year of publication. The sagacity which prompted this venture is the gift of nature to Mr. Childs, which explains his prosperous career. The recollections of such a life are necessarily full of interest. They are especially pleasant, because they do not associate narrowness and hardness and meanness and selfish intrigue with success, but, on the contrary, the open hand and the open heart.

Mr. Childs, despite his friendly relations with royalty and the nobility, is too good an American republican to care to quarter his family arms upon any shield. But he could not choose a better motto than such a heart and such a hand. His little volume of *Recollections*, just published by the Lippincott Company, is rich with reminiscences of famous persons and accounts of exceedingly interesting possessions, and of public gifts and delightful occasions, all pervaded with the spirit of the generous giver who is sure to double his generosity by giving quickly. Artists always paint themselves in their pictures, and Mr. Childs has unconsciously given us himself in his book.

A STEALTHY BLOW.

The joint resolution providing for the appointment of thirty additional medical examiners in the Pension Bureau, but exempting them from examination under the civil service rules, is simply an insidious attempt to obtain Congressional countenance for breaking down the rules. The President could suspend the rules in the case if he chose to do so, or thought that the exigency required a suspension. The fact that the suspension is put in the form of a joint resolution shows a desire at once to relieve the President of a disagreeable responsibility, and to obtain the authority of Congress for a blow at reform.

When the joint resolution passed the House it was alleged that the necessity of appointment was so urgent that it would not brook delay. The facts that there was an eligible list from which selections could be made at once, and that the Commission was ready to examine candidates as rapidly as they could be examined elsewhere, were not permitted by the Speaker under the rules to be stated. The urgent necessity, however, has not prevented a delay of some weeks, during which the most complete and satisfactory examinations might have been held. The joint resolution was reported unchanged in the Senate, and Senator Hoar's amendment was adopted providing for such examination as the President may approve.

There is no reason whatever, except the wish to strike at reform, that the thirty examiners should not be appointed exactly as other examiners are appointed. Their duties and emoluments are the same, and the public service cannot be subserved by a different method of selection. The trick of the resolution is plain, and no member of Congress who is friendly to reform can be deceived by it.

MEMORIAL TABLETS IN NEW YORK.

The Holland Society in New York proposes the erection of memorial tablets to mark interesting sites in the city, such as those in Albany which we recently described. The design is admirable, and has been too long delayed. Its execution, also, undoubtedly will be tasteful and satisfactory, except in one point as now proposed. According to the scheme as published, the Holland Society seems to be as intent upon glorifying itself for doing the work as the work itself. The inscription upon every tablet that we have seen proposed begins with the statement, "Erected by the Holland Society," and then proceeds to mention the interest of the site.

This is both amusing and offensive. The society shows unnecessary zeal to advertise itself. The committee should consider the monument erected by Mr. Sapsea to his wife in *Edwin Drood*, which was in effect a glowing panegyric of himself, his virtues, and his business. It is seemly that having mentioned the site of interest, the society should modestly subjoin the fact that the tablet was erected by it. But to preface each inscription with the remark that the society caused the tablet to be erected is to appropriate the first homage of interest, which belongs not to the society but to the site.

Among the spots worthily selected for commemoration are the place where the first houses of white men were built, at Nos. 41-43 Broadway; the site of old Fort Amsterdam; the old Stadt Huys, or City Hall; the Stuyvesant pear tree; the first Exchange; the Middle Dutch Church; Fraunce's Tavern; the Delancey House, later the site of the City Hotel, where the non-importation agreement was signed. This is an excellent beginning, for which the Holland Society is to be heartily thanked. There are many other memorable sites which will doubtless be considered hereafter. Among them is that of the houses in which John Jay and Washington Irving were born.

THE LATE MRS. WESTERVELT.

Mrs. John S. Westervelt, who died a few days ago at New Brighton, Staten Island, in her eighty-seventh year, was a daughter of Vice-President Tompkins, the war Governor of New York in 1812-14. Governor Tompkins is also remembered for his recommendation to the Legislature in 1817 that a day should be fixed for the abolition of slavery in the State, and in accordance with the Governor's suggestion, New York became a free State on the Fourth of July, 1827. His daughter, Mrs. Westervelt, until within a few days of her death retained in a very remarkable degree the vigor and activity of earlier years. Her interest in life was unabated, and her recollections of famous persons and noted events were so vivid that her conversation was at once instructive and delightful. She had outlived her contemporaries, but not her youthfulness of spirit, and her cheerfulness and courtesy were inexhaustible. During a large part of her long life she had lived upon Staten Island, and no resident was more deeply respected. Her husband was for some years Health Officer, and her son, the late Tompkins Westervelt, was County Judge, and an active and public-spirited citizen. The death of Mrs. Westervelt removes one of the few remaining visible links that bind this generation to that of the war in which the State was so active a scene, and her father so conspicuous an actor.

PERSONAL.

While Congressman Randall was a private in the Fifth City Cavalry of Philadelphia in 1861, he used his influence with the War Department so effectively that his Colonel, George H. Thomas, was appointed a Brigadier-General.

—One of the curiosities of Martha's Vineyard, Aunt Nancy Lee, has just died. She raised a number of bantam chickens, and trained them to do tricks. When they died she erected marble tombstones over their graves, and wrote verses to their memory.

—Occasionally some relic-seeking lunatic escapes from his keeper and commits depredations. A person of this class visited Springfield, Illinois, the other day, and mutilated the marble sarcophagus enclosed within the catacomb of the Lincoln monument. Reaching through the iron grating with a heavy cane, he knocked off a piece of the marble, raked it out, and carried it away. As this is only the last of a series of similar acts of vandalism, a stout iron fence is to be put around the monument to protect it.

—Albert F. Heard, who died March 26th, was the author of *The Russian Church and Russian Dissent*, published in 1887 by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Mr. Heard was formerly Consul-General for Russia at Shanghai, and his work was a careful study, which was well received and highly commended by authorities both in this country and in England, where it was republished. Articles by Mr. Heard also appeared in Harper's Magazine for April, 1887, on "Russia of To-day," and May, 1888, on "Justice and Law in Russia."

—Miss Augusta M. Lowell, organist of the Church of the Incarnation in this city, is considered the leading woman organist in this country. She came to New York from California in 1884, studied with the best teachers, and has won her place by conscientious work. Miss Lowell is also a composer of songs.

—Joseph Catonio, a giant who served King Louis Philippe as porter in 1845, died recently in Rome, and left his huge body to the anatomical museum. His skeleton is to be prepared for exhibition.

—The gift of $30,000 to Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, by the members of his late congregation in Brooklyn, was a graceful tribute to the man who had served his church so long and faithfully. Long pastorates are rare in these days of shifting congregations and fickle church associations, and make Dr. Cuyler's thirty years' stay with his people a subject of unusual congratulation.

—The deaths of Congressmen Kelley and Randall still leave a Pennsylvanian "the father of the House." He is Charles O'Neill, of the Second District of that State. O'Neill entered Congress with Randall in 1863, but dropped out for a term a few years later.

—The value placed on the life of the late Miss Brigham, President of Mount Holyoke College, at South Hadley, Massachusetts, by the railroad that killed her, is $4000, that sum having been paid her heirs by the company.

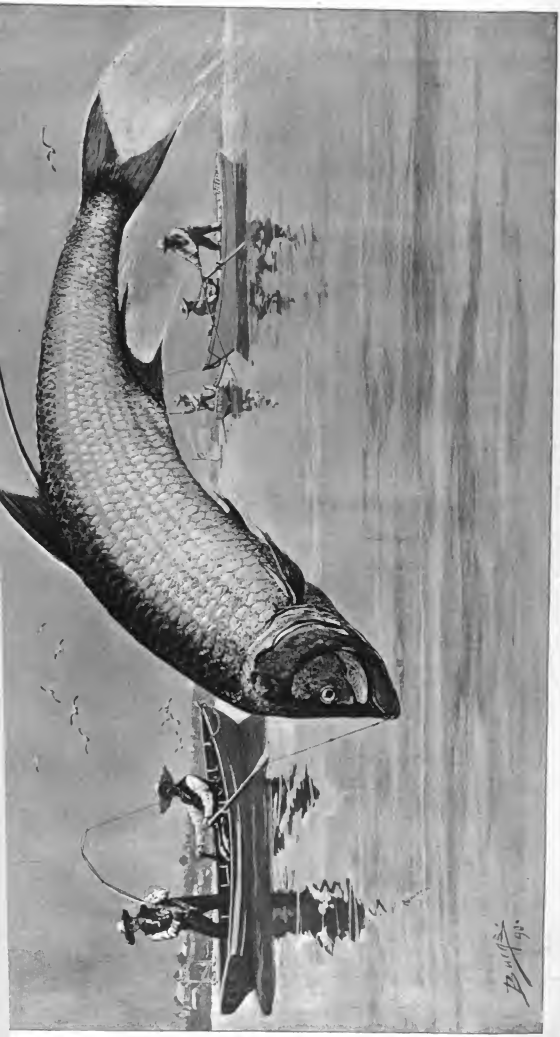
—Frank V. Dumond, at one time connected with the Art Department of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, has been in Paris for the past two years studying art. He has won several medals at the Julian Academy, where he has been a pupil, and his latest work is a picture of the Holy Family at a very scanty meal in Joseph's carpenter shop. The canvas is five by six feet, and contains three figures. It has been received at the Paris Salon with highest honor, and occupies a place on the line.

—The inventor of the Bloomer costume, Mrs. D. C. Bloomer, and her husband, a Council Bluffs (Iowa) lawyer, have just celebrated their golden wedding.

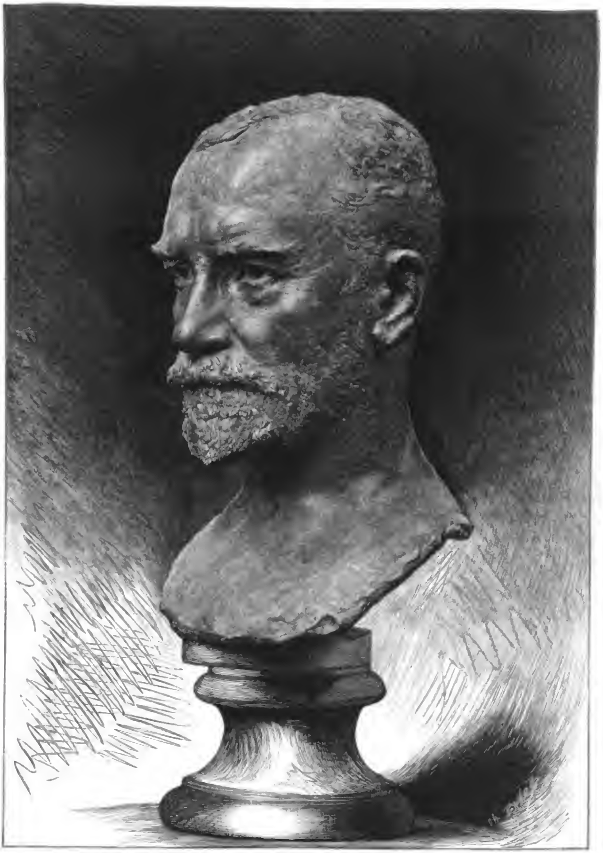
—There is one totally blind member of the British House of Commons. He is a Mr. McDonald, of Ireland, an intense Nationalist, but a man of retiring disposition and not much of an orator. His wife leads him to and from the Parliament House, and the devotion which exists between the couple is touching.

—William Galloway, who ran the first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and was called the oldest railroad engineer in the world, died recently in Baltimore, at the age of eighty years. He was retired in 1887 by the Baltimore and Ohio Company, for whom he had worked for over fifty years, never missing a trip or meeting with a serious accident. In all, he ran his engine over 1,500,000 miles.

—Emblems of mourning were recently placed on the public buildings of Athens, by order of the King, in honor of a poor boatman, named Chazes, who had just died at Missolonghi, and a noble funeral was given him at public expense. Chazes was eighty-seven years old, and was one of the few survivors of the Greek war of independence. He figured prominently in the defence of Missolonghi against overwhelming Turkish forces in 1825, and helped lead a sortie, by which one-third of the town's population cut their way through the investing lines and reached the mountains, while the other two-thirds perished. Chazes also became Byron's boatman when the poet made Missolonghi his head-quarters over sixty years ago, and spent many hours in ferrying him about the waters of the Cretohan lagoon. He formed an intense admiration for the poet, and, although not a literary man, at the time of his death he possessed all of Byron's works, and could recite many of his poems.



TARPON-FISHING.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 343.]



BUST OF LÉON BONNAT.—By Paul Dubois, in the Paris Salon (Champs Élysées), 1890. Engraved by Charles Baude.

A BUST OF LÉON BONNAT.

The Salon which opens on May-day will have at least one piece of statuary on which the eyes can rest with satisfaction, however many of a very different sort may stand in the great covered court-yard of the Palais de l'Industrie. This is the bust of the painter Léon-Joseph-Florentin Bonnat in his fifty-eighth year. It is by Paul Dubois, the sculptor of the "Florentine Singer of the Fifteenth Century"—bought, when shown in 1865, by Princess Mathilde Bonaparte—"Military Courage," and other statues for the tomb of General Lamoricière. A bronze copy of the "Military Courage" is in Baltimore, on Mount Vernon Square, where it was placed by Mr. W. T. Walters. Sculptor and sitter are members of the Institute, and both have remained faithful to the Salon instead of joining the seceders on the Champ de Mars. If Monsieur Bonnat has neared sixty, the sculptor has passed that age. We have, therefore, in this work a labor of love, in which one friend of a lifetime seeks to perpetuate the face of another in enduring bronze.

Monsieur Dubois has treated Bonnat as he treated the painter Henner, that is to say, with dignity and self-restraint. The close, scarce hair, the short-cropped beard, the ear fitting well to the head, give him the air of a soldier rather than a painter. Monsieur Bonnat comes from Bayonne, and is half a Spaniard. He passed four years in Rome, and made a great stir as long ago as 1864, when the Empress Eugénie bought his "Pilgrims in St. Peter's, Rome, at the Foot of the Statue of St. Peter." He is known here for portraits which are uncompromising in realism and for Italian genre pictures, small Italian girls, and such things. In Paris, however, the "Christ on the Cross," painted for the Palais de Justice, but now in Saint Nicholas des Champs, is still visited in order to continue the endless dispute whether Bonnat was right to sink the divinity of the Saviour, and portray him merely as a man agonizing in the death of a malefactor. The sculptor has suggested something of that pitilessness with which Bonnat paints every wart on the skin of those he portrays; something, too, of that indifference to the feelings of the religious shown in the tortured, changed face and body of his "Christ on the Cross." Ribera, whom Bonnat has painted, may well have had a good deal of influence on him, so far as subjects and their treatment are concerned.

The engraving of the bust by M. Charles Baude is hardly less happy than the sculpture itself. It is firm and yet supple, rendering particularly well the modelling round the eyes, and the sculptor's treatment of mustache and beard. Thus three artists unite in producing this capital little work of art, which is as severely simple as an antique, and as full of a noble taste for the "just enough." The parallel of careers between sculptor and sitter just alluded to extends to the second-class medals which were decreed to Dubois and Bonnat in 1867, to promotion of both to the Legion of Honor in the same year, and again to their promotion as officers of the Legion in 1874. It is therefore most fitting that the one should take the other—Bonnat painting Dubois, and Dubois modelling Bonnat—though the sculptor has also devoted himself to painting so conscientiously that he is a master in that field too, and might portray his friend in oils as well as clay.

WIND-FLOWERS.

Last night the wind, weary of whispering
Its silvery secrets in the sombre fir,
Found a grass couch upon a moonlit slope,
And drifted off into a pleasant sleep,
Leaving no ripple on the limpid pool.

When morning poured its flood of dancing gold
Upon the earth, the languid wind awoke,
Shook the bright dew-drop from the daffodil,
And wandered through the wood on happy wing.

Then on its couch glistened a rippling sea
Of shy anemones—wind syllables
Turned to starflowers upon April's breast.
When April disappears, they'll melt away,
Give up their flowery embodiment,
And over hill and pasture drift again
The sweet ethereal fancies of the wind.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE JOURNAL OF A FIRST-CABIN PASSENGER.

BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.

THE cabin was full of flowers, and one table held nothing but roses—roses in baskets and boxes and roses tied with white satin ribbons. Fastened to each bunch and box and basket was the name of Miss Rosalie Miller. A wandering band of German musicians were playing in the steerage, and from both upper and lower deck hats and handkerchiefs waved in answering good-by to the hats and handkerchiefs waving from one corner of the deck. As the beautiful ocean steamer glided past the light-houses and islands, the first-cabin passengers disappeared, and on the steerage deck the old women took out their knitting, the old men their pipes and packs of cards; the young gentleman in the white straw hat, who for various reasons was travelling in this humble way, unfolded the morning paper; the half-dozen babies dropped asleep in their mothers' arms; and Frieda, the little five-year-old Flemish girl, with a faded pink and blue handkerchief knotted under her chin, smiled a good-morning to Antoine, the deck steward, who leaned idly against the railing above. The first-cabin passengers had disappeared in walking costumes and straw hats and bonnets; they reappeared in ulsters and long cloaks, in soft felt hats and knitted hoods, and each passenger held a novel, with a passenger list tucked in as a book-mark. The different people arranged their steamer chairs into pleasant neighborhoods, and Antoine walked in and out with biscuits and lemonade, a napkin carelessly thrown over his arm, and an obliging smile on his round Flemish face. Antoine needed no passenger list. Being a deck steward of long experience, a glance at the passengers was sufficient to tell him each one's story. He knew to-day which was the commercial traveller, and which was the German count, which was the clergyman going abroad for his health, and which was the Harvard student. He knew that the six pretty young women, with their chairs in a row, were artists going to Munich; that the tall lady in a fur-lined cloak was a woman doctor; and that the lady with a French grammar open in her lap would soon be feeling very sea-sick. He knew also that the young girl who sat near her, and whose eyes still held the shadow of good-by tears, was Miss Rosalie Miller; but any one might have known this by reading the name printed on the back of her steamer chair. The Harvard student had known it at least half an hour, as well as the names of the six young women whose chairs stood in a row. Concerning young Mr. Julian Newton, however, nothing was yet known. He had no steamer chair, and his name only appeared on the passenger list as "and child" in the right-hand column, two lines removed from that of the German count.

Mr. Julian Newton was the youngest of the first-cabin passengers. He was travelling with his paint box, his kite, a portion of his library, and his doll Martha. It was his first voyage, and he was on his way to Paris. Rosalie was four times as old as Julian, who was five, and they met at noon on the fourth day out in the chocolate and rose colored cabin, with its six port-hole windows and its rows of white lilies painted on a background of pale green and gold. The first three days were days of warm breezes and glorious sunsets. The steerage ball had been opened every afternoon by a heavy-bearded man, who looked like an agreeable pirate, and who always danced with a young woman in a sprigged muslin dress. On the upper deck the passengers had become sufficiently acquainted to smile slightly at each other, and the Count, who was musical, played daily on his zither, and spoke German with the Harvard student. On the fourth day there came a change; the waves tossed themselves up into heaps of foam, the ship danced violently over the water, the heavy-bearded man declared that was dancing enough for one day and postponed the afternoon ball, the steerage belle became as limp in her feelings as the frills on her sprigged muslin dress, and those of the first-cabin passengers who were able to be out of their berths covered themselves warmly, talked little, and nibbled hard bread steadily.

Rosalie Miller was in one corner of the deck cabin, and in the opposite corner lay the lady with the French grammar. Now and then she opened her eyes and the book at the same time, and took a hasty look at the page headed "Material for Conversation." She had promised herself to learn six sentences a day, and she intended to learn them whether the sea ran high or low. Rosalie also held a book; it was one of her parting presents, and she had two more exactly like it in her state-room. There was a printed page and a blank page for every day of the voyage, and there was also a chart showing the ship's pathway across the Atlantic.

"How are you feeling now, Aunt Sarah?" said Rosalie to the lady in the corner.

"Worse, if anything," said the lady.

"I think," continued Rosalie, "we shall probably meet with a great storm on the seventh day. We may be shipwrecked. In this book the verse for the seventh day speaks of storms and danger."

The lady said she "didn't care and that the sooner they were shipwrecked the better."

Through the doorway of the cabin one could see the waves and the sky, and now and then a laugh or a snatch of talk floated in through the port-hole windows.

"When we get to Flushing," said the Harvard student to the six pretty young women, whose chairs stood in a row, "we shall take a pilot on board, and his eyes will be black. If they are not black, I will give you each a box of chocolate."

"But we *know* that his eyes will be blue," said the six pretty young women all at once. "We are *sure* of it. If his eyes are not blue, we will each give you a sketch."

In the main cabin below, the Count was playing on his zither, a faint sound of singing came from the distant steerage, and the ship plunged onward through the endless stretch of white-capped waves.

"If the seventh day is to be a storm," said Rosalie, "then on the sixth day we may expect a great calm. Here is the verse for the sixth day:

> "There is a point in the great centre of the cyclone's force,
> A silence at its secret source;
> A little child might slumber undisturbed
> Without the ruffle of one fairy curl
> In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.'"

It was at this moment that a bundle of shawls slipped on to the floor from the third corner of the cabin, and young Mr. Julian Newton arose from his noonday nap. Looking gravely around, he said, "Tell me about the water-spout."

"That was the other lady," said Rosalie's aunt, feebly. "I am the lady who tells you about the dish ran away with the spoon."

"I want the water-spout," said Julian.

Now both Rosalie and Rosalie's aunt had not thought of a water-spout for years, not since Rosalie was studying physical geography; and even at that time they had not learned it as well as "the dish ran away with the spoon" a great many years before.

"I will make you a picture," said the girl, taking Julian's slate from the cabin floor. "See, here is New York, where we live. See all the high houses and the cars going by the third-story windows. And here is a very big church, and some queer roofs, and a crooked street; that's Antwerp, where we are going. Now the place between is the ocean. See the waves. And here's the ship, and here is a round-faced little boy in a gray coat with a pointed hood; that is Julian. Isn't this a nice picture?" And Rosalie, putting down the pencil, took the two plump little hands in her own.

"Yes, I think so," said Julian; "it's a nice picture, only it's all wrong. I don't live in New York. I live in Salem, and I'm going to Paris. Tell me about a water-spout."

"You tell me," said Rosalie.

Julian went to the bundle of shawls, out of which he first pulled Martha, and then a book. The doll had broken her neck, and one eye was gone, but the expression of the other one plainly showed that Martha intended to make the best of her misfortunes.

"The water-spout is in here somewhere," said Julian, turning the leaves of the book, which had lost its cover, and was somewhat broken in its binding. "You can read about it if you don't know it."

He had climbed into Rosalie's corner, and one pink cheek rested against the girl's shoulder. "A water-spout is something like the mast of a ship," explained the child, "only it's longer. It comes out of the sea and goes into the sky, and it's all water, and you shoot at it."

"That's when a ship comes too near," said Rosalie, who, having found the picture, was taking a hasty look at the accompanying text. "A water-spout is very dangerous; it could swallow a ship as easily as a pussy-cat could swallow a mouse. That is the reason the sailors shoot at it; a cannon-ball breaks it in the middle."

"I've got a cannon at home," said Julian; "only it is a little one. Are there any pictures in your book?"

"There's a place to make them," said Rosalie, "a place for every day of the voyage, but the book is really meant to keep a journal in. Do you know what that is?"

"My papa takes real flowers and puts them in a book sometimes, and when he takes them out they are flat."

"Yes," said Rosalie, "that is like a journal, only you are not old enough to understand why." The girl placed a pen in the child's hand, and guided the little fingers over the lines and the curves of the letters she had just formed on the title-page.

Sea Journal of Julian Newton.
Outward bound.

"Make the letters nice and black," she said. "Now the book is yours, and every day we will write in it. It is interesting to keep a journal, because you like to read it afterward. Perhaps some day yours will become very valuable. Valuable means that it would sell for lots of money. If you should grow up to be a great man, every one would want to see the sea journal kept by Julian Newton when he was five years old."

"Precious means lots of money too," said Julian. "I call Martha 'my precious.'" And he gave the one-eyed treasure a dangerous hug, considering the state of her neck.

"If you know as much as that," said Rosalie, "I think you can understand why a journal is like a pressed flower. Suppose you and Martha and I were to spend a long, beautiful week in the woods, and every day we should place a flower between the pages of a book, and beneath each flower we should write where it grew; and then, years after, when Martha had lost her head altogether, and you and I had packed a good many new ideas into ours, we should open the book again, wouldn't the dried flowers make us hear the birds sing in the woods we knew so long ago?"

"Yes, I think so," said Julian, gravely. "There are some woods back of my grandmother's house."

"Now, we are on the ocean together," continued Rosalie—"you and Martha and I; we haven't any flowers to press, but every day we will write our thoughts in this book, and then, a good many years from now, we can read what we have written, and each page will make us think of the ocean again and the sailors, and the big red star on the smoke-stack, and the little red star on the cups and saucers."

"And on the soup," said Julian. "I saw it myself."

"And at the end of the voyage," said Rosalie, "when we reach Antwerp, you can send your journal home to your dearest friend. That is what every one does who crosses the Atlantic."

"I shall send mine to Ellen," said Julian. "She's my grandmamma's cook. She came to see me because I was going away, and she felt dreadfully; she cried and cried, and I shall say, 'Dear Ellen, I didn't fall into the water.'"

"Now I am *going* to begin," said Rosalie.

"Dear Ellen, I didn't fall into the water," said Julian. "Write that."

"I will write the first four days my way," said Rosalie; "after that you can tell me what to say."

Rosalie wrote: "Left New York at seven this morning. Sixty cabin passengers, one child. I am the child. A great many people in the steerage."

"The steerage, Julian dear," explained Rosalie's aunt from the corner, "is where you look down and see them dance. They are all poor people, and don't pay as much as we do, and so they are in a different place."

"I know all about the steerage," said Julian. "That's where the man with a straw hat lives. I love that man. He laughs with his eyes. I 'most fell into that place once; I was leaning too hard against the rail."

"I'll write that down," said Rosalie. "'In the steerage is a man with a straw hat. He laughs with his eyes. I love him.'"

"I love the little girl too," said Julian. "I threw her an orange, and she threw me a kiss. First she showed her orange to the steerage man, and he smiled at me a very pleasant smile."

Antoine came in with a tray which he placed on the table by Rosalie's aunt, and he asked if he should bring madame stewed prunes or baked apples.

"Now, it's time to write something about your health," said Rosalie. "People always write whether they feel well, and if they think they are going to be sea-sick, and if they have a good appetite."

"Children always have," said Rosalie's aunt. "I wish I could be a child for the next ten days." She sipped a little of the soup which Antoine had placed before her, said that everything tasted exactly alike, took a hasty look into the French grammar, and closed her eyes not to open them again until the steward reappeared with the baked apples.

"I had pink ice-cream Sunday night," said Julian, "up here on this little table."

Rosalie wrote: "*Second day out.*—Feel well; do not think I shall be sea-sick. Appetite good. Had some strawberry ice-cream. Passed a ship a long way off."

"I'll make the other two days very short," said the girl. "It's so stupid to write about things that are over. For Monday I will write, 'Same as yesterday, only no ice-cream'; and for to-day, 'Met Rosalie, who gave me this book, which is going to be very valuable.' Now I have showed you how to keep a journal, and the rest of the voyage you must keep it yourself, and that will be a great deal better."

"Yes, I think so," said Julian. And this is the way he kept it:

"*Fifth day out.*—I feel very well, and I sleep very well, and I eat very well. A man called me a sweet-potato plant. The waves are covered with white. It looks like a great many white birds on the water. I feel sleepy. Rosalie says it's the sea air. Everybody feels sleepy.

"*Sixth day out.*—The men in the steerage stood up and sang very loud, and the name of the song was, 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly.' The steerage man didn't sang, he reads and writes all the time, and he isn't sea-sick. I feel very well. Rosalie's aunt feels very bad. I say good-night to her in French; she told me how.

"*Seventh day out.*—It is cold. Saw a ship. The man who called me a sweet-potato plant showed it to me. He's a funny man. When it isn't his vacation he goes to a school called Harvard College. Once we were alone at the end of this ship, and the sun made lots of colors in the water, where the waves were white on top. The Harvard man called them rainbows, and he said, 'I am going to drop a gold ring into the sea.' It looked pretty going down. He said the ring was a secret which the sea would never tell, and he was very sad. I like him, but not so much as the steerage man. I asked him if the ring was valuable. He said, 'It was once.' Rosalie says that sometimes happens to rings. She is sorry for him, and so am I.

"*Eighth day out.*—There's going to be a concert. It is for all the passengers; only the steerage people can't go, because they are poor. It costs fifty cents to get in. A lady made a picture of me, on a big piece of paper. My papa bought it. The money is for a sick sailor. I wanted to give it to the steerage man, but my papa thought it would hurt his feelings, and that is a worse hurt than to shut your fingers in the crack of a door.

"*Ninth day out.*—This is Sunday. It is getting monotonous. That is Rosalie's aunt's word. She says it all the time. It means the same as prunes and bread and milk for supper, and never anything else. The ship is all alone in the middle of a great blue sea, and we are going very fast. In the cabin where we eat there is a flag hanging over the piano. They put it there last night for the concert. It is the American flag. Rosalie told me that once there was an American in a foreign country, where they spoke another way from I' way, and they were going to shoot him, because they thought he was bad, and he didn't know how to tell them he wasn't, and just as they were about to shoot, another American came flying on horseback, and threw the American flag around the first man, and said to the people, 'Shoot if you dare!' and nobody dared. This is a true story. Rosalie has a friend who is some relation to the first man. She says it is a beautiful story, and I think so too. She said it was because the Americans were so brave that the other men didn't dare to hurt their flag. I shall be brave because I am an American. To-day we saw a good many sails.

"*Tenth day out.*—Last night I had some pink ice-cream, but no one will have any more because it is all gone. The steward says so. The oranges are 'most gone. Perhaps we shall reach land to-morrow, and then this journal will be all written. That is, the words will be written. Rosalie says that people sometimes write with their thoughts between the lines, and you can't see the writing. I asked her if she had written anything with her thoughts between these lines, and she said she wasn't quite sure."

It was the eleventh day out, and a gray chilly morning. The passengers, first cabin, second cabin, and steerage, were peering eagerly through the mist that they might not lose the first glimpse of land. Soon they saw a dim spot in the distance, then a few lonely islands, then a good piece of land with houses upon it. The blackness of the water changed into a strange green, queer ships were tossing on the waves, and this was the beginning of the English Channel. The passengers hastily finished their steamer letters and repacked their steamer trunks, and at this busy moment Julian Newton quietly dropped his unfinished sea journal on to the steerage deck. No one noticed him, and the book fell exactly where the child intended it should, at the feet of the steerage man.

On either side of the water were long stretches of land, over which hung low-lying clouds, gray clouds showing now and then a touch of rose color through the rifts. Presently the steamer reached Flushing, the first Dutch town, and the pilot-boat came across the water.

"The pilot's eyes are black," said the Harvard student, who was looking through a glass. "I knew they would be."

The six pretty young women laughed and shook their heads, and said blue eyes often looked black at a distance. When the pilot came on board he was found to have eyes of two colors—one black and one blue. On this account the Harvard student gave only three boxes of chocolate, and received in turn only three sketches.

Rows of prim trees grew on the water's edge, rows of red-roofed picture-book houses appeared among the trees; rows of windmills stood up against the sky. The steamer had entered the river Schelde, and at the end of the river a high church tower looked down upon the quaint roofs of Antwerp. The Harvard student grew very merry. He had torn his sea hat into six pieces, one for each of the six pretty young women, who returned this delicate attention by giving him six hairs from their six pretty heads. They little knew how sad the Harvard student could be, and that four days before he had buried a gold ring in the middle of the Atlantic. The pilot with the two-colored eyes brought the steamer safely into port, and the sixty first-cabin passengers sat that night around a flower-decked table, and ate their farewell dinner. Going through the hotel court-yard on her way to this dinner, Rosalie Miller saw Julian seated before a bowl of bread and milk in one of the side rooms.

"I am eating my supper," said the child. "The steerage man was here, and he brought back the book. I gave it to him. I thought he might sell it when it got valuable. He said I was very kind, and he had enjoyed reading it: those were his words. I asked him if he could read between lines, where there wasn't any writing. He said, 'Sometimes,' and his eyes laughed."

The girl's color deepened. She had opened the book, and saw that a page had been added to those from her own hand.

"*Eleventh day out.*—In sight of Antwerp.

"Three of us drifted over the sea,
Into unknown ways that God shall plan.
Two were Julian and Rosalie,
The third was only the steerage man.

"Two of us wrote in a book to keep,
With childlike words and a girlish hand,
Something of days on the waters deep,
As on we sped to a foreign land.

"One of us reading the pages said,
'A wish I have for us happy three:
Forever be we as safely led
As we now come gayly in from sea!'"

The writing was very familiar. In fact, she had in her steamer trunk a seventeen-paged letter from the same hand—a letter which she had torn through the middle on the first day out, pinned together on the second, and read every day since. Some one entered from the little court-yard and took the seat on the other side of Julian, who had fallen half asleep over his bread and milk.

"Two were Julian and Rosalie,
The third was only a steerage man,"

said the new-comer, by way of beginning conversation. But what followed, although interesting in itself, is in no way connected with this journal of a first-cabin passenger.

THE FOOT-PATH.

ALONG the edges of the wood
The foot-path winds an umber streak,
Where oak and beech dropped sylvan food
For squirrel tooth and partridge beak.

The strawberry grew beside the way,
The John's-wort set its star of gold,
The mullein reared its pillar gray,
And laurel leaves their scrolls unrolled.

Cameos of sand the mole threw up,
The woodchuck's cavern yawned beside,
And the streaked honeysuckle's cup
Hung where the stream through pebbles pried.

The path then sought a meadowy dell
Full of soft grass where bird-nests laid,
And a brook tinkled like a bell,
And cedars reared their pyramid.

Dipping and twisting then it went
Along the banks replete with nooks,
Down to the marge, then headlong bent,
Winding as wound the grassy crooks.

Along the borders of the field,
Thence on it ran through hazels dense,
Where their balloons the thistles wheeled,
And the ripe blackberries wreathed the fence.

Through the broad meadow next it went,
Shining with many a spider thread,
Where herds were grouped beneath the tent
The maple cool and breezy spread.

It sought the orchard slope at last,
Where red and golden apples lay;
Over the upland's crest it passed,
And in the woodland died away.

PROFESSOR LANGHORNE'S REFORM.

PROFESSOR LANGHORNE, a very serious philosopher, recently set forth before a distinguished company in this city what he called a new theory or system of platform lectures. His proposition was to make it easy for any lady or gentleman to become a lecturer, not with a view to the good and comfort of society, but for the financial benefit of the aforesaid lady or gentleman. The immediate provocation to this is the alleged fact that lecturers are scarce—there being, it appears, not more than four or five hundred now available, with only two or three European cities to be heard from. It is evident that if the lecturer crop of Europe should fail in the near future, and we should not in the mean time have produced for ourselves an ample supply, the lecture bureaux will be ruined, and the professor desires to avert that calamity.

Herr Langhorne pretends to have derived his new theory from observation. He has heard, he says, a great many lectures, and has been more amused by them than he ever was in his own country even by Schultz and Müller in the comic papers. But after he had listened to forty or fifty a discovery flashed upon his mind, by which he means, we suppose, that a case of unconscious cerebration reached a climax at that moment. He had been, it appears, particularly pleased by the anecdotes that were used to illustrate the different points in the lectures—so much pleased that he laughed boisterously and for a great while entirely failed to observe that the anecdotes did not illustrate in the least the point at which they were brought in, nor, in fact, any other point. As he reasoned upon this, it led up to his discovery. He found, as he says, that a lecturer in this country does not possess himself of a theme, and laboriously and logically elaborate a lecture therefrom, as is done in Teufelsdröckhdom, permitting himself the little relief of an anecdote or a merry tale at the hard points to get the audience easily over these; but, on the contrary, he gets together a dozen or more anecdotes or merry tales, and has a thread of pretended discourse upon which to "work them off" upon his hearers, the merry tales themselves being the substance, and not the ornaments of the lecture.

Herr Langhorne himself worked in a lecture by way of demonstrating his theory. His lecture was upon the art of portrait-painting—a theme suggested by a friend in the audience (with whom he had had a previous understanding). He pointed out that the first portraits were painted on glass—and apparently on looking-glass—the reasons being that looking-glasses afforded the only smooth surfaces produced by nature and accessible to primitive man, and that the subject to be painted had only to place himself in front of the glass, and remain there while the painter made permanent with his colors the reflection that appeared.

This was illustrated by a story of four gentlemen who played poker together. One of them was a gentleman from Kentucky; another was a man with one eye. They had played for an hour or so, and the Kentuckian observed strange conduct on the part of the aces. He watched this for a while in silence, and then he raised his voice in mild and moderate expostulation. He thought some one was cheating, as he was from Kentucky, he did not want to depart from the chivalric standards of his education, and would not make any personal reflections or name names; but if the fellow did it again, he would shoot his other eye out.

The remainder of the history of the art of portrait-painting was developed in about a dozen lines, and was illustrated by a story of a man who was riding around in an ox-cart, when the oxen ran away with him. They went through newly cleared land, and the cart collided with constant stumps at every step, until a worse collision than any other threw the passenger out as from a catapult. Sympathetic people gathered about to know if he was hurt. He said he was not hurt, and that if ever he went to Gehenna, he hoped he might go in an ox-cart, because he should be so glad when he got there.

This is, of course, not the whole lecture on the art of portrait-painting, but is a good outline account of it. It would not be fair to report the whole of it, as the professor perhaps expects to have it copyrighted, and maybe go around the country with it next winter. If he does, his audiences will have their digestion improved, even if at last they do not know much more about portrait-painting than they did at first.

Every person acquainted with the institutions of this country will perceive that the professor has mingled unrelated things a little, and has confounded platform lectures with after-dinner speeches. It is very true that some of our speakers in this sphere indulge largely in illustration by funny stories—so largely that their speeches are often a mere series of illustrations with nothing to illustrate. There are good reasons for this. An orator, indeed, needs an occasion and a theme, and it requires a man with the physical and mental vigor of Daniel Webster to be able to eat one of Delmonico's dinners and make a great speech after it; and if a speech is not great, it appears it must be funny. There is no middle ground. If a speaker cannot charm our ears with fine periods or lift up our souls with great thoughts, he must tickle our fancies with comic conceits till our diaphragms respond with the short convulsions of laughter. If the people cannot have Cicero, they want a buffoon—whose buffoonery must be polite, of course. The after-dinner oratory is, upon the whole, a happy compromise, in which reason is permitted to have its little place, while we insist upon the cap and bells; and whereas the kings of old had their jokers to keep them in heart all through dinner, we take our jokes formally as a separate course at the end.

It may be observed that it is a trifle impertinent for any foreigner to pretend to teach here an art based upon Langhorne's discovery, for is it not obvious that he could not have discovered this art here unless it already existed? And is he not an innocent witness against himself when he says that he heard forty or fifty lectures or speeches before he "caught on"? Does not this alone prove the skill of our orators in this art? We can assure Langhorne that we are not in need of his instruction. We have at least twenty after-dinner orators in this city alone who can make brilliant and delightful after-dinner speeches without any ideas at all—nay, even without what Langhorne calls a thread of pretended discourse, who can simply run together half a dozen stories, and pretty old stories too, and hinging one upon another, make an address that will "set the table on a roar," and keep it so for half an hour, and when the brilliant speaker has taken his seat you cannot recall one sentence of what he has said aside from his stories.

But while the professor cannot teach us this art, the fact that he has found it out is significant for the orators. It implies either that they are growing clumsy in practice or that their oratorical dress has become worn too thin to cover the nakedness of their scheme. Perhaps it will be well for them to brace up and change their style a little, because Langhorne's discovery is in the nature of an exposure, and people may guy a speaker a little when he comes out with the familiar formula, "That reminds me of a story." Indeed, it may prove that Langhorne, reducing things to the absurd point, has unconsciously touched a button which will call up a great reform in after-dinner oratory.

THE KING OF GAME FISH.

TEN years ago the salmon was the acknowledged king of game fish. In the eyes of epicures he may still maintain his pre-eminence, but as a game fish he has been dethroned by the tarpon of the Gulf of Mexico. It would almost seem that nature had in his case devoted herself to the production of a perfect finned athlete. In beauty of shape and color he is matchless. In size he closely approaches the limit of possible capture with rod and line. In strength and agility he easily distances all others of his kind. Even the unimpressionable scientific persons, who usually affix formidable Latin names to members of the animal kingdom without regard to the fitness of things, recognized in the tarpon an unusually meritorious subject. They named him "the large-eyed" (*Megalops atlanticus*), even making an unwonted excursion into the Greek in their enthusiasm, and appropriating a term hitherto sacred to mythological divinities of high Olympus.

Add to these charms of person a desperate kind of pluck that carries him through a two-hours' fight with the most skilful fisherman, and you have a game fish wellnigh ideal in his qualities. His one fault—and it must be admitted that 'tis a serious one—is that he rarely takes the bait.

But before touching upon what may be termed his moral and intellectual qualities, it is well, perhaps, to describe his person a little more in detail. Fancy, if you can, an animated bar of silver some six feet long and fourteen to twenty inches wide; let its gracefully rounded upper edge be almost blue-black, like some shades of oxidized silver; let this shade off into wonderful tints of silvery white, with gold tints here and there on the broadsides. The scales are polygonal, with the angles rounded off somewhat—large horny disks they are, wider than this printed column—and they cover their owner from head to tail, as it were with armor of proof. The eye is as large, seemingly, as that of an ox, and very beautiful as well as fierce when the fish is fighting for his life. The mouth is a huge receptacle, large enough, when wide open, to take in a man's head, and guarded at the sides by large flat shear-like plates, whose cutting powers have been proved by the destruction of many a fisherman's tackle along the Gulf coast of Florida.

Such, in general terms, is this superb inhabitant of our semi-tropical waters. He is found all along the Gulf coast, and under exceptionally favorable circumstances stray specimens have wandered as far north as the coast of New Jersey. He is, however, essentially a tropical fish, and his excursions north of the twenty-sixth parallel of latitude are probably due to inexperience and ignorance of the rapid northward trend of the Gulf Stream. To the westward along the Gulf coast this fish has been known as tarpum, *grande écaille*, silver-king, and by other names peculiar to certain localities. Tarpon is now, however, practically accepted as the popular name, but we believe that its origin has not yet been authoritatively determined.

The tarpon does not often display his glories to human eyes until he feels the prick of spear or hook. The writer once saw a fine specimen chasing flying-fish, with enormous leaps, just off the coast of Florida, but such sights appear to be rare. Generally the dorsal fin is barely raised above the surface, there is a dull gleam of oxidized silver, a huge tail makes whirlpools for an instant, and megalops returns to his feeding-ground on the bottom. Fishermen, indeed, have no love for a jumping fish, for, they say, he seldom takes the bait. Standing on the bow of a sail-boat gliding over the extensive shallows that are the favorite habitat of the tarpon, one may see the great fish by hundreds, or rather one may see the rocket-like cloud of mud that each one stirs up as he takes fright and rushes away into the distance.

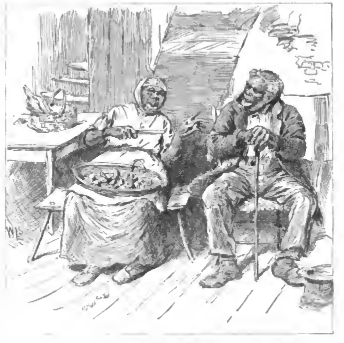
Of course such a monster bids defiance to nets, and, until a few years ago, spears or grains were the only known means of capture. At length a fish was accidently taken with a rod, and thereupon Mr. W. H. Wood, of New York, set himself to study the habits of the creature, with a view to adding his name to the list of Florida fishes.

After long experiment he found that, with the exercise of preternatural patience, the fisherman who uses fresh mullet as a bait may hope for occasional bites, with a fair chance of a strike if he keeps cool. It is evident that such a large and powerful fish must have a ravenous appetite, and for this reason it is suspected that the best bait has not yet been discovered. Be this as it may, fresh mullet is the only bait that has thus far been successful.

Tarpons are usually taken in shallow water from an anchored boat. A 10/0 Dublin bend ringed Limerick hook is a favorite size, with about two hundred yards of 15-thread linen line. A rod seven or eight feet long is a good size, and the best snell as yet devised is a rather loosely laid strand of cotton line, stained some dark color, that will not show under water. This is chosen because the bait is likely to be taken by a shark, in which case the snell is promptly bitten apart, and the hook alone is lost; whereas if a chain were used the shark might carry away everything. Moreover, the cotton threads are less likely to alarm the tarpon, who can be securely hooked only when he completely gorges the bait.

It is no uncommon thing for a fisherman to sit for a week or more without a bite, but the chances improve as the season advances, and in May and June fishermen who venture to face the heat may be reasonably sure of better luck. When securely hooked the tarpon displays his remarkable qualities to the full extent. He begins a series of energetic leaps and rushes that test to the uttermost the skill, nerve, and endurance of the angler and the quality of his tackle. The illustration on page 340 shows the exciting moment when the fish, feeling the barbed hook in his gullet, throws himself out of water, and begins a succession of gymnastic feats that last from half an hour to two hours, or more. It is the unwritten law of the tarpon grounds that when a fish is hooked every one must keep out of the way. Our fisherman, accordingly, may count upon a fair field and no favor, and should he succeed in landing his prey his name will be added to the roll of honor that is kept in the queer old hotel at Punta Rasa, the head-quarters for tarpon-fishing on the Gulf Coast.

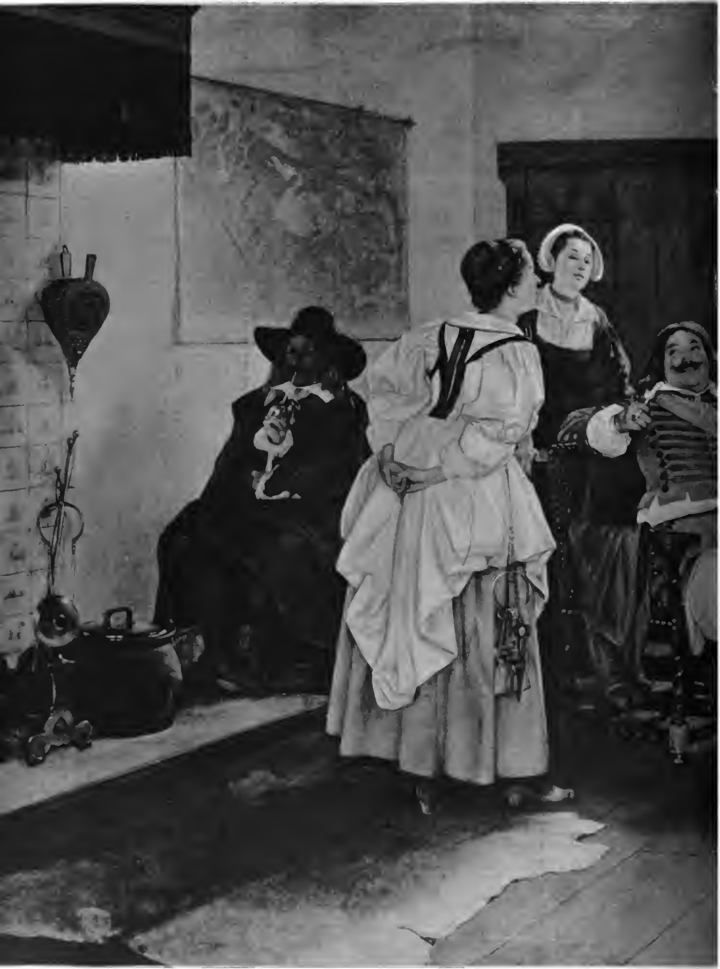
CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.



A COMFORTABLE REFLECTION.

REV. BRO. JUDKINS. "Well, Aunt Sally, we's gittin' purty [illegible] 'bout leavin' dis hyar worl'."

AUNT SALLY (*who clings tenaciously to life*). "Dun know 'bout dat, br'er—dun' know 'bout dat; I se noticed dat plenty eight mo' young folks die dan ol' ones!"



ANTONY VAN CORLEAR, THE TRUMPETER.

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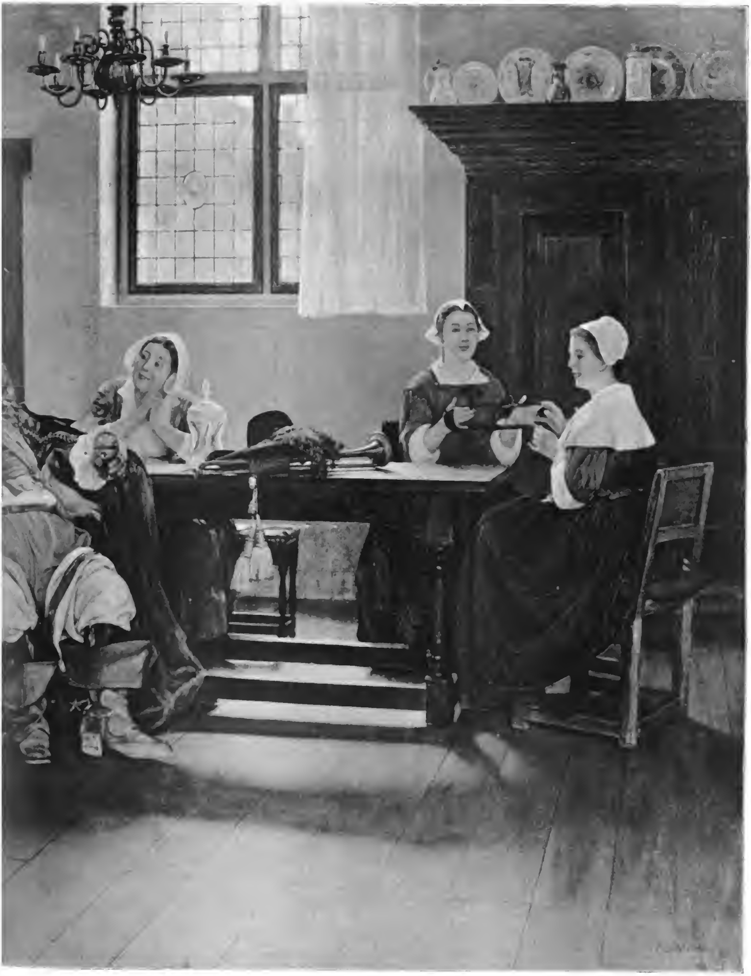


-From the Painting by F. D. Millet, N.A.—[See Page 346.]

ANTONY VAN CORLEAR,

THE TRUMPETER OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

Nathaniel Hawthorne as the historiographer of old Puritan life in New England goes hand in hand with Washington Irving as the chronicler of the children of New Amsterdam. Widely different in quality of genius, each suited the types of character and national development which fell to him to portray. Each used fiction as his medium, but the essential color and feeling of truth shone out with a more vivid realism under the creative touch of fancy than can be found in more veracious chronicles.

From the sombre and powerful light of Hawthorne's imagination, one turns with a sense of pleasant rest to the airy and gracious humor of Irving, the historian of New Amsterdam, the minstrel who sings in limpid and musical prose the quaint legends of our American Rhine, and has embalmed them, as in amber, in a medium of mellowness and sunshine. We see rising before the mind's eye the solid and ponderous old Dutch burgher and his no less solid vrouw, with their plump and chubby daughters; the little gabled houses, with their tiled roofs and mighty fireplaces within, the long pipes, the sedate faces, the vast breeches and Brobdingnagian doublets; and a procession of curious and amusing personages, of which Wilhelmus Kieft, the "Testy," Peter Stuyvesant, the "Headstrong," and Antony Van Corlear, the "Trumpeter," are among the most shining exemplars.

Mr Frank Millet, the artist, has made the last-named worthy the subject of a painting now on exhibition at the Academy of Design, which is presented in a double-page drawing in the present issue of the Weekly. The conception of Mr. Millet is so vigorous, unctuous, and genial that it will at once inspire in the spectator a desire to know something more of the character of this personage, as depicted in the pages of his sole biographer, Diedrich Knickerbocker.

"Now it came to pass," narrates our veracious chronicler, "that about this time" (that is to say, in the days of William the Testy) "there lived in the Manhattoes a jolly, robustious trumpeter named Antony Van Corlear, famous for his long wind; and who, as the story goes, could twang so potently upon his instrument that the effect upon all within hearing was like that ascribed to the Scotch bagpipe when it sings right lustily the nose.

"The sounder of brass was, moreover, a usty bachelor, with a pleasant burly visage, long nose, and huge whiskers. He had his ittle *bouwerie*, or retreat in the country, where e led a roistering life, giving dances to the vives and daughters of the burghers of the Manhattoes, insomuch that he became a prodigious favorite with all the women, young and old. He is said to have been the first to collect the famous toll levied on the fair sex it Kissing Bridge, on the highway to Hellgate.

"To this sturdy bachelor the eyes of all he women were turned in this time of darkess and peril as the very man to second and arry out the plans of the Governor. A kind of petticoat council was forthwith held at he Government House, at which the Governor's lady presided; and this lady, as has een hinted, being all-potent with the Governor, the result of these councils was the levation of Antony the Trumpeter to the ost of commandant of windmills and chamion of New Amsterdam.

"The city being thus fortified and garrimed, it would have done one's heart good o see the Governor snapping his fingers and idgeting with delight as the trumpeter strutd up and down the ramparts, twanging deance to the whole Yankee race, as does a odern editor to all the principalities and owers on the other side of the Atlantic. In e hands of Antony Van Corlear this windy strument seemed to him as potent as the rn of the paladin Astolpho, or even the ore classic horn of Alecto; nay, he had alost the temerity to compare it with the ra's horn celebrated in Holy Writ, at the ry sound of which the walls of Jericho fell own."

Of the deeds of the redoubtable Antony e worthy Diedrich Knickerbocker has writn in full—how the voluminous breeches of e burghers quivered with the agitation of e insides thereof when Anthony departed any mission of war or diplomacy, for they ized him much as the comforter of their ives and daughters in time of need; how the days of Peter Stuyvesant he went to ve defiance to the Yankees, "twanging his umpet like a very devil . . . ogling and winkg at the women, and making aerial windills from the end of his nose at their husnds, and stopping occasionally in the vilges to eat pumpkin pies, dance at country lics, and bundle with the Yankee lasses"; d how he did many other things notable the Dutch Had of New Amsterdam.

Mr. Millet has seized Irving's jolly and umous characterization with great spirit d sympathy. Antony the Trumpeter sits a table, pipe and glass in hand, amidst a vy of vrouws old and young. His rubind face is alight with a broad smile of fun l amorousness, as he tells some story of unchausen adventure, or perchance listens the retort of the merry lass who seems to the special object of his admiration. The ghing devil in the trumpeter's eye, and loose, pleasure-loving mouth under the [illegible] tell the whole story. The famous trumpet lies on the table, gayly bedecked with love-tokens, and the rich crimson and yellow slashed doublet and breeches of Antony in their warmth of color contrast with the more subdued tones of the old Dutch apartment. The youthful vrouw who seems to be the trumpeter's special *vis-à-vis* has her back turned to the spectator, but the glimpse of the profile barely shown conveys with irresistible force a spirit of arch and brilliant mockery, which furthermore irradiates every portion of the body in its pose and handling. The other lasses sit or stand with smiling faces, and mamma beams on the scene from the corner of the table. As a foil to all this rollicking merriment *paterfamilias* sits in the corner of the hearth as stolid as a stone, and dreaming amidst the smoke of his long pipe. The artist has heightened the effect of his work by several other subtle contrasts, which will quickly suggest themselves to a keen observer. The picture is so strong, sympathetic, and lusty as a piece of characterization, and relates so closely to the history of New York under the quaintest conditions of its early life, that it should become a public possession. It would sadly belie its true worth to pass into private hands. It is such a canvas as the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum should secure. For, however important it may be to have foreign masterpieces, it is still more needful to hang representative American work, specially when it so charmingly reflects interesting phases of national life or history.

STRAUSS AND VIENNESE DANCE MUSIC.

An amusing story, which has the additional merit of being literally true, is related of an old lady in Vienna, whose greatest joy in life had always been to listen to the waltzes of Strauss as played by his orchestra, and who ordained in her last will and testament that a Strauss waltz should be played at her funeral, for which each member of the orchestra was to receive a ducat. The heirs objected at first, on religious grounds, to carry out this plan, but the provisions of the will were distinct, and could not be violated without endangering their own claims; so Strauss and his musicians were engaged and placed in a circle around the grave, and while the coffin was being lowered they played the favorite waltz of their late lamented admirer.

This story is vouched for by Strauss himself, and it shows most vividly what a firm hold the music of the Strauss family has taken on the Viennese mind. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that in the minds of most people Strauss and Vienna are almost synonymous terms. No other city has ever had a hero so thoroughly identified with itself. We can think of Berlin without Bismarck, of London without Dickens, of Paris without Victor Hugo; but I defy any one to think of Vienna without at the same time conjuring up the name of Strauss, by what psychologists call an inseparable association of ideas.

This popularity of the name Strauss in Vienna—and out of Vienna—is by no means of recent growth, for the elder Johann Strauss, who first made the name famous in the annals of dance music, was born in 1804, five years before Mendelssohn and Chopin, and nine years before Wagner. He had the advantage of being for some years a member of the orchestra of Lanner, who is generally considered the originator of the Viennese waltz, although, in truth, the germs of it may be found in the valses of Schubert. Soon, however, Strauss made up an orchestra of his own, and not only took the Viennese by storm, by the inimitable vivacity of his playing and conducting, but conceived the bold and quite novel plan of taking his orchestra and travelling with it throughout Europe, giving everywhere concerts in which Viennese dance music was mingled with classical pieces. Their success was immense, and Strauss soon found himself famous.

But Johann Strauss, Sen., was, after all, only the beginning of the Strauss dynasty, who, great as was his fame and still is, was destined to be eclipsed by his three sons, all of whom have won distinction as composers of dance music.

Of these three sons of Johann Strauss, the oldest—Johann, the "Waltz King"—is the best known, because he has not only composed over five hundred pieces of dance music, but also a series of operettas which are considered by competent judges to be superior, from a musical point of view, to those of Offenbach, Lecocq, Suppe, and Sullivan. The second son, Joseph, also wrote a number of meritorious pieces, and the youngest, Edward, has composed more than two hundred, many of which have enjoyed immense popularity. Johann Strauss, Jun., after his father's death, took his famous orchestra and continued the tours throughout Europe. During the great Gilmore Jubilee he even came to America, but without his orchestra, which will this summer be heard for the first time in America, under the direction of Edward Strauss, who took charge of it about twenty years ago, when Johann began devoting himself to the composition of operettas. It is this orchestra which plays at the court balls in Vienna; which, as we read in the Supplement to Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, "created a furor in London" in 1885, and which the Berlin *Boersen Courier* declares to be superior in its own field even to the Philharmonic orchestra of that city. The American tour is to begin in May at Boston, after which various cities East and West will be visited, the orchestra arriving in New York on June 9th, in time for the opening of the new Madison Square Garden.

It must be clearly understood that if the Musical Protective Union should succeed in its threatened determination to keep out the Strauss Orchestra, the American people will miss a rare and unique treat, for which no other band can ever compensate them. We have not a few excellent orchestras and bands in this country, but none of them can play the music of the Viennese school as Strauss and his men play it. Mr. C. F. Tretbar, manager of Steinway Hall, who is as competent a judge of music as any man in the country, remarked pertinently in a recent interview: "I know of no leaders, however great, who can compare with the Strausses themselves in the interpretation of the charming waltz and other dance music of this gifted family. I said this to one of our greatest leaders on the eve of his departure for Europe, and advised him to visit Vienna and confirm my words. He answered with a shrug, but he went, nevertheless, and returned with the acknowledgment that he had enjoyed and learned much." My own experience was similar to that of the leader here referred to.

Previous to my first visit to Vienna I had scorned dance music, and considered it unworthy of the attention of a serious lover of music. But a single hearing of the Strauss Orchestra made me change my mind completely on the subject. I had never learned to dance, but I had not been in Vienna two weeks before I was a regular attendant at a dancing class, and during the carnival of that year I never missed a masked ball at which Strauss played. It was simply impossible to remain indifferent to the rhythmic swing of "those irresistible waltzes, that first catch the ear, and then curl round the heart, till on a sudden they invade and will have the legs," as some one has forcibly expressed it.

But the greatest charm of the Strauss music lies not in the fact that it is the best dance music ever written. It has a higher value, an artistic side, which is largely missed in the ballroom, and can be fully appreciated only in the concert hall. Why is it that Richard Wagner, though he was so chary in his praise of contemporary musicians, frequently expressed his great admiration for the Strauss waltzes? Why does Brahms admire them equally? Why does Mr Theodore Thomas always put a Strauss waltz on the programmes of his popular concerts? Let two of the most distinguished of German critics answer these questions. Dr Hanslick, Professor of Musical History at the University of Vienna, writes: "I do not hesitate to pronounce Strauss and Lanner the most original and fascinating talents in the arid period of Viennese musical life following upon Schubert. They delighted the people and interested the musicians. Supplementing one another, they gave to their small *genre* an unprecedented musical charm and life. It is necessary to examine the older dance music to realize fully what Strauss and Lanner made of it. How astonishingly dry and insignificant are even Mozart's 'German' and Beethoven's 'Country' dances in comparison!"

Herr C. F. Pohl, librarian to the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna, remarks concerning the elder Strauss: "Great masters like Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Cherubini acknowledged his talent. He raised dance music to a higher level than it had ever reached before, and invested his copious melodies with all the charm of brilliant instrumentation. Full of fire, life, and boisterous merriment, they contrasted well with Lanner's softer and more sentimental airs, and must be judged by *a totally different standard from that of mere dance music.*"

Here we have the kernel of the matter. The tendency already shown by the elder Strauss to make the waltz something more than a mere rhythmic accompaniment to the dance has been carried still further by his sons, so that the best Strauss waltzes may be said to be as far above ordinary dance music as are Chopin's valses, or Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." This last-named piece was originally written for the piano, and orchestrated afterward by Berlioz, who ranks with Wagner as one of the two greatest masters of instrumentation the world has ever seen. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that the instrumentation of the best Strauss waltzes is quite on a par with that of Berlioz. Harmonically, too, Strauss is equal to any classical master, and his melodies and rhythms are so original and inspired that their popular character does not in the least detract from their artistic value. Strauss is by turns as tender as Schubert in his lyric songs and as passionate almost as Wagner in his dramas.

As just stated, the artistic beauty of Viennese dance music is fully revealed only in the concert hall, because there the conductor is not obliged to beat time for the dancers with the metronomic regularity of a pendulum, but can follow all the finer *nuances* of time which are inherent in the character of the music, and which give it its poetic charm—its perfume, as it were. This poetic freedom of rhythmic movement in Viennese dance music must be doubtless traced to the influence of Hungarian gypsy music on the Viennese composers, and it is this feature chiefly that raises their music above other dance music. They not only originated the waltz, but they grasped its essence, which lies in its being the dance of love, the dance of lively young people, as compared with the stately minuets and other old-fashioned dances which were danced by the older people in their stiff wigs, while the young people were left in charge of chaperons. The waltz is the dance of the nineteenth century, and symbolizes the emancipation of young people from ceremonious restraint and chaperonage. But being a dance of love, it was necessary that the waltz should be not only lively, but also should give expression to the various moods of love-making—the tender glances, the passionate sighs, the outbursts of jealousy. These feelings are all portrayed in the Strauss waltzes, especially in the introductions, which Strauss has made more and more elaborate and full of tender and passionate amorous feeling.

A few weeks ago the curious information was cabled from Vienna that Strauss in his old days had come to the conclusion that the waltz as he had been writing it all his life was too fast, and that therefore he had begun composing waltzes in a slower time, which would give the dancers time to converse. Strauss was so much pestered with letters on this subject that he wrote to a Viennese paper: "It never occurred to me, and never will occur to me, to reduce the tempo of the waltz to an *andante comodo*, or make it in the least bit slower. My two latest compositions, 'Kaiserwalzer' and 'Rathhausballtänze,' are the most convincing proof of this assertion, as the tempo and character of the waltz are therein the same as they were forty years ago, only I have enlarged the introduction and the coda, and have had occasion to remark to friends that these two parts were perhaps capable of further musical development, which may have given rise to the fable regarding the conversation waltz and the *andante comodo*."

It seemed, indeed, improbable that Strauss would attempt the impossible feat of altering the most characteristic dance of this century, which is simply an expression of the modern spirit, and could not be altered without altering that too. But there is a hint in his last sentence that his successors may carry his reforms, intended for the concert hall, to the ballroom itself, making the dancers no longer whirl around like mechanical wheels or tops, but adapt their motions to all the rhythmic irregularities, the *tempo rubato*, of the musical movement. Were this done, dancing would once more become a fine art. Perhaps our society leaders will study Strauss's interpretations, and decide whether such an innovation would be practicable.

Henry T. Finck.

LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO.

Columbus gave to Ferdinand and Isabella a new world; La Salle gave Louis le Grand a claim to the heart of a continent. Could La Salle and the Chevalier de Tonty, as they worked their way up the Chicago River on the 4th of January, 1681, have seen in prophetic vision the city which was to spring up along the shore, the sight would have amply recompensed them for their toils, privations, and dangers. They would have seen a city of over a million inhabitants, with 169 square miles of territory, 2000 acres of parks, 614 miles of paved streets, and with 66 railroads binding it by links of steel to every part of the vast domain they were traversing, and in the finest park of the city, looking south down the avenue and street that bears his name, they would have seen a heroic figure in bronze, with this inscription on the granite pedestal, "Robert, Cavelier de la Salle."

La Salle Street, looking south from the entrance of the tunnel to the Board of Trade building, that five or six blocks away abruptly terminates the view, presents an imposing appearance, and gives the casual visitor a good idea of the solidity and business of the central portion of Chicago. Immediately at the mouth of the tunnel, on the east side, is Jackson Hall, recalling the memory of early Chicago, "Long John Wentworth," and associated with the present as the early home of the Chicago *Times*, established more than thirty-five years ago as the organ of Stephen A. Douglas, but afterward, under Story, removed to its present home on Washington Street and Fifth Avenue. On the west side of the street, and a little farther south, between Randolph and Washington, is the location of the Spencer Bank, which many have occasion to remember in connection with the great failure of a decade or more ago. On the whole block bounded by Randolph, Clark, Washington, and La Salle are the City Hall and Cook County Court-house, in reality two buildings, but joined so as to give the effect of a single immense structure, their seventy-five granite columns giving a brighter tint in summer to the background of stone, and on frosty winter mornings they are transformed to columns of Parian marble, rivalling those of "the white wonder" of the Parthenon that crowned the Acropolis of ancient Athens.

South of the City Hall, and fronting on Washington and La Salle, on the site of the old Chamber of Commerce, an office building climbs skyward to the height of thirteen stories, overlooking the City Hall on the north, and the lofty Tacoma building to the south, on the corner of Madison and La Salle. This building is not only the most imposing structure in Chicago in point of height, but in appointments and adaptation to its purpose may be regarded as nearly perfect as modern architecture and science can make it. Some genius, with a taste for the extraordinary, has suggested that its level roof be utilized during the World's Fair, and fitted up as an evening resort, where visitors could enjoy music and refreshments, and see Chicago by gas-light as the leading attraction. On the west side of the street, between Washington and Madison, are the Western Union Telegraph offices, several bank buildings, and the head-quarters of the Western Associated Press, while a little farther south is the Oriental Masonic Hall, one of the oldest in the city.

From Madison Street south to the Board of Trade building is the head-quarters of the insurance business of Chicago. The Nixon building, on the northeast corner of Monroe and La Salle, enjoys the distinction of being the only one that successfully stood the test of the great fire of October 8 and 9, 1871. South from Monroe to the Board of Trade building are some of the finest office buildings in the world. The Board of Trade building, the great agricultural barometer of the West, and the Grand Pacific Hotel, are too well known to need more than mention.

Chicago is justly loyal to the memory of the intrepid explorer of whom Parkman writes, "He stands in history like a statue cast in iron."

H. T. Schmith.

THE HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON.*

The *Royal Prince*, British line-of-battle ship, built in 1610, was armed with quaint ordnance, still more quaintly christened—cannon, petronel, demi-cannon, culverin, demi-culverin, rakers, and swivelling post-pieces—which ran in a destructive gamut from roaring 18's to quiet, small 3-pounders. This "brood of murdering pieces," recalling the breezy tales of buccaneers and the Spanish Main, of *Westward Ho!* and John Oxenford and Salvation Yeo luring the youths of Devon on the weedy steps of Bideford Quay, has long since been consigned to the limbo of artillery scrap heaps, though the tactical principle which governed its mixed employment is in our day restored to its ancient usage.

In the enumeration of the ships we speak now of the primary and the secondary batteries, as they would of old have boasted of their petronels and rakers. The first class includes the stars, from the monster 110-ton guns to the little high-powered 6-inch rifles; and the other, all that lesser battery which makes up the rattling chorus of the new war drama. These smaller pieces have an important rôle to fill, and as the terms, and to a definite degree the conditions, of modern warfare are still unsettled, they are made illogically to play many parts. In the broad generalization adopted we find the secondary battery embraces machine guns, mitrailleuse in type, the revolving cannon shown in M. de Thulstrup's spirited picture, and the rapid-fire pieces, which, beginning with a modest 1-pound projectile, aspired to calibres of six inches and shots weighing seventy pounds, fired ten times a minute. This ambition, however, overleaped itself, and the extreme development has been rejected for a smaller but no less wonderful piece of 4.72 inches, which can hit a target six feet square five times in thirty-one seconds, with a shot weighing forty-five pounds. To finish with the piece at once, it may be added that this gun weighs a little over two tons, and when fired with twelve pounds of Chilworth smokeless powder has yielded a muzzle velocity of 2356 feet a second, and a penetration of 10.5 inches into wrought-iron.

The revolving cannon occupies a place between the single barrelled rapid-fire guns and the machine guns, which consist of a number of breech-loading rifle barrels grouped about an axis or arranged in a horizontal line. Like the latter, it has tubes that are loaded and fired in continuous succession by the action of suitable machinery at the breech; and in common with both it uses fixed ammunition and ejects automatically the empty cartridge shells. The invention created a positive sensation upon its first appearance, and great things were expected of a piece which could fire rapidly and accurately explosive projectiles weighing 1, 2¼, and 3¼ pounds with a velocity of 1400 feet a second. The Hotchkiss Company did not hide its light under a bushel, for I recall vividly the picture of a French battle-ship beset with pestiferous torpedo-boats, and freeing herself just in the nick of time by a murderous discharge of revolving cannons mounted on mathematically exact spots and discharged at the most effective range to complete, as the engraving proved, the destruction by the giant of the over-rash flotilla of "microbes."

From the beginning machine guns have been looked upon as being a most important part of the ship's armament, the possibilities of the rapid-fire gun not having been considered until within the last five years. The Chief of Naval Ordnance reported in 1882 that "it would be necessary to supply our ships of war with a greater number of machine guns, both of large and small calibre. The heavier calibres penetrate the sides of all unarmored vessels, and are capable of piercing about 1.8 inches of steel placed normally near the muzzle. They are also very effective against thin plates placed at quite an acute angle to the line of fire, and at very considerable distances. For this reason they are well adapted for use as a defence against the fast torpedo-boats now in vogue. When these swift little vessels are advancing bows on upon the enemy, the lines they present to the hostile fire are mostly very acute, and unless the projectiles fired against them have high velocity and considerable weight, they glance, and are innocuous. If, however, penetration through the skin plate is once obtained, great residual energy is desirable in order that the projectile may pass through the interior steel bulkheads, and this result is what is aimed at by manufacturers of these classes of guns. In future engagements between ships at sea the effect of such guns will be of great importance, as their powers of destruction and annoyance are quite out of proportion to their size." The revolving cannon of the larger types proved in practice to be somewhat unwieldly, and the final change to the single barrel of increased length, using a heavier powder charge, was logical and in consonance with the growing ballistic power of large guns.

Although the type was invented, developed, and manufactured by an American, the revolving cannon has to be purchased at his foundry near Paris. As this seemed wrong every way, the Navy Department refused, in 1887, to take any more foreign guns, while at the same time it agreed to buy a certain number of these and of the rapid-fire pieces if the Hotchkiss Company would erect at home a plant for their fabrication. The offer has been accepted, and as the proper quality of steel can at last be manufactured here, we are now in a position to purchase our secondary batteries without the possible interference in war times of the limitations imposed by the laws of nations on neutrals or combatants. The calibre generally employed in all services is the thirty-seven millimetre, and the piece can be rapidly served by a crew of five. It is difficult without the solvent of battle experience to assign a definite place to the type, as the great success of the single-barrelled rapid-fire gun has overshadowed it. That its reputation is still good is shown by the fact that in the first-class side-protected cruisers lately authorized for the French navy four of the guns are to be carried in each of the armored tops fitted to the two military masts. We can always have a special pride in it as another evidence of the revolutionizing inventions which this country, the least military of the great powers, has contributed to modern war theories.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

NAMES FOR OUR NEW NAVY.

Must we lose the names of the war ships that have once floated the Stars and Stripes in glorious encounter? New ships are building, and old ones are being condemned, by act of Congress, but why cast away the magic name that has once been associated with our glory on the seas? The ships that now carry our blue-jackets and middies about the world should be a reminder of the deeds of their worthy predecessors, and the names they bear should suggest the heroism of our Farraguts, Decaturs, and John Paul Joneses, that the men of this peaceful age may not forget that we too have our heroes.

Our new vessels are bringing new names upon our navy list, and worthy names too; but should we not first exhaust those under which our past heroes fought? Who of us does not feel his cheeks glow with pride when the *Bon Homme Richard* is mentioned, the good ship that carried our Revolutionary arms on to the shores of Great Britain itself? With her were associated many others in the struggle for liberty, almost forgotten now. Let us revive some of them.

There were the *Columbus, Providence, Protector, Defence, Cabot, Hancock, Randolph, Raleigh, Washington, Warren, Trumbull, Congress, Montgomery, Hampden, Lexington, Royal Savage, Liberty, Deane, Gates, Hornet, Surprise*—names picked out at random all ranged under the banner of liberty in the days of '76—many of them those of leaders in that struggle, and all of them at least as appropriate to our modern vessels as such unmelodious nonsense as *Nipsic* or *Tallapoosa*. Who would not prefer fighting on the deck of the *Congress* or *Lexington* rather than on that of the *Sonitaro* or *Quinnebaug*?

Some of the Revolutionary names have survived, as, for instance, *Boston, Enterprise, Alliance, Ranger, Independence, Dolphin, Saratoga*—all ships that helped shape the history of that stirring time. But why should not the rest be also remembered?

In 1800 the war with Algiers and with the French in the West Indies brought our national flag once more upon the high seas in a manner calculated to impress the world with the fact that fighting republics did not die with the last of the Romans. Of the good ships of that period we still are reminded by our present ones to the extent of the *Constitution, Constellation, Essex, Boston, Adams, Portsmouth, Baltimore, Enterprise*; but where do we find now the good ship *United States*, or her sister crafts *Congress, General Greene, George Washington, Ganges, Merrimack, Connecticut, Delaware, Pinckney, Eagle, Warren*?

The war of 1812 fills us with still deeper regret, for that is the last great naval war in which we have been engaged—at least against a foreign power. The Mexican war, we probably all agree, did little to add to our glory at sea, even if it did add to our land possessions.

The war of 1812 made us proud of such ships as the *Decatur, Yankee, Chesapeake, Macedonian, Hornet, Lawrence, Niagara, President, Wasp, Peacock*—names that every school-boy should know all about. Of the others were the *Argus, Siren, Nautilus, Vixen, Ticonderoga, Preble, Oneida, Ontario, Fair American, Somers*, and many more.

The rebellion war is so recent that many a ship that fought then is now in commission; but it is no less to be regretted that so many of the names that suggest naval greatness to us should make room for new ones with no particular historic interest attaching to them. Before naming any more *Atlantas* or *Despatches*, why not revive such names as *San Jacinto, Roanoke, Cumberland, Monitor, St. Lawrence, Oneida, Mississippi*, besides many others that will readily occur to all who have heard of the great rebellion?

If we had no great men, or had fought no great wars, there might be then good reason for naming our boats *Vesuvius, Dynamite*, or corresponding names; but, thank God! we are not reduced to that, and Congress should be made to understand that the ships that reflect American greatness in foreign parts do not require to be branded merely for pleasing effect, like new collars and cuffs, but that each man-of-war that leaves our shores should bear the inheritance of an unbroken record of patriotic deeds upon the high seas; that each veteran craft that reaches the invalid condition should be replaced by another, fresher in paint and spars, to be sure, but manned with the same stuff as fought her predecessor, and animated by the recollection of what was done when the name she bears acted like the magic of Napoleon's eagles.

Let us, then, revive these honorable names, and when these shall have been exhausted, let us draw for the rest, not upon European navies for titles, but upon the names of men great as patriots, and upon those of places connected with deeds of patriotism.

Poultney Bigelow.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

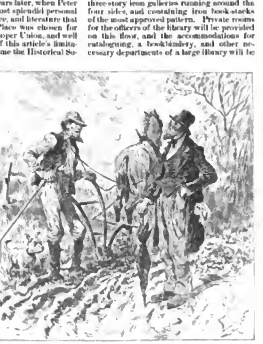
With the passing of another year New York will have one more architectural monument dedicated to science and literature. At the junction of Eighth Street, Astor Place, and Lafayette Place, the site of old Clinton Hall, the Mercantile Library Association is to have a new and magnificent home for its lettered and other treasures. That section of the city abutting upon these corners has come to be firmly established as the rendezvous of its literators. The selection of this location for the Astor Library forty years ago gave to the neighborhood a character, embryotic, it is true, at that time, but of sufficient distinction to determine the American Bible Society to commence the erection of a building close by to be devoted to the production of its manifold religious works, and the proper care of its grand collection of ancient and mediæval tomes and manuscripts pertaining to the Sacred Text. The corner-stone of the Bible House was laid in 1852 at the intersection of Astor Place and Fourth Avenue. Next, in 1854, came the Mercantile Library Association, and arranged its books within the walls of the old Italian Opera-house, then rechristened and since known as Clinton Hall. Three years later, when Peter Cooper had made the most splendid personal endowment to art, science, and literature that history records, Astor Place was chosen for the front elevation of Cooper Union, and well within the boundaries of this article's limitation. About the same time the Historical Society of New York removed its thousands of volumes and documents to a new fire-proof structure at Stuyvesant Street and Second Avenue, hardly more than a stone's-throw distant from its more modern contemporaries.

In the wake of these institutions followed the "old book man," filling up the odd hall-ways, areas, and queer little cubby-holes, in which the old-fashioned buildings thereabouts abounded, with his very miscellaneous collections. The booksellers in turn, many of them, deserted the classic (?) shades of old Nassau Street and settled around the Musean temples of Astor Place and vicinity. Then came the publisher, the printer, and the bookbinder, each with his corps of assistants and artisans, and all aiding to establish a literary democracy that embraces all those who have a hand in the writing, making, or selling of books.

When the demolition of Clinton Hall is begun on May 1st, it will scatter to the winds many pleasant memories of the spot that were gathered in the times when it was known as the Italian Opera-house, and the scene of many an operatic and theatrical triumph. It was the favorite resort of wealthy New-Yorkers, who forty years ago lived mostly within a radius of half a mile of the spot, on Lafayette Place, Second Avenue, Broadway, and Washington Square. It was the scene also of the unfortunate "Astor Place riot," on the 9th of May, 1849, when an ignorant mob, dominated by the spirit of "Know-nothingism" then still rife in the popular mind, sought to prevent the appearance of Macready, the English tragedian, who was announced to play *Macbeth* that night. The details of that disgraceful affair have been so often written that it is unnecessary to enter into the story here. The building of the Academy of Music in 1854 terminated the usefulness of the Italian Opera-house as a place of amusement, and the owners, who had built it by subscription in 1847, were glad to dispose of it for the uses of the Mercantile Library Association.

The picturesque old building, with composite columns of brick and terra-cotta entablatures, has been a familiar landmark for more than a generation, and is in striking contrast with the impressive pile to which it is about to give way. The latter will occupy exactly the same space of ground as the former, measuring 159 feet on Eighth Street, 52 feet on Lafayette Place, 149 feet on Astor Place, and 98 feet on the westerly line, parallel with Broadway. It will rise seven stories above the sidewalk to a height of 115 feet, and when completed will be absolutely fire-proof, according to the declaration of the architect, Mr. George E. Harney, of No 149 Broadway. The walls up to the third story will be of gray Quincy granite, and solid through to the interior; the upper stories to be of dark buff or Holland brick, with supporting buttresses of Belleville or red sandstone, the cornices and trimmings to be also of that stone alternated with terra-cotta; the roof to be flat, entirely of copper and glass, surmounted by an ornate balustrade. The class of architecture will be that of the composite Renaissance.

The interior of the building will be finished entirely in hard-woods of various kinds, the stairways will be of iron with stone treads, and the halls will be paved and wainscoted in variegated marbles. The first story, on the street level, is to be occupied as stores; the second, third, fourth, and fifth floors to be rented out for office purposes; and the sixth and seventh floors to be devoted to the uses of the Mercantile Library Association. The building is to be lighted throughout by electricity as well as gas, and provided with two hydraulic elevators. The sixth story will be sixteen feet in height from floor to ceiling, and will be used for the reference library and reading-room, the fittings, furniture, and decorations to be entirely of oak. The main hall of the circulating library will be on the seventh or topmost floor, with a ceiling twenty-five feet high, and lighted on three sides, as well as by an immense skylight that will occupy nearly two-thirds of the roof space; the whole of the ceiling of this story is to be divided into panels by heavily moulded ceiling ribs, the panels to be highly enriched with suitable designs in wood. The room will be fitted with three-story iron galleries running around the four sides, and containing iron book-stacks of the most approved pattern. Private rooms for the officers of the library will be provided on this floor, and the accommodations for cataloguing, a bookbindery, and other necessary departments of a large library will be



BEANS.

"What's that, Seth—not goin' ter raise any beans this year?"

"Not a bean, deacon; an' I kin jes tell ye that if Congress passes that [illegible] McKinley bill, which taxes beans [illegible] per cent, it won't be long before there ain't a railway rest'rant or a Sunday mornin' breakfast in the hull of New England."

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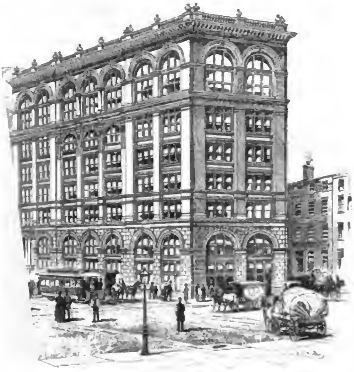

LDING OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY, NEW YORK.—*From the Architect's Design.*

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viduals without capital, to establish a library of any influence or extent; and to add to this inconvenience, which, however, was anticipated by its founders, there was another which they had not the least idea of meeting. This was the opposition of a large number of the old school of merchants, who, themselves having mostly been satisfied and successful with an education such as is embraced within the limits of the rudimentary "three R's," fancied that the attention of their clerks to the advantages offered by the new library would interfere with the duties exacted by their employment. This narrow-minded notion gave rise to more or less hostility on the part of these merchants toward the new enterprise, but the practical workings of the institution, and the gradual spreading of more liberal and enlightened views, finally overcame this stupid and ridiculous prejudice.

In the year 1825 special efforts were made to increase the library and extend its usefulness. The first printed catalogue was published in this year, and so prosperously were its affairs progressing that by the next year the library had outgrown the old quarters on Fulton Street, and it was removed to more spacious apartments on Cliff Street, in the building owned and partly occupied by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Here also a reading-room was first established, supplied with all the principal American periodicals and newspapers, and some foreign ones. This at once became a very popular feature. In 1827 was commenced a series of lectures on popular educational topics, and continued for a long period of years.

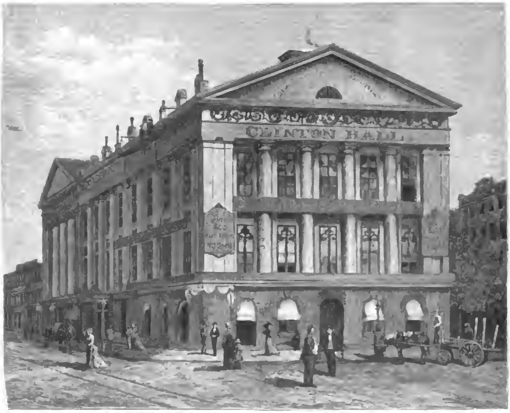
The success of the library as a mutual enterprise had now become assured, and in February, 1828, a number of the broader-minded merchants who felt interested in it met together and agreed to raise by subscription a sum sufficient for the erection of a building suitable for the permanent accommodation of the library. These gentlemen formed themselves into an association, and raised among themselves and friends $88,500 in the course of a year. A plot of ground was purchased at the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, now the site of Temple Court and the Nassau Bank, and in 1830 a building was erected, and dedicated on the 2d of November that year, with much ceremony, to science and art. The entire cost of the land and building was about $55,000. The building was called Clinton Hall, in honor of Governor De Witt Clinton, who had made the first donation of books that the library received, and who was also the most popular public man of that day.

This new building was held not in the name of the Mercantile Library Association, but in that of the Clinton Hall Association, which was the name adopted by the company of gentlemen who erected it. These conservative old merchants, after raising the amount necessary for the building's erection, came to the conclusion that it would not be wise to intrust the management of so much real property into the hands of the library officials, as they, according to its charter requirements, being all men holding clerical positions, could not be expected to exercise the best of judgment in the disposal of so large a sum of money. In this belief the Clinton Hall Association was formed, and to this day controls the business affairs of the Mercantile Library Association apart from the management of the library itself. The Clinton Association acts in the relation of guardian or trustee of the Library Association's property interests, the latter being assured of a full and perpetual ownership of the property as effectually as though the titles were in its own corporate name.

In the new location the library prospered as fully as its most sanguine friends anticipated, and though it labored under some embarrassments of debt, yet the latter was gradually liquidated until the last payment was made in 1852. By this time the growth of the library had rendered the accommodations at Nassau street too limited. A large number of books could not be properly placed upon the shelves, and the reading-room was entirely inadequate for the demands upon it. Early in 1853 steps were taken for the purchase of a new site, and the Italian Opera-house was bought for $140,000. This building required a further outlay of about $100,000 to adapt it to the purpose of a library, and it was in April, 1854, before the first cart-load of books left the old quarters on Nassau Street. The new hall was inaugurated on the 8th of June following, and addresses were delivered by Hon. Horatio Seymour, J. R. Brodhead, the historian, and Hon. Charles King, President of Columbia College.

After the opening of the library in its present location it rapidly extended its sphere of usefulness, until at the present time its subscription list numbers more than five thousand names. The character of its collections of books has always been governed by the needs of the class of people for whose benefit it was originally founded—the employés or clerks of merchants and other business men. In the new building the architect has provided a very liberal amount of renting space without encroaching upon the requirements of the library, and this space, entirely rented, will provide a most handsome income, all of which, above interest charges, etc., will be wholly devoted to the purchase of new books.

SCOTT THOMPSON.



CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK—THE OLD BUILDING AS IT STOOD FOR MANY YEARS.

perpetual sea of children, and with the additional discomfort of feeling that she was looked upon as a disappointing failure, she had become a faded, slatternly woman, alternately tearful and snappish, with a weak back and a disastrous liking for a "drop of comfort." She was of no use to Charles in the business. He was obliged to keep the books himself until his eldest son or daughter should be old enough to relieve him of that care. He missed the confidential chats with his mother about their affairs, never realizing until she was gone from him how shrewd and hard-headed the old lady had been. To add to his troubles, business began to fall off, just at the time when he needed every penny. A huge dairy, conducted on "strictly sanitary" principles, with a speciality for asses' milk, was established just round the corner, and tempted away many families with its alluring prospectuses, gorgeous premises, and smart Swiss milkmaids' costumes. The book-keeping grew less and less onerous every month, until at last Charles could have found it in his heart to thank Heaven for having removed his old mother in time.

Something had to be done, so Charles plainly acknowledged to himself. But what? One might as well ask a cedar of Lebanon, rooted for centuries on its lonely mountain, to come down and turn itself into a cocoa-nut palm on the plain as expect a Charles Soutar to abandon his dairy and strike out some new and less hopelessly well-beaten path for himself. He *could* be nothing but a dairyman—there, in the home of his fathers, York Place, South Kensington. After much counsel, taken with a brother of his mother's, who kept a flourishing pork butcher's shop on the Brompton Road, he sadly came to the resolution to put his pride in his pocket—there was, alas! plenty of room for it in his pocket—to sacrifice his best parlor and the bedroom behind it—his "drawing-room floor," in fact—and to take in lodgers.

His wife remonstrated loudly. Her family had never done it; her drawing-room was the one comfort of her life, and little enough she had, goodness knew! Who was going to cook for the lodgers? Who was to wait on them and do for them? But though Charles was gentle, and preferred as a rule to give in, this time he held firm, and the fatal card, framed and glazed, with "Apartments" on it, appeared in the dairy window in close proximity to the golden cow which had stood there for the best part of a century, and which was the most precious heirloom of the Soutar family.

The card had been there some two months, and Charles Soutar was beginning to think that he had better look about him for some other method of mending his fortunes, when one morning in late October, as he was ruefully contemplating his ledger, a lady entered his shop and asked if she could see the apartments. She was a widow, attired in the very deepest mourning, of plain quality, her face being almost invisible beneath the thick crape veil which hung over it.

Charles Soutar sprang to his feet with alacrity, and was just going to call to his wife, when he reflected that Maria Jane was never fit to be seen in the morning, and that a view of her, untidy and dishevelled, might not increase his visitor's enthusiasm for the lodgings. He therefore whispered to Charles the Fifth, who had now reached the useful age of ten, to run and warn his ma to tidy herself a bit, and then to come back and mind the shop while he himself took the lady up stairs.

"There is a private door at the side of the shop, you will notice, madam," he said; "it would not be necessary for you to pass through the shop, although now we can go this way, if you will kindly follow me."

He walked slowly up stairs to the first floor, and threw open the door of the drawing-room. "This is the sitting-room," he observed; "a pleasant, airy room."

The lady gave a quick glance round. "This will do very well," she said. "And the bedroom?"

Mr. Soutar opened the bedroom door, and drew modestly back to allow the lady to enter alone.

She just crossed the threshold, and looked round. "This is all right too," she said, in the same abrupt way. "Your terms?"

Charles Soutar bashfully mentioned his terms.

"Very well; I will take the rooms. I shall come in to-day. I must be perfectly undisturbed and quiet in them. I shall not give much trouble, and if I am comfortable, shall stay for a long time."

Mr. Soutar, who was inwardly trembling with excited pleasure, was heard to murmur something about "references."

"I have just arrived from Australia, and know no one in London," answered the lady, sharply. "I will pay you a month in advance instead."

This arrangement suiting Mr Soutar very well, the lady pulled out her purse and gave him four weeks' rent on the spot—a proceeding which appeared to him eminently satisfactory and promising.

At the door the widow turned and said: "My name is Harrison—Mrs. Harrison. I shall return in about an hour."

"Very good, madam," returned Mr Soutar, and stood at the door a minute or so watching the tall cloaked figure walk away before he ran up stairs, calling, "Maria! Maria!"

His wife appeared at the head of the first flight, buttoning up the body of her dress as she descended. She received the glad tidings with a supercilious air, which, however, somewhat softened down when her husband jingled the money in his pocket and presented her with a sovereign for herself.

"She's sure to be an old cat," she said, gloomily.

"Not at all, my love—not at all," replied the gentle Charles. "She is quite the lady—quite."

"Well, we shall see," said Mrs. Soutar. "I shall go in and tell pa about it."

"Would it not be better to get the rooms ready first, my dear?" her husband suggested. "Mrs. Harrison said she would arrive in about an hour."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Soutar, indignantly. "My slavery has begun. Get the rooms ready, indeed! I'm not going to demean myself to no such thing. Bessy can do what's wanted. *I* am going in to see my pa."

Mr Charles retired to his ledger, saying to himself that if this was the way Maria Jane intended to go on, the long time their new lodger had spoken of staying with them would be considerably shortened.

Mrs Harrison arrived in due course with one large trunk and a few smaller packages. When the concealing bonnet and veil were laid aside, she proved to be a middle-aged woman, with black hair plentifully streaked with gray, eyes which seemed to be blue behind a pair of spectacles, strongly marked eyebrows, and a thin-lipped mouth. A woman who had seen trouble, Charles Soutar decided, and also a woman who could take care of herself. She arranged her belongings quickly, with the air of one entirely indifferent to external surroundings, ordered a frugal tea with a boiled egg, and spent the afternoon, so far as the curious Bessy could report to her mistress, sitting in the arm-chair by the window, with a book on her knee.

She turned out to be the very quietest, most easily satisfied of lodgers, paying promptly and without discussion, never complaining of the cooking, which nevertheless left a good deal to be desired, never giving unnecessary trouble. She asked for a latch-key, and went out a good deal at uncertain times, sometimes staying at home for weeks together, at others going out in the daytime or in the evening, and coming home very late.

Mrs. Soutar, as curious as her servant, attempted at first to be what she called "chatty" with her lodger, but her efforts were received so coldly, and with so discouraging a stare of the blue eyes behind the spectacles, that she beat an ignominious retreat, and was obliged to content herself with uttering dark hints to Bessy in the kitchen.

Months changed into years, the ten children grew apace, Charles Soutar became bald, Maria Jane more and more lax in her attire, and still Mrs. Harrison remained an inmate of the little house in York Place. She had not changed in any particular, her smooth hair covered by the widow's cap was not one whit grayer, her mourning was as profound as ever, even to the dismal veil on her bonnet, without which she never stirred abroad.

She might have lived with the Soutars only a week or so for any progress in intimacy she had made with them. They knew just as much, or just as little, about her as on the first day, and she, on her side, never troubled to address a single question to either her landlord, her landlady, or any one of the ten scions of the house. She had arranged to have her provisions purchased for her, and was satisfied with everything.

At first conjecture was rife as to the mystery of this stern-faced widow, who led so lonely a life, who received no letters, and who appeared so absolutely indifferent to everybody and everything; but as time went on, the Soutars' lodger became as much an institution as the Soutars themselves, and people ceased to occupy themselves in so profitless a manner.

Had any one taken the trouble to interest themselves in Mrs. Harrison's movements, they would have been utterly at a loss to understand them.

As soon as Bessy had cleared her breakfast things away every morning, the widow rose and locked the door of her sitting-room. Then she arranged the white curtain of her window so that she could see from it and not be seen herself, and from nine o'clock to her dinner hour at two she sat at the window, her eyes fixed steadily on the opposite side of the street. If there was any movement at the windows of Mr Hartley's house, or if the front door opened to admit or to give exodus to any person, quick as lightning went up a powerful opera-glass which she held ready to her hand. In the afternoon it was the same thing: so long as the light lasted she would sit in the window and watch the house. By and by she acquired a trick of muttering to herself; her own voice perhaps served to keep her company, although at times she would start at its sound and look round furtively, as if to assure herself that she had no listener.

When the little girls who lived opposite, Dolly and Marion Hartley, came out with their nurse or their governess, the woman watching opposite would catch her breath, and with starting eyes would crane her neck to see them as long as possible. Sometimes, but not very often, she would catch up her widow's bonnet and long cloak and hurry after them, keeping at a good distance from them, but occasionally approaching near enough to hear them speak, but never turning round to look in their faces.

In the evenings she would open the window of her sitting-room, and sit there watching for Mr. Hartley to come out. He generally took a hansom, and standing on the splash-board as he got in, would give his directions to the cabman in his full, cheery voice, every word of which could, as a rule, be heard across the quiet street. The cab would drive off, and presently Mrs. Harrison would put on her things, and would make her way, either on foot or by the more humble omnibus, in the direction which the hansom had taken. Arrived there, she would, with untiring patience, wait about, sometimes for hours, until Graham Hartley came out; then she would either follow him, if he went on foot, or get near enough again to his hansom to hear the address of his next destination, to which she would instantly proceed. In this manner she would stalk the unconscious man for many hours; for Graham Hartley had always been essentially a night bird, and had not changed his habits since his wife's sudden disappearance. When, at length, they turn their steps homeward—the gay man of pleasure and the soberly attired widow—Mrs. Harrison was often almost dropping with fatigue. Mr. Hartley in his cab would reach his domicile a long while before his watcher's weary feet could bear her to her humble home opposite. She would slip into the Soutars' house as quietly as a mouse, would glide up stairs, and locking herself into her bedroom, would often throw herself fully dressed upon her bed, and sink almost immediately into the heavy sleep of exhaustion.

There were nights, however, when she allowed Graham Hartley to pursue his giddy course unattended; and then, when she had taken no exercise all day, she found it impossible to sleep at night. As evening came on she would leave her window, and begin to pace up and down her sitting-room, her lips twitching, working, often uttering undistinguishable words, her eyes gleaming, glowing with a strange feverish inward light, looking in the twilight like those of an irritated tigress, her thin hands tightly locked behind her back. One of her favorite occupations at all times was to gaze at herself in the little gilt-framed glass over the mantel-piece; she would stand and gaze—without her spectacles—at her own face, always with the same half-piteous, half-contemptuous expression. Unhappy she certainly was, but no tear ever dimmed her eyes. She was always grim, hard, self-contained.

Although she paid her way with the utmost regularity, she lived with economy. The Soutars were honest, and did not overcharge her. She was a very small eater, so that her weekly bills were far from large, and she was as frugal as possible in her dress. She never went near a bank, and, as has been said, received no letters, so that the money she spent from year to year must have been in her own possession. This, however, the Soutars could not know, for she might easily have gone to draw her dividends when she went out.

So the years rolled on, the motherless girls opposite growing into fair and lovely blossoms, prettier far than their mother had ever been. Mr. Hartley, who was now past middle age, began to sober down a little, and to be proud to take out his two pretty daughters. The widow who lived opposite used to grind her teeth and clinch her hands when she saw them all three setting off together for a ride or drive, the girls chattering with affectionate freedom to their stalwart, still handsome father. Mrs. Harrison did not have to take her night journeys so often now; Mr. Hartley staid at home with his daughters, and sounds of music and singing often floated across the street and reached the ears of the watcher. Mrs. Harrison slept very badly at these times; she was obliged to have almost nightly recourse to a certain small bottle which she kept locked up in her toilet-table drawer.

Then there came a day when the drawing-rooms were shut up, when the doctor's carriage stopped twice daily before the door, and when the footman was kept constantly going to the chemist's. Scarlet-fever, Mrs. Harrison was told it was, when, relaxing for once her usual reticence, she inquired of Bessy's successor if she knew what was the matter in the house opposite.

"The two young ladies and one of the servants has got it bad, they say."

Mrs. Harrison shivered, and went back to her window, which she never left, except to take food, for many days after. At last, one bright sunny morning in June, all the blinds in the house were pulled down, and a day or two later an open hearse drew up at the door, and the widow started from her chair, and, forgetting her usual prudence, pressed her face close to the pane. Presently a coffin, covered from head to foot with wreaths and crosses of flowers, was carried out, and in a few minutes the mournful procession started, Graham Hartley, his face all white and drawn, in the first of the long file of carriages.

Mrs Harrison fell on her knees, and pressed her head into the sofa cushions. "Which? Which?" she muttered. "Dolly or Marion?"

She might have asked the servant, who was sure to know, but she did not. She ate nothing that day nor the next, but kept her watch, her blue eyes staring over the way with a blind look in them, as if they scarcely saw.

For four long weary weeks she sat there, immovable as a statue, and then one morning there was an evident bustle in the house. The victoria drew up to the door, and the eager eyes opposite saw a thin, pale, changed form feebly descend the steps, leaning on Graham Hartley's arm, and enter the carriage.

"Dolly!" murmured Mrs. Harrison. "It was Marion that went."

A week or two afterward the Hartleys went out of town, and the house was shut up. It was always closed during the summer, the family going down to their place in Devonshire. During those months of absence, her occupation gone, Mrs Harrison was in the habit of taking long rambles, walking on and on without ever glancing to the right or left, often muttering to herself in a way that made people as they passed her smile significantly, and sometimes turn their heads to look after her.

In the beginning of November the house was reopened, and Mr. Hartley and his daughter, who, beyond a certain fragility of appearance, retained no trace of her severe illness, came back to town, and the widow re-established herself in her old position. It was not long before her observant eyes noticed that the Hartleys had made a new acquaintance. A young, soldierly looking man of about twenty-eight came constantly to the house. Soon he began to ride and drive with Dolly and her father, and even the crossing sweep at the corner drew the inevitable conclusions, and began to look forward to a wedding and a possible tip for himself.

When she was sure, when she had read it in the beaming eyes of the girl and the tender glances of the young man, Mrs. Harrison forthwith fell into a strange state of excitement. She wandered up and down in her room, muttering, and sometimes letting a hard dry laugh escape from between her parched, thin lips.

"She too," she would murmur—"is she to go the same way too? All joy in life and love, all faith to be crushed out of her too? Is she to be slowly martyred for her money's sake, as her mother was?"

From that day the widow began her nocturnal wanderings again. Only this time it was not Graham Hartley, but young Sir Harry Courtenay that was her object. It was not so easy for her to dog his footsteps, for he lived in chambers in St. James's Street, and was exceedingly erratic in his movements. No sleuth-hound, however, could have shown greater aptitude. She seemed inspired with a patience and *flair* almost amounting to genius. It was not long before she acquired the certainty that the young baronet led as loose a life as his prospective father-in-law had done in those by-gone years before and after he had married an heiress.

Sir Harry's afternoons were given to the courting of the fair, gentle girl who believed him to be the most gallant and chivalrous of gentlemen. Fresh from her innocent kisses, he would go, smiling and serene, to spend the nights in orgies with men who did not know the name of honor, and with women who pressed their painted mouths on the very spot sanctified by his betrothed's pure lips. He was steeped in debt, and only kept his creditors at bay by the prospect of the wealthy marriage he was on the point of making. He was too corrupted, too blasé, for it to be possible for him to feel genuine love for the simple, unaffected little Dolly. His palate craved for caviare and Kümmel, not for strawberries and cream.

All this Mrs. Harrison, with a certain sad experience of her own to guide her, learned and quickly understood. Every day she grew more and more sombre. The fatigue of her detective business told upon her in a startling way; she grew thin to emaciation; her eyes shone large and with a feverish brilliancy in her almost livid face. Tired as she was when she reached home at night, she would sometimes pace her room for a long time, muttering to herself, even occasionally speaking almost audibly. She became, if possible, more reserved than ever, not even now exerting herself to return an answer to any casual remark or question that might be made to her. Mrs. Soutar, prompted by her husband, urged her to see a doctor, as she was sure that she could not be well, but was met by so fierce a refusal that she beat a hasty retreat.

Presently the house opposite began to show preparations for the approaching event. Dress-makers and card-board boxes of all sizes were constantly arriving. Dolly was always going into town on mysterious expeditions, returning with the carriage full of parcels; Mr Hartley went about with a sleek and well-satisfied air. Sir Harry continued to present himself, handsome, smiling, dressed to perfection, without a hint of the tiger's claw hidden beneath the courtly, good-natured exterior; and meanwhile he continued his other life as merrily as ever, taking care that no whisper of his doings ever reached his *fiancée's* father's ears.

Two days before his wedding Sir Harry emerged at three o'clock one morning from a certain house in a shady street well known by him and his compeers. He came out with another man, who said, as they shut the door behind them:

"Well, ta-ta, old chap. I'm off this way. By the bye, I suppose we shall hardly meet again before you are a blissful Benedict. What a good boy you've got to be now, by Jove! Ha! ha!" and he laughed, without any sound of mirth in his voice.

Sir Harry laughed too. "Not a bit of it,"

GRAPH.—[See Page 346.]

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Under a plain stone, with her widow's name and the date, Mrs. Harrison lies sleeping, at peace with herself and mankind at last.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN HISTORIC LANDS.

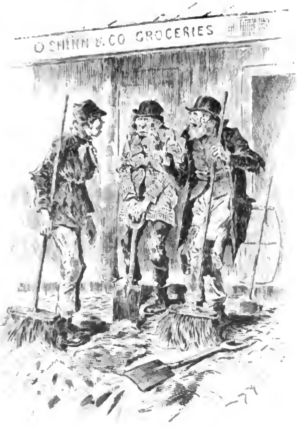
Pick and spade have in the last few decades been furnishing valuable contributions to our knowledge of the history of the Oriental peoples. But never has this been more the case than in the last five or six years. It has always been a source of regret to scholars that not only the native literature of the East, but also so many of the writings of Latin and Greek authors on the classic lands of history have been lost; but now it seems that the buried literary treasures of these countries will more than compensate for the loss. While mourning the destruction of secondary sources of information, the researches of the archæologist are finding primary ones in abundance. The hieroglyphics of Egypt and the cuneiform inscriptions of the Babylonian and Assyrian empire no longer monopolize the attention of historians and investigators. While these remains of earlier civilization are still contributing their full share toward enabling us to understand the ins and outs of these historic nations in their details as accurately as we know the Greeks and Romans from their literature, our own day and date have brought forth such evidences concerning the history of peoples of whose doings all traces appeared to be lost, that these records are a marvel in our eyes.

Prominent among the rediscovered Oriental people are the Hittites, known from biblical and other sources to have been powerful forces in the political ups and downs of western Asia. The discovery of inscriptions in considerable numbers on the site of what proves to be Carchemish, the capital of the Hittite Empire, has solved this enigma of early Eastern history. While the data in regard to this once powerful people are yet meagre, and the questions in reference to them not all settled to the satisfaction of all specialists, so much has been settled, that the Hittites are not a chimera, but a fact of history.

More important yet than this find was that made only about a year and a half ago at Tel-el-Amarna, in Lower Egypt. Here hundreds of tablets were unearthed, covered with cuneiform inscriptions. From these it appeared that at the early date of 1400 B.C. an extensive correspondence by letter—for such the contents of these tablets proved to be—was carried on between Assyria, Babylonia, northern Syria, and Palestine, between such cities as Tyre, Sidon, Askelon, Lachis, Meggiddo, etc., on the one hand, and the Pharaohs of Egypt, Amenophis I. and Amenophis IV. on the other, and this at the time when the Hebrews were settled in Goshen. The contents of these letters are varied in kind and character, touching on affairs public and private in all possible phases. For the first time the evidences are here furnished that in western Asia and northeastern Africa letters and literatures existed at a date much earlier than was generally supposed to be the case, and much earlier than the data furnished by sources hitherto accessible permitted students to accept.

This valuable historical discovery has within recent months received a noteworthy corroboration by the discovery in southern Arabia of a vast number of inscriptions, from which it not only appears that Arabia and western Asia were in possession of a literature four and five hundred years earlier than is stated by the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, but that before the Mohammedan era Christian and Jewish nations, most flourishing in character, with a cultured literature, existed for two thousand years and more in the southern half of the Arabian peninsula. Dr. Edward Glaser, a German savant, made three expeditions to those regions, in quest of new material for scholarly investigation. On these trips, made in 1883, 1885, and 1887, he collected in all no fewer than 1032 inscriptions in countries almost inaccessible to Western travellers. These inscriptions are of both Jewish and Christian origin, and give information in detail of the Minæan and Sabæan kingdoms. The latter was maintained until it was destroyed by the Mohammedans. It is the biblical Sheba, and for many generations its rulers were Jews.

Professor Sayce, who has made a special study of these inscriptions, says that the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon need no longer cause astonishment. Understanding the influence of Solomon's kingdom as we do now, it was almost the most natural thing in the world. Dr. Glaser has found inscriptions which mention Gaza and many others, which show that the influence of the Shebans extended as far as Edom. It was easier in Solomon's day to travel through the length of Arabia than it is to-day. Even of the Minæan kingdom, which preceded that of Sheba, by which it was destroyed, the garrisons and colonies were stationed on the high-road which led past Mecca to the countries of the Mediterranean. Throughout this vast extent of country alphabetic writing was practised in various forms. Hommel, a Munich Orientalist, has discovered that some of these inscriptions date back to almost two thousand years before Christ. Sayce therefore says that the belief that pre-Mohammedan Arabia was a land of illiterate nomads must be abandoned; it was not Islam that introduced writing into it, but the princes and merchants of Main and Thamud, centuries and centuries before—in this way the slave-trading Arab losing his glory in this regard also. The Semitic people all—and undoubtedly the Hebrews form no exception to the rule—in the second chiliad before Christ, throughout the whole region from the Nile to the Euphrates, had advanced to a noteworthy stage of culture, civilization, and literature. This was known to be true in the case of the Babylonians and Assyrians in the east and the Egyptians in the west; but it is the result of recent research and new data furnished by the discoveries in the last half-dozen years that all the region between also partook to a large measure of this civilization. This puts quite a new face on one of the most interesting periods of ancient history.



THE NEOPHYTE.

"P'what's yer name, young feller?"

"Dinnis."

"Ph'well, Dinnis, me boy, it's yersilf has jist begun street swapin', an' it's mesilf has been at it since Tammany invinted swapin', an' it's yersilf as will be discharged if you wurruk as hard as ye have this marnin'. Niver swape up to-day p'what ye kin lave for to-morrer. Take it aisy, Dinnis—take it aisy."

EVERY MEAL IS A TRIAL

To the dyspeptic. Flatulence, heartburn, oppressive fulness of the stomach, are the inevitable sequences of his use of the knife and fork. To say of him that he gratifies the cravings of appetite would be genuine satire. He only appeases them. Is relief attainable? Certainly, and by the use of a pleasant as well as thorough remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Will it cure immediately? Certainly not—it does not effect miracles. But it does give prompt and unspeakable relief, and will, if persisted in, produce an ultimate cure. Not only does it impart relish to the food, but promotes its conversion by the stomach into rich health and strength sustaining blood. Supersensitiveness of the nerves, mental depression, and unquiet slumber, produced by interruption of the digestive functions, are also remedied by it. It is the finest preventive and curative of malarial disorders, and relieves constipation, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and liver complaint.—[Adv.]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Contain ingredients which act specially on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat, caused by cold or over-exertion of the voice. They are recommended to Singers and Public Speakers, and all who, at any time, have a cough or trouble with the throat or lungs.—[Adv.]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[Adv.]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[Adv.]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[Adv.]

The great advantages of Nicholson's Liquid Bread are its low alcoholic constituents, with very high sugar, albuminoid, and cellulose constituents. A desirable table beverage recommended by prominent physicians.—[Adv.]

Burnett's Cocoaine has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.—[Adv.]

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia, etc.—[Adv.]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[Adv.]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[Adv.]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[Adv.]

For the delicate and aged and all in whom the vital current is impoverished and sluggish, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the very best tonic. It restores the wasted tissues, and imparts to the system surprising elasticity and vigor. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.—[Adv.]

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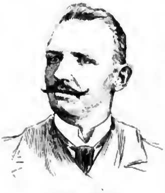
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

OPENING OF THE BASE-BALL SEASON OF 1890.

THE LEADING PLAYERS AND THEIR POSITIONS.

BY O. P. CAYLOR.

THE base-ball championship "season" opened on Saturday, April 19th, when two teams of players from Philadelphia appeared at the grounds of the National League and of the Brotherhood in this city. How there came to be two such rival organizations, and what are the prospects of the coming season, will be explained further on.



A. C. ANSON (League).

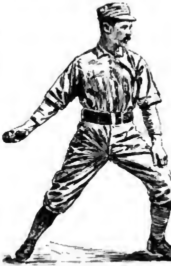
Very recently a syndicate of capitalists made an offer, through the entirely responsible law firm of Tracy, Boardman, & Platt, to pay to the National League of Base-ball Clubs of America $1,000,000 for their franchises. The offer was read to the club owners at their meeting in Cleveland on the 4th of March, and without discussion was laid on the table by a unanimous vote.

Inasmuch as the National League of Base-ball Clubs is but one of a half-dozen or more prominent professional base-ball club organizations in the country, some idea may be had from the above-mentioned business transaction of the immense proportions which the great American sport has attained during the last ten years. The offer of $1,000,000 for the League franchises was considered to be absurdly small, the Boston club alone asserting that they would not sell out for less than that amount. The Boston club, however, own the block of ground upon which their team plays its games, and this plot, with the buildings upon it, is worth probably $250,000. The Philadelphia League club also own their own grounds, and have erected thereon costly permanent grand stands and club-houses. In the other six cities the clubs occupy grounds which are leased, and upon which they have put improvements which cost from $40,000 to $80,000 each.

During the winter which has just passed, a Brotherhood of Base-ball Players, most of whom withdrew from the service of the National League, organized an independent association of clubs, which they call the Players' League. They have rented grounds, and have fitted them up in National League cities, and propose during the season to conduct a competitive business against their former employers. They have secured in each city the moneyed backing of well-known business men, who are promised in return for their financial aid a certain share of the profits of the clubs to which they respectively give encouragement.

A bitter feeling exists between the two organizations. The Brotherhood of Players accuse the League "magnates" of forcing them into a revolt by reason of unfair and un-American modes of oppression in their club rules and regulations. On the other hand, the League officials allege that these rules were as much for the player's benefit as for the club's, and offer in proof thereof the fact that salaries under the workings of these rules more than doubled.

There was in every League player's contract for 1889 an option, called the reserve clause, which specified that if the club should "reserve" the player for 1890, it should be at a salary not less than that of the contract of 1889. The League claimed this to be an option. The Brotherhood players held that it was merely an option as to National Agreement clubs, and that they had a right to ignore it. Several law-suits grew out of the dispute. The New York club went into the courts and attempted to enjoin Ward and Ewing, two of their last season players, from playing with Brotherhood clubs, on the claim that they (the New York club) had a right under this reserve clause to the player's services. In both cases the courts decided against the club. Judge Wallace, in deciding the Ewing case, held that though the reserve clause was a contract morally binding Ewing to *negotiate* with the New York club for 1890, it was not such a contract that the club could enforce.



JOHN G. CLARKSON (League).
From a Photograph by Conly, Boston.

It is admitted on both sides that the war between the two leagues will be a bitter one —a fight to the finish—and that the result will be the survival, possibly not of the fittest, but of the most enduring. The people who simply love the sport, and care nothing for the dispute between the old magnates and the new, will watch the games with considerable interest.

Besides the National League and the Players' or Brotherhood League there are three other combinations or circuits of clubs, including the principal cities in the eastern or central part of the country.

The National League holds franchises and has established clubs in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Cleveland.

The Brotherhood clubs are located in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Buffalo. Thus it will appear that in only one National League city and one Brotherhood city the two organizations do not conflict.

Then there is the American Association of Base-ball Clubs, which is comprised of clubs in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Rochester, Syracuse, Columbus, Toledo, Louisville, and St. Louis.

The Atlantic Association embraces a circuit composed of clubs in the cities of Baltimore, Wilmington (Delaware), Hartford, Newark, Jersey City, New Haven, Washington, and Worcester.

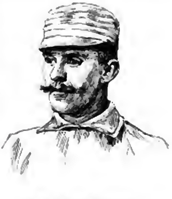
The Western Association has clubs in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Sioux City, Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, and St. Joseph.

There are also minor professional organizations, such as the Texas League of Clubs, in the larger cities of Texas, the California League, the Tri-State League, the International Association, and a number of others of lesser interest.

The reader will notice that, with the exception of the antagonism between the Brotherhood League and the National League, these various organizations do not conflict in territory except in the instances of Brooklyn and Philadelphia, where the National League and American Association occupy common territory by agreement.

It was this comity in business which of recent years made base-ball so profitable not only to clubs, but to professional players. The whole system is controlled and governed by a set of common base-ball laws, called the National Agreement, to which every professional base-ball organization of clubs in the country has subscribed, and is held bound except the Brotherhood League.

The supreme court to which all appeals are made in disputes between clubs of different organizations under the government of this National Agreement Confederation is a Board of Arbitration, consisting of three delegates from the National League and three from the American Association. The other leagues and associations enjoying the protection of this base-ball Magna Charta are qualified members, and while they are entitled to representation in the board, their representatives have no vote. The board has legislative as well as judicial powers. It has sole right to amend the National Agreement, repeal any part of it, and make changes or additions from time to time. The writer of this article had the honor of being a member of the original committee which formulated the tripartite agreement, and was secretary of the first Board of Arbitration. To Mr. A. G. Mills, of New York, base-ball owes the conception of that great instrument which has done so much for the game.



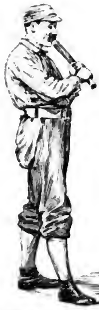
JOHN M. WARD (Brotherhood).
From a Photograph by J. Hall, Brooklyn.

Before the National Agreement was formed for the confederation of leagues and associations, clubs preyed upon each other's players, and the least show of financial success made by a club in any city would at once call out rival or competitive clubs, until all were bankrupt, and the result would be a suspension of the game at that particular point for years. In this state of affairs there was no permanent value to a club's interests, and capital was very shy when asked to back up the game as a financial speculation.

Thus we see that the famous Red Stocking Club, of Cincinnati, in 1870 was completely thrown out of business and disrupted by the Boston and Washington clubs taking their favorite players for 1871. Instead of continuing to have the champion team of the United States, Cincinnati had no club at all in 1871, and no team. Neither was there another club organized in that city until late in 1875.

So, too, in Boston. When in 1875 the Chicago club took from the Boston club four of their famous players in the middle of the season, the pride was taken out of Boston patrons, and the club's business declined for several years, during which time instead of making money, it fell away to a total loss of nearly fifty thousand dollars.

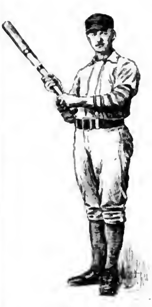
Another evil from this unrestrained competition was the constant changing of players from team to team. And as it requires



DAN BROUTHERS (Brotherhood).

TIMOTHY J. KEEFE (Brotherhood).

WILLIAM B. EWING (Brotherhood).



JEREMIAH DENNY (League).

together of a set of ball-players
season before they become fa-
gh with each other's modes of
g about strong team work, any-
erfection in base-ball playing in
'as almost an impossibility; and
am-work was acknowledged to
to please patrons of the game,
it that general excellence of play
'ulated to arouse enthusiasm was
pected.

re became evident to the con-
lers in the sport that some gen-
set of rules must be formulated
l to govern all well-disposed or-
of clubs.

d was formed, in the autumn or
82, what was called the Tripartite
and which the next year was
by the National Agreement, an
which, it is claimed, has brought
base-ball from its chaotic state
bankruptcy to a basis of well-
iness principles. It has stood
ven successive seasons, during
a ball-player's salary has in-
an average of $1000 for seven
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a million, whereas before the
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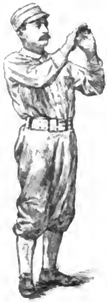
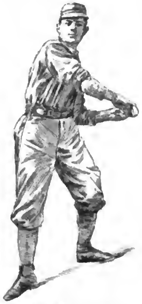
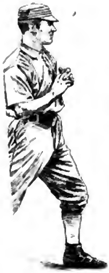


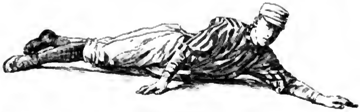
EDWARD HANLON (Brotherhood).



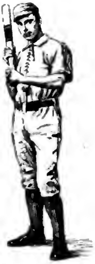
M. KILROY (Brotherhood).



SH (League).



M. TIERNAN (League).



W. D. O'BRIEN (League).

nal Agreement? It is a
which does not govern
us leagues and associa-
nt, it prevents ruinous
g each club sole control
the city where located,
league or association to
any club which may
city already occupied.
very club, by a system
"reserve" fourteen of
season at a minimum
d, no other club is per-
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erfection of team work
after season. The ef-
tice has been the mu-
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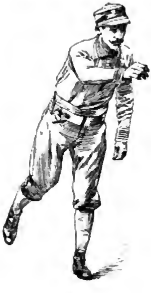
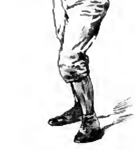
reased the number of
l clubs in the Union

fourfold, and the number of players in the same proportion, but it has increased base-ball players' salaries from a maximum of $2500 to $6000 for seven months' service, and increased them *on an average* 200 per cent. As instances, note these cases: Ewing, the catcher, came to the New York club in 1883 for $3000, and last year received $5000, with a bonus of $1000 additional. Ward, the shortstop, played his first month in New York in 1883 for $75 a month, and last year drew $600 a month from the same club. Carpenter, the third base-man, went to Cincinnati to play in 1882 at a salary of $800, and this year he was engaged for $2300. These men play no better now than they did in 1882, but the prosperity of their clubs in business has been their prosperity as well.

Notwithstanding all this advancement in their salaried interests, many players of the National League began to chafe at some of the rules which the club officials made to control them. There was really no well-defined objection to the reserve rule, for the thinking players believed it benefited the profession generally for the reasons above given. But they objected to the practice of clubs selling their releases to other clubs; to the classification of the players into grades, to which certain set salaries attached; to the article in their contracts which permitted the club to discharge them after ten days' notice. A Brotherhood had been formed among the players, including all the National League players but about ten or twelve. Last summer, some time in June, when the championship season was at its height, the leaders of the Brotherhood drew up a bill of their grievances to be presented to the League. A committee of the Brotherhood called upon A. G. Spalding, of the Chicago Club, who was chairman of the League Standing Committee on Conference, and presenting their case, asked for an immediate answer, looking toward a correction of the aforesaid wrongs before the season of 1889 should close. Mr. Spalding, for the League, refused to break through that organization's established custom by "swapping horses while crossing a stream." He, however, assured the committee of players that as soon as the championship season was ended their request would be respectfully considered, equitably adjusted, and everything made satisfactory to the Brotherhood before contracts for 1890 were presented for signatures.

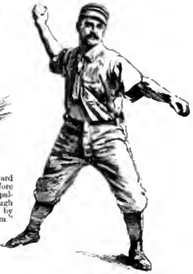


A. WEYHING (Brotherhood).



JOHN A. McPHEE (League).

rhood).



E. N. CRANE (Brotherhood).

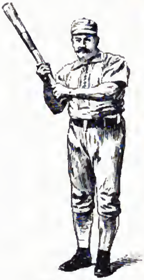
The leaders of the players, however, were not satisfied, and the most radical of them urged a general strike the day before July 4th—the big day of the year in base-ball financially. The cooler-headed men, however, prevented this proposed action. On July 14th a meeting of Brotherhood delegates was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city, and it was then and there resolved to cut loose from the League at the end of the season. Members from each chapter were delegated to secretly look up "financial backers" in the various cities, and report later on.

The consequence was that on the seventh day of September, and a few days about that period, the members of each chapter of the Brotherhood (or most of the members) signed an agreement to "strike" in November following, as soon as the championship season ended. Meanwhile financial backers in each League city were carefully selected, secured, and, together with the players, sworn to secrecy. The secret was so well guarded that though the plan was laid and perfected nearly three months before their contracts with the League terminated, there was no word of suspicion uttered to warn the club-owners until about October 1st. Even then the players, one and all, vehemently denied that there was an agreement to capture the business of the League.

The plan only partly succeeded. The belief of the leaders had been that they could take every player with them, and thus compel the dismantled League clubs to go out of business. But about one-third of the best players refused to desert their clubs, declaring that they understood, when they signed the agreement in September, that no revolt was to occur unless the clubs should refuse to grant certain requests, which they had been given no chance to consider.

This defection from the ranks of the Brotherhood players not only weakened their plan, but it left the National League clubs a nucleus around which to fortify and fight for the maintenance of their business interests. They proceeded to buy the releases of promising young players from contract with clubs of minor organizations under the National Agreement, and at the same time secured the membership of the American Association clubs in Brooklyn and Cincinnati, with their complement of fine players. The

Indianapolis and Washington clubs, members of last year's League, were bought out, and the latter fine team transferred for the most part to New York city. Thus the old clubs will enter the season as well equipped with stellar attractions as the Brotherhood clubs, and better prepared financially for the fight. The Brotherhood in the start challenged the League to a fight to the finish. The latter accepted it, and there is no "possible, probable shadow of doubt" but that one of the two organizations will in time have to surrender. Some of the cities occupied by both cannot possibly support two clubs, and an unbroken circuit of eight cities is always absolutely necessary in a financial sense.


DAVID ORR (Brotherhood).

It therefore follows that the season just opening will be the most exciting and the most important in the history of the national game.

Herewith is a full list of the players who constitute the teams of the various clubs of the League and the Brotherhood at the time this is written:

NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS.

Boston (15 Men).

*John G. Clarkson,
*C. W. Ganzell,
*C. W. Bennett,
*C. M. Smith,
C. A. Nichols,
Robert A. Lowe,
P. J. Donovan,
Thomas J. Tucker,
Hermann Long,
Louis W. Hardie,
A. Schellhouse,
John McGarr,
J. F. Faber,
George E. Hodgman,
W. S. Brodie.

Philadelphia (15 Men).

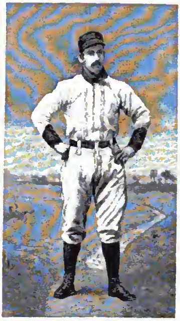
*T. D. Vickery,
*S. L. Thompson,
*John Clements,
*Albert Meyers,
*William Schriver,
*William Gleason,
*E. H. Decker,
*William Day,
Allen McCauley,
R. G. Allen,
E. D. Burke,
Ed. Mayer,
W. R. Hamilton,
D. Anderson,
John F. Smith.

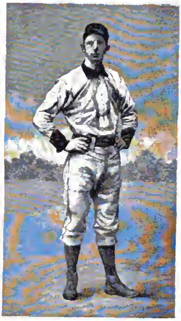
New York (18 Men).

*John W. Glasscock,
*H. J. Boyle,
*C. E. Bassett,
*A. J. Sowders,
M. J. Scanlon,
*M. Welch,
Joseph Hornung,
John H. Murphy,
*Jeremiah Denny,
*A. W. Rusie,
*R. D. Buckley,
*Jesse Burkett,
*M. Tiernan,
*P. J. Murphy,
S. N. Crane,
Charles L. Dooley,
A. F. Clarke,
M. Seifke.

Brooklyn (16 Men).

*George J. Smith,
*W. D. O'Brien,
*G. B. Pinkney,
*W. H. Terry,
*R. L. Caruthers,
*J. S. Corkhill,
*H. Collins,
*Thomas Lovett,
*R. H. Clark,
*T. P. Daly,
*D. L. Foutz,
*T. P. Burns,
George T. Stallings,
*M. F. Hughes,
*J. Newman,
*C. L. Reynolds.


W. A. LATHAM (Brotherhood).


C. A. COMISKEY (Brotherhood.)

Cleveland (15 Men).

*Edward Beatin,
*E. J. McKean,
*Charles L. Zimmer,
*R. J. Gilks,
George Davis,
W. W. Veach,
Joseph Ardner,
L. C. Stockwell,
Joseph Sommer,
John Wadsworth,
W. D. Smalley,
Ezra P. Lincoln,
Thomas J. Doane,
C. J. Parsons,
Vincent Daily

Cincinnati (16 Men).

*J. A. McPhee,
*C. G. Baldwin,
*William M. Earle,
*Hugh Nichol,
*O. P. Beard,
*L. Viau,
*Charles Marr,
*John G. Reilly,
*James W. Keenan,
*J. W. Holliday,
*T. J. Mullane,
*James Duryea,
Jerry Harrington,
W. P. Rhines,
Joseph W. Knight,
F. J. Foreman.

Pittsburgh (19 Men).

P. J. Daniels,
*William Sowders,
*G. P. Miller,
Guy Hecker,
S. H. Laroque,
Kirtley Baker,
Edward Mulhearn,
Henry Jones,
W. H. Bemp,
Frederick Roat,
William Wilson,
John Kelty,
Howard Brandenburg,
Frederick Schmitt,
Charles Gray,
Philip Routcliff,
Henry Youngman,
John P. Berger.
*Fred Dunlap.

Chicago (18 Men).

*A. C. Anson,
*Thomas E. Burns,
*W. F. Hutchinson,
Cliff Carroll,
*W. H. Wilmot,
J. J. Cooney,
J. C. Lauer,
R. L. Garvin,
Matthew Schell,
M. J. Sullivan,
M. J. Kittridge,
Thomas Nagle,
J. F. Andrews,
Howard Earle,
W. E. Coughlin,
Peter J. O'Brien.

* Were League Players last year or members of the same clubs.

BROTHERHOOD PLAYERS.

Boston (16 Men).

M. J. Kelly,
C. Swett,
M. E. Murphy,
M. Kilroy,
D. Brouthers,
Arthur Irwin,
H. Richardson,
H. Stovey,
C. A. Radbourne,
Addison Gumbert,
M. Madden,
W. Daley,
J. Quinn,
William Nash,
R. F. Johnson,
Thomas Brown.

Buffalo (15 Men).

C. Mack,
O. Clark,
G. Haddock,
G. H. Krock,
S. Wise,
John Irwin,
W. E. Hoy,
W. Halligan,
A. Ferson,
G. W. Keefe,
James L. White,
J. C. Rowe,
W. J. Rainey,
E. Beecher,
J. J. Carney.

Cleveland (15 Men).

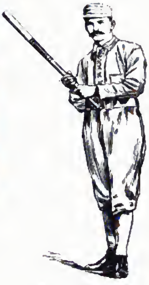
C. N. Snyder,
John Brennan,
E. Bakeley,
L. Hemmings,
John Stricker,
Oliver Tebeau,
L. P. Browning,
E. E. Sutcliff,
H. Gruber,
J. F. O'Brien,
H. Larkin,
Paul Radford,
J. McAleer,
L. Twitchell,
E. J. Delehanty.

Chicago (15 Men).

John Boyle,
Del Darling,
Charles King,
Charles Bartson,
F. N. Pfeffer,
W. A. Latham,
J. Ryan,
C. A. Farrell,
M. E. Baldwin,
F. Dwyer,
C. A. Comiskey,
E. N. Williamson,
H. Duffy,
J. O'Neil,
C. A. Bastian.

New York (14 Men).

William B. Ewing,
H. Vaughn,
T. J. Keefe,
John Ewing,
Daniel Richardson,
G. Hatfield,
M. J. Slattery,
William Brown,
H. O'Day,
E. N. Crane,
Roger Connor,
Arthur Whitney,
James O'Rourke,
George Gore.


M. J. KELLY (Brotherhood).

Brooklyn (16 Men).

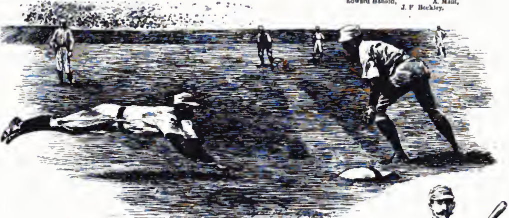
David Orr,
John M. Ward,
A. Weyhing,
G. Van Haltern,
J. C. McGeachy,
C. Daily,
Paul Cook,
Arthur Sunday,
L. Bierbauer,
W. Joyce,
C. Murphy,
J. Sowders,
G. E. Andrews,
J. E. Seery,
John Hoerr,
Thomas Kinslow.

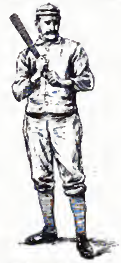
Philadelphia (17 Men).

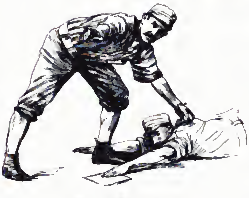
A. B. Sanders,
J. Husted,
Elmer Cunningham,
John Milligan,
M. Griffin,
G. Wood,
D. Shannon,
G. Rouse,
C. G. Buffinton,
P. Knell,
Lave Cross,
W. Hallman,
J. G. Fogarty,
S. D. Farrar,
William Shindle,
Joseph Mulvey,
C. M. Pickett.

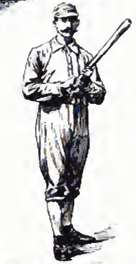
Pittsburgh (15 Men).

Thomas Quinn,
F. W. Carroll,
J. K. Tener,
Edward Morris,
W. Robinson,
William Kuehne,
Edward Hanlon,
J. Hurley,
J. J. Fields,
J. F. Galvin,
H. E. Staley,
Thomas Corcoran,
J. P. Visner,
A. Maul,
J. F. Beckley.


A DIVE FOR SECOND BASE.


JOSEPH MULVEY (Brotherhood).


THOMAS E. BURNS (League).


S. L. THOMPSON (League).

The desertion of so many of the old players from the National League teams has opened the way for the advancement of a considerable number of younger experts who have hitherto lacked the opportunities to advance themselves to the front in professional ball playing. The season of 1890 will then be the more interesting because these new candidates for popular favor are to have a chance to win their laurels on the ball fields in the large cities.

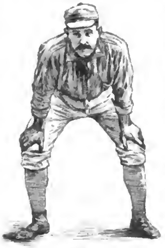
Among the new players are quite a number of college men. The New York club has three of them in its team—young men who respectively have been students of Harvard and Hamilton colleges, and Brown's University. Of the older players, Hutchinson and Bassett are the most notable as college graduates.

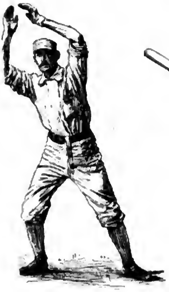
Probably no other player at this

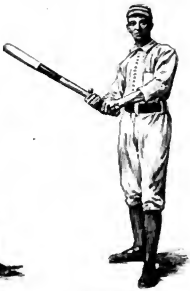
mirers who know him professionally are scarcely less numerous than his friends who know him socially. What Ross Barnes was to base-ball in 1876 John A. McPhee is to it to-day.

Jeremiah Denny, of the New York club, has no rival as a third-base-man. He is a Californian, but has lived so long in the East as a professional that the Pacific coast can hardly claim him. Denny, besides being able to play his base—the most difficult of all on the in-field—more skilfully than any of his rivals, is a heavy, sure batter, and a fair base-runner.

John W. Glasscock, of the same club, is acknowledged to be without a successful rival as a short-stop. His wonderful stops, "pick-ups," and quick throwing to bases are considered among the marvels of base-ball playing. By trade Mr. Glasscock is a ship-carpenter, and the fact that he receives twenty dollars a day for playing ball during the summer does not prevent him from earning more moderate sum in wages during the winter by working at his trade.


ROGER CONNER (Brotherhood).


JOHN G. REILLY (League).


D. L. FOUTZ (League).

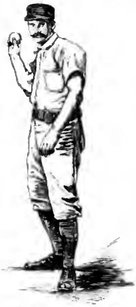
in skill to Glasscock as a short-stop
Montgomery Ward, leader of the
ood, and captain of the Brooklyn
ood club. Mr. Ward is called a
layer, whose quick wit and ready
t have served him well in play. He
a fine base-runner.
the out-fielders such men as Tier-
mpson, Corkhill, O'Brien, Wilmot,
lliday, Hanlon, and O'Neil are no-
rers. All with the exception of
re also good batters.

The championship season of the National League began on the nineteenth day of April, and will close on the fourth day of October. In the Brotherhood the season opened also April 19th, and closes October 4th. The rules of the National Agreement prohibit any of its clubs from playing a game with the Brotherhood clubs, because the latter contain players who have become ineligible by reason of having signed National Agreement contracts, and repudiated their alleged obligations under them. There will consequently be no test of strength between the winners of the two championships. But next fall the champion club of the National League and the champion club of the American Association will play a series of games for the "championship of the world," as has been the practice for four years.

In concluding, it might not be amiss to note the tremendous strides professional base-ball has taken during the last fifteen years, until it has become an established business all over the United States. There are at this time about one hundred professional clubs banded together under the National Agreement. These one hundred clubs give employment to about fifteen hundred players, whose average salary is perhaps $1000 a season, making a total amount paid in salaries of $1,500,000. Besides the National Agreement clubs there are the eight Brotherhood clubs, embracing about one hundred and twenty players, whose salaries will aggregate $250,000, swelling the grand total to 1620 players and $1,750,000 in salaries.

These clubs during the season will travel about 450,000 miles by rail. Each club will carry from twelve to sixteen men in their journeying around, which means railroad tickets representing 6,300,000 miles. At an average of 2½ cents a mile, the cost of travel alone, not including sleeping-car accommodation, will be found to amount to something like $157,500—quite a neat drop in the earnings of the American railroads.

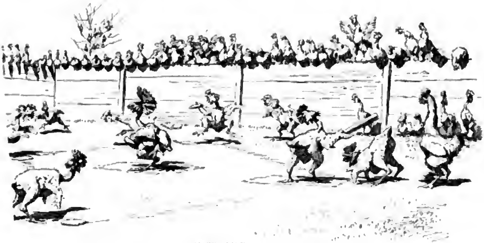
There is another class of business which profits from this base-ball playing—the hotels.


JOHN W. GLASSCOCK (League).

During one-half of the playing season, about eighty days of each year, every club has its team on the circuit, and the players are for the most part quartered at the very best hotels. Not less than $200,000 is spent in this way among the various hotels in cities which support base-ball clubs. Probably $100,000 would be a small estimate of the rents paid by the clubs for their grounds, and certainly $200,000 would not more than pay the miscellaneous expenses, such as sleeping-car fares, carriage hire, advertising, salaries of ground employés, treasurers, and gate-keepers, and the purchase of supplies.

Add it all together, and you will have nearly two and a half-million of dollars paid out by professional base-ball clubs each year. It is not unlikely that these figures are too small to be correct, nor is it a hazardous guess to say that the profits of the whole season among all the clubs, over and above expenses, will reach a quarter of a million of dollars. Then we find the American people paying each season $2,750,000 for their amusement in base-ball. Three spectators, on an average, will represent a dollar. So that we have a total attendance during the season of about eight millions of people. Divide this up into one hundred and thirty playing days, and you will arrive at the conclusion that the average daily attendance in America on base-ball games where admission fees are charged is over fifty thousand. This season, I believe, it will exceed sixty thousand.

It is not an unreasonable estimate to say that every day during this summer five million Americans will examine the columns of their favorite newspapers to see the result of the professional base-ball games of the previous day.


A PICKED NINE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890.

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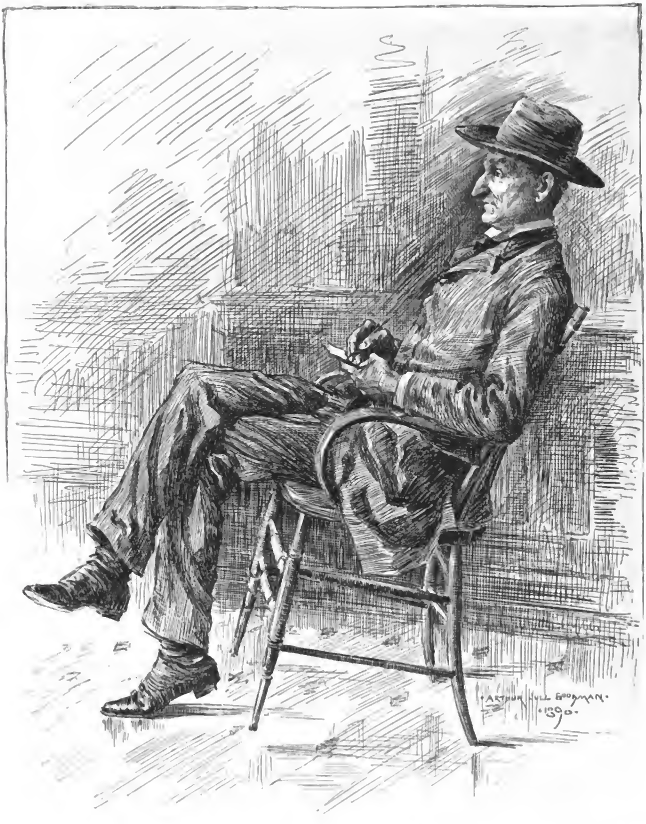

B. P. HUTCHINSON ("OLD HUTCH"), THE GREAT CHICAGO GRAIN OPERATOR.
Drawn by Arthur J. Goodman after a Sketch from Life.—[See Page 367.]

NEARLY READY.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES. A Tale of the Time of Scanderbeg and the Fall of Constantinople. By James M. Ludlow. pp. iv, 404. 16mo, Cloth, $1 50. (*New Edition.*)

Stirs the blood in our veins.—Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D.

This book is a masterpiece.... It will run a good race with "Ben-Hur."—The late Rev. Daniel Curry, D.D.

A straightforward romance, written almost in the great manner of Scott. As a story, it is absorbingly interesting from first page to last.... It is full of the warm-blooded, healthful life of the age of deeds—a quality which cannot be too highly prized in any age of words.—*Dial*, Chicago.

YOUMA. The Story of a West-Indian Slave. By Lafcadio Hearn. pp. vi, 193. Illustration by Howard Pyle. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

There are wonderful descriptive passages, with all those weird touches characteristic of the author, who says things as no one else is able to say them, and the studies of human life are no less skilful. Where all is so good it is impossible to point out that which is best, whether it be that vivid, dramatic scene where Youma stands with her heel upon the serpent's neck, or the charming prattle between the *da* and her nursling concerning those marvellous stories of "Dame Kélément," of the proud girl who married a goblin, and of the Zombi bird whose feathers were colored "with the colors of other days." But there is a certain monotony in commenting upon Mr. Hearn's writings. One finds nothing to utter but words of praise.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

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THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD (MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE). By Anatole France. Translated by Lafcadio Hearn. 8vo, Cloth, Broad Margins, Gilt Top, $1 00.

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No. 1742.

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NEWSPAPER LEADERSHIP.

MR. CLARKSON, the Assistant Postmaster-General, said in his late speech at Pittsburgh that in our political contests the intellectual discussions of the press are superseding the mere spectacular demonstrations of red lights and rockets and processions, and that the campaign of 1892 will be largely a newspaper campaign, which has already begun. He proceeded to speak of "the marvellous manner" in which the Democratic party has been strengthening its lines in the newspapers and the magazines:

> "In the large cities of the East they have captured nearly all the magazines and illustrated papers. All the mercenaries of the press and literature have been lured into their service. The reinforced Democratic press is a startling thing for the Republican party to face, and it must face it with courage and wisdom. In New York city 1,400,000 copies of daily newspapers are printed daily. Less than 200,000 of them are Republican. This means that two-fifths of the Republicans of New York city and environments are reading Democratic papers, taking the Democratic version of things, and the young people of the households being educated unconsciously against the party of their father. I would not abridge the latitude of discussion or reading, but it is important that young people should at least read their own side as well as the other. In Boston the papers of greatest circulation are also Democratic. New England has largely gone from the faith of the days of the war in its newspapers. The same is true of nearly every large city in the country.
>
> "Democracy has also pressed its conquests to the agricultural press, and in the last three or four years many of the farmers' papers in the West have become advocates of free-trade. It was largely through this line and that of the Farmers' Alliances that the Democrats first based their claim that the Northwest was for free-trade and changing to the Democratic party. Even as good an organization as that of the farmers was utilized, and Farmers' Alliances established systematically, with all the Democrats and all the weak-kneed Republicans in the neighborhood gathered into its folds. Then they were supplied with free-trade literature secretly and constantly. Such a propaganda has never been known in America as that of the Democrats in their hunt in secret, and through a changing press, in behalf of free-trade in the West to-day, and I submit to you as Republicans that it is time for our party to take notice of what the opposition party is doing by increasing and strengthening its press."

This is a striking and suggestive statement, and in substance it is undoubtedly true. But Mr. Clarkson is not quite accurate in calling the change Democratic in a partisan sense. It is not that, and the fact that it is not is as important as any that Mr. Clarkson mentions. The significant phenomenon is not the increase of the Democratic press, but the rise of the independent press. Thus in New England the three powerful papers of the day are the Boston *Herald*, the Providence *Journal*, and the Springfield *Republican*. They are all representative of the tendencies of New England sentiment since the war, and their influence is commensurate with their ability. But they are not Democratic papers. They do not advocate tariff reform and ballot reform and civil service reform because those measures are Democratic measures, or because the papers themselves are Democratic partisans. They advocate them solely upon their merits, and they are as willing to credit the progress of those reforms to one party as to another. Moreover, they criticise the acts of parties and the conduct of politicians without regard to party names or to any party preferences of their own. Not one of them will be governed in its support of a Presidential candidate in 1892 by the mere fact that he is nominated by the Democrats or by the Republicans. They will support the candidate of their choice solely because his success will seem to them to be the surest guarantee of the adoption of the policy which they approve. But in that decision personal character and various probabilities would be essential elements, and they would say with Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, "I shall always vote against a party professing my views as to the tariff if I believe that in so doing I shall, on the whole, promote the cause of honest government and pure politics."

All this, which is both undeniable and in character and extent unprecedented in our politics, suggests something which Mr. Clarkson did not mention, and which probably he has not considered. The position and prosperity of these three representative papers in New England, each in a different community, implies a corresponding public sentiment which supports them. It means an immense independent public opinion in accord with them, and as the regular party majorities in the neighborhood of these papers are small, it means a balance of power. This is the happiest sign of the times, because it is a balance held in exceedingly intelligent and honest hands, and the necessary consequence is moderation in party action. Party organs and orators are very fond of insisting upon the necessity of parties, and are very profuse of sneers at jayhawkers and skirmishers between the lines. But every sensible man must feel that it would be much worse for the country if New England were all divided strictly into two parties, with no check upon the excesses of either. As long as identification with a party means support of every measure or candidate approved by a party caucus or convention, the host of independent citizens who will decline to bear a party name will constantly multiply. The favorite shibboleth of strong partisans, "Reform within the party," is unmeaning, because reform is possible only by opposing to the last the thing to be reformed. Effectual reform lies in defeat of the measure that ought not to be adopted and of the candidate who ought not to be elected. This is the spirit of independence in politics which Mr. Clarkson sees to be rapidly extending, and which, because it is often arrayed against the excesses of the Republican party, he supposes to be a new birth of the Democratic party.

A FIELD-DAY.

Civil service reform is greatly indebted to Mr. Cummings, of New York, and Mr. Houck, of Tennessee, for bringing the House of Representatives to book upon the question. The result was, on one side, a defense of the spoils system, which was equally remarkable for the amusing and threadbare feebleness of the argument and the absence of leading men from the group of advocates; and, on the other, for the surprisingly unreserved and positive adhesion to reform of the real leaders of the House, and a vote in favor of the appropriation of 120 to 61. If, as Speaker Reed said at Pittsburgh, politicians are only eleventh-hour men, who vote as they are admonished by public opinion, and, as is constantly alleged by the spoilsmen in Congress, if members voted as they wished they would repeal the law, the orators and the vote in the House are conclusive of the belief of members in the general approval of reform.

When Mr. Jenckes, a Rhode Island Republican, first began the agitation in the same House twenty years ago, the proposition was too airy and incredible to provoke much serious debate. It was a question wholly new to the country and subversive of the accepted customs and what were held to be the vital conditions of party efficiency. It was evaded and bowed aside, and after some polite deference to General Grant's recommendations, he said that if Congress refused the appropriation he should interpret it as a verdict against reform, and Congress took him at his word. Again, in the summer of 1882, there was great Republican sport over the measure in the House. The admonishing thunder of the Congressional elections of that year followed, and, with that sound in its ears, upon its reassembling Congress could hardly wait to pass the reform bill, which became a law on the 16th of January, 1883. The fight of the spoilsmen then began. In every possible way they have sought to discredit, to evade, to stultify, and to repeal the law. They felt especially confident that the favorable moment had now arrived. They wound the bugle call of assault. But after a most sorry array of recruits and display of wooden guns, the Republican leader of the House, supported by other Republican and Democratic chiefs, said

> "that if the Republican party was pledged to one single thing more than another, it was the maintenance of the civil service law. Every national platform of the Republican party for the last twelve years had declared for the continuance and enlargement of the merit system. It was not only according to the tenets of the Republican party, but according to its best sentiments. Ay, more, it was sustained by the best sentiment of the whole country, Republicans and Democrats alike; and there was not a man on the floor who did not know that there was not a party in the country, Democratic or Republican, that had the courage to repeal the law. The Republican party must take no backward step. The merit system was here, and here to stay."

Such are the revenges of time. Mr. McKinley's personal character and his position in his party give the greatest weight to these words. His colleague Mr. Butterworth; Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan; Mr. Moore, of New Hampshire; Mr. McComas, of Maryland; Mr. Lodge and Mr. Greenhalge, of Massachusetts; Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Hitt, of Illinois; Mr. Henderson, of Iowa; Mr. Lehlbach, of New Jersey—all spoke strongly for reform. The result was a ludicrous rout of the spoilsmen. The appropriation was adopted by 120 votes to 61, and although it was not all which the Commission asked, it was an increase of $8000 over the present grant, and an addition of five clerks to the force. That public opinion would have justified the $53,000 asked for we have no doubt, and that the action of the House will be approved is unquestionable. The moral effect of the result will be most salutary. It assures the country that the law will stand, and more definitely than ever it commits the Republican party to the reform as a party measure. The remarks of Mr. McKinley and those who spoke with him were in effect a stern rebuke of the administration, and almost while the Republican leader was saying in Congress that reform was sustained by the best sentiment of the whole country, and that the Republican party was pledged to it, the Republican Assistant Postmaster-General was saying in Pittsburgh that the people did not believe in it, and that it had no American sympathy. Yet if anything may be called truly American it is the fair play for all comers which the spoils system of Mr. Clarkson absolutely denies, and which the reform secures. Members of Congress may not like it, but they know that the country does like it, and they vote accordingly.

BOODLE.

The profound interest in the story lately told by McCann under oath to the legislative investigating committee in New York was due to the fact that it put into definite and detailed statement the corrupt methods which are believed largely to control our politics. The story, in effect, was that Richard Croker showed McCann in 1884 a sum of $180,000 which had been subscribed to buy of the Aldermen Hugh J. Grant's confirmation as Commissioner of Public Works, Grant himself contributing $80,000; and also that, under the form of gifts to Croker's daughter, Grant gave $25,000 to Croker as a share of the fees of the Sheriff's office, and when the investigation was coming and Croker left the country, that an effort was made by Grant to persuade his wife, who knew a great deal of the transactions, to follow him. Mayor Grant instantly denounced the story as a lie, and Mr. Croker telegraphed from Europe his denial in similar terms. But instead of demanding immediate investigation by the committee, the Mayor accused it of practical complicity with McCann, and asked the Senate for another committee, which is both an insult to the Senate and a sign of fear of cross-examination. Whether true or false, the fact that such evidence was given involving the chief magistrate of this city, and that it was not instantly and indignantly repudiated by the press and public opinion as false and impossible, and that the revelations in regard to the dishonesty of the Sheriff's office when occupied by Mayor Grant were of a character so startling, is most humiliating.

Even if the testimony of McCann shall be discredited and shown to be false in the specific case, there is no doubt that it describes the methods of city politics. There is no question that Aldermen were bought in the Broadway boodle cases, and if anybody supposes that Tammany would hesitate to do what McCann charges, he differs from public sentiment in general. Nor is the corruption limited to city politics or Tammany Hall. That there were large corruption funds raised and expended during the last general election is well known, and that there is no more radical and threatening danger to free institutions is also a familiar fact. The situation becomes more menacing when the chairman of the National Committee of the party of administration, which claims especially to be the party of honest politics, is published through the country, with details of evidence, as a man who was pecuniarily dishonest in office, and who is defied to bring a suit for libel in the courts. The matter becomes still more serious when the organs of his party are generally silent or attempt a feeble denial, and party committees without explanation extol him as blameless. This is a kind of offence of which public opinion in this country is not long tolerant, and if the situation remain as it now is, and the Republican party go into the Congressional elections of the autumn with the charges against Mr. Quay unexplained, there will be a national reckoning similar to that of 1882.

It is pleasant, in the midst of the public disgrace of the revelations in the city of New York and the Quay scandals, to remark the courage and plain speech of the independent press, and of such eminent citizens as Mr. Henry C. Lea, and the swift and steady growth of the demand for ballot reform and reform in the civil service. They are both practical measures of relief from the peril of which every intelligent citizen is conscious. Their enemies are the very adepts and beneficiaries of corruption who are now being exposed. The whole Tammany system, to which the Quay scandal also belongs, is a conspiracy against popular government and the nursery of dishonest politics. It is absurd for Republicans to denounce Tammany and to be dumb over the Quay accusations, or for Democrats to shrug regretfully at the Tammany disclosures and to inveigh loudly at the corruption of Quay. Rascality on one side does not condone knavery on the other, and when the practical choice is between a thief and a forger, honest men will choose neither. The disclosures now made public will be of the highest service.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S CIRCULAR.

The Postmaster General has issued a circular to the postmasters and employés of the Department, in which he cites in full the letter of President Cleveland, dated July 14, 1886, against the political activity of postmasters. Mr. Wanamaker adopts the suggestions of the letter as his own, and exhorts the postal employés to diligence and courtesy and entire non-partisanship in the discharge of their duties, and forbids the postmaster from installing himself as "the manipulator of the political affairs of his own party."

This is what the postmaster has been in the larger part of the smaller offices, and this is what he has been appointed to be. One of the shrewdest politicians in New York frankly owned, what was known to be the fact, that the country post-offices were the local party head-quarters; and all that many communities which had voted for Mr. Cleveland asked after his election was that the postmasters who had been the most obnoxious of partisans, handing out Democratic newspapers to their subscribers with sneering comments, and in every way making themselves repulsive to party opponents, should be dismissed.

But while the Postmaster General issues this circular he might wisely reflect that it is his Assistant who makes it necessary. When men are made postmasters because they are the local manipulators of the political affairs of their own party, they are not likely to stop the service for which they have been rewarded. Mr. Cleveland's warning was made necessary by the fact that postmasters were appointed even under his administration because they were obnoxious—that is, positive and aggressive partisans. That is Mr. Clarkson's rule of selection. But if postmasters were appointed only when there was an honest vacancy by death, resignation, inefficiency, or dishonesty, and only because they were fitted for the place and likely to treat everybody courteously, there would be no need of such circulars.

BALLOT REFORM IN NEW YORK.

The ballot reform bill, as passed unanimously by the Legislature of New York and signed by the Governor, is not the complete bill that was anticipated, but it is a great advance upon the present system of voting. The new law provides the official ballot, removes the excuse for assessments, and secures the secrecy of the vote. Pasters may be taken into the booth and used. But there is no method of knowing whether they have been used. This provision may be doubtless abused. But if it does not prevent bribery and coercion altogether, it makes them much more difficult.

A very important result secured by the bill is the facility with which independent nominations can be made. Five hundred voters can obtain a supply of tickets for State officers upon whom they agree, and fifty for municipal candidates, except in New York and Brooklyn, where three hundred can have them placed upon the ballots. This removes at once the enormous labor and expense which have prevented movements to withstand the party machines, and enables honest citizens to combine easily and successfully against professional politicians.

The adoption of such a plan of voting shows the determination to deal with the political corruption which is now being exposed, and which our present election system fosters and protects. The approval of the bill by the Governor would show the force of public opinion, for, however imperfect the law may be, it will work unquestionably a reform which the Governor does not like, and which is naturally repugnant to his school of politicians. Happily it is one which the most intelligent and patriotic citizens everywhere desire.

"LABOR'S" MAY-DAY.

Bismarck seems to have been correct—that trouble which is carefully announced in advance is not to be apprehended. The universal expectation of great trouble in all the chief cities in Europe on May-day was not fulfilled, although there was some bloodshed in Paris and Pesth. It may have been due to the military preparations which were known to have been made, and which would not have been made in vain had occasion arisen. The peaceful result may be explained also by the fact that the actual design was much less comprehensive and definite than was stated, and also to the vague and unreasoning anticipation which always attends a very obscure situation.

The movement of "labor" is complicated with various degrees and kinds of Socialism, from nationalism to anarchy, and it is always exposed to the incursions of mere criminal rioters and agitators. The organization of men who live by wages is instinctive, and its immense extension is a fact to be dealt with, not denied. There are great honesty of purpose and perfectly lawful intentions in such organizations, but they are liable to be overpowered by visionary and unscrupulous leaders.

In the old French cry of liberty, equality, and fraternity it was the equality rather than the liberty which was desired; and yet American equality, or what we know as equality before the law, and an equal right of independent individual choice, is the only possible equality. Equality of condition, which is the Socialistic aim, is no more possible than equality of ability or physical endowments. So far as the movements of "labor" fall under the control of this kind of Socialism, they cannot succeed, for the same reason that a man cannot lift himself by his waistband. But when they involve a measure which the government has approved, like the eight-hour day, it proposes an arrangement about which there can be argument and amicable deliberation.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

Speaker Reed's speech at Pittsburgh, with the bill of Senator Hoar and that of Mr. Lodge, shows the purpose of the dominant party to assume national control of Congressional elections. There is no doubt of the constitutional power to do this. But the speech of the Speaker shows the motive of its proposed exercise to be wholly partisan. The local control of elections, which is peculiarly agreeable to our whole political system, and which has become a cherished tradition, is to be overthrown in order to secure a partisan advantage.

The argument is that the Democratic party suppresses the Republican vote in certain States. The remedy offered is to secure a Republican majority by the power of the national government, acting through the courts of law. The result will probably be as much doubt as now as to the honest result of the elections, and the destruction of confidence in the courts. Already that confidence is shaken by the occurrences in Florida and the statements of the letter of the editor of the Jacksonville *Times-Union* to the President. The President virtually proclaims certain counties as obstructing the process of the courts. The editor replies with a statement of facts which, *mutatis mutandis*, recalls the situation in New England before the Revolution.

It would be very singular if the people in communities in which officers of the courts publicly announce their partisan character should retain respect for the courts or confidence in them. As we said in speaking of the Lodge bill, United States judges may be assumed to be as trustworthy as elected officers. But if the statements of the editor of the *Times-Union* are not disproved, that assumption fails in Florida. To intrust the control of elections to such court officers as the editor describes would be presumptive evidence of a partisan purpose, and the party which authorized it would have to reckon with the intelligence of every part of the country.

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY UNDER GOVERNMENT.

The eight-hour movement is extending widely. Congress has decreed it for certain branches of the national service, and other branches naturally demand it. The post-office clerks wish to know why some of their associates should enjoy a day of eight hours' labor while they are compelled to hard and longer toil. Of course there is no other answer than that it would take a great deal of money to gratify their wishes if the compensation is to remain the same.

There is an annual deficit now in the postal service, and a day of eight hours with the present wages and a larger force would greatly increase it. The presumption is fair that the employés relieved from overwork would work more efficiently, and that the larger appropriation would result in better service. This is a rule which is as applicable in the post-office as elsewhere, and Congress can hardly logically refuse the request. There should be no favoritism in the public service, and if the day of one employé is eight hours, either that of others should be the same, or they should be paid for the over-time.

The adoption of the rule would largely increase the numbers of the service as well as the cost. But if the public is willing to concede to its employés a working day of eight hours, it is reasonable to suppose that the individuals of whom the public is composed will not refuse to do likewise. There is no doubt that many postal clerks, mail-carriers, and others are overworked. But they are aware that the government has no money except that which is taken from individuals in taxes, and the question which their request raises is one of very wide and general consequences.

THREE GREAT NAMES.

There is evidently no disposition to allow the birthdays of Lincoln and Grant to be forgotten, and, fortunately, unlike Jefferson's, they are celebrated in a patriotic rather than partisan spirit. In his speech at the observance of Grant's birthday in Brooklyn, General Woodford expressed the universal feeling which gratefully associates the three names Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. It is very remarkable that within a century a country should have had three such men to honor, and it is very doubtful whether any country within the same period can point to three such sons.

Washington and Lincoln were men of greater grasp and of more historic stature than Grant. But he had with them in an extreme national exigency a perfectly unselfish patriotism and the greatest magnanimity. It has seemed so natural to us that our chief leaders in great emergencies should be patriots that the fact does not occur to us as their praise. But history does not often repeat the story.

Washington lived to complete his work, and his public career is the most symmetrical known to us. To secure by arms the independence of a nation and fully to organize a wholly new national government is his distinctive glory. What influence Lincoln might have had upon the reconstruction of the Union we may surmise but cannot know. Grant's part in the work was perplexed by politics, but it was humane and generous. The commemoration of such men calls a truce to petty passions, and lifts us into the realm of the noblest patriotism.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. E. B. Custer, who has for the past two years made her home in what she calls that delightful old quarter of New York not far from Washington Square, has left the city for the summer already, and betaken herself to her country home at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, in the vicinity of the Delaware Water Gap. Here Mrs. Custer finds she can best do her literary work, uninterrupted by the many social calls that she cannot evade while in town. She tells with delight of the amount she manages to accomplish in her rural seclusion, and expresses her preference for such quiet to the charms of a more fashionable resort.

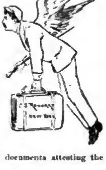
—The late Professor Mather, of Amherst College, will not only be greatly missed in the educational institution with which he was so long connected, but also in many towns and cities of western and central Massachusetts, where he frequently filled prominent pulpits on Sunday. A dozen years ago Professor Mather became greatly interested in the fine arts, and being made lecturer on sculpture, devoted much time and energy to gathering plaster casts for the college museum, which, under his care, became the most complete in the country outside of Boston.

—Mrs. James A. Garfield, who has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. Stanley Brown, at Washington, called on the present occupants of the White House, the visit being the first she has made there since President Garfield's death.

—The seditious sentiments formed by Sergius E. Shevitch, the Socialist leader and editor of this city, and which were originally the cause of his leaving Russia, do not seem to have impaired the political standing of his brothers at home, one of whom is a member of the Senate at St. Petersburg, while another is Russian Minister to Japan. Family reasons have recently made it desirable for Mr. Shevitch to visit Russia, and the autocratic government of that country has given him leave to do so. It remains to be seen whether he will care to go.

—Charles Theodore, the Bavarian Duke, is a true philanthropist. He not only gives free surgical treatment to thousands of poor people, but spends $50,000 a year in maintaining his free dispensaries and hospitals.

—The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* telegraphs, under date of May 1st, the following interesting item: "Mr. C. S. Reinhart replied to the inquiry: 'I have nothing in the Salon, because I am en *route* to New York. My studio is packed, and I am on the wing,' sent with accompanying sketch."



—Bruno Gansel, of Chicago, has the sleigh in which Napoleon made his flight from Russia in 1812. It is an ancient and worm-eaten affair, little care having been bestowed on it of late years, and attached to it are three little silver bells. Napoleon rode in this vehicle to a little Silesian town, where he exchanged it with Gansel's father for a light travelling coach. Gansel has documents attesting the genuineness of the sleigh.

—Major Serpa Pinto has been appointed aide-de-camp to the King of Portugal, the zeal without backing which made a fiasco of his attempts at central African conquest not being regarded at home with the marked displeasure which the British lion seemed to think it should.

—In republican America it does not seem strange that Viscount Hampden, ex-Speaker of the British House of Commons, should have gone into the retail provision trade, but few would probably appreciate the privilege of buying goods stamped with a coronet. Eggs may become addled and butter attain strength even under so pretentious a trade-mark.

—*A Cyclopædia of the Manufactures and Products of the United States*, just published by the Seeger & Guernsey Company, of this city, furnishes a very impressive reminder of the rapidly growing desire to bring the country into closer relations with the republics of South America. The book is primarily intended for the convenience of buyers of American goods in Mexico, and Central and South America. It has received the warm endorsement of delegates to the late International Conference, and of President Diaz, of Mexico as a valuable aid to the formation of closer commercial relations between the United States and its neighbors to the south. Every article of any consequence manufactured in the country has a place in its columns, accompanied by the names and addresses of the leading firms engaged in making it. The method of arrangement and classification leaves nothing to be desired, and it is probably the most complete vade-mecum for buyers, home or foreign, yet issued in the United States. It will be revised from year to year with each annual issue.

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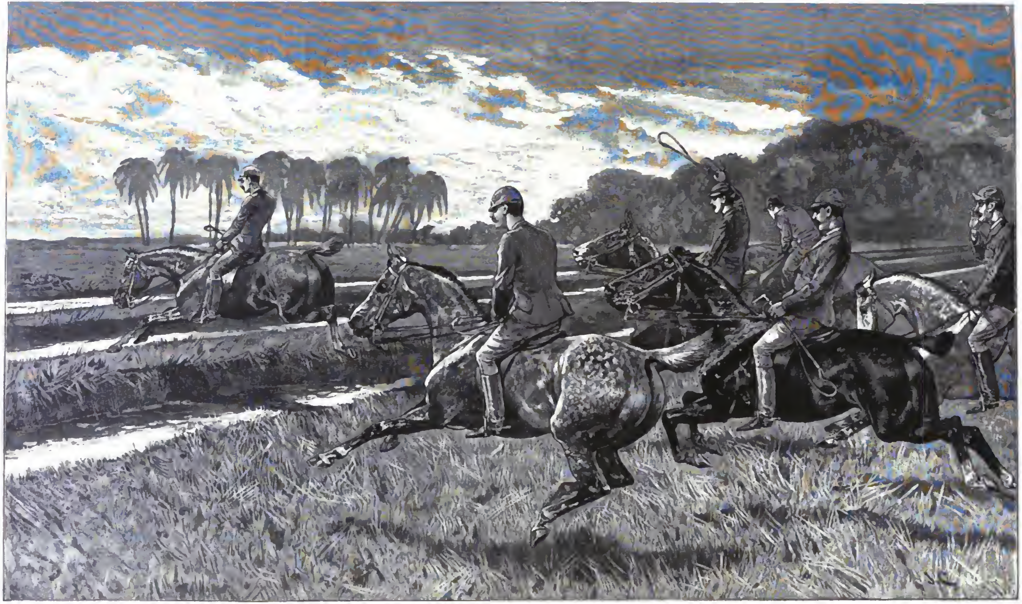


THE GRIDIRON JUMP, AN EPISODE OF SPORT IN BRITISH INDIA.—[See Page 367.]

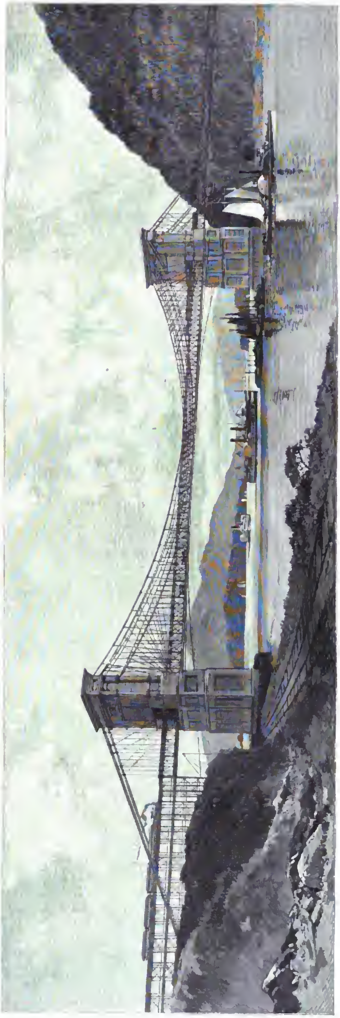
THE HUDSON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

A SUSPENSION BRIDGE across the Hudson River is now in course of construction just above Peekskill. The locality is a historical one, the eastern end of the bridge being at Anthony's Nose, and the western end resting on the site of old Fort Clinton, which was the scene of many encounters during the Revolution. The bridge will span the river without piers, abutments, or obstructions of any kind in the waterway, and will offer no impediment to navigation. The records of the Navy Department show that the highest mast that ever passed Fort Clinton measured 113 feet above the water, and by reason of the elevation of the ground on either side the bridge will exceed the height fixed by law, and will afford a clear headway of 163 feet above high tide. One span, 1620 feet in length, will cross the river, and the towers, 327 feet high, will have a base of granite masonry standing upon the solid rock on either side. The towers will have the appearance of granite, but in reality they are made of steel in skeleton form, and are incased in the manner of an iron house front. A girder thirty feet in height and forty feet in width will extend from tower to tower, and passing through will connect with the hill-sides at either end—a total length of 2850 feet. The girder will be held by twelve cables, composed of 954 strands; 61 wires—each wire 0.160 of an inch in diameter—making a strand. Two hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds to the square inch of metal will be the tension resistance. Thirty thousand miles of wire will be used in the construction, the wire being particularly strong and of great toughness. Twelve cables will extend from the towers on either side, eight of which will be parallel to and over and on each side of the trusses of the girder, and their curves will be in four vertical planes. The remaining four cables are to be two and two in the same plane, this plane to be so inclined to the horizon that while they are but 40 feet apart in the centre of the bridge, at the tops of the towers the distance between them will be 124 feet. They will not only help to carry the weight, but will act as a horizontal bracket or cantilever to prevent lateral motion. Technically this is called cradling the cables. From the saddles near the tops of the towers, the backstays, which help to carry the land spans of the great girder, will run to the anchors at such angles as to make the lines of force vertical, and directly through the central plane of the towers.

The engineers have profited by observing the defects in other bridges, and in that way have made many new and improved features which will add greatly to the stability of the bridge. A system of wind-gauges, independent of the cables, is to be provided with apparatus to compensate temperature strains. Double-track railways of standard gauge will occupy the upper deck, and the lower one will have a roadway and foot paths for local traffic.

Every piece of metal, however small, used in the construction will be so placed that it can be inspected and painted at any time, and removed and renewed if necessary. This is a feature possessed by no other bridge, but which in this case allows the substitution of anything of metal, even to the little wires in the strand, without disturbing in any way the traffic of the bridge. A safe working load for the river span will be 6500 tons, while for the whole bridge 10,970 tons will be within the limit of safety. From the western end of the bridge the railroad tracks will extend to Turner's Station on the Erie road in one direction, and southward to New Jersey. From the eastern terminus the railway line will extend to the Connecticut State line by way of Somerstown, from whence the New York and New England Railroad will carry the line to Brewster's. The western extension necessitates the construction of a tunnel about 5000 feet in length through what is known as Bull Hill, by which the grade is reduced to thirty-seven feet to the mile. The tunnel in itself is a large undertaking, and a great force of men are at work upon it and the bridge towers, under the direction of General Edward W. Serrell, the chief engineer. The entire work will be finished within two years, and the completion will inaugurate a new departure in railroad affairs. The New England railway system will be brought into direct connection with the trunk lines of the West and North and Southwest, and will open a new all-rail route to the coal fields. A number of traffic contracts covering a period of fifty years have been made with the great railroad companies, who are in favor of the bridge scheme, and recognize its advantages.

At the present time the towers are in course of erection, and all the steel-work which is being prepared in the shop will be received by the engineers in such shape as to be immediately placed in position.



THE HUDSON SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION NEAR PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

KIT.

BY JENNY L. HOPKINS.

JERRY HUNTLEY'S grimy old clock, with the Father of his Country in a scarlet waistcoat and mouse-colored knee-breeches for a frontispiece, had just lazily chimed the hour of five. The aforesaid old gentleman was considerably the worse for wear, having received in the course of his long and useful career a gaping wound, which had nearly proved fatal, and through which could be distinctly traced the workings of his interior mechanism. The little children who came to the Cross Roads store with buckets of butter and baskets of eggs used to wonder vaguely at the internal arrangements of General George Washington, which consisted apparently of two brass weights and several tiny cog-wheels. It was the only portrait of Washington in the neighborhood, and it never occurred to them that that gaping wound had not been designed by art instead of having been inflicted by the handle of a pitchfork, as it really had been by Dick Bowser, Jerry's clumsy clerk, who invariably brandished a rake, a hoe, or a pitchfork precisely as if it were an implement of war.

The clock, which had gone into business with Jerry nearly half a century before, had always occupied a position of honor on the shelf next to the top one, where the dignity of General Washington was upheld by a rough cleat, the fastenings in which were of such a spike-like variety that one might easily have fancied the dear old man in the light of a martyr nailed to the stake. A miscellaneous assortment of agricultural implements occupied the top shelf, and it was while occupied in storing away the annual supply of these homely utensils, nearly a dozen years before, that Bowser had broken General Washington's leg and cruelly exposed his interior structure to the world. Jerry Huntley often said that nothing in the store was ever safe when Bowser was around. His very presence seemed to inspire a general insurrection among the motley array of goods with which the store was packed from floor to ceiling. Molasses and coal oil, butter and gin, codfish and onion sets, mingled their vociferous odors in clamorous unison when Bowser was there to mislay stoppers and leave off covers.

Regularly on the first of every month, when Jerry paid him his salary, his employer never failed to tell the awkward fellow that he had broken as much crockery within the last four weeks as his wages amounted to; but, for all that, Bowser had been at the store for over twenty years, and was likely to remain there twenty years longer.

"Dick Bowser's no airthly 'count in the store," the old man used to say, as he sat smoking his pipe with a few choice neighborhood spirits of an evening, "but he 'ain't got his beat in this country for hucksterin'. Why, the wimmen save up all their truck fur him fur twenty mile roun'. Ye couldn't git 'em to sell it to nobody else. Jim Lane, him that keeps store over to Weepin' Willer, he tries sendin' out a waggin every spring, but, law, 'tain't no use. Ye see, Bowser's got the inside track with the wimmen. I dun'no' how he gits it. The Lord knows he's little 'nough 'count roun' here."

Now, between you and me, the truth was that Dick Bowser had a very kind heart, and that was one great reason, perhaps—Jerry Huntley having another—that the latter had kept him so long. On the afternoon in question, a midsummer afternoon it was, the clock having just struck five, Jerry Huntley, having nothing else to do, was sitting on a bench that ran along a platform in front of his store. He was a big, fleshy man, whose ample girth and smoothly shaven face made him a conspicuous figure among the farmers of the settlement, most of whom were heavily bearded, and more or less meagre in point of flesh, the vigorous exercise in which they indulged being rather more conducive to taking flesh off their bones than to putting it on. Moreover, Jerry was bald, and his eyes, which were small and dark as sloes, had a way of shining like black diamonds when he was amused or interested. His attire consisted simply of two garments, a blue gingham shirt, and a pair of wide, baggy linen pantaloons supported by a pair of white knitted suspenders.

Jerry had been one of the first settlers at the Cross Roads, and was accounted a rich man, although there were certainly no external evidences of that enviable condition about the store, nor yet about Jerry's house, a low, rambling, one-story building, which stood in a wide, unkept door-yard a few feet in the rear. The store itself was a small, low structure adorned with quaint windows, which peered out upon the flat sweep of meadow and woodland lying beyond like so many small, curious little eyes. The hand of man never having been called into requisition, Nature had painted the Cross-Roads store in her own way, the result being those indescribable woody browns and grays to which imitative art has never attained. The shutters, which were an after-thought, still retained their original piny hue, and the door had Jerry Huntley's name marked across it in red kiel, which the storms of twenty winters had been unable to efface. Dick Bowser was responsible for that bit of ornate chirography. The first thrashing Huntley ever gave him—he had come to the store when but a small lad—had been for that same transgression; but the kiel Dick had used was of the variety known as "hard," and had scratched so deeply that it would never "out."

Inside, the store was grimy with the grime of years. Every time Dick Bowser swept and sprinkled, he only laid another stratum of hilly earth on the boards which composed the floor. The narrow shelves bulged with their weight of cheap dry-goods. Boxes and barrels were everywhere. A display of boots and shoes was artistically flanked on one side by a box of odoriferous codfish, and by an aggressive-looking mass of dried apples on the other. There was everything to be had at the Cross-Roads store. Even the mail came there once a week, and was obligingly dumped into a wash-tub, from which the inhabitants were at perfect liberty to fish out their own. The fact that they never helped themselves to anybody else's was due to an unwritten code of honor which was never transgressed.

It may readily be supposed that Jerry Huntley was not forced to spend the close of the long summer afternoon alone. The most infrequent visitor at any country store could tell you better than that. There probably had not been a day nor an hour for more than forty years that at least one horse had not been hitched at the long rack which stood at the side of the road, and oftener there were several. As for Solomon Perkins—old Sol Perkins, the neighbors called him, without meaning the slightest disrespect; in fact this was rather a term of endearment than otherwise—it had got so of late years, they said, that he never left the store except at meal-time, and then not always, for Jerry, whose table was presided over by a buxom hired girl—one Jemima Lovely by name—frequently invited him to remain. But Sol Perkins was not the only companion Jerry had that summer afternoon, for it was Saturday, and the Cross-Roads farmers had knocked off work early, as was their wont on the last day of the week. Sam Black was there—a monstrous fellow of prodigious height, who looked as if he might easily have kicked Jerry's little store over, and carried it home in his pockets to his "young uns," as he called them, for a plaything—and Eli Bronson, an eccentric Lilliput, whose head would not have reached to Jerry's waist by actual measurement, and who had long since come to be known by common consent as the Little Giant. Then there was William Lovely, Jemima's brother, a smart young man, who had been two winters at school at Weeping Willow, but who occasionally condescended to bestow an hour or two of his interesting company upon the habitués of the store. These and half a dozen others, who lounged about the platform in various attitudes, made up an assembly which amused itself by chewing tobacco and aimlessly whittling at small bits of wood—refuse of dry-goods boxes—with which the ground in front of the store was always thickly strewn.

Occasionally a man would lazily inform Jerry that "the old woman wanted a pound of coffee or tea for Sunday," but for the most part the visitors had not so much as the ghost of an excuse for tarrying. They came to the store from force of habit, and remained simply because they were too indolent to move on. The air was close and stifling, and notwithstanding the repeated efforts of Mr. William Lovely, who considered himself quite at home on any subject, conversation flagged. Suddenly a cloud of thick yellow dust appeared in the distance. It made the atmosphere even more oppressive, but it roused dormant interest. Sam Black hazarded the opinion that he "s'posed it was Tim Foley haulin' the school-house coal."

Jerry Huntley laughed. "Not much," he said, good-naturedly. "Thet's Bowser, ez sure ez it's a livin' man. Thar's summat abaout his drivin' thet I kin tell every time."

"Bet yer the chaws all roun' thet 'tain't," said the Little Giant, who, like most small men, always liked to be on the opposite side of a question.

"Better git out yer plug, then," Jerry responded, "for thar's ole Gray's head naow. I kin tell it a mile off."

The four roads from which the neighborhood derived its name met and forked in different directions at the corner of Jerry Huntley's field, half a mile away, and it was not long before the shapes of man, horses, and wagon emerged dimly from out the cloud of dust at the further end of the lane. As Dick Bowser drove slowly into view and stopped at the store, an amused grunt went up at the expense of the Little Giant, who felt obliged to pay the penalty of his wager, and did so sheepishly; but this incident was of small importance when compared with the arrival of Jerry's huckster wagon. The latter was, in fact, always the event of the day. On these occasions Bowser became a hero by mere force of circumstances—a state of things which was not of long duration, but which that personage enjoyed to the utmost while it lasted; and the broad grin which illuminated his freckled countenance on that memorable day, when his jaded horses came slowly homeward, indicated that the day's rounds had been productive of even more than their usual amount of entertainment and profit. The wagon was an old rickety affair covered with dirty canvas, half detached from the bows, and its bed was so closely packed with boxes, barrels, and chicken-coops that Bowser had been obliged to dispense with the seat, and had made the return trip astride of a barrel. There was a big lot of "truck," as it was known at the Cross-Roads, to unload, and Jerry hastened at once to Bowser's assistance, accompanied by Perkins, Black, and one or two others.

The picture Dick Bowser presented seated astride that old barrel would have provoked the risibilities of almost anybody outside of the settlement. Huntley's team consisted of a small mule and a large horse, the effect being incongruous in the extreme, and the harness was patched in several places with bits of rope, for whatever else the old man did with his money, he certainly did not believe in sacrificing it to mere external appearances. The general *ensemble*, including Bowser, who was a small, shrivelled specimen, with freckles and a shock of thick, matted, corn-colored hair, would have taken the premium at a show of eccentrics.

"Hullo, Dick! hed a good day, I reckon?" Jerry said, as he stepped around to the foot of the wagon, took out the end board, and with the assistance of Black and Perkins began rolling boxes and barrels out on the platform. "Here, Solomon, give us a lift with the coops, will ye? Easy, boys, easy. Gewhilikens, Bowser, what's thet?" For Jerry, in the course of his excavations, suddenly ran foul of a small basket, the contents of which instantly set up a faint moaning cry.

"Gosh, Jerry!" ejaculated Sol Perkins, "Dick must 'a brought ye a puppy, knowin' ye'd like it almost ez well ez ye would a pet hornet;" and chuckling to himself over his friend's anticipated discomfiture, the old man reached into the wagon for the basket, giving it a careless wrench as he did so, which made the presumably canine occupant send out fresh moans as of pain.

"Easy thar, durn ye!" cried Sam Black's big voice, angrily. "Sol Perkins, don't ye s'pose a puppy's got no feelin'? Stand back, will ye?" and thrusting his great body between the men and the wagon, the big fellow lifted out the basket as tenderly as a woman would have done. Swinging it lightly before him, the others following curiously behind, he stepped carefully upon the platform, removed the shackly cover, and revealed—"Why, durn my skin, Jerry," he exclaimed, "if Bowser 'ain't gone an' brung ye a baby!"

And that it was a baby was too plain to be mistaken, for taking the small creature out of the basket, Sam lifted it up gently, and held it on his big broad shoulder for the men to see; a wee, six-weeks old baby, with a little pale, pinched face, two great, staring black eyes, and a pair of skinny little hands, that reminded one of the claws of an eaglet.

By this time Bowser, who had gone on mechanically with the work of unloading, had begun to turn all the colors of the rainbow, and Jerry, who was utterly dumfounded, simply stared at his eccentric employé in open-mouthed amazement, as if he wondered what would happen next. Sam Black, who had a houseful of little ones at home, gently seesawed from side to side, making a strong cradle of his arms, and vainly trying to hush the feeble cries of the babe, which were those of hunger. The men had gathered about him in a little group, their faces wearing an expression of the blankest astonishment.

Jerry Huntley was first to break the silence. "Willum," he said to young Lovely, "run inter the haouse an' tell Jemime to come out here. Sol Perkins, I wish ye'd jump on yer horse an' go over after Mari'. Jemime she don't know nothin' about babies; no more don't I," this with a faint blush, which might have been more reasonably expected from a boy of eighteen than from a man well up in the fifties. Unquestionably the circumstances were decidedly embarrassing to the Cross-Roads store-keeper, who had always been a bachelor, and who the gossips said always would be.

Dick Bowser had just poised a chicken-coop on his back, and was making off for the barn with it, when Jerry stopped him with his sharp, "Hi, thar, Bowser!" a word of command with which the younger man was too well acquainted to delay long in answering. Bowser's brown face turned a shade lighter, and the chicken-coop trembled visibly on his shoulders as he replied, meekly, "Yas, Mr. Huntley," for Jerry was known to be a violent man at times, and Bowser dreaded an explosion of his wrath as he would have dreaded an earthquake.

"Look ye here, Dick Bowser, I'll 'Yas, Mr. Huntley' ye, if ye ain't keerful. What in thunder do ye mean, anyhaow, bringin' me a baby—me, of all men—jest ez if 'twas a part o' the reg'lar chicken business. Where'd it come from, I say, an' what d'ye bring it here fur? Tell the truth, naow, or ye'll pack afore night."

At this juncture there ensued a moment of breathless suspense. Even the baby herself seemed interested in the coming disclosure, for she stopped crying, and nestled comfortably down on Sam Black's big shoulder, while the men instinctively drew a little nearer, and stood with their mouths wide open, as if they expected those organs to assist generously in the process of hearing. The chicken-coop, with its load of fluttering roosters and pullets, had grown very heavy by this time, but it never occurred to Dick Bowser to put it down. On the contrary, he clutched it more firmly than before, and the perspiration broke out on his face in great globules, from the combined effects of heat, exertion, and fear.

"Found it half a mile this side o' Riley's Ford, in the Big Woods, under a clump o' hickories. It was cryin' in the basket, an' I got out an' took it in. After thet I stopped to every haouse along the road 'twixt here an' thar an' axed the wimmen folks to take it, but they all 'lowed as haow they hed more young uns naow than they knowed what to do with, so I *hed* to bring it along."

"I believe yer lyin'," muttered Jerry; "ye alwus wuz sich a confounded queer cuss I never could make out head nor tail to ye. Waal, git along with yer chicken-coop, an' we'll see what the wimmen kin do fur the chile. Here, Jemime, take it. 'Tain't goin' to bite ye, I reckon. Acts ez if 'twas hungry ez a wolf. What 'll we give it fur supper, Sam? Bacon an' 'taters?"

"'Night's milk," replied Sam, out of the depths of his superior paternal wisdom; "fresh from the keow. Then put it to sleep, an' it 'll be bright ez a dollar in the mornin'."

But Maria Perkins, who arrived a few minutes later, riding on a bit of blanket spread behind her husband's saddle, said the baby was very sick. "Dick Bowser he picked the poor little critter up jest in time," she added. "Ef he hadn't, it would 'a' been dead afore mornin'."

And so it came about that Jerry Huntley's spare bedroom—the one with the new red and yellow rag carpet, and the old yellow four-poster covered with a startling pink and blue bedquilt, done after a design known to the women of the Cross-Roads as "The Rising Sun"—was turned into a nursery that very night, in which Maria Perkins and Jemima Lovely flitted to and fro all night, like kindly shadows, striving with might and main to keep the poor little lamp of life alight. When morning came, Maria, who set out for home soon after daybreak to look after the wants of her household, ran across Jerry walking slowly up and down the platform, with both hands in his pockets and an old straw hat pulled well down over his eyes.

"Waal, Mari'," he asked, anxiously, "haow's the child?"

The woman looked at him in surprise. "It'll live," she said, briefly, hurrying on, and leaving the Cross-Roads store-keeper to think his own solitary thoughts.

Ten years later on, another midsummer evening, Jerry Huntley and Dick Bowser were sitting down to supper together just as they had done for the last thirty years. The lapse of time had wrought but little change in the two men. Jerry's few remaining hairs had grown a little grayer, and Dick's corn-colored locks a little darker—that was all. There were two vacant seats at the table, and when Jemima Lovely came in, carrying the smoking coffee-pot, behind which she soon ensconced herself at the head of the board, Jerry, looking up interrogatively, asked where Kit was. Now Kit, as any one might have supposed, was none other than the baby whom Bowser had found in the basket "half a mile this side o' Riley's Ford, in the Big Woods," ten years before. That is, she had been that baby, but nobody would ever have known her as such now, because she had grown into such a provokingly pretty, olive-skinned child, with great, burning black eyes, and a mop of tangled black curly hair, which Jemima could never do anything with, try as she would, and because, whereas the baby, being a puny little thing, was a marvel of patience and sweetness, the Kit into which it had grown was as perverse and wilful as she was full of health and spirits. This state of things may have been due to her rearing, Jerry Huntley and Jemima Lovely having but the crudest ideas of how to bring up a child, but notwithstanding her perverseness she loved them well, including Bowser—who had bowed down and worshipped her from the beginning—and had ruled them with a rod of iron ever since she was old enough to talk.

As the meal progressed and the child did not make her appearance, Jerry began to grumble, as he always did when his ward was out of sight. "Can't you keep her in the house long 'nough to eat her meals, Jemime?" he asked, gruffly. "'Pears to me that chile's growin' up jest like a weed, anyhow. She's off with Tom, Dick, an' Harry all the time, a-runnin' an' a-climbin' like mad. I swan, I dun'no' what to do with her. Why, thar she is naow!" For the latch of the garden gate clicked just then, and Kit came in, drenched to the skin, her short calico dress, which just came to her knees, clinging to her little round plump form, her hair a dripping mass, and her sun-bonnet crushed in her wet hand, like a sponge. As she neared the house she caught sight of the trio in the kitchen, and coolly ignoring the door, sprang lightly in at the open window, crossed the room, dropping a stream of muddy water on the white floor, and walking straight up to Jerry's chair, perched herself on his knee, and began greedily eating her supper from his plate.

"What mischief hev ye been inter naow?" asked the old man, taking her wet hair in his hands and wringing it over the back of his chair. "Ye're wet through an' through. G'long with ye. I don't want no sich tomboy."

"Oh yes, ye do, daddy!" cried the child—she had always called him daddy; it was the first word her lips had ever uttered—"yes ye do, 'cause—'cause ye don't know I come nearly drowndin' this afternoon, do ye? An' ye'd 'a' wanted me bad to-night if I'd 'a' come home drownded—say, naow, daddy, wouldn't ye?"

She had a weird way of defending herself when reproved—one that seldom failed of the mark in Jerry Huntley's household—but her guardian looked at her more sternly perhaps than he ever had done before, when she made this startling announcement.

"Who saved ye?" he asked, in a tone that Bowser and Jemima knew to be husky and broken, although a stranger would never have suspected it.

"Willum Lovely, Jemime's brother. He was drivin' over t' his daddy's from Weepin' Willer, an' he seen me go under the water—I was swimmin' in the creek, ye know—an' he had his clothes off an' got me out o' the water quicker 'n ye kin say Jack Robinson. Gimme me some more corn-bread, Jemime."

The old man grasped the child's shoulders so fiercely that she cried out with pain. "I tell ye what it is, Kit," he said, "thar's no use talkin', ye've got to go to Weepin' Willer t' boardin'-skule. Hurry up an' git her a lot o' new dresses made, Jemime; she's got to go next month. Oh, ye needn't cry, Miss Kit; ye've got to go to skule, an' l'arn to be a lady. I'll buy ye a silk dress an' a pianner, but I'll be hanged if I'll let ye drown'd yerself."

Vainly the child protested that she didn't want to go to school, and that she would do differently if her guardian would only allow her to remain at home. Jerry was inexorable. Jemima had her orders to use the best goods in the store for Kit, and the childish wardrobe that materialized under the careful manipulation of that worthy spinster within the next fortnight was a marvel of color and finish. Jerry had a vague notion that he could overcome Kit's *scruples* against education with finery, but in this he soon discovered his mistake. The child absolutely refused to have anything to do with any part of her extensive new wardrobe except a little red jacket with brass buttons, in which gaudy bit of raiment Bowser found her attired one morning, astride an unbroken colt, chasing the cattle around the barn-yard in a wild glee that would have made Jerry's heart sink if he had seen her.

The day came all too soon for the child to leave the only shelter she had ever known, and with it came a battle in which the weaker went to the wall, and the weaker, as you will readily suppose, was Jerry. The old man had even gone so far as to buy a new buggy, in which Kit was to be conveyed to the school, in order that her school-mates might not ridicule the ancient huckster wagon, and so embitter her young mind against "l'arnin'" in the very first instance. Kit's trunk was strapped to the back of the buggy, and Bowser, who was to act in the capacity of driver, stood ready and waiting, attired in his quaint Sunday suit, which he had worn ever since the child was a baby. Jemima Lovely was in the pantry cutting huge slices of plum-cake, and wedging them into an immense lunch-basket, together with roasted chickens, sweet pickles, cookies, jellies, and good things galore, for Jemima was a firm believer in the prevalent theory that children are always starved at boarding-school. Every now and then she would cease operations long enough to duck her head in her apron, for Kit had come nearer to investing her with the tender mantle of motherhood than any other helpless little being probably ever would, and more than one briny tear went into the big lunch-basket along with its more substantial contents.

"Come, hurry up, Jemime; Dick's ready. Never mind fixin' any more grub; ye've got 'nough thar for the hull skule naow. Whar's Kit? It's time she hed her bunnit on. Startin' so late 'll make Dick late gittin' home to-night."

It was Jerry's voice, and something in its clear, sharp tone cut through Jemima like a knife. Where was Kit? She had not seen the child for half an hour. A sudden suspicion entered the woman's mind as she dropped the basket in obedience to Jerry's summons and went over the house calling: "Kit! Kit! whar be ye? Don't ye hear me, Kit? Yer daddy says it's high time ye was off." But no Kit answered. In vain Jemima explored every nook and cranny in the house, not omitting to look under the beds and into the closets, for she knew Kit's habits, and would not have been surprised to have found her stowed carefully away in a drawer, if only there had been one large enough; but all to no avail. Kit was not there. Jerry, who had followed close at Jemima's heels, began to grow very red in the face. Presently the man and woman looked at each other, and both laughed. "Waal, Jemime," Jerry said, his big hearty guffaw ringing out through the silent house, "it looks consid-able like the little devil had gin us the slip, don't it?"

Then they went to Kit's dog house—a favorite resort of hers, which was inhabited solely by her two dogs, that were chained, and howling as if in anticipation of their mistress's departure. By this time Bowser and Sol Perkins had joined the search, and the quartette proceeded to the barn, where its members separated, each taking a different route. Precisely as might have been expected, Jemima was first to get trace of the lost one. Directly above the wide threshing floor, which composed the centre of the barn, ran a high dark loft, so densely packed with straw that the eye at first could distinguish nothing but a golden mass, tinted here and there with pale flecks of light which struggled through a single pane of glass in the end of the barn. But forty years of service had not dimmed Jemima's eyes, and her sight soon became cognizant of a small patch of scarlet which flamed among the yellow straw like a red-bird. Kit's passion for the red jacket had betrayed her. Jemima lost no time in giving the alarm, and the men, whose eyes followed the indication of that good woman's bony forefinger, soon observed the child burrowing under the straw. Kit had the best of her pursuers, because the ladder upon which she had climbed to the loft was too frail to support the weight of a man—Jerry had already engaged the Cross-Roads carpenter to replace it—and ladder-scaling was not included in Jemima's *repertoire*. It was impossible to effect her capture by physical means, and so Jerry had recourse to strategy.

"Why, Kit," he shouted, "what do ye mean by hidin' this way? Don't ye want to go to skule, an' l'arn to be a lady?"

"No, daddy, I don't," promptly answered the child, advancing to the centre of the loft, where she stood with heightened color, her big black eyes burning with excitement, and looking down unflinchingly into Jerry's, which twinkled in spite of themselves.

"Jest want ter stay here an' grow up like a wild critter, ridin' colts, an' drowndin', an' runnin' arter the keows every night fur Jemimer?"

"Yes, daddy."

"An' how about the silk dress an' the planner?"

"Ye can give 'em to some other little gal. I don't want 'em."

By this time Jerry, who, to use his own expression, was a bad hand at an argument, felt that he was rapidly running out of ammunition. "Kit," he said, desperately, "don't ye know daddy wants ye to grow up like a lady, stidder like a weed? Wouldn't ye like to go to skule an' l'arn to play planner, an' draw pictures, an' sich, jist 'cause daddy wants ye to?"

This was a poser, but not in the way Jerry intended it to be. Poor little Kit burst out crying as if her heart would break.

"I love my daddy, so I do," she cried; "an' I don't want to go 'way off to Weepin' Willer to skule, an' leave him an' Jemime, an' Dick Bowser an' all of 'em. Oh, daddy, I can't, I can't!"

And this was the end of Kit's education, of which Jerry had dreamed for ten long years, and for which he had hoarded and saved with renewed diligence ever since the night Bowser had brought home that strange little human morsel in the basket.

* * *

It was a strange coincidence that poor old Jerry Huntley should have lost his eyesight the same year that his savings of a lifetime went, as he expressed it, up Salt River. It was a strange thing that a man who had lived as long as he had, and knew human nature as well, should ever have consented to have gone Eli Bronson's security for so large a sum of money; but such, nevertheless, was the storm that brought about his shipwreck, leaving him quite as empty handed as he had been more than half a century before, when he started the Cross-Roads store, with no capital save that of honesty and industry. The Little Giant, who had a passion for speculation in live-stock, had indulged it to a ruinous extent. His old neighbor had seen fit to befriend him when nobody else would, and the result was disaster at the Cross-Roads store for the old man and those dependent on his bounty. The storm broke with pitiless force upon Jerry, who went down into the depths of despair, and came out a feeble, broken old man. Then his eyesight flickered and went out, and he might as well have lost his other senses too, for all the use they ever were to him after that.

In this sad reverse of circumstances, Kit, who was now grown into beautiful, blooming young womanhood, was her father's only consolation. As he had guarded the helplessness of her infancy, so now she became the staff of his declining years. As he had pitied her orphanage, so she sorrowed over his infirmity and misfortune. When William Lovely, who had been her accepted lover for some months, told her openly and brutally that he did not propose to provide for Jerry simply because he happened to be her foster father, she did not hesitate an instant. "Ye kin go back to Weepin' Willer, William Lovely," she said, with a dry sob, "an' pick yerself out a wife from the fine ladies thar. They'll mebbe suit you better nor I would, anyhaow. Leastways, *I* don't want ye. I'm goin' to stick to daddy."

And that she kept her word none would have doubted had they followed her throughout the next few years, for the old home at the Cross-Roads soon fell into the hands of strangers, and the old man and the girl had to go out into the world, where one of them must fight a sharp battle for bread, and that one, of course, was Kit. Just how this was to be accomplished was for some time a perplexing question, but that mystery was soon solved when a travelling circus came along, camped in the woods back of the store, and observed collectively and individually how superbly the girl could ride. She arranged to accompany the circus without the knowledge of Jerry, who she knew would oppose the measure strenuously at first, and they were well on the way before he discovered that they had become part and parcel of the caravan, for the provisions of Kit's engagement included her "daddy," the main requirement on her side being that he should be comfortably provided for.

Oddly enough, when the time came for parting, both Bowser and Jemima refused stubbornly to be left behind, and so the manager, who carried a soft heart under a rough exterior, gave them his profane permission to join the show, in which they soon found employment. Unlike her brother, Jemima was faithful to her old master's interest, and would gladly have followed him and Kit to the end of the world. As for Bowser, the idea of deserting them had never so much as entered his head, and he was glad to follow in the pathway which Kit thought led to independence. It was a comfort to the girl to be thus constantly surrounded by the three dear old faces and after the first few weeks Jerry began to be more reconciled to the strange, wandering life.

The last strains of the big strident orchestra had just died away. The trumpets had blared, the bugles had blown, and now "the ladies," superbly mounted, some on chestnut, some on beautiful milk-white horses, rode gayly into the ring. Kit, by reason of her superior beauty, rode alone at the head, and behind her, two abreast, came the others in a long, graceful, sweeping line, all the horses keeping perfect step, all the riders sitting like queens in their sweeping velvet skirts, with their rich plumes nodding softly in the summer breeze which stole in at the top of the tent. Kit's habit was of bright emerald velvet. Her hat had a long white plume on it, which drooped almost to her waist, and a brooch of presumably precious stones gleamed at her throat. She was tall, supple, finely moulded, and retained the brilliant olive complexion and dark burning eyes of her childhood. Her glossy black curls hung in a thick, luxuriant mass under her hat; surely she was a goodly sight to see, and her triumphal entrance on the magnificent white horse she rode was always a signal for a burst of applause. She had chosen a fiery animal to ride, because there was something in her which rejoiced in quelling an unruly spirit, and because she was not averse to showing her skill.

One, two, three! The ring-master in blue coat and brass buttons cracks his great whip, and the riders start on their second round; but by this time Kit's horse is growing more restive than she has ever known him, and she has all she can do to retain her hold upon the reins. His delicate mouth is covered with foam, and the girl, who in turn quickly resorts to both harsh and gentle measures, is surprised to find that neither has any effect.

One, two, three again! Kit's horse is flying like a centaur, but her splendid courage does not forsake her. Her faith in herself is strong, and she would rather die than ask the ring-master for aid, or allow any one to suspect that she is in need of it.

One, two, three! Oh! how harshly the cracking of that cruel lash sounds to the poor girl now! Her arms ache as if they were being pulled out of their sockets. There is a film before her eyes. Her hands are growing cramped and rigid. Surely, surely her faultless horsemanship must triumph, but she knows now that there will have to be a mighty struggle, and steels herself for it, every nerve tense, every sense concentrated on the feat before her, every wish merged in the one to win.

One, two, three! The signal is given for the leap over the hurdle, and as Kit's horse rears and plunges, she brings down her whip upon his beautiful white neck with a cut of fury. In another instant he has thrown her viciously over his head, and she lies bleeding and senseless.

As the ring-master stoops quickly over her he is angrily put aside by a common roustabout, whose coarse laborer's garb is soiled with the dust and grime of the circus. It is Dick Bowser who lifts the tall girl as tenderly as if she were but an infant, and carries her speedily to the village inn, where poor old Jerry Huntley sits dozing in the afternoon sun.

"Jerry! Jerry! wake up!" he cries, in frenzy. "Kit's been throwed from her horse in the circus!"

Something in Dick's wild, piteous tones rouses the girl for a moment. Wonderingly she opens her eyes from which the light is fast fading. Tenderly the old man presses Kit to his heart, and lays his wrinkled cheek against hers, pale with the pallor of death. Wistfully the dark misty eyes look up at the poor old sightless ones, of which they have been the light for more than twenty years.

Brokenly she murmurs, "I—done—it—for—ye,—daddy,—didn't—I?"

Then her eyes close, and Kit has gone on her last, long ride to eternity.

WITH THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.

Among the exercises for the carrying out of which the Squadron of Evolution is in existence, no other has anything like the importance that must be attached to target practice with the guns of the main and secondary batteries. It is to carry and use these guns that men-of-war are built and equipped, and the rapidity and accuracy with which they can be used is a measure of the efficiency of the ships that carry them. In the case of the new high-power guns with which the vessels of this squadron are armed, careful and systematic instruction and practice are of especial importance, and for several reasons. In the first place, the guns are capable of marvellous accuracy if properly handled; but the same peculiarity which gives them this great accuracy—the flat trajectory, due to the high velocity of the projectile—results in a correspondingly great inaccuracy if the finer points involved in sighting are neglected. The roll of the ship, for instance, if not allowed for at the instant of firing, will cause a far greater error in range than would be caused with the old muzzle-loading guns firing light projectiles with low velocity. Furthermore, the ammunition for the new gun is so heavy and bulky that only a comparatively small number of rounds can be carried, and every round that is wasted represents an important loss of offensive power. Of far less consequence, but not unworthy of consideration, is the fact that it represents also an expense of about fifty dollars in the case of an 8-inch gun.

Still further, while very little can be safely predicted of the naval battle of the future, it is quite certain that it will, as a rule, be short; and under certain circumstances, particularly with unarmored ships, a single well-aimed shot may determine victory for one side or the other at the very opening of the action. So far as regards the value attaching to the ammunition from the limited supply which can be carried, it will be seen that this acts in two conflicting directions, making it important to have target practice frequently, and at the same time limiting the amount of ammunition which can be spared for such practice. The *Chicago* carries fifty rounds for each of her 8-inch guns. Each gun should have at least two trained marksmen. But it is clearly impossible to spare a sufficient number of rounds of ammunition to train these men. If we had a gunnery school-ship—as it is to be hoped that we soon shall have—they would be trained before being sent to sea-going ships; but for the present each ship must train them for itself, and there is raised the problem to find a means of exercising and educating men to sight and fire heavy guns rapidly and accurately without actually firing the guns. The simplest way would be to take a time when the ship is absolutely stationary, require the gun captains to point at certain fixed objects, and let their sighting be verified or corrected by their instructors. This is tedious, and contains no element of possible interest for the average blue-jacket. Practice with a musket can be made interesting, because the results of it can be seen, and it gives a certain familiarity with the use of sights; but the differences between the firing of a musket and that of an 8-inch rifle are greater than the resemblances. A much more satisfactory method is to secure the barrel of a musket inside the bore of a great gun, and use the sights of the latter (properly corrected) for firing the musket at a target a few hundred yards from the ship.

This is a very nearly perfect substitute for actual great-gun practice, but it cannot well be carried out at sea and there are not very many ports where it is safe to do very much firing, even with a 45-calibre musket. It has been proposed, for occasions where this method is not available, to attach a small camera to a gun in such a way that the axis of the lens shall be parallel to the line of sight, and to fit the shutter with a string, which the gun captain would use exactly as if it were a lock string for firing the gun. Having gotten his aim at the object selected, which might very conveniently be one of the ships of the squadron, he would snap his shutter, and the photograph taken would, when developed, show what his aim had been. If each gun captain were given prints of all his shots, he would soon learn to feel a pride in making them the best possible. A sighting drill of this kind could be carried on at any time and in any place.

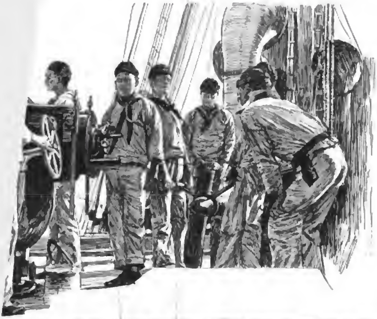
In the few months since the Squadron of Evolution was organized the men have been carefully instructed in sighting, and have had such drills as have been found practicable; but all this had little meaning for them so long as they had not fired the guns, nor seen them fired. This has been fully realized, but the instructions of the Navy Department require that the first firing of a cruise shall take place at anchor, and under the most favorable conditions that can be found. To fire for the first time at sea, with the ship rolling, would be to miss many of the most valuable lessons that should be drawn from the first trial of the guns, as it would be impossible to separate the various causes of error involved. There are very few anchorages in the Mediterranean where permission can be had to fire, or where it would be safe to do so even if permission were given. But at Corfu was found an ideal place. The long narrow stretch of water between the island and the main-land of Albania affords an unobstructed range of over twelve miles. On the second day after the arrival of the squadron, the *Yorktown* got under way at daylight and went outside, anchoring just to the southward of the picturesque old Venetian fortress which is supposed to defend the entrance to the harbor, but which the *Yorktown*, with her modern guns, could batter down in a few hours. Her guns upon this occasion, however, were trained to seaward. In order to secure uniformity in the manner of conducting and recording the firing, the Admiral had appointed a board of officers to direct the work, one officer being taken from each ship. These officers went out each day, and kept careful notes, not only of the firing, but of the working of the guns and their mechanism, the arrangement for supplying ammunition, etc. Two targets were laid out at distances of one thousand and fifteen hundred yards, the nearer one being for use with the "secondary" battery, the more distant one for the great guns of the main battery. Abreast each target, but at a safe distance, was anchored a boat with an observer to note the fall of each shot, whether short of or beyond the target, and by what distance. An observer on board ship noted similarly the errors to the right or left. There was no difficulty about these observations, as every shot, on striking the water, throws up a column of foam which can be seen at a great distance, that from an 8-inch shell rising fully forty feet. With the co-ordinates determined by these two observers, the exact point of fall can be determined for each shot, and plotted on a chart having the target for a centre. It is then easy, with a knowledge of the path of the projectile, to determine at what point on the side of a ship each shot would have struck.

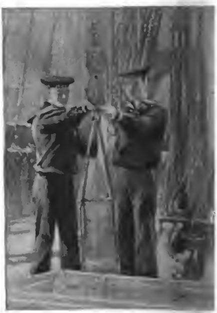
The regulation navy target is a pole, fifteen feet high, carrying a small flag at the top, and having canvas wings spreading ten feet at the bottom, and supported on a light raft, which is floated by empty casks. At a distance of fifteen hundred yards this makes a very small mark, but it was repeatedly struck by fragments of bursting shells, and three targets were, in the course of four days' firing, struck squarely and totally destroyed, while the plotting shows that scores of shots which did not touch the target passed within a few feet of the bull's-eye. Had the target been a ship of the size of the *Chicago*, presenting only her bow for a mark, it would have been struck by about sixty per cent. of the shots fired by all the ships in their four days of practice. Almost every shot was a nearly perfect line, the errors being all in elevation.

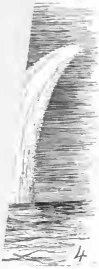
The scenes on board the ships during the firing were very animated. Every one was interested, eager, and more or less excited. When a particularly good shot was made, a murmur of applause ran around the ship; and when the target was destroyed by a shell striking and exploding squarely at the base of the staff, the murmur rose into a shout, and the gun captain who had made the shot became the hero of the ship. The regulations of the Navy Department for target practice require that the firing shall be as rapid as possible, and the interval of time between successive shots from any gun enters into the percentage of merit allowed for the shots. In this first firing by the squadron it was not thought well to bring in this time element, and all operations, but particularly that of pointing, were gone through with very deliberately. Nine rounds were fired from each gun of one broadside of the main battery, and twenty rounds from each machine and rapid-firing gun. Thus the *Chicago* fired two hundred and sixty-three shots, the *Boston* and *Atlanta* about the same number, and the *Yorktown* about half as many. Sixty-three of the *Chicago's* shots were from the main battery. Of these thirty-six are plotted in the accompanying picture as they would have struck her sides had the *Chicago* herself been the target.

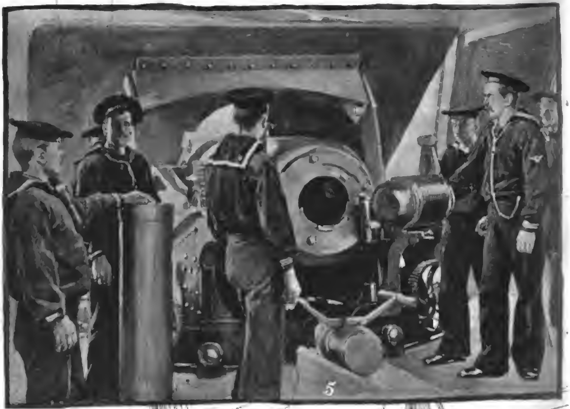
In connection with the subject of target practice, tests were made of the arrangements for supplying ammunition to the guns. This is a matter of great importance in connection with rapidity of fire. Assuming that the 8-inch guns could be loaded, pointed, and fired in two minutes, and the 6-inch guns in half that time, it is found that the supply of ammunition can just about keep pace with the firing, but without any margin of time. The ammunition is kept in special magazines at the very bottom of the ship, and must be hoisted to the upper deck, and from there transported some distance to the guns. The shells come up in hemp slings, and the powder in copper tanks hermetically sealed. Inside of these tanks the powder is put up in cartridges of regular and symmetrical shape, and enclosed in bags which fit tightly over the powder grains and keep them in position.

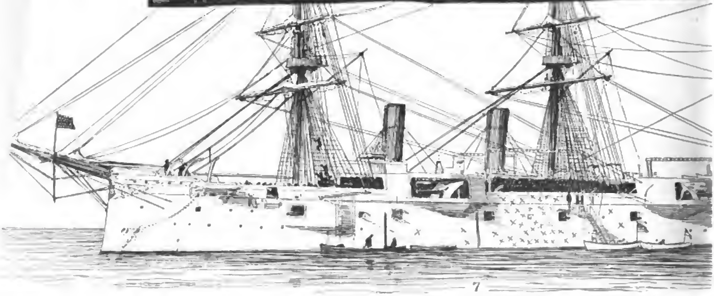
The powder used with all the new guns is of the modern "slow-burning" kind, the essential point about which is that it burns and gives off gases very slowly at first, starting the projectile from its seat with a moderate pressure, which gradually increases until it reaches a maximum which is much below that given by the old and violent black powder. This low maximum pressure is, however, sustained for a much longer time than the higher maximum of more violent powders, and thus more work is done upon the projectile and a higher velocity imparted to it, resulting in greater range and penetrative power. The difference in the action of the two powders is that between a push and a blow, the action of the slow powder representing the push.





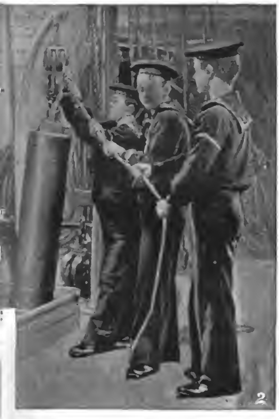


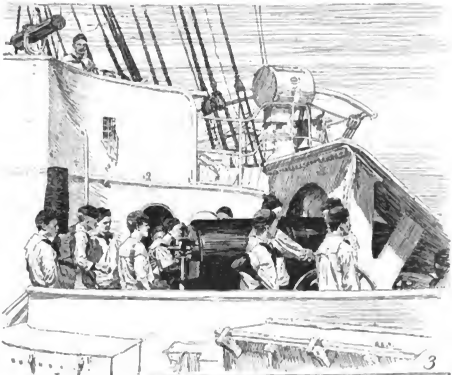


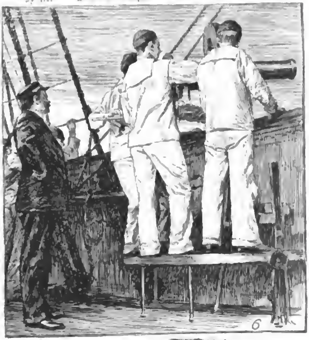


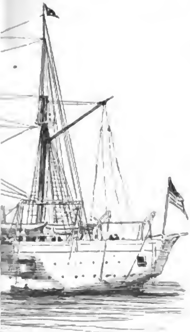
TARGET PRACTICE WITH THE UNITED STATES SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION, NEAR

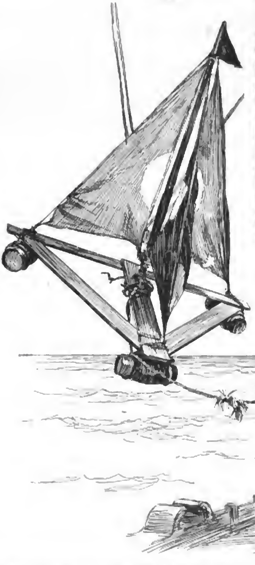
Aiming 6-inch Breech-loading Rifled Gun on "Yorktown." 2. Hoisting Ammunition for 8-inch Breech-loading Rifle on "Chicago." 3. Ready for Firing 8-inch Gun on "Atla
Impact of Sixty per Cent. of Shots from "Chicago's" Main Battery. 6. Hoisting out Imp

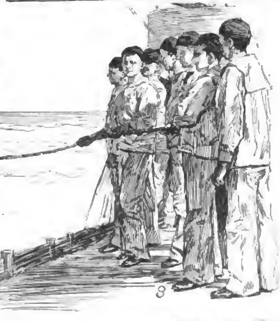












CORFU.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Photographs taken on the Vessels of the Fleet.—[See Page 363.]

nta." 4. Form of Splash from 8-inch Shell. 5. Ready for Loading 8-inch Gun on "Chicago." 6. Ready for Firing Gatling-Gun. 7. Target Reproduced on Side of Vessel, showing rovised Target to Replace one Destroyed. 9. Powder Charge for 8-inch Rifled Gun (125 Pounds).

THE WEST POINT MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE theory so universally held both abroad and at home that we are a practical people is greatly in need of revision. There is such a thing as being too practical for one's material good, and so far as government is concerned, this country is suffering from the *reductio ad absurdum* of the national theory. Practical legislation has come to mean, among other things, an undue interference of the law-making power with the administrative departments of the government. This necessarily involves the application to the work of government of a mass of crude theories that are the result of the half-knowledge of Congressmen who have no practical and intimate acquaintance with the duties which they undertake to direct. Among the greatest sufferers from this state of things is the military establishment, so that it may be truly said that this most practical of people has a theoretical army—a small body of men armed with ancient weapons, whose chances against fully equipped modern soldiers would be infinitesimal. And these troops are commanded by officers most of whom are graduates of the Military Academy, an institution which ranks deservedly high among kindred institutions, and which has given to us many admirable soldiers and many more first-rate scholars. All of us have a just pride in West Point, and we have been often told that it is the best military school in the world. Perhaps it is, but there are others that rank dangerously near it, and there are persons who think that there is too much of the academic and too little of the military spirit at West Point. This is probably a false judgment. There is, it is true, a creditable percentage of well-trained scientific men among the officers of the army, and there are a few whose soldierly qualities are subordinate to their science; but one who knows the army well would be hardly justified in saying that inordinate scholarship is the curse of the officers of the line. The intellectual and moral tone of the service is exceptionally high—higher than it ever was before. "Tom Burke of Ours" would find an American officers' mess in 1890 sadly lacking in fun, while Barry Lyndon would certainly regard some of our soldiers as poor-spirited creatures, with more head for books than stomach for fighting. The difference would be simply that between the gentlemen of the two adjoining centuries. Although life is governed and war is waged by scientific students on scientific principles, there has been no physical deterioration in the army, and there is quite as much fighting spirit and courage as there ever was. There has not been a finer-looking lot of cadets at West Point than those who may now be seen there. The books have not and will not hurt them, for the more books of the right kind that they know, the better soldiers will they be.

There is no doubt, however, that the Military Academy suffers from the causes that are so injurious to the whole service. Congress has undertaken the command of the army, with the result of making it as inefficient as the ability and ambition of its officers will permit. Congress is perfectly logical in its ruinous policy, for the school in which cadets are taught to be soldiers and officers is no more antique and obsolete in its military material than the army. It is a striking fact this, that all the elements and arts of the military service are suffering alike, not only from the non-possession of modern armament for constant daily use, but from absence of training in the implements which must be used familiarly whenever this country comes into hostile contact with another.

Every one who visits West Point during the months when the cadets are out in camp cannot but be delighted with its quiet academic atmosphere. A few sentinels, soldiers of the engineer corps, walk up and down the sidewalk here and there; a number of exceedingly ill-shapen men in outrageously dirty uniforms perform police and fatigue duties about the post. Officers and cadets make up the rest of the population of the place. These latter march to their meals, to recitation, and to the various tasks which are assigned to them. They go once a day, after their first year, to the riding school, and are taught to ride and in cavalry drill.

The riding-school and its adjoining stables are characteristic of West Point. They have been unfortunately placed where they become the most offensive features of what is naturally one of the most charming landscapes in the country. The circular roof of the riding-school is a familiar object to every one who has gone up the river in the day boats. The building is of stone, and is without any ornamentation. The brick stables stretch out from it. They were once painted, but time and stress of weather have washed off much of the color, leaving only an impression of lightness. The little square unglazed holes are the only relief to a long, ugly, dirty wall. It is a disgrace to the government that such a beautiful spot should have been selected for such hideous disfigurement. The stables and the riding school might have been hidden away, instead of being made a blot upon so fair a scene. It must have been a singular mind that selected the most conspicuous spot at the Point as the site for the most offensive structures, but in many respects we have a very singular government, and its eccentricities have manifested themselves in other respects than in the choice of the spot for the stables.

There is a severe and hard conservatism in the management of the public property which is not on the plain. Congress, on the theory that it knows more about the needs of the post than the officer in command, does not appropriate enough money for the proper preservation of all the property, and the consequence is that in taking care of the buildings on the plain, which are in constant sight of visitors, such buildings as the stables, the riding-school, and the barracks, which are under the hill, are the victims of decay. The windows in the upper story of the stables, for example, have not been glazed for many years, and the longer they are permitted to remain in this way, the more firmly will there be established a precedent against ever replacing the lights that were broken out almost a generation ago. The riding-school itself is a cold and dreary place. For several hours of each day, in inclement as well as pleasant weather, the officer who is instructor in riding is compelled to remain in the damp and unwholesome atmosphere. While the cadets are in rapid motion, his horse is almost motionless. During the fall and winter the last riding lesson does not end until long after dark, and it is not to be wondered at that severe colds, and sometimes malarial disorders, are accompaniments of a detail as instructor in cavalry tactics at West Point. There are many inconveniences also about the building, but this absence of heat, injuriously affecting, as it does, the health of the officer and cadets, is most serious. Whether the hall is not heated because it has never been warmed artificially, is a question that the Appropriation Committees and the Quartermaster-General's Department can best answer. Whatever the reason is, it cannot be strong enough to overcome the fact that the government is barbarously cruel in compelling men and animals to face the severe and dangerous conditions that obtain in the riding-school.

The hall is badly lighted, and the accommodations for visitors are absurd. The first is a decided drawback to the work of instruction that is carried on in the building, for the few strong electric arc-lights which hang low down in the centre of the apartment make the horses nervous, and distort objects and shadows to such an extent that they often add to the confusion of darkness. There is hardly a riding-school in the large cities of the country which is not in every way superior to that at West Point, where the instruction should be most serious, for in the army riding is a necessary and not, as it usually is elsewhere, a luxurious art.

The galleries for visitors are small affairs on the two long sides of the rectangular hall. They are sixty-five feet long and four feet wide, except for thirty-five feet in the centre, where they are ten feet wide. They do not begin to accommodate the public which is at West Point for the closing exercises of the academic year, and they are now supposed to be so weak that ropes have been rigged in the roof of the building, which may be made fast to the galleries in order to support them from above if they should chance to be too crowded. This is very like a good many other primitive and slipshod methods that must be resorted to in the army to make up for the deficiencies occasioned by the fact that the army from top to bottom is under the command of civilian politicians.

The main difficulty with the Military Academy, however, is the lack of professional training received by the cadets. It is not the purpose of this article to controvert the decision of the Academic Board as to the course of study pursued by the cadets. As I have said, there are some officers who think that books play too important a part in the education of the cadets. But there is no necessity to enter into this controversy. Moreover, the course, even in mathematics and philosophy, is not more advanced than that of the ordinary college, and is not, in general, equal to that of the leading universities. The cadet has an hour and a half of class-room work in the morning, and another hour in the afternoon. He is expected to study about five hours of the day. There is other instruction, of course, of a physical and professional nature. The cadet is taught fencing, dancing, and riding. He must exercise in the gymnasium, and in summer he must take lessons in swimming. He does guard duty, and he drills and parades. His mental work, however, ought not to be the burden to him that it is said to be, and the constant dropping out of cadets as deficient and unable to proceed with their classes can only be accounted for on the supposition that a majority of the young men who are appointed to the Military Academy must be exceptionally ill prepared for advanced instruction. There is no doubt, however, that the cadets who graduate in the upper half of their class are exceedingly well trained mathematicians, chemists, and engineers. They are masters of their branches of the military profession and of the kindred arts. They know how forts should be constructed, the most economical and effective methods of bridge and road building, how guns should be made and of what material. They know the economic questions that are incidental to the mechanical industries with which they must deal, as representatives of the government. They are familiar with the fundamental literature of their profession. The course is well enough, and its product, in some respects, is fine, but it confessedly does not make well-trained officers.

There are many reasons for this. In the first place, the government is instructing the future officers of its army, as it is training the army itself, with obsolete material and with insufficient equipment. The school at West Point turns out, perhaps, the best-drilled infantry corps in the world. It is a delight to see the cadets in the line of a procession. All the virtues of the marching machine are developed in them. Each one is perfect in his part, and the whole is a steady, orderly moving mass. It is not a machine in the sense that it is a mere controlled body, lacking in a self-directing intelligence; it is a human machine instinct with intelligence. Foreigners who are familiar with troops have repeatedly asserted the West Point Cadet Corps to be the finest body of infantry in the world, so far as their marching goes. And it ought to be, for the cadets are marching from the beginning to the end of their four years' course. At 6 o'clock in the morning the cadet falls in with his company at reveille; at 6.30 he marches to breakfast; at 7 he marches from breakfast; at 8 he marches to his section room; at 9.30 he marches to fencing; at 10.5 he marches to barracks; at 1 he marches to dinner; at 1.40 he marches from dinner; at 2 he marches to his section room; at 3 he marches back; at 4.15 he marches to drill, if the weather permits, and he drills until 5.30. In the fall the first, second, and fourth class men march to and from the riding school in the afternoon. He marches to and from supper, and if he is on guard duty he has still more marching to do before he puts out his light and goes to bed. It is easy to see from this that the cadet ought to be a good infantryman; and he is also an admirable rider, for his instruction in equitation is thorough and excellent. Nevertheless, the cadet has very little drill in cavalry tactics, and still less in artillery. Professor Michie, who is at the head of the department of Philosophy at the Academy, in an opinion given at the request of the Board of Visitors of 1877, on the "Character and Scope of Instruction at the Military Academy," said: "But though our graduates may be regarded as equipped for the learning of their profession, they are by no means experts in any of the branches of the military art. Hence their professional improvement must be provided for in the army and under its direction."

The popular idea that a graduate of West Point is fully instructed in all the intricacies of his profession is therefore erroneous. He must continue to go to school after his graduation. If he is an engineer, he goes to Willets Point; if he is an officer of artillery, he goes to Fort Monroe; if he is a cavalryman or infantryman, he goes to Fort Leavenworth; if he is in a light-artillery battery, he goes to Fort Riley. At least he goes to one of these schools when his turn comes to be detailed for further education. One of the evils of the system is that he may not go until he has forgotten much of his instruction at the Academy. In other words, the post-graduate course is too remote from the preliminary training to be as serviceable as it might be made. If the graduates of West Point were sent at once to the schools of the various arms of the service, we would not have the present state of affairs, in which gray-haired officers are studying the principles of their profession from text books, and from the lectures of the captains who are detailed as instructors.

The mistake of the public in supposing that the graduates of West Point are well-instructed soldiers is very natural. In the first place, the Military Academy is a professional school, and we are frequently told that it is of the first rank. Its graduates are commissioned officers of the army, because they have successfully gone through the course of the school and have taken its diploma. During their under-graduate four years, in addition to their purely academic studies, the cadets are taught tactics, fortification, ordnance and gunnery, explosives, mechanical manœuvres with heavy guns, and strategy, while they drill in every arm.

The drills in everything but infantry tactics, however, are entirely insufficient. In the first place, the plain is not large enough to admit of the thorough training of man and horse necessary in cavalry drill, and the same may be said of the artillery drill. In the second place, the government does not provide a sufficient number of horses, nor horses of a sufficiently good quality. There are about seventy horses in the stables. Many of them have been there for a long tour of duty. Some of them have been at the Point for fifteen or sixteen years. They are not of uniform color, and they are running down in quality. They are those that are left after the Quartermaster-General's Department has supplied the cavalry and light artillery batteries. Some of them are big, and some of them are little. It is the custom to buy saddle-horses for the army in Missouri. This was once a very good custom, for a large number of excellent riding-horses were raised in the State. There is a terrible conservatism about military usages, however, to which there stand always as a monument the tales of sentries posted to guard snow-drops, sentry-boxes, etc., long after the objects of the guard had disappeared from the face of the earth. Missouri has been for many years growing to be more and more of an agricultural State, and saddle-horses have been giving place to other and bigger animals—Percherons and the like. Still, the government goes on buying saddle-horses in Missouri, just as it declines to reglaze the windows in the stables. When these horses, of various sizes and colors, are drawn up in line, they are far from presenting an attractive appearance to an exacting cavalry officer. To add to the discomfort of the officer who is in command of cavalry instruction, he no sooner has trained his horses to some degree of fitness for the needs of the cavalry than they are required for light-artillery drills, whereupon they are spoiled for the first purpose. It takes a long time to train a cavalry horse properly, for the horse and man are one soldier, a most complicated personality, and the drill of both, in order that the whole soldier may move to the command of the single human mind, must be long and arduous.

There are some officers who think that a single term of enlistment—five years—is not long enough to make a good cavalryman. If they are nearly right, it cannot be expected that West Point cadets, mounted on horses that can never be properly trained, themselves having only 200 hours of cavalry drill in a year, can become first-rate officers of horse troops without going through a training subsequent and supplementary to that which they receive at the Military Academy. Almost any one at all acquainted with the horse will recognize the inadvisability of compelling an animal who is wonted to bear burdens and to keep himself habitually well together, to drag about a heavy gun—a labor which involves the straining and spreading out of muscles and form which should be kept compact and collected. And yet Congress insists that its officers of cavalry shall be instructed with horses that are not and that cannot become trained to do the work which every efficient captain on the frontier demands of his troop. Besides this, the horses are not thoroughly well groomed, and their equipments are not neat and shining, as good soldiers insist that they should be. It was for some time the tradition that the cadet could not spare from his studies the time necessary to keep his cavalry accoutrements in good condition. Some improvement has been recently made in this respect. Whether or not the cavalry equipment is what it should be is difficult to say. Indeed, it would require a good deal of hardihood for a civilian to decide a difference of opinion between practical cavalry soldiers and the ordnance bureau which decides the trappings of the army horses. It may be that the time-honored bit of the service is precisely what is best. The men who sit at their desks in Washington say so; many of the men who sit in the saddle say that it is not.

The cadets learn in the army, and after they have gone away from West Point, what can be accomplished by long continued, strenuous drill of man and horse together. They are given commissions, and put in command of men who have a much better practical knowledge of drill than they. This could be remedied by sending the young cavalry officers at once from West Point to Leavenworth or Fort Riley.

So far as the ordnance in use at the Military Academy is concerned, the same story is to be told as has been recited so many times of the army. Modern field-pieces have been recently issued to a light battery or two, and there is one gun of the new pattern at West Point. It is sometimes pointed out as an arm of which the American soldier of the future ought to possess some knowledge. Its abiding-place is in the museum, where there are samples of Gatling guns, old field-pieces, Brown Besses, muskets, breech-loaders, and recent inventions in magazine guns. But the cadets who are destined to command the American soldier of the future are not instructed in the use of modern arms. They are, as has been averred, the finest infantry corps in the world, so far as precision of marching and of drill in the manual are concerned, but they are armed with Springfield rifles of the short cadet pattern, an excellent piece for target practice, barring its recoil, but too heavy and cumbrous for use in the field. It has been previously stated in these columns that an infantry soldier of the United States army, other things being equal, is only one-third as effective as a European infantryman, because the latter, with his piece of smaller calibre, carries three times the number of rounds of ammunition that are carried in the belts of our own troops. It may be said that in this respect, and in respect of field-pieces and heavier ordnance, the cadet is as well off as the officer of infantry or artillery. It is very true, more's the pity, that the American infantry is armed with rifles that must put it at a great disadvantage in contending with almost any modern foreign force; and that the American artillery might nearly as well be armed with catapults as with the Rodmans, Parrotts, old Napoleons, and 15-inch guns, that are about as destructive to those who fire them as to those at whom they are aimed. Nevertheless that is no reason why the cadets should be instructed with the ancient ballistas, as if the army was never to have modern breech-loaders. The existing evil is recognized. The country knows that the poverty of the army in respect of arms is to be relieved; that the ordnance corps is struggling out of the mediæval darkness in which it has been wandering for so many years; and while the corps will move slowly and with dignity, it will move. The army will wake up some morning and be surprised to find that it is

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really armed and equipped after the fashion of modern troops.

Now that I am incidentally on the subject of the ordnance corps, I may as well narrate a tale which illustrates the opinion of the line of this scientific staff corps, which has not yet invented a breech-loading siege piece or a magazine-rifle, but has inquired diligently and learnedly into the capacity of metals for transmitting zymotic diseases. It is generally known to those who are familiar with Detaille's and Neuville's pictures that European soldiers carry their rifles slung on their shoulders by a strap. Our own infantry officers have long endeavored to secure the adoption of this labor-saving device, and they assert that the only reason given by the ordnance corps for not agreeing to the change is that it would involve an expenditure of $20,000 for the necessary changes in the arsenal. However this may be, there is a strong feeling throughout the army that this corps is largely responsible for the present condition of affairs.

There is no doubt that we are to have modern arms in a short time. The navy is already in possession of them, and large sea-coast guns are in process of manufacture at the army arsenals. A field-piece has been adopted, and one of the guns is at West Point. But during all this long period of gestation the young officers who have been yearly coming into the army have been taught to manipulate and fire old muzzle-loaders. The mechanism of the new piece is different; the character of the ammunition is different; the drill is different. And yet all these considerations have not induced the government to purchase a sufficiency of modern arms for the education of the young officers who will soon be called upon to instruct the enlisted men. It is true, of course, that modern weapons differ from one another. How they differ may be seen from the few samples of European small-arms that are on exhibition at the West Point Museum. But the principle that governs all of them is the same, just as the same principle lies at the basis of all sewing-machines.

If the government had provided the Military Academy and the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, as it might have done many years ago, with batteries of modern ordnance, from the heavy sea-coast guns to light-battery pieces, and if at the same time the Academy and the Infantry School at Fort Leavenworth had been equipped with proper small-arms, there is hardly an officer of the army who would not now be ready to instruct his men in whatever weapons may be issued to the service. As it is, our officers' knowledge of modern arms is derived almost entirely from professional literature, while the graduates of the Military Academy are sent to their companies and batteries absolutely without any practical knowledge of the weapons of to-day.

An episode at the Academy will illustrate the utter carelessness of the government in respect to the character of the military education which is furnished to the cadets at West Point. Some years ago one of the old-fashioned guns of the siege battery bursted. Complaint was made, and the old battery was taken away, and replaced by guns of another pattern, still old fashioned. Last spring, as had been anticipated, one of these guns bursted. By an extraordinary bit of good-luck no one was killed. The battery was taken away, and other guns were sent in their place. When they reached the Point, they were found to be the very guns that had been first removed as dangerous. It would be interesting to know whether the two batteries are to be used up at West Point by alternate burstings.

From what has been said, it follows that the West Point cadet, thoroughly drilled as a marching infantryman as he is, is not the well-trained soldier that he ought to be. Under existing conditions it is impossible that he should be a first-rate cavalryman or light artilleryman. The government gives him neither the proper horses, equipages, nor guns. As a fighting man in command of other fighting men he is not what he ought to be. He is brave, intelligent, and well-disciplined, but he is not accustomed to the weapons with which war is now carried on. He is not like Hereward after Brain Biter was taken, but he is as weak as were Hereward's enemies when Brain Biter was doing service in the grasp of the last and greatest Englishman. In order to acquire all that the government can teach him he must take a post-graduate course; but even the advanced schools are without the implements for his education. Moreover, his education is not proceeded with at once. There is an interval of several years, during which he may forget a good deal of his preliminary scientific training. Crude and uninformed as he confessedly is, he is sent at once to the command of men, knowing nothing of the character of soldiers, having been taught little of the spirit which should actuate and govern those who are set above and placed in control of their fellow creatures.

We now come to the point of contact between the Military Academy and one of the grossest vices of the service. Most of our enlisted men are laborers, and there is no doubt that many desertions are caused by the undue amount of fatigue and police duty which are demanded of the private soldier. We have no corps, with its distinctive uniform, for the performance of laborers' tasks at posts; such corps as exist in foreign armies. The cleaning up of the grounds, repairs to buildings, and all the little details of laborer's work are done by the men of the ranks. The duties of the enlisted man may be divided in the following order:

First. Guard, fatigue, and police duty. The soldier must walk his post, keep the paths clean, the grass cut, the gardens weeded, the flower beds in order, the buildings and fences in good condition, the fires bright, the ashes and dirt dumped in convenient places, and the slops emptied. He must be man and maid of all work, and sometimes he must be cook or mechanic.

Second. He must go to a primary school during his first enlistment.

Third. He may be drilled in company movements if he has time. Occasionally, very occasionally, he may find himself in a battalion. Once a year he shoots at a target with a Springfield rifle that kicks his shoulder black and blue. Until recently he shot with this even though he was a cavalryman, whose arm is a carbine. Another piece of luck is an opportunity that some of the regulars now enjoy, of going into camp with militia.

So a United States soldier finds that he must do the guard duty and labor required at a post and go to school. His military duties are incidental.

Is all this to be charged to Congress? Not all directly, but most directly, and all indirectly. An overgrown staff of officers, who have not served with troops for many years, is responsible for some of these evils, but then this staff is made necessary by civilian control of the army. There ought to be a corps of laborers, as well as fewer posts, and if there were, we should hear less discussion of the subject of desertions in the annual reports of the Major-General in command of the army, of the Adjutant-General, and of the Secretary of War. At the Military Academy the system of turning soldiers into laborers is carried to its utmost extent. With the exception of the engineer company, all the enlisted men are laborers, and nothing else. These engineer soldiers are as good men as can be found in any army in the world. They are enlisted after a personal correspondence between them and the captain of the company, and after a month's trial on their part of the life of the soldier at the post. They do the guard duty, and assist the cadets in practical engineering work, such as bridge-building, etc. They are the only real soldiers with whom the cadet comes in contact. There are two other detachments of enlisted men—one of cavalry and the other of artillery. The artillerymen are no more like soldiers than a gun carriage is like a captain of cavalry. Recently, when the Pan-American delegates made a visit to West Point, some of the sailors and marines of the *Yorktown* went ashore. It was a striking and interesting lesson that will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it, the contrast between two or three of this artillery detachment—ragged, slouchy, covered with the dirt of their work, hands in pockets, blouses unbuttoned—and the neat and soldierly marines. The artillerymen work at all sorts of odd jobs, and receive extra duty pay. The cavalrymen are hostlers. They go to work earlier and knock off later than the artillerymen. They do not receive extra-duty pay, and hence there is much dissatisfaction. They do not know why the government should not pay as much for cleaning, harnessing, and occasionally exercising horses, as it pays for driving carts, sweeping roads, or doing other chores about the grounds. Probably no one could give the reason. This discontent does not often lead to desertions, because the enlisted men at West Point are bound to the neighborhood by domestic ties. They are not apparently discouraged from marrying, and Highland Falls, the neighboring village, is made up of the enlisted men of the two detachments who are married and have children. Often service in these detachments becomes the vocation of the male members of the family, and the uniform descends from father to son. The practical result is that these soldiers—for their enlistment entitles them to the name—are very good specimens of the country laborer, whose incapacity to rise higher has been transmitted from generation to generation. The number of married men in the detachments may be judged from the fact that recently of the 67 cavalrymen, only 38 lived in barracks, and of the 130 artillerymen, 30 were in barracks. My space does not permit a description of these barracks. Suffice it to say they are unfit to live in. These men are not set up nor drilled to any extent, nor required to keep themselves and their uniforms clean, because the nature of their work is incompatible with neatness. Many of them do not know how to salute their officers. In the winter they slouch around the post, their general offensiveness being increased by the musk-rat caps which are issued to the troops in the blizzard region for protection of sentinels from the extreme cold weather.

It is true that the work which these men do is necessary, and it cannot be intrusted to citizens, who might easily break up the discipline of the post, because they could not be punished by the military authorities for aiding the cadets to violate the regulations. The fact, however, that the work must be done does not compel the absence of all soldierly enlisted men except the single company of engineers, nor is there any reason why there should not be established a distinctive corps of enlisted men for laborers' duty.

If the cadets are to come in contact with enlisted men, they should see the kind of soldiers whom they will command after their graduation, for notwithstanding the evils of service in the United States army, its soldiers who remain with it are, as a rule, excellent, self-respecting men. The cadet in time will command such men, and in learning how to be an officer it would be well for him to acquire a knowledge of the kind of human nature he will be called upon to deal with and direct. It is the testimony of some graduates of West Point that after their experience with the detachments at the Military Academy, they were greatly surprised on reaching their posts to find what soldiers really are.

Notwithstanding all these afflictions of which it is the victim, the Military Academy is a school of which the country may be proud. Its professors and instructors are able and enthusiastic. But they can never make it a first-rate military school until we have a first-rate army. In other words, until the civilian politicians turn over the command to the soldiers, to whom it belongs.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

HUNTING THE JACKAL IN INDIA.

"THE gridiron jump" is one of the many expressions that have been incorporated into the English sporting vocabulary by those whom duty, business, or pleasure has caused them, for a time at least, to make their home in India. The fox-hunter who knows Leicestershire, Cheshire, and Ireland, is impressed with the idea that he has topped or jumped every obstacle in the chase. The generality have not attempted a chalk-pit, though some unwillingly have, and landed safely. It is on the plains of India that his experience is enlarged.

In most of the large garrison towns there are packs of hounds imported from England that give to the sport-loving Briton a not bad substitute for the chase he loved so well in the old country. There are no foxes certainly, but the jackal is brought into requisition, and a right good run he gives. It is only after the rainy season is over that the hunting begins. The large paddy fields have been cleared of their rice crops, and the corn in the higher lands cut and harvested. The meet is always with sunrise, and there is generally a large "field." Soon the hounds are on the scent of some jackal that till early morning was prowling round the cantonment. The "going" is by no means pasture or even plough. The ground, baked hard by the heat, has opened out into cracks, and here and there, where one least expects it, some treacherous hole sends pony and rider "to grass."

The Indian ryot, or farmer, is dependent for his crops on irrigation, and small canals intersect the field. It is when three of these running parallel are met with that the rider has to negotiate "a gridiron." An "in and out" is not an uncommon obstacle to meet with when hunting in England. It consists of a ditch, a bank, and a ditch beyond. It wants a clever horse and a steady rider to come "out" all right, for, as the animal lands on the bank, it must immediately leap again to clear the further ditch. In "the gridiron" there is the extra jump, for there are three ditches and the two inner banks, that only allow of enough room for the spring. The least mishap in landing sends horse and rider into the further canal.

Ponies and galloways only are used in India for hunting purposes. The former either Arabs or Australian "Walers," with occasionally polo ponies imported from England. The galloways are Indian bred. Of these undoubtedly the Arabs are the best, as is shown by their winning most of the sporting prizes. These useful cobby ponies, always hog-maned and docked, soon learn how to get in and out of "a gridiron," though of course there is many a mishap. The "gridiron" is one of the peculiarities of the steeple-chases that always form a chief feature of the "gymkhana," a medley of sports, both for officers and men, that ever and anon enliven the monotony of a tropical garrison life.

A GREAT OPERATOR.

WE must characterize Mr. B. P. Hutchinson, of Chicago, as "Hutch." His birth and baptism, mortgages and certificates are recorded Hutchinson, but he is world-known otherwise. "Hutch" was trained in New England, and in his youth went West, and succeeded there by reason of his pluck and energy. He "grew up with the country," and made for himself all that could be made from the early development of a Western city—of Chicago. To succeed thus is to succeed as a matter of course; it is to make the most of the opportunities. Anticipating the requirements of a growing community, "Hutch" early allied himself with the enterprises to provide them. He was a pioneer in the pork-packing industry of the West, and active in establishing a business that profited by his foresight and ability. He is not to be regarded as phenomenal because he has made so much money; he is rather to be regarded as an expression of a force. He had judgment, the instinct of industry, audacity, and grit, and now at sixty-three these qualities remain unimpaired.

"Hutch" is striking in appearance. Tall, erect, with a deep sunken eye that takes in everything, with a memory that forgets nothing, he moves about the Chicago Board of Trade seemingly isolated from every member, but the most aggressive factor in it. He dresses in black, is seldom seen without his felt hat, and when in repose reminds one of President Lincoln as he appeared in 1861.

A speculator, such a one as "Hutch" is—for he long since neglected his more legitimate business—must possess superior discernment, nerve, and be able to command the best information. Operations in products are conducted on what seem to be the most reasonable grounds, with a fine calculation for chances. While the factors of demand and supply establish the tendency of values for a long-run, the constant interruption in the movement toward higher or lower prices results in fluctuations, of which it is the province of the speculator to take advantage. "Old Hutch" is skilled in counter operations against the well-laid plans of other clever speculators, and he delights in leading in an action contrary to the apparent logic of the situation.

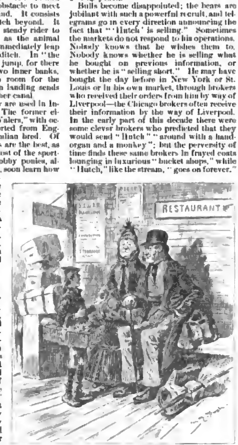
When he is not in the pit trading, "Hutch" may be found seated in an old-fashioned chair near the telegraph office. To him come brokers for orders, messengers with telegrams, and operators for "points." He seems to enjoy the position which he occupies among his fellow-members, and he delights in the mystery with which he is regarded. The study of human nature and its effect upon speculative markets is his pastime. When news becomes current which is likely to affect the wheat market, he rises from his chair—which remains unoccupied until he returns—steps upon the wheat pit, and surveys the crowd for a few minutes. He observes buyers and sellers. One set of brokers trades for local speculators, another for "the country," and another for New York. If the news be of a character that causes an advance—news of higher European markets, export sales at the seaboard, reports of crop damage, all of which he has been duly informed by his correspondents—he is interested to know when it shall have exhausted its effect. He notes every trade as the buying progresses, and in an opportune moment he begins to sell, and from that time seems willing to supply any further demand.

"What's bid for May wheat?" he asks.

"A half," shouts a dozen brokers.

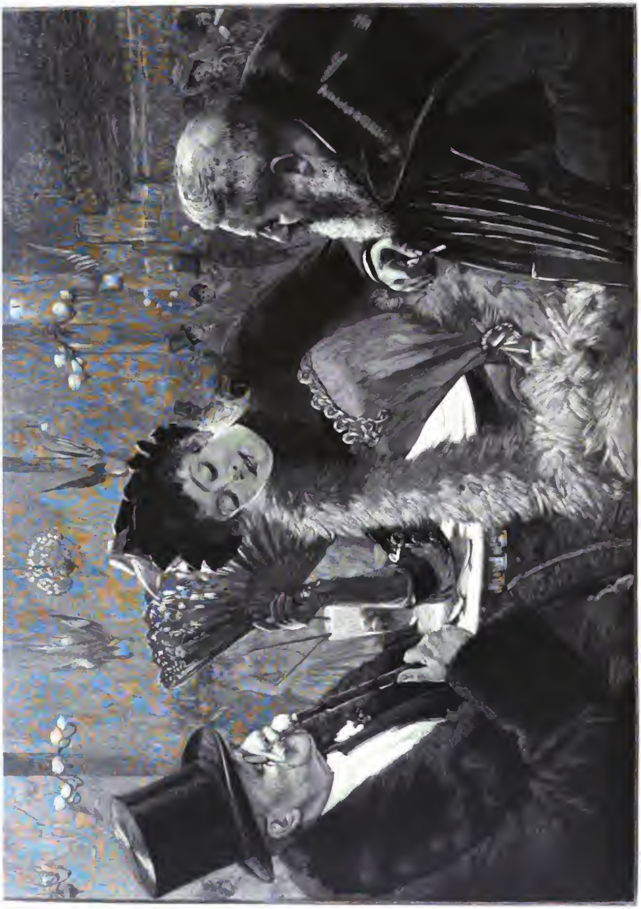
"Boys, here's my card. Take what you want at a half, and put it down yourselves. I've no pencil."

Bulls become disappointed; the bears are jubilant with such a powerful recruit, and telegrams go in every direction announcing the fact that "'Hutch' is selling." Sometimes the markets do not respond to his operations. Nobody knows that he wishes them to. Nobody knows whether he is selling what he bought on previous information, or whether he is "selling short." He may have bought the day before in New York or St. Louis or in his own market, through brokers who received their orders from him by way of Liverpool—the Chicago brokers often receive their information by the way of Liverpool. In the early part of this decade there were some clever brokers who predicted that they would send "Hutch" "around with a hand-organ and a monkey"; but the perversity of time finds these same brokers in frayed coats lounging in luxurious "bucket shops," while "Hutch," like the stream, "goes on forever."

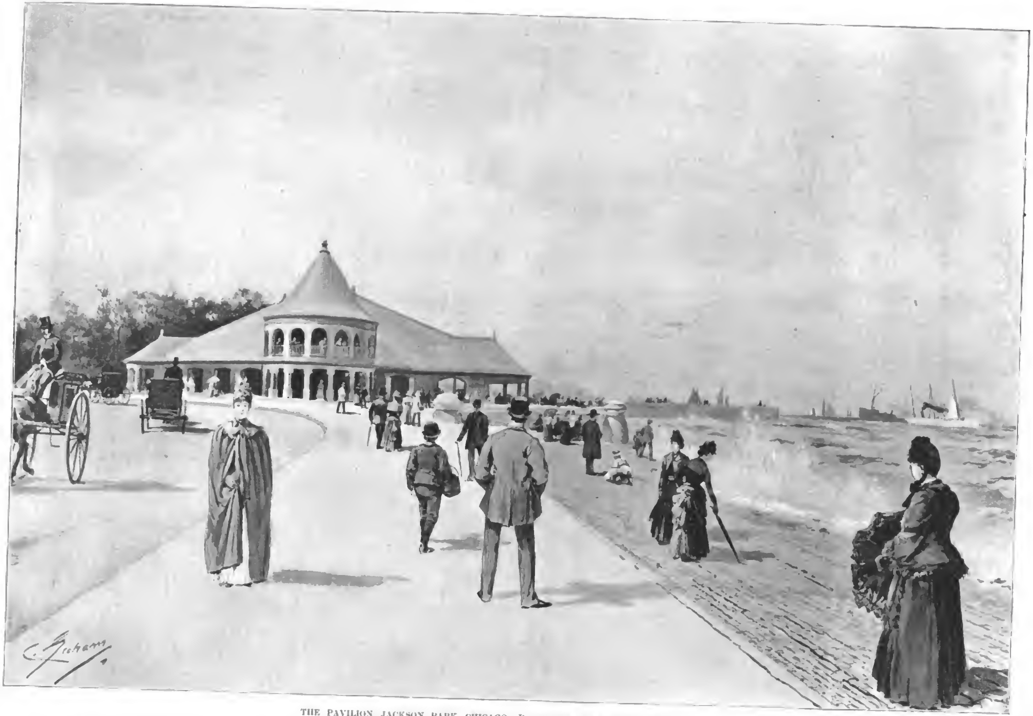


DISCRIMINATING.

"How much are your oranges, my little man?"
"Ten cents, sir."
"What—apiece?"
"No sir; a whole un."



"SUZANNE ET LES VIEILLARDS."—ENGRAVED BY CH. BAUDE FROM THE PICTURE BY BROUILLET, IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1890.



THE PAVILION, JACKSON PARK, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 372.]

IN THE BUSH.

THERE was a considerable extent of rock-maples two miles west of Claridon, which every spring yielded to Gilbert Custin and Levi Holmes, who owned it, a good part of their moderate farming incomes. old neighbors and friends, they had joined in more than one modest partnership enterprise. All the year the great sugar bush stood in gloomy idleness, except when old trees were felled and hauled off, but in the early spring it bestirred itself throughout, and seemed to send up the smoke of its sugar-boiling fires in token of its satisfaction

In its heart its owners worked together on a March day whose stillness was warmish and whose breeze was sharp. The rough sheds, which stood from year to year, where the sugar was boiled and panned, and where the workers passed a night at the height of the season, were at a sociable distance of a few rods. A man was likewise busy at either end of the bush; here the owners took the yield at first hand.

Levi Holmes, who was the younger, was the slower worker. He was a good looking fellow in the thirties, largely built. He went through his routine steadily enough; bringing in the sap, two great pails at a time, emptying and replacing them, replenishing the fire with gathered brush, stirring and testing the fragrant, bubbling contents of the huge kettle slung over it; finally ladling the boiled-down syrup into divers sized and shaped pans standing ready along a board.

But Levi stopped now and then, looking and listening with a dawning half-smile, not wholly alive to the poetry of the spot, yet not dead to it. There, under the branching trees, it was not spring yet, but it was not winter. No new grass disturbed the matted dead leaves, but moss patches were getting green. The air was full of sound, mostly of a clicking nature—the rattle of old leaves in the wind, the tapping of woodpeckers, the clink of the near creek under its thawing ice; with now and again, far off, that sound which is like the voice of the woods—the explosion of a gun. Seeing a squirrel scuttling over a branch, Levi was young enough to take experimental aim along his arm. He had already scented a pursy woodchuck, and had called out to Gilbert, "Golly, I wisht I had a dog!"

"We're making sugar, ain't ketching wood chucks," Gilbert had returned. He was so hard at work that the sweat beaded his forehead. Being of small physique, he toiled with nervous energy. What Levi did with slow ease he puffed and panted over. He was red and hot, and had opened his collar. Bringing in the sap buckets he had the appearance of being dragged along by his too great load; for convenience in stirring his kettle he stood on a block of wood in seeming peril of falling in. He was soot-blackened, dishevelled, and blown.

"I'm hungry enough to eat out the hull business," said Levi, when his partner ranged near. He sat on a stump, correcting a defective spile with his jack knife. Gilbert did not pause in his rattling retreat with four emptied buckets.

They had provisions to last till the next afternoon. "Being out-doors this time of year makes me keener'n a bear," said Levi.

"Eat what you want. *I* don't want nothing," was Gilbert's rejoinder. His tone was snappy. Slow by nature, what would have struck another some time back caused Levi his first stare at that instant.

His large red hands came down on his knees. "W'y, Gib, what's the rumpus?" he queried. His ready smile twitched his mouth. Gilbert was notably "quick"—quick to anger and quick to recovery—and in his conscious blamelessness he awaited the new development tranquilly.

Gilbert scratched up some fuel in a silence whose hostility was now clear. Levi's smile grew with his curiosity. He pushed his old soft hat to a corner of his head.

"Come, now, what's riling you, Gib?"

"I warrant you know," said Gilbert, with dry resentment, "or you ought to." He went and poked and built up his fire, held his ladle dripping over the kettle a minute, and returned with added soot marks. He sat down uncomfortably on a high tree root and folded his arms. "Or you ought to," he repeated, with the voice and air of severity and challenge.

Levi gaped, and the older, smaller man eyed him.

"I've let it go along, Levi," he started, nervously hitching, "because I hain't wanted to say a word. I hain't really known how to. I never had no such a word to say. It's on Sally's account I'm saying it. Being her brother, I'm her protector, she hain't any other. It's ben noticed and spoke of, and it's time I told ye. You hadn't ought to force me *to* it. You'd ought to known your intentions and out with 'em. You've ben coming to our house for a long time stiddy. I wish to ask what your intentions be?"

Levi twisted slowly round till he faced his accuser, who all at once looked to him like somebody he had never seen before. His inquiring grin died away, his jaw dropped. Under the strain of his emotions, which were dumfounded amaze, a sense of ludicrousness, and struggling deprecation, his face expressed none of them, but was vacuous. He was afraid to laugh, but he gave explosive vent to his familiar expletive. "Golly!"

"I say it's ben noticeable," said Gilbert.

Had Levi been shrewder he might have been touched. Gilbert sat fairly rigid with the strain of his effort. His small blue eyes stared and blinked; one hand clutched his grayish chin whiskers. Never self-confident, he was embarrassed now to the point of misery. But seriousness stamped him, anxiety, worriment.

"What's ben noticeable?" said Levi.

"The way you've ben coming to our house," Gilbert repeated, wetting his lips. "Hain't you ben coming two or three years stiddy? What you ben coming for?"

Levi whistled. Astonishment gave his eyes a childish roundness

"Sometimes," said Gilbert, "you've come twice a week, and sometimes you've ben more. You've ben 'most every Sunday. You ain't a fool, be you? What do you s'pose folks are saying?"

"I don' know." Levi dropped his chin in his hands and planted his feet toes inward. "You're crazy as a loon."

A slow red rose in the little man's cheeks. "That all you got to say?" he demanded. "I've got the right to ask. That all you intend to say?"

"W'y Gib, there hadn't such an idea come into my head," Levi gasped. "W'y, she's older'n I be, Sally is. Older'n you, ain't she?" The image of Sally Custin rising before him, he slowly chuckled.

"Laff!" said Gilbert, warmly. "What you laffing at?"

"I tell you," said his partner, with sobered desperation, "I hain't had a sign of no such a thought. I've run in to be neighborly; so've I run in to the Clarks' and the Searles'. Since Clara died I've felt lonesome, and got into the way of going round so. It took my mind off, along to the first," said Levi, his face twitching. "I've always felt to home to your house, Gib, and I've come and ben thankful. I s'posed I was welcome. I hain't come with no such object; now I hain't, Gib."

Gilbert squirmed on his seat. Levi's guilelessness was fuel to the flame of his ire.

"Then you'd better staid away," he snapped. "Hain't you got common-sense? You've come there to my house and set round, and talked and played cards and checkers, and et supper time and agin. The neighbors have ben in and found you there often *enough*. If you hain't wanted nothing, then you'd better staid to home."

Levi gulped. "I hain't ben thinking of gitting married, Gib," he said, humbly. "Clara hain't ben dead but three years."

It did not give his censor pause. His little eyes sparkled wrathfully.

"Mebbe you hain't," he said; "but you don't git me to believe it. It's that Tyler girl; you want George Tyler's girl. You're after *her*. I've ben told it."

The poor fellow who heard him grew red with a painful slowness, which was like a strangulation. To his own shy consciousness the dawning idea had been alarming; confronted with it in this wise it seemed an enormity, a crime. He struggled for his voice.

Grasping his knees in his arms, Gilbert looked glaringly across them. "Go ahead! Do as you're a mind to. But don't you come hanging round to *my* house no more. You hear that?"

Levi struck his knife into the stump between his legs. "I hadn't any suspicion you was such a fool," he ejaculated, simply. "W'y, it's ridiculous. There hain't nobody but you had no such a notion, Gib. You ought to know it. Where under the heavens did you scare it up? Tell it to anybody, and they'd laff. W'y—"

Gilbert arose. Grotesque in his angry heat, his disarray, and his sootiness, he had yet the dignity of honest wrath. "I know what folks are talking," he declared. Small-volumed at last, in excitement and anger his voice rose shrill. "I know what's ben circulated. There ain't but one thing to think, and folks have thought it, and now you set there and laff at the idea. You've ben underhanded, I'm free to tell ye. You needn't 'a' come hanging on. Knowing you didn't mean nothing, nobody 'd wanted ye. You've ben mean and sneaking. Nor I don't want nothing more to do *with* ye! I've had my last word with ye."

Sputtering and swelling, he turned and stumped away so hard as to plough a track in the dead leaf carpet.

Thereafter the first thing that struck Levi clearly was the evening song of a robin, that tincture of all spring-like sounds. He had the feeling which a shock imparts that activity was going to wait at a stand still till he should repossess himself. He sat for some time following Gilbert's distant movements with a blank stare, his lips fallen apart. Resentment had no appreciable share in his sensations. Had Gilbert spoken to him again, he would have responded as usual. He waited, in the expectant hope that he would, and once or twice opened his lips to speak first. Reaching out at extreme tension, as though fastened to his stump, he drank the contents of a two-gallon pail newly placed, and sat waiting still. Finally, since a far view of Gilbert's back was all his gaze conjured, he got up, and went back to his shed.

The syrup seethed thick and low in his pot, filling the air with its redolence. By the time he had transferred it to the pans and accomplished the refilling of the kettle, in the thick grown spot it was almost dark.

He stood looking around in a lonesomeness not born of the dim solitude but heightened by it. There was no moon, but the branches showed against a clear sky. The air was growing sharper; before long the drip of the sap would cease, for it would freeze yet again; already the sound of the brook was lessening as the ice thickened. Bird notes were short and crooning; quiet deepened with the darkness.

He had forgotten his hunger, but he presently got out his provisions, and, sitting down in the light of the fire, ate something. He remembered how last year he and Gilbert had sat thus and eaten together; he recalled how Gilbert had fallen into reminiscences of the time he had gone out West selling fruit trees, and how his cackling laugh had accompanied them.

He stepped out and peered through the shadows. Gilbert might have been forty miles away. The light of his fire was indistinctly visible, but there was no sound. Levi stood and hopelessly stared at it.

One thing was a sharp regret: that he had not put forth against Gilbert's tirade the certain fact that plain, angular, peaceful Sally Custin had thought as little of marrying him as had he of marrying Sally; that with her literal mind beholding him as a boy, she had gone out to him in some sort maternally. He tried vainly to muster courage to go and say it to Gilbert now.

His mood was solemn. He saw the drollery of Gilbert's attack no longer, or he could not smile at it. He realized only that Gilbert had quarrelled with him and put their friendship to an end, and the fantastic unreason of the cause did not lighten his keen sorrow. He stood there in the sharp night, with a forlorn blur in his eyes, till he shivered, and then he went in, and pulled out his blankets by the fire and lay down.

Toward morning Gilbert Custin awoke. To shut out the cold night he had ranged boards along the open side of the shed, and the little hut was warm, though only sparks of his fire remained.

The cry of a young owl, like the plaint of a human being in strange distress, fell on his ear, the more weird for being far off. Through a crack in the roof and through the overhanging tree a high star made itself visible. As his eyes roved further, aimlessly searching the darkness, Gilbert sat up.

Low down, the spaces between the set-up boards shone with a bright light. With a panic-stricken notion that the woods were on fire, Gilbert knocked them down. But the light was small, and blackly barred by the trunks of intervening trees. In the stillness he could hear its crackle, and against the early dusk could see every spark as it rose. The sight and sound and a smell of burning sugar which struck him turned him pale and sick with fright. Levi's shed was afire.

He ran out, tightening his loosened clothes as he ran, and sending a hoarse shout ahead. Pushing his frantic way among the trees, he bumped into them in the darkness, stumbled once and fell, and dragged a cumbering dead limb on with him. Already his slender strength was tremulously oozing; when he reached the flaming structure he was shaking from head to foot and panting.

An end of the shed still waited for the flames, and he wrenched it away. Within, all was hot and glaring, and so dense with smoke and the choking fumes of the burning sugar that the little man fell back.

Then he shut his mouth tight over chattering teeth and pressed in. Breathing was not possible, and he was so blinded that no object but the flames was visible. He fell on his knees and groped for Levi. Nothing but the heated ground met him, till his hand touched a dead ember of the fire in which the conflagration had found rise. The tripod fallen, he saw the kettle and the scorching sugar-cakes and the melting tins uniting in a common ruin. Beyond them he saw Levi lying with head thrown back and arms extended.

He stretched out and clutched him. He shook him. But Levi lay loggy. Scrambling to his feet then, he gripped him under the arms to drag him away

It was a labor almost beyond his strength. In its unconsciousness Levi's heavy form was an overpowering weight. A strong man might have puffed over the effort; Gilbert strained convulsively. He felt as though his back was breaking, and his short arms coming out of their sockets; his head throbbed and buzzed. He knew not whether or no he was burned; he was in pain all over. The smoke stung and stifled him, and he felt the near heat of the fire. He feared the roof might fall in, and he labored on, staggering, till he had hauled his burden fairly out of the shed.

In the cold air he jolted him and shouted in his ear; then snatched a sap bucket, and tore down to the creek. He knew he was burned somewhat; his hand smarted, his eyes stung, and his wrist had a painful wrench. Stumbling back, he sprinkled Levi's face. The shed fell together, and lay a waning fiery heap. When Levi opened his eyes, Gilbert was sitting with folded arms and blinking at him

"Your shed ketched a fire and burnt up," he said, in a tart voice. "What did you go to sleep leaving things helter-skelter for? Fire going hard, likely. It's jest an accident 't you wa'n't burnt up to a cinder."

Levi sat up. "Did you git me out?" he gasped, wiping his wet face.

"You s'pose I was going to set and see you roast alive?" said Gilbert, shortly. He was ill at ease, and kept his smoke-inflamed eyes on the smouldering mass of the shed.

"You got burnt," cried Levi.

Gilbert had his hand in the water pail. He gave a high-keyed cough and took it out. The early dawn was broadening to a paler gray. Such feathered life as had fluttered over the spot in cheeping fluster settled down again. It was as though the fire had been a whimsical freak of the dryads.

Levi fingered his tremulous lips. Overflowing, his honest heart would have poured itself out to another, but to Gilbert he was half afraid to utter a word.

"Gib," he said, huskily—"Gib, I'm sorry if I've done—ben— Gib, I'll marry her if you think I better; I'll marry her if you say so. I'd jest as lief as not, if you say so."

Gilbert went and poked in the ruins of the shed. Of a slow enlightenment and chagrin which sober thought had wrought in his own inflammable mind he could no more have spoken than he could have flown. He sent back a sharp response.

"You must 'a' been fairly calculating to burn things up, way you left 'em. Marry who you're a mind to. I don' know as Sally'd want ye. I should be against it for one," under the stress of his commotion he asserted. "We'll have to git this kettle set up and go right along; this sugaring can't be stopped for a piece of carelessness. I wouldn't 'a' thought a child could done it."

EMMA A. OPPER.

THE BOWERY THEATRES.

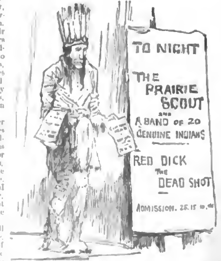
ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE

To one who desires to study the popular taste in drama, the Bowery has been for many years an inviting field. It is so still, though the glory of the elder days has faded, and will probably never be renewed. In our fathers' days of play-going on this street, then beautiful and even fashionable, it saw the great theatrical successes of the New World. Here Forrest played, and the elder Booth, the elder Wallack, his son James Wallack, and the lately deceased Lester Wallack, Proctor, Burton, F. B. Conway, E. L. Davenport, and Charlotte Cushman. To-day the stars, as famous in their own circles as their predecessors were, are William Dulaney and Edward Marsden, both veterans who played with the former stars, Charles Seabert, Morris Pike, James Tighe, Edith Crolius, Alfred Wallace, and Mamie Wallace. Highly as they are rated by their admirers, they shine in a narrower orbit than the others.

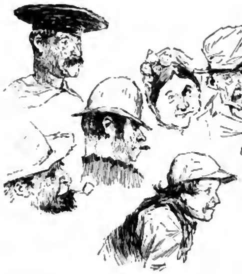
The attraction to the stranger who visits the Bowery to-day lies in the audience and the surroundings, rather than in the play. This last is invariably melodrama or some variety of the border drama, so called, and must, to meet the views of its patrons, reek with gore. Four or five persons might be killed in the course of an old-time play, but from ten to forty lives must be sacrificed at each performance now.

The scene is changed with all else. The Old Bowery Theatre, for many years the chosen resort of the east side play-goer, after the higher class of plays had ceased to "draw," is no longer the typical theatre of this class. The real Bowery houses now are the National, the Oriental, and, on occasions, the London Theatre.

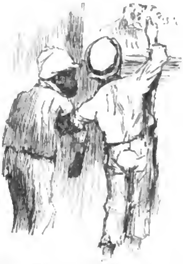
They are always well patronized, and when the play is particularly strong a crowd will gather on the sidewalk before the doors are open. It is a rough crowd, though orderly enough in its own boisterous way. There are newsboys, factory hands, a few colored



THE ENTRANCE.



SOME OF THE AUDIENCE.



"SAY, BOSS, GIVE ME AND MY PAL TEN CENTS' WORTH."

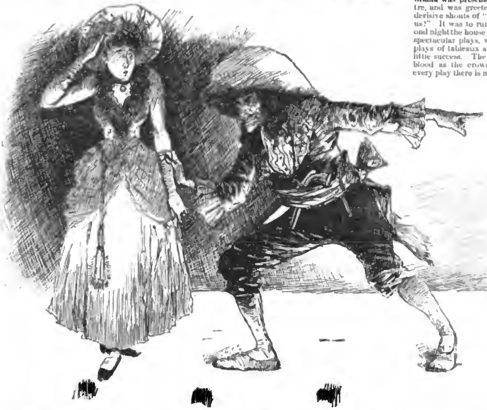
persons, an occasional Chinaman, and many Germans, some of whom bring their families. This is the gallery audience, and they are as powerful as ever in determining the fate of a play or an actor. Woe to the aspirant who fails to please the "gods of the gallery"! He is hissed and jeered with the same hearty fervor with which the favorite is applauded, and seldom succeeds in winning favor after he has failed at first. On one occasion not long ago, one unfortunate, embarrassed by hisses, dropped his sword on the stage, and the star, not sorry to join in the guying, picked it up, and asked, "What will I do with it?" "Stick him with it!" yelled a boy in the gallery, and the audience cheered at the suggestion.

In the gallery the seats are ten and fifteen cents apiece, none being reserved. After this part of the house is filled the other doors are opened, and the more aristocratic portion is occupied, at from twenty to thirty-five cents a seat, by mechanics, shop-girls and their escorts, and small tradesmen and their families. They are equally appreciative with the gallery audience, and, according to their standard, are remarkably well behaved. No habitué of one of these theatres will make a disturbance, though the men all smoke during the play, cigarettes, pipes, and the worst of cigars being deemed legitimate indulgences. Whether they are served with drinks or not in their seats depends on the strictness with which the police are enforcing the excise laws at the time. Should the city be undergoing one of its occasional spasms of official rectitude, no beer is served; otherwise it flows freely, and stronger drink may be had on ordering. Beer, however, is the favorite beverage, and little strong liquor is called for. Other refreshments are served also, and there is a steady demand for pea-nuts, pretzels, and German confectionery of various kinds, with which the gentler sex regale themselves.

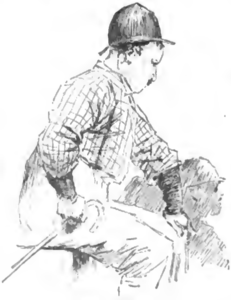
No canon of social ethics operates to suppress or even subdue the most outspoken criticism of the play, whether it be favorable or otherwise. If the former, it is expressed with hands, feet, and voice, and the noise of the cheering is sometimes almost deafening when the fancy of the audience is caught. This may happen when anything of excellence is presented, whether it be a speech of high and platitudinous virtuous sentiment, or a scientific blow from the hero's shoulder that sends the villain headlong to the boards, a song by the heroine, a desperate bowie-knife fight, or a skilled shot with a revolver. Bouquets and flowers are unknown as expressions of popular favor.

If, on the other hand, offence is given, the noise is equally great and less pleasant. Cat-calls and hisses of almost superhuman vigor are easily evoked, and not easily stilled. What social ethics fail to accomplish, however, is commonly attended to in the gallery by "the officer." The special officer who maintains among the upper seats what passes for good order is one of the interesting sights of the place. He is commonly some burly ruin of humanity, who may have been on "the force" for years, and who has all the importance of bearing that belongs to a brand-new policeman. He is always reasonably sober when on duty, and carries in his hand a stout rattan, so curled at the end that no mischievous boy can snatch it from his grasp. With this he pounds vigorously on the benches from time to time, shouting, "Order, gentlemen!" and he does not hesitate to strike with it any particularly obstreperous youngster who shouts more than his fellows. His authority is never disputed, and he summarily squelches any battle that may begin among the boys by ejecting the one he comes to first.

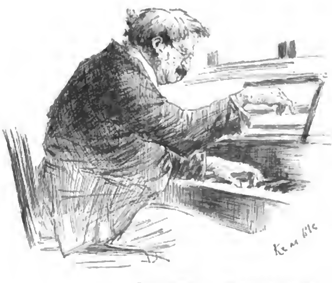
The play, as said, is always melodrama, and is always preceded by an "olio" of variety performances. Nothing else has any show of favor. Some time ago a society drama was presented at the National Theatre, and was greeted by the audience with derisive shouts of "Ah! what are you givin' us?" It was to run a week, but on the second night the house was almost empty. Even spectacular plays, with the most lavish displays of tableaux and pretty actresses, have little success. The audience is as eager for blood as the crowds in the Coliseum. In every play there is a hero, honest, handsome,



THE PLAY.—"HERE WE ARE ON THE PRAIRIE, A THOUSAND MILES FROM A HABITATION; TWENTY REDSKIN INDIANS ARE ON OUR TRACK; SAY THAT THOU WILT BE MINE, AND ALL IS SAVED."



"ORDER, NOW, GENTS!"



THE ORCHESTRA.

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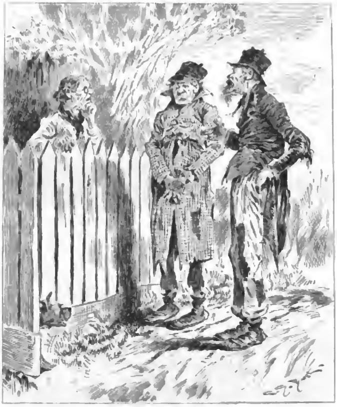


HIGH ARTISTS.

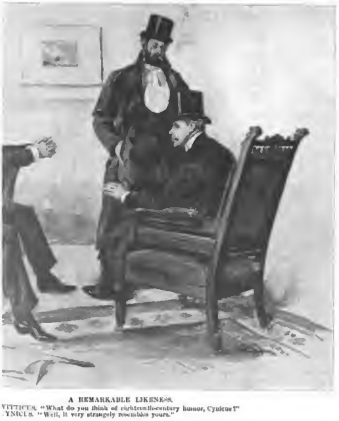
OLD LADY. "Is there anything you can do round the house, if I give you a good meal?"
TRAMP. "Yes, marm; I kin make yer hair curl wid a lecture on Wagner, an' me frien' here kin give practical illustrations on der piannyforty, ef you've got one."

tively short distance to the west of it, and has 372 acres. The two contain fourteen miles of interior drives, and thirty miles of walks. They are approached by the Drexel and Grand boulevards, which are 200 feet wide. The former is modelled after the Avenue l'Impératrice at Paris, and both are very fine driveways. On the west side of the city, and to be connected with those just mentioned by improved roadways, are Douglas, Garfield, and Humboldt parks. The combined area of these is about 600 acres. On the north side is Lincoln Park of 250 acres, with its shore driveway and zoological garden. There are, besides, many small parks in th- ·r, the most important of which is that o- . h the old Exposition building now stands, on the lake front, and which is the most prominent competitor of Jackson Park for the Fair. To offset its inferior size, is the fact that it lies just off the business centre, hotels, etc., and is accessible to the greatest number of people.

Chicago must quickly decide the difficult question of the site. The responsibility for the conduct of the enterprise now rests squarely on her shoulders. The Fair bill received the Executive signature and became a law on April 28th. On the same date the temporary organization, under whose auspices the present situation of the project was arrived at, surrendered matters into the hands of the permanent body of forty-five directors, selected mainly from Chicago's best known citizens. The law provides that before the first day of June the President shall appoint a commission, composed of members from the several States and at large, whose duty it shall be to meet before the first day of July in Chicago for the purpose of passing judgment upon the proceedings of the directors, and deciding whether or not the conditions of the bill have been complied with. Upon their verdict will depend the action of the government authorities in performing their share of the contract. The commissioners are to examine into the character of the subscriptions to the guarantee fund, and to see that the sum of $5,000,000 at least is safely provided for. They are also to inspect the site selected, and pronounce upon its suitability, and to review the plans generally that have been determined upon by the directors. If a satisfactory condition of things is reported, the government will send invitations to foreign nations to participate, and set about preparing for its own exhibit. For the latter purpose Congress has appropriated $1,500,000, of which $400,000 is to be used for the erection of buildings.

The Fair is to be formally dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, in Chicago on October 12, 1892—the anniversary of the landing of Columbus on the island of the Bahamas to which he gave the name San Salvador—but is not to be opened until May 1, 1893. It is to be closed on the 30th of the following October. So far as the national government is concerned, Chicago is to have the quadri-centennial celebration all to herself, with one exception, viz., the grand naval review which is to take place in New York Harbor in April. All the nations of the world will be invited to send ships to take part in the latter. The rendezvous will be at Hampton Roads, whence the fleets will proceed Northward. It is expected that the acceptance will be general, and that the display will be the largest and most impressive of its kind that ever took place.

To Chicago the government will send exhibits representative of the various departments, special attention being paid to Agriculture, the Geological Survey, and the Patent-Office. The work of the Fish Commission will be given a prominent place, and whatever is feasible and desirable to take from the Smithsonian Institute will be forwarded. Each State and Territory will have its exhibit, and it is predicted by some sanguine Chicago people that the spirit of emulation will produce remarkable results. The tone of the local press is hopeful, not to say exuberant, but there is an undercurrent of seriousness manifested in the more prominent journals which reveals a consciousness of the weighty character of the undertaking. Rooms on the second floor of the Adams Express Building, on Dearborn Street, have been taken for the head-quarters of the Fair management, and it has been decided to make the capital stock $10,000,000.



A REMARKABLE LIKENESS.

WITTICUS. "What do you think of eighteenth-century humour, Cynicus?"
CYNICUS. "Well, it very strangely resembles yours."

IF YOUR LIVER REMINDS YOU

Of its existence by dull pain or sharp twinges in the right side, or beneath the dexter shoulder-blade, accept the reminder as a warning, and regulate the organ without loss of time by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The above symptoms are usually accompanied by yellowness of the skin, constipation, furred tongue, disorder of the stomach, sick headache, and morning nausea. But a reform is promptly instituted by the Bitters, the best possible substitute for calomel, blue pill, and other super-potent and hurtful drugs erroneously designated as remedies for biliousness. Appetite and digestion are restored, and the bowels resume activity, when an impetus is given to the functions of health by this sterling anti-bilious medicine, which also has the effect of enriching and purifying the circulation, and fortifying the system against malarial infection in air or water. It is also highly beneficial for rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FOR COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA,

Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Sold everywhere, 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread is a truthful temperance tonic. It builds up the constitution on scientific principles, assimilating with the food and making pure blood. Try it. Grocers and druggists keep it.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE promotes the growth of and beautifies the hair, and renders it dark and glossy.—[*Adv.*]

The best regulator of the digestive organs, also best appetizer known, is ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

THE value of a remedy should be estimated by its curative properties. According to this standard, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best and most economical blood medicine in the market, because the most pure and concentrated. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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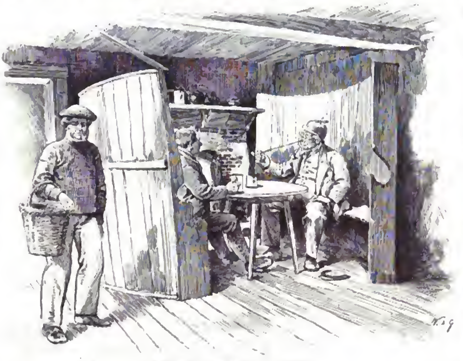
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A QUAINT CORNER OF ENGLAND.

BY JULIAN RALPH.—ILLUSTRATED BY GRAHAM AND WILDER.

MANY Americans are proof against the fascinations of London, but, happily, I know few who have seen the English country sides without surrendering at once to their marvellous beauty. Until we have been to England we do not know what the country is—the country of English song and story. Until then we cannot appreciate the literature of our language. Fortunately for the modest expedition that set forth for the WEEKLY last summer, we did not arrange a programme for the usual bareheaded, hush-breathed round among cathedrals and tombs. We made no programme. We went, above all else, to see the things that guide-books had not hackneyed nor tourists staled. If we had a plan at all it was to see the people—that astonishing people who are our grandfathers and the monitors of the rest of humanity. But when the trip was finished, and writer and artist were aboard ship homeward bound, we realized that nearly all the other Americans had been tomb-haunting and relic-gazing. To have missed one of the cathedrals was in their eyes to have wasted the cost of the whole journey. But we would not, then or now or ever, exchange a sight of one mile of Kent, or one half hour in Devonshire, for a chance to sit upon a magic carpet and have all the cathedrals swing by us in a hushed and damp and gloomy circle. Cathedrals and tombs do well enough in London, but where there is a choice between an English lane and a tumble-down old castle, or between a bit of English sward and a tedious tour through an abandoned palace, we know which to take, for castles and tombs look best in pictures, while neither painter nor poet, ravished though he be, can describe the beauty that English rustic scenes contain.



BOOP INN, ON THE ROAD TO CLOVELLY.

No one can call this series of letters Anglomaniacal, therefore they will have full weight if we say in them that American grass is a fell disappointment to one who has seen English grass, and American trees seem thin and half-fed things after an English woodland view.

In this spirit will all this letter be written. Therefore let the Anglophobic reader take warning and skip what follows, for the eternal truth will out, like or leave it, as you please.

English rivers are small. They are all babies compared to our monster streams; all petty and modest, without palisades, or mountainous banks, or cañons, or vast swellings into lake-like breadths—without any grandeur whatsoever. That is true of all England; Nature plans her work on a very small scale over there; at retail, one may say. But there is a picturesqueness about the rivers that we wot not of in America. The green at the sides is so very, very green; it is laid on so thick and seems so solid. The foliage of the trees is so opulent, so dark, and luxuriantly abundant. The trees are like great bouquets or balls. They mass against the sky like cloud forms—full-bodied, round, and dense. And then you see these things beneath such gentle skies, in such a soft atmosphere. And you get your views through the graceful arches of stone bridges, and with quaint Norman towers peeping out here, and red-tiled roofs aglow there, while from yonder a soft, sweet chime of bells sounds daintily. Ah, me! what torture it is to have to sit on either side of the ocean and write about the other! But do you want to know why no one has fully and adequately pictured the beauty of English country scenes? (Nobody has.) It is because the English can't appreciate it to the utmost, being born to it, and because no American dares to give free rein to his feelings upon any subject. I dare not, lest the public should send me nerve tonics, hop pillows—and *Punch's* advice to the unwary.

My first country view in England was when I took a Sunday ride up the Thames toward Hampton Palace, on what they considered a wonderfully fine boat—the *Cardinal Wolsey*. A wretched thing it would seem in America. The Thames at London is something like a sluggish, muddy East River, with massive stone or iron bridges spanning it in close succession. A little way past the thick of London the city became broken into little village-like clusters of houses, with private parks and meadows beyond each thickening of the population. Then the graceful trees and the vivid green meadows began to be seen. Naked men were bathing in the river edges, and at other places men who were fishing stood in the water with their trousers rolled up to their thighs. The tide was low, and the queer black scows and barges lay high and dry on the shingle beach, with here and there a few keel boats careening toward one another on their sides, their masts touching, one's against another's, in neighborly attitudes. Pretty steam-launches with copper funnels shot along the stream, and there were many electric yachts, with spacious cabins enclosed in plate-glass, the only pleasure-boats I saw abroad that we would not be ashamed of in this country. Now and then we saw a freight boat, and these often had saffron-colored sails; and swans loitered near the paths of all the vessels, hoping to be fed.

Occasionally we came to what we in America would call picnic places—the grounds of water-side hotels, whose lawns bore blue and white tables, and private dinner boxes enclosed in green lattice-work. Fancy that, amid the dark greenery of opulent ash, willow, and horse-chestnut trees, upon the rich green of an English sward, under an English sky, and with red tiles seen in glimpses through the foliage!

At Kew we took a 'bus to Hampton, and rode for an hour through wondrous lanes, enclosed between green hedges or high stone walls. The road was like all the roads in England, which is to say like the roads in Central Park. You can never get away from good roads in England, go where you please. We passed scores of grand houses, and some that were historic, but I will not speak of any English homes here farther than to call to mind that passing by these brought us in the presence of the most luxurious gardens and the most splendid parks, beyond which we caught glimpses up the river, and among which the typical English boys in sailor suits were playing in charge of their nurses. And so we came to Bushy Park, which no lover of nature should miss. Its broad main avenue, shaded by four rows of horse-chestnut trees and bordered by the richest grass imaginable, remains upon the mind as a high attainment of man's power over nature, until one sees Fontainebleau and Versailles.

In a restaurant close by, our party saw the perfection of English womanhood—the realized ideal toward which the fashion of bleaching the hair was aimed some years ago. Whether she was a duchess, a tradesman's daughter, or what her class or station was, matters not. We did not know. She had that yellow hair in the tone of which there is a living lustre. She had a complexion the color of a pale rose. Her eyes were the eyes of a personified fawn, instinct with intelligence and aflame with health. And they were dark as a fawn's and spanned by dark eyebrows. Upon her tresses was a great summer hat of white lace, and for a gown she wore a plain dress of mouse-colored summer silk, with gloves and boots to match. I cannot describe her dress at greater length, because I could not look away from her face. It was of a type seen but poorly in America, which is none the less the home of the most beautiful women on whom the sun shines—women of the blended and heightened beauty of nearly all the world's types. You learn that about America by going abroad.

We endured the martyrdom of a parade through Hampton Palace, where the beds of dead kings and queens form interesting breaks in the tedious progress. We revelled in the royal park, where the loveliest willows trail their arms in the brook, and where the grass feels to the foot, as it looks to the eye, like a great green rug. And so we reached the Thames again, to find it fairly swarming with small boats. No wonder London is dull of a Sunday, since so many persons leave it. But who shall say after a journey up the Thames that its people are Puritanical? Why, we never saw such an approach to unanimity in Sabbath-breaking in this country.

Steam-yachts, electric yachts, working boats, row-boats, punts, steam-boats black with passengers, racing shells—the river was crusted with them. In many boats the ladies were at the oars, nearly all in flannel skirts and silk waists, and with the everlasting British stiff straw hat, almost with no rim at all, tilted down close to their noses in front, or perched on their rolls of back hair behind. The men were often in "sweaters" and knee-breeches, or flannel shirts and flannel trousers. As we noticed at Henley, the row-boats were made glorious with flowers heaped in the bows, and with colored rugs over the stern-boards and showing over the gunwales. Here and there were house-boats, like beautified barges at home, with lace curtains at the windows, and garlands of blossoms and rows of potted flowers on the edges of the roofs. The beautiful lawns of club-houses, reaching to the Thames's edge, were dotted with garish young men in striped shirts, and with gorgeous young women red as a New Jersey barn, as to their cheeks, their silken waists, and their parasols. Some of these clubs had hired bands to play in little cage-like pavilions on the grass.

And lo! as we looked at one of these club lawns—as beautiful in every detail as a Watteau picture—there arose a hubbub along the river-banks. The four-in-hands stopped, and the passengers stood up and shouted; the bicyclers got off their wheels; the loungers on the greenswards threw off their languor; all eyes were turned down the river. There all saw a small steam propeller boat literally swathed in purple hangings. As it passed my boat I saw in the front cabin the rotund form and wholesome half-German face of the Prince of Wales, as he sat in the glass-walled cabin on a red-cushioned seat, with half a dozen aristocratic-looking women around him. He lifted his hat as our boat shot past him, and then we saw his flunkies in the back of his boat opening champagne baskets. And there were champagne baskets on the [illegible] to which he was speeding! It seemed, then, that royalty's Sunday and the people's Sunday were spent in the self-same way.

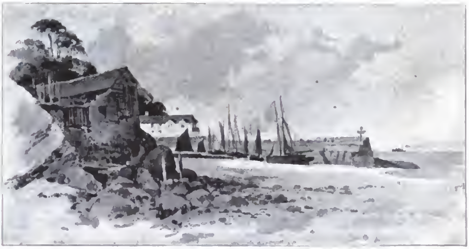
This was an accidental view of only semi-rural scenery. The WEEKLY had especially enjoined upon its travellers the need for finding some part of rural England that should be at once the most beautiful, the most quaint in population, and the least known to the world at large. That was a commission calculated to stir even the blasé spirit of an old war correspondent. Once in England, and there loosened like a bird set free, that command brought disquiet to a hundred brilliant men like Mr. Edmund Gosse, Joseph Hatton, Henry Irving, James R. Osgood, and all the rest whom the tourists met and button-holed for answer to the riddle, "What is the loveliest place in England, which no one ever heard of, and which has the quaintest population?" None of these could tell; but an innkeeper's wife in Birmingham answered it quite unconsciously.

"I spend my summers in the queerest place in hall Hengland," said she; "where the 'ouses are built on the steps of a staircase, and you carn't understand a blessed word the boys say when they speak to you."

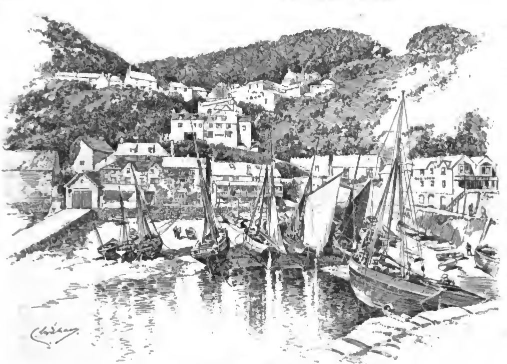
"And where is that?"

"It's in Devonshire," said she, "and it's called Clovelly."

If we had only thought to get that woman's name, it should



THE QUAY.



CLOVELLY FROM THE QUAY.

shine in an eternal galaxy with the names of the other heroines of history.

I.—CLOVELLY.

You are fortunate if you first see Clovelly from the Hobby Drive—a roadway through a private park in the neighborhood. The park is opened to the public for a small admission fee, and your driver is quite right in urging you, as all drivers will, to turn out of the road and go through it, for it is a wonderful specimen of half-trained, half-wild, and wholly luxuriant natural scenery. The road, or Hobby Drive (so called because the making of it was a rich man's mania), is a level, well kept way at the top of one of the bluffs with which Devonshire confronts the ocean. The park on either side of the road is almost overladen with vegetation. Splendid trees, enormous ferns in unwonted clumps, bushes of grand growth, wild flowers, and pretty vines press upon the neatly ordered road, and embower it so that it gets little else than a half light sifted through the leaves. It is like a grand temple. It is fit to be copied as a setting for one of Shakespeare's woodland plays. Now and then you get a glimpse of the sky and the sea meeting far below you—an Italian sky when we were there, and the sea a sheet of turquoise dotted with tiny fishing smacks. Suddenly Clovelly appears, forming a picture never to be forgotten; not likely ever to be ranked by any view to be had in this world.

The view comes with surprising suddenness. There is a break in the foliage, and this discloses a promontory just before you, on whose precipitous edge the white houses of the extraordinary village peep through the greenery. They might be likened to goats perched here and there upon the broken, rocky face of a cliff, or to the whitened waters of a series of cascades leaping from ledge after ledge. If you can conceive it to be a village, formed of houses in such fantastic order, then it must seem like a settlement that is sliding into the sea. But no, not sliding; reaching is the better word; for, as your eye follows the descent, you see—just at the point where the last house and the sea come together—a little jetty of massive masonry that is bent like a crab's claw. It juts into the ocean, and forms a tiny but secure harbor. That hook of stone is the hand of Clovelly, with which it earns its living; for if the village were personified, it would take the form of a man lying on a steep bank and reaching one hand into the water for what he can find there.

A moment more and your carriage is at the edge of the next promontory to Clovelly, and you seem to be hovering above the little village. It is embedded in luxuriant vegetation, as it were a collection of toy houses half buried in moss. The seemingly white dwellings shine in the greenery like dominoes upon a heap of velvet.

While you are still high in air, and again shut in from all views except of the trees around you, the driver says you are now as near to Clovelly as a wagon can go, and will you please pay him and get out and walk half a mile or so to the town. The walk quickly becomes an almost headlong run, and presently you stand at the head of the main street of Clovelly—by long odds the quaintest place in England. Never can you have had such a scene spread before you as this village presents. On either side are the uppermost houses, but all the rest are beneath you, so that the second stories of some are on a line with your eyes, and you look upon the roofs of all the others.

The main street—really the only one—leaps down to the sea by rapid jumps. It is wide enough for two wagons (so to speak) at the top, but it narrows and narrows until it is only seven feet wide at the bottom. It is all laid with big pebbles brought up from the beach, and these and the earth itself are held in place by timbers laid like railroad sleepers across the thoroughfare. What holds the houses in their places is not apparent. Toward the bottom the road seems to run at the houses and dodge around them, like a marble on a bagatelle board, until it has made five curves, and obtained the shape of a z on top of a letter s. If you can imagine a street formed by putting houses on either side of a winding stairway 1000 feet long, you can imagine Clovelly, not otherwise.

On Brooklyn Heights people have gardens on the tops of the houses below them; but in Clovelly, Tennyson, in order to make himself understood, would have had to write, "Climb into the garden, Maud," since the village is built in a gully, and the gardens, which are the gully's sides, either hang over the houses or rise high up behind them. Such a town must have suggested the tale of *Asmodeus*, in which the devil goes about looking through the roofs of all the houses. There is no uptown or down-town to Clovelly; it is all up-stairs or down-stairs. It is a human realization of the way that chickens sleep—on perches one above the other.

We put up at the New Inn, and sought the seclusion of a bedroom, in order to rest our faculties after the blow of the first sight of the place had fallen upon them. But there was no escaping the situation. When we threw open a window of the room and looked out and up, as one might look at the sky anywhere else, we saw the women of the opposite house drying linen in their back yard. To the waitress who brought in the towels we suggested that it was queer to see the houses on top of one another. Deep down from the bottom of a truly British sense of humor she replied: "They are not exactly on top of one another. They only look so."

But the porter who brought up the trunks said a funny thing: "The folks do only dare get tight like at one Inn—the one at t' bottom o' the hill. Them as lives three doors away must keep always sober."

Once established and reposing in a rocker on the hotel porch, we were amused to see the other visitors of the day come scurrying and rattling down the tilted, cobbly street. They had to drop into Clovelly much as Santa Claus makes his annual calls—from overhead. Visitors there reminded us of raindrops that had fallen on a roof and were hurrying down to the leaders. We observed that the front steps of the New Inn at one end of the building were but three in number and small at that, but at the other end, thirty feet away, our heads were above the gutter of the house next door. Since no wheeled vehicle can visit the village, the trunks of tourists are dragged upon queer sled-like frames. The butcher travels up and down the ladder of cobbles with two baskets and a saw and scales, and every man who carries a burden "tacks" from one side of the way to the other, like a sailing vessel beating against the wind.

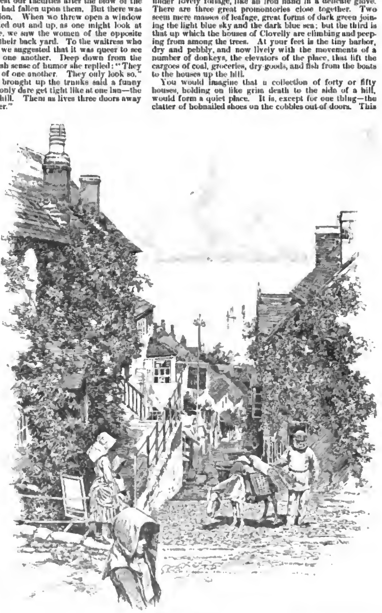
The street itself does the same thing. That accounts for the turns and angles at which it seems to breathe in its mad course down the hill. Little blind streets jut out from the main way here and there like pockets in the side of a mine-shaft. You may touch either side of one of these streets when you stand in the middle of one.

So much for Clovelly's main peculiarity. But it has another almost as great, and that is its beauty. Travellers liken it to Capri, because of its environment of gaudy sea, bright sky, and chromatic land views. Certainly it is beautiful beyond any power of man to describe it. Its houses are of the queerest shapes and types, with their gables and moss-grown tiled roofs, their queer cupboards sunken in the outer walls, their enticing bay-windows, their ramshackle steps, and the wedge-shaped platforms of stone before them, that make it possible for them to be inhabited. Most of the houses are stuccoed with plaster painted a light buff-color, but many of them are as green as the rocky cliffs around them—not with moss or grass, but with ivy, honeysuckle, and fuchsia. These walls of verdure are resplendent with bloom in the summer, and all around the houses are beds and boxes of roses and other flowering plants.

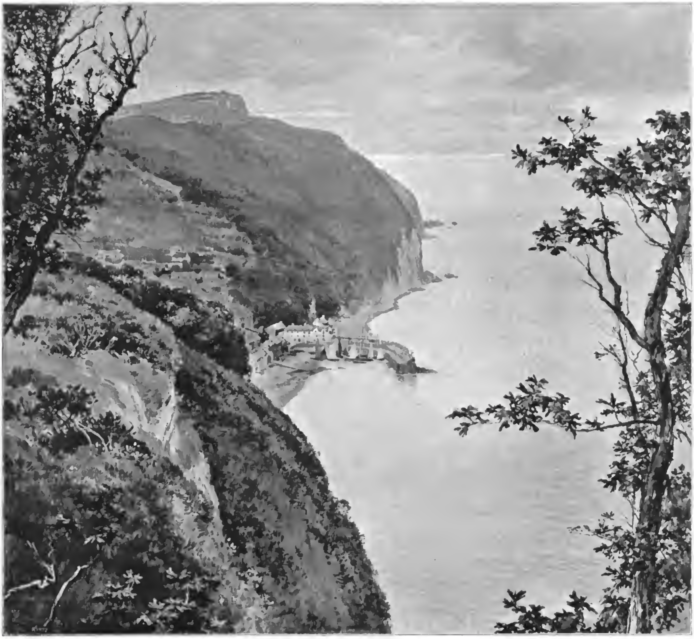
The rise and fall of the tides in England is very much greater than the same movement on either side of our country, and so half the time there is no water in the little crab-claw harbor, where the smacks then lie tumbled about on their sides. Their masters and sailors at such times lounge on the harbor wall, which in the evenings becomes a promenade and lovers' trysting-place. It is as broad on top as a carriage drive, and on the long scaffold poles that rise above and fret its sides the fisher's nets are picturesquely hung to dry. The men are stalwart bearded fellows, in caps and flannel shirts—as fine men as we saw anywhere in England. Their lingo is peculiar, and constantly calls to mind the Irish brogue; their faces also suggest a Celtic origin. They say "rayson," for reason; "dacint," for decent; and "nits," for nets. But then they also say "pesbly," for especially; "they two women," for those two women, and use many another queer expression, hints of some of which will occur farther on in this recital.

The view of the village from this quay is exquisite. Behind lies the blue sea, with Lundy Island, the loneliest place in England, hazy and indefinite in the distance. The white sails of tiny fishing smacks dot the azure expanse like the wings of white moths lighted on a field of lavender in bloom. Down the coast, in the only direction in which the coast can be seen, Westward Ho is faintly discernible—a tedious place, visited by those who know no better. But high in front of you rises the cruel Devon coast, hiding its rocks under lovely foliage, like an iron hand in a delicate glove. There are three great promontories close together. Two seem mere masses of leafage, great forms of dark green joining the light blue sky and the dark blue sea; but the third is that up which the houses of Clovelly are climbing and peeping from among the trees. At your feet is the tiny harbor, dry and pebbly, and now lively with the movements of a number of donkeys, the elevators of the place, that lift the cargoes of coal, groceries, dry-goods, and fish from the boats to the houses up the hill.

You would imagine that a collection of forty or fifty houses, holding on like grim death to the side of a hill, would form a quiet place. It is, except for one thing—the clatter of hobnailed shoes on the cobbles out-of-doors. This



STREET IN CLOVELLY



CLOVELLY, FROM HOBBY DRIVE.

tattoo is kept up all day and late into the night, and you would not believe how loud it is. Some itching poet has written a clever bit of rhyme about it in the visitors' book of the New Inn:

"The Vision bright
Of that dark night
  At Bethel, long ago,
Had steps of light,
With angels white,
  Whose feet tripped to and fro;
And now, in Devon,
One catches heaven
  In glimpses passing fair,
And hears the feet
In Clovelly's street—
  Not angels and *not bare!*"

What the British are as a nation they are as individuals. They must have a hand in everything, and always for a high moral purpose—if you believe them. The consequence is that when an old-fashioned Englishman or English woman goes to an old-fashioned inn like the New Inn, at an old-fashioned place like Clovelly, he and she must send for the register, and write not only their names, but their experiences and comments. Such well-meaning prigs as Lord and Lady Markswell wrote, "Inn good, and charges moderate"; and Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Gamble dropped this patronizing line: "Charming place; very sorry to leave." Another public guardian wrote, "This place and Inn great contrast to Bude, which avoid." Another man, a Mr. —— ——, of Longford Park, Gloucester, remarks: "Visited this place, and much enjoyed luncheon at the New Inn." But here a different note was struck:

"The winding stair which natives call Clovelly Street
The treadmill were a name more meet.
Good-by! 'Tis hard to go away,
But 'twould be harder far to stay."

II.—GREEN LANES ABOUT CLOVELLY.

The English readers of Kingsley's novels have been the pioneers of the grand army of idlers who must sooner or later spend their vacations on this corner of the Devon coast. They know what not all the American admirers of the novelist have found out—that the very country he describes, the very villages, traditions, and even some of the families from whom he has selected characters, are to be enjoyed where he placed them. It is his fault and not theirs that they have gone to Bideford, where the room in which he wrote *Westward Ho!* is reverentially preserved, and to Westward Ho itself, only straggling into Clovelly and the neighboring country side in small numbers and by accident. Yet Bideford is a stupid, moribund place, and Westward Ho is a forced and not a popular resort, while one could scarcely miss rare treasures of nature and rural simplicity by going anywhere else in North Devon than to those places.

We were riding in the best fair-weather wagon I ever saw—the best because it almost compelled you to walk. It was of a kind they make in Devonshire, and that you cannot sit in and do anything else at the same time. It was a sensible-looking vehicle, with a high seat in front for the driver, and then a long seat down each side. But the seats were covered with horse-hair, which is as slippery as the average political view of the liquor question, or as banana peel on plate glass. Sitting on those seats was like carrying live eels. It required an earnest purpose and a firm clutch, united with a genius for sticking. A suit of sand-paper clothes in addition would not have come amiss. We had not gone half a mile when a New York lady in our party—Miss Mabel Griffith—sank, with a sudden but soft and graceful "plunk," upon the sandy bare floor of the wagon. "It had to be, sooner or later," her expressive face seemed to say, "and I'm glad it's done."

"When you feel obliged to join me down here," she said aloud, "please let me know in advance. And," she added, "if you see any pretty scenery, let me know."

The rest of us looked reproachfully at her for this. Her fall from the seat had interrupted an outburst of extravagant expressions of delight from her father and from her impatient lover, Mr. Macy, who were just then declaring that they never dreamed of anything more enchanting than the view that the ascent of a hill was opening up before them. Then to have her speak of pretty scenery as if its existence were only a bare possibility (and in Devonshire, of all places) was too shocking.

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel!" said the one. "Oh, Miss Griffith!" said the other.

"Well," said the incorrigible maiden, "I do believe you're seeing something now, and are not telling me. I know what I'll do, in order not to be robbed of scenery which is mine by right as much as yours—I'll get out and walk."

So the wagon stopped, and Mr. Macy got out to lift her down the steps, but the lissome girl merely touched his hand with the tips of her gloved fingers, and tripping lightly down, sprang from the bottom step to touch the ground as airily as a falling feather. The embodiment of beauty, grace, and health, whatever she did pleased both her father and me, but I saw a cloud pass over Mr. Macy's face. He had wanted to be of real service to her, to have really lifted her down—solidly, so to speak—and she had not allowed him to. It was a little thing, but little things make even the solid mountains, as the poets have observed. He was that sort of lover that you might call a monopolist. He seemed to want all of his sweetheart's soul and thoughts and time and attentions. Anything less was unendurable and worse than nothing at all. When that is the characteristic of a man, not only in his love but in his every respiration, I have no word to say for him, but in Macy's case I laid it to the uncertainty of his mind with regard to his sweetheart's purposes and feelings, and, more than that even, to his youth. He had crossed the ocean with her, fancying they were to be married in Europe, and now they were finishing their trip with their relationship unchanged. Again and again we met them, as at Clovelly, for a day or two, and their affairs became as interesting as any other curiosities we ran across in Europe. In his whisperings to me he always spoke of his journey as "an elopement." "We are taking the father along for propriety's sake," said he. But nothing in her speech or conduct betrayed any lively sympathy with such an odd view of the situation. To me it seemed that, for some reason, Miss Griffith was aware that her admirer so regarded the matter, also that she did not herself view it in that light at all, and, furthermore, that she nevertheless failed to correct his impression. Why did she so torture him? Ah, I never venture to explain a lady's "why."

But to return to that wagon ride. What a view it was that we all looked back upon! All traces of Clovelly had sunk behind intervening hillocks and curves of the road, and where we had supposed the village was there now arose a great purple headland, as soft and rounding in all its outlines as any soft and rounding cloud. Above hung the pale blue sky, and below lay the dark blue sea.

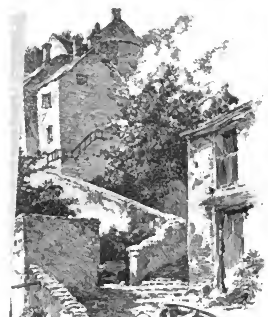
"That's heather," said the driver.

"Heather!" exclaimed Mr. Griffith. "I'd no idea it was so beautiful."

"I thought it was a brownish, dead-colored grass, or weed," said I.

"It's all flowers," replied the driver.

So, then, what we saw was a great block of bloom hanging between the sea and the sky. And in the sky were fleecy white clouds, and the sea was again dotted with the sails of fishers' smacks. We halted the wagon again that we might feast our eyes upon the view. Leading to the central mass of purple were the dark green walls of the roadway between pale green fields, and just midway of the great soft pile of purple was a tiny cross-roads village, some of the



THE STONE STEPS.

;-red tiles. The combination of
us it was extraordinary.
had been to Capri, likened Clo-
e resemblance extends to the en-

:ing folk who put those red tiles
would produce," said Mr. Grif-
e that such an aid to the picture
us and accidental artists."
painter," said I, thinking aloud,
ct of painting a scene so brilliant
bright color as that huge mound
ast reaches of sea and sky. No
ver seen it."
, you would be a great painter,"

lked, resting there, the young lov-
ing lover and the girl—which were
er little stem of green fringed with
ard us, crying, "See! that splendid
is. That is heather, and this is a

:rest at the dainty sprig and the mi-
se together up its sides. Her senti-
; two—the hill and the tiny flower
wer of united effort. He reasoned
ost insignificant-looking blossoms
ulous a blaze of color, there was
· or physical comfort impossible to
vomen; in fact, we were treated to
lecture," or I was, for she and Mr.
tne thing in Mr. Griffith's reflections
emory. "I can look back on that
tty view that lies behind me, with
of you," said he. "To enjoy it more
coming the other way, and to see it
glorious views of youth all lie ahead,
though I do not often admit it, and
l to see the most beauty in looking
have passed."
ristian idea," said I.

l the view of the coast as the hill we
rise. And then we saw what seemed
aching away before us in one of those
en afforded there, in which the whole
with the dark lines of the lanes and
another over the rolling expanse of
d there dark clusters of trees, above
urdy towers of ancient village church-
vell enough now, and so we all rode,
ntatiously pinned the drapery of her
; to the horse hair seat, and then slyly
n when the first laugh was over.
o Wolfardisworthy, which they very
y," and our way led past Parkham,
nounced "Porgan." The route was
pare. It lay all the way through nar-
h on either side with earth, and with
h and gloriously surmounted by the
tion. So that the ride was between
dge growths. Green walls, did I say?
een at times, but now they were aglow
n of blossoms. Little as I know of the
rest, I was able to recognize almost a
ants in every hedge I saw. There were
ert, fern, haw, honeysuckle, raspberry,
white and black thorn, meadowsweet,
rose. There must be fifty sorts of plants in every Devonshire hedge. Of ferns alone there were half a dozen kinds.

In some places the farmers' wives were drying snow-white linen on these gorgeous walls of verdure, and wherever that occurred there were breaks to permit the houses to meet the lanes. Such houses! Some were capped with thick thatched roofs—for all the world like heads of hair—and some wore old-fashioned bonnets of red tiles. Often the houses were built with "cob" walls that were eighteen inches thick, and calculated to last for centuries. This composition is made of clay well mixed with straw and trodden hard. Small stones are "jobbed into the outer face," as they say, and so the composition seems one-half stone.

We stopped in one house in Parkham to ask for a drink of water. The floor of the main room was of flag stones level with the street, which had its gutter in the middle and its houses rising abruptly from the cobbles, without front yards or sidewalks. That was the way with all the Devon villages we saw. We asked the young girl of the house what she called a stove, and she said, "A bodley, zur." The smoothing-iron upon it she called a "heater." We ran across an Americanism when a man of the place, being asked if he liked sweets, replied, "Yes; *some*." As a matter of fact, many of the first English to come to America hailed from Cornwall and Devon. We heard the natives say of one another, "He'n up to Mrs. Jones's." "Where's Jamie?" "Oh, he's up along; he'll be down along soon." But the Celtic brogue came in again when our driver told us that his horse had "good mate [food]; he gets all the corn and banes he wants." We must have talked as queerly for their ears, because I could not make my landlady see why I wanted "a pitcher of water."

It seems that what one finds on a washstand to pour water from is a jug. That is true all over England.

"What makes your children so healthy?" I asked of one villager in Parkham.

"It is not ating, zur, as makes 'em," said he. "Many stranger folk talks about 'em zame as you, zur. They says as we've the finest childer they zee in their travils. Lord knows our working folk gits a good many of 'em—five or six or seven. In the marnin' they get up and have their wash—apt to be the best wash they'll git till next marnin', zur; and then they 'ave their broth out of the kettle, and milk and a little salt, and perhaps they'll git a little bread and trycle [molasses], and aff they go to school—yis, zur. Poor little things! You'll zee them barelegged to the thigh in the coldest weather. After school they git the zame, or perhaps bread and trycle again, or maybe a little jam. Zometimes a little bacon, zur, but not much meat comes to them. A laboring man will be able to buy a pig of nine or ten score in the course of a year, and they'll git some once in a week or zo; but you can zee they won't git much out of one pig. We don't think much mate is good—not for children, zur."

And now a word about what we tourists had to eat. Truly we lived like royalty, however humbly the people may have fared; but to us the dishes had the charm of novelty, which was lost to those who served them. The two distinctive dishes of the region are "junket" and "Devonshire cream." Feeble imitations of both are familiar to all who are of English descent, but the genuine dishes come like revelations to the palate that they touch for the first time.

Junket is to be eaten with "sweets"; that is to say, marmalade or jam, without one or the other of which no breakfast or supper in England is complete. To make junket, start by taking a bowl, and putting into it a dessert-spoonful of rum or brandy for flavoring. Add half a tea-cup of sugar. Heat a pint and a half or a quart of milk lukewarm, and pour that in the bowl. The milk must be fresh from the cow. Then add a dessert-spoonful of rennet, and give the compound a couple of sharp stirrings, when it will be ready for the table, especially if a little Devonshire cream be laid on top to make the dish most exquisite to the taste.

The milk for Devonshire cream must also be fresh from the cow. "Set to-night's milk by till morning," said the dimpled girl with flaming cheeks who made the best I tasted. "In the morning put it in a pan on a slow fire. In time a rim or skin the size of the bottom of the pan will rise to the top of the milk. When that happens, set the milk in a cool place—a dairy if you have one—till the next morning; then spoon off the thick cream that has come to the top, and serve it, leaving the scalded milk below." How do you eat this most delicate and wholesome of dishes? On everything, with everything, everywhere, always!

It had been one purpose of ours to compare the intelligence of the average British subject with that of the average American, and to that end I had questioned a chance shopkeeper on Third Avenue, New York city, a farmer at Chapel Hill, New Jersey, and a factory hand in Peekskill, asking them who represented them in Congress, and what were their views on the Fisheries and Samoan questions. The plan was carried out in England, but it would not be fair to publish the result, so entirely different are both the social and political conditions of the two peoples. But one test that was fair we made in a grammar-school in Wolfardisworthy. The school-house was a handsome new stone building. It was filthy within. The windows needed washing, the floor needed sweeping, the walls were streaked and neglected, the school-master was an unkempt, slouchy fellow, who wore a soft felt hat and green goggles and a forsaken beard. The pupils were farmers' boys—ruddy, healthy lads, but with shock heads of unattended hair, with dirty hands, ragged, soiled clothes, and with heavier faces than we are used to seeing in America. One lesson never taught there was the need of pride.

On the walls of the boys' room were maps of Europe, the British Isles, of England, and of Africa. In front of the map of Europe was a huddle of four boys, each with his shoulders bent, his spine limbered, his feet in his way, his hands troubling him, and his lower jaw hanging; no pride, no spirit, no *savoir-faire* about one of them. Not one had his hair combed, or wore a collar or a laundried shirt. I have seen these conditions approached in this country, but never equalled. As for the heavy faces and lustreless eyes, those I thank God I never saw in an American village school unless as exceptions, while here they were dominating characteristics.

"I want to see what English school-boys know about the United States," said I. Then, addressing the boys, I asked, "Where is my country?"

"Across the ocean," said the only boy who answered at all.

"How many States form it?"

"Thirty-eight."

"Any Territories?"

A grin.

"There are Territories as well as States, aren't there?"

A grin.

"What is the form of government over there?"

Blank faces.

"King? Queen? Czar? What then?"

Hanging heads.

"What is the government of Switzerland?"

"A public, sir," says the one boy who shows signs of life.

"I know, sir"—from the benches—"a republic."

"What is New England?"

"A State," says the responsive boy.

"What's north of the States?"

"Canada."

"What's south?"

No answer.

This being tedious work, I asked the master for samples of the school-books. He handed me a geography and a reader. I found that the geography told the number of the States, the population, form of government, the principal products, and very little else. A number of pages in the reader were devoted to America. It was unsystematic and incoherent matter, however. There was a chapter on New England, a chapter on California and its big trees, one on the Mississippi River, and one on the Middle States. I noticed, with a smile, that the English connection with the founding of the colonies was set forth, but their revolt and victorious war with England was dismissed with one sentence, "After the declaration of independence," etc., etc.

In a dark, poorly ventilated, cupboard-like room were four forms occupied by little girls in charge of a sad-faced young woman in black. It was the hour for the knitting lesson, during which stockings are made. The little girls are taught needle-work from the learning how to sew to the cutting out of a chemise. The children buy the wool, the School Board buys what they make with it, and the parents or public purchase the products from the School Board. A little kindergarten work, such as tuition in colors and shapes and pleating with colors, is taught there

When school was out we noticed with fresh surprise the beauty of these children that had looked so stolid and awkward in the class-rooms. Stolid and awkward they remained, but they were very wholesome, rugged, rosy little chaps and lasses, each one a treasure-house of health. We gave pennies to them, and their master said: "They will not spend the pennies. All are taught to save. Their parents will buy lambs or calves for them, so that when a boy grows up he often owns three or four cattle."

"Then," thought I, "they are forgiven for not knowing more of America, since they have learned something that is of greater value."

But a word apart from Devonshire. The fairest half of my readers will never take up another of these letters if those lovers who were with us are left in such a cloud of uncertainty. Alas! the added word must be a sad one. On the night before we started back to London I could not help hearing, as I sat in the parlor of the New Inn, a few words that were spoken on the porch.

"You are tired of my society," came in Mr. Macy's voice.

"I am tired of one subject only," replied Miss Griffith.

"Yet you gave me the right to think of this trip as taken only for one purpose."

"No; you owe that to yourself. *I* said if you would come to Europe I would give you an answer. *You* said, 'It shall be an elopement, with your father brought along.' *You* said that, not I."

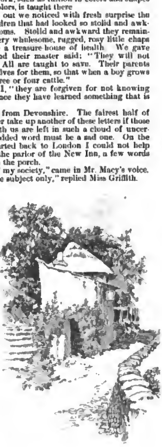
"But you acquiesced. At least, you did not correct me."

No answer.

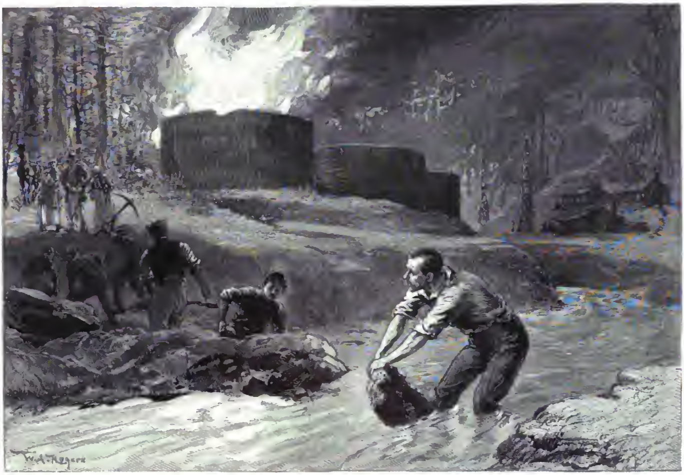
"Did you?"

Silence.

And Harold Macy, as grim and sullen as an Indian taken in war, rode with us to London, leaving Mr. Griffith and his daughter at Clovelly.



COTTAGE IN CLOVELLY.



"'DOES GO EASIER,' HE SAID, CHEERILY, AS HE STRENGTHENED THE SIDE OF THE SLUICE WITH A LARGE STONE."

GABE HARRIS.

THE wooden tanks on all the leases in the Harford oil region had been full for many days, and every time a well flowed "off a head" the petroleum was wasted. It ran over the tank's brim, saturated the dry leaves, and formed pools on the hill sides in the depressions behind trees and stumps.

The spring had been early: by the last week of April the snow was all gone from the recesses of the deep forest. There had been but little rain, and the warm sun had dried the rotting timber in the woods. The leaves strewing the ground were crisp and combustible as paper. They were scattered hither and thither by the frequent breezes blowing strong from the Great Lakes, and they found lodgement only where they fell into waste petroleum and became soaked. Never were there conditions more favorable for a terrible, disastrous forest fire.

Everybody was careful of fire. Men who in sullen silence, or with angry denunciation of the Pipe Line Company, watched their oil run to waste, forbore smoking in the woods for fear a spark from a pipe would start the conflagration they all dreaded. Drilling was stopped; fires were drawn from the boilers at pumping wells.

The producers had held mass-meetings and denounced the action of the company; they had even attempted violence. To all complaints the company seemed indifferent: to protect their property they had called upon the sheriff of the county and his posse, which consisted mainly of men in their employ.

From all the meetings Gabe Harris had been absent. In the attack upon the pump station he had taken no part; but every day he had gone to the office of the "Lines" and asked to have his oil "run." Having made the request and received an answer, he handed the superintendent an estimate of the amount of petroleum that had run to waste on his lease the previous day. The reply he received was the same that all applicants were met with:

"We have no room, but are increasing our tankage daily, and hope to relieve you soon. However, if you wish to sell your oil for immediate shipment, we will run it at once."

"Immediate shipment" oil brought twenty cents a barrel less than the market price for crude petroleum, and many of the producers, pressed by their creditors or needing money to buy the necessities of life, were forced to accept the company's terms. But Gabe, though his credit was nearly exhausted, would not thus yield to monopoly. Rather than sell his oil for immediate shipment, he would let his creditors have his property, and support his family by working on the streets of Harford. His home he could retain, for the little portable house with its furniture was paid for, and he would not have to pay ground-rent, as on the leases the surface of the ground had no value, save where the derricks and their engine-houses and tanks were located.

Perhaps he would not have been so courageous had his wife not been of the opinion that his course was right. Her nature, though affectionate and gentle, was independent and self-reliant. Poverty had no terrors for her. She had endured it, had suffered many privations in practising a rigid economy in order to save the wages Gabe had earned as a driller, so that some day they might have a lease of their own. They had secured one; on it had put down three wells, and were meeting with regularity and promptness the notes given for machinery and tanks when the "shut down" came, and their oil joined that of other producers on the hill-side—forever lost. She was glad Gabe had not become violent and made threats as his neighbors had done, because she thought much talk a display of weakness, and she would have regretted her marriage had she at last found herself the wife of a weak man. She knew she could rely upon his silent determination to win in his conflict with the "Lines" without an appeal to dynamite, which remedy for their abuses was daily threatened by the producers.

Meantime Gabe formed a plan. He resolved to run his oil himself, first gauging his tanks in the presence of witnesses to ascertain the amount they contained; then he would turn the stopcock, and set a donkey-engine to work pumping the petroleum into the main line. When his tanks were empty, he would demand of the "Lines" a storage certificate for the amount of the oil run.

On a clear warm morning in May he kissed his wife good-by for the day, and set out on horseback for Harford to make a final demand on the company to run his oil.

His lease was at the head of the Kendall Creek Valley. From the door of his house he could see the Tuna, into which the rapid Kendall Creek emptied. Scattered through the valley were several villages, the nearest to his home being Kendall. On the banks of the creek were a great number of iron storage tanks, each one painted red, and having on one side the name of the owner and its capacity stated in white letters. Gabe had often looked at them, and thought, as many another passer had done, what a big fire they would make if the petroleum in one of them should be ignited! But that day as he rode toward them his thoughts were far from the subject of a conflagration in them. Suddenly his revery was rudely interrupted. The sound of an explosion startled him, and looking up, he saw a large flat object flying in the air. Recognizing it as the roof of an iron tank, he gave rein to his horse, and dashed toward the column of smoke and flame intertwined that he saw rising near the town of Kendall.

The petroleum in an iron tank was burning, and he knew with what danger the fire threatened Kendall. The tank was one of a group on the bank of the creek, and if it should overflow, or another tank be ignited and burst with an explosion of gas, the burning fluid would surely be borne on the stream among the houses that farther down lined its banks. From these houses the town lay in the direction the wind was blowing, and the wooden, canvas-lined dwellings were as combustible as tinder. If a fire should break out among the houses on the creek, the town would soon be in ashes and many families homeless.

All of this Gabe comprehended in a moment, and he rode right into the village, shouting to the women whom he saw standing in their doorways and gazing curiously at the blazing petroleum, "Bring all the shovels and picks you can find."

Looking back over his shoulder, he saw fire running up the side of the hill, the blazing leaves blown by the wind apparently in a hot race to spread the conflagration, to carry destruction far and wide. At a glance he saw the direction of the fire was toward his own home and lease—toward his wife and children, whom he had left but a half hour before.

At the telegraph station of the "Lines" he drew rein, and yelled to the operator. "Tell Harford we want men with picks and shovels, and we want them quick. Wire the railroad company for a special train."

The operator, who had already reported an iron tank on fire, promptly sent Gabe's message. Before it reached Harford, Gabe was on his way at full speed of his horse. He rode to within a hundred yards of the burning tank, and hitched his horse securely to a tree on the windward side of the fire. Then snatching a shovel from one woman and a pickaxe from another, he ran to a bend of the creek, and began the construction of a dam.

Two old men and some boys came to help him, while the women brought picks and shovels, and laid them on the bank of the creek, in readiness for use by husbands and brothers, who to a man were attending a mass-meeting of the producers in Harford.

The blazing oil heated the tank, the flames roaring and struggling to maintain a perpendicular against the wind, growing in force and blowing steadily.

Gabe was working with wonderful energy, making a sluice for the escape of the water, at the same time directing his assistants how to build the dam, which was to be constructed of stones laid one on the other and banked with dirt. The old men, whose strength was unequal to the efforts they put forth in the excitement, leaned on their shovels presently, and took an observation of the progress of the fire, and reckoned on the probability of the small force being able to complete the dam before the overflow would come.

"Why, Gabe, how can you work so hard in this heat with your coat on?" one of them remarked, querulously, as he wiped his brow with a soiled handkerchief.

"Didn't think of that," said Gabe, and in a moment he was at work again without coat or vest to impede him. "Does go easier," he said, cheerily, as he strengthened the side of the sluice with a large stone. "Now, if you old fellows ain't played out, you can shovel some dirt behind that rock."

"I ain't played out," one of the old men said, "but I'm thinkin' you'd better git fast as your hoss can carry you, or you won't save much from that little house of yours up to Summit."

One of the boys stopped in his digging, his breath growing short, and looked at the conflagration sweeping up the mountain-side. "Gabe, hadn't I better ride up and tell your wife the fire's comin'?" he said.

"No; you stay here and dig. Mrs. Harris knows as much about the fire comin' her way as we do. She's got eyes."

Yet, with all his cheerful manner and the courage in his voice, Gabe did not dare to look up from his work, for fear the sight of the tempest of flames that was rushing to the destruction of his home would overcome his resolution to save Kendall if possible.

"But don't you think you'd better go, Gabe?" the old man queried. "Charity begins to home, you know."

"Stop pesterin' me and work, or get out of the road."

The old man, offended, shovelled in a desultory way.

"Spoonfuls don't count; 'tain't the little grains of sand we want here, but shovelfuls," and suiting action to word, Gabe dumped a pile of sand against the stone he had just put in place. The old man, feeling that he was useless, threw down his shovel and walked away; the other one joined him, and together they went to chatter with the women who were standing in the highway, alternately gazing at the fire and noting the progress of the dam.

"Is the dam done?" asked one woman eagerly of the old men.

"Done? It will never be done, for the overflow will come first."

"Better get out your things," said the other old man.

This suggestion stampeded the women. They scattered, each to her home, the children crying after their mothers, who were hastening to save keepsakes and small valuables. Here and there a frantic woman carried a baby, but was heedless of its cries.

Meanwhile Gabe was cheering the boys, some of whom were beginning to flag—one, then another of them, pausing to draw a shirt sleeve over his perspiring forehead.

"Here, Dick, you carry stones awhile. You help him, Bill. And you two fellows there with picks, take shovels. We'll beat that fire, or we ain't men."

Thus encouraged, the boys worked with increased vigor, and Gabe saw with growing hope that the dam was assuming proportions which would offer effectual resistance to considerable of a "boil over," as the overflow was sometimes called.

Once again the boy who had wanted to ride to Gabe's home with news of the approaching fire recurred to the subject.

"'Tain't too late yit, Gabe. Hadn't I better go?"

"You can go if you want to, Dick, but only not to my house. We need all hands here."

The boy shamefacedly renewed his exertions, and the others, in dogged imitation of Gabe's unflagging zeal, worked with their heads down, bestowing all their attention to obeying his orders.

There was silence among them except when Gabe spoke, but amid the roaring of the fire in the tank they could hear the shrill voices of the women screaming to each other, and presently there came to their ears the welcome screech of one of the little narrow-gauge engines. Buoyed by a repetition of the whistle, the little band seemed to redouble their efforts. Soon again the locomotive shrieked, nearer to them, and there was silence until the rumble of the train was heard. Then the boys looked up; but Gabe did not pause in the particular task he was engaged upon—packing the sand between some stones. The train ran up to a point opposite the tanks, and before it was at a stand-still men carrying picks and shovels had leaped from the platforms and were running to the dam, shouting to the workers to make way for new men.

Then Gabe paused. He looked up the valley, but could not see his home for the dense smoke that was blowing over the summit. He was jostled aside by the new-comers, who came to the work like a company charging a battery. Gabe felt that he would not be needed now. He could no longer restrain his heart. It called on him louder, more urgently than it had done when there was time for him to get to his house before the conflagration had reached it, and he obeyed.

In the tumult he was not missed, and no one heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs over the stony road. Bending low over the pommel of the saddle, he dashed into the smoke. He could not see, but he trusted his horse, now mad with fright. Presently he said, "Thank God!"

The lessening of the heat on his cheek, then a breath of cool air, told him that which he had not observed—the wind had veered, and had carried the fire off in another direction, west of his house, and it was safe. He knew, too, from faith in his wife, that she had conducted the children to a place of safety. Soon he was out of the blinding smoke, and the horse slackened the pace of his own accord. Then he dismounted and climbed the side of the mountain, where he soon found his family on a point of rocks.

"I saw it all," said his wife; "but I did not know it was you working there all that time till I saw the horse start up the valley. Then I knew." And she kissed him.

"But the overflow? Did it come?"

"Yes. Just after I lost sight of you in the smoke."

"And the dam?"

"It held. See, Kendall is safe; and there would not have been time to save it after the train came."

And in the look of pride and love she gave him Gabe found his reward.

Alexander L. Kinkead

"THE DUEL."

An ugly business, this premeditated manslaughter, and as Mr. Frederick James has painted it, you see how desperate is the situation.

More than one artist of the modern French school have tried their hands on this same subject, but the sentiments inspiring them have been different. There was a picture called "The Duel in the Snow," which was a tragedy after the farce. From the masked ball to the Bois de Boulogne, from the strident orchestra to the metallic clickings of the rapiers, there might have been but a short interval. It was all about nothing. Too much rum in their punches, with perhaps a woman's finger stirring up the brew, was the cause, and so Pierrot was offensive, and, flushed with bad liquor, two men crossed swords in the wintry woods, and one poor wretch was spitted. Sympathy is wasted on a work of this character. When buffoons engage in the dance of death, the sardonic grin mocks the situation. Another picture showed two heavy cavalry soldiers fighting a garrison duel with sabres. Two butchers from the abattoirs would have slashed their carcasses in a similar manner.

In Mr. Frederick James's picture there is nothing recalling the more florid periods of duelling, which were at their height during the reigns of Louis XIII. and the Regency. There is nothing here relating to red heels or curly wigs or flashing rapiers. The picture has an Anglo-Saxon bull-dog phlegm about it. There stand the antagonists. You can measure the distance between them. There are nine men, the major part in uniform, on the one side of the dinner table, and that many men would measure a fair ten paces. The company have not been drinking. Though it was the fashion of the day to imbibe hugely, the empty flasks are not numerous. The old-fashioned decanters still hold a sufficiency of port and Madeira. All the glasses have not been drained. There are corks on the floor, but libations have not been over-heavy. The men themselves—the lookers-on, the principals—are not even flushed. There are no bleary eyes nor rubicund noses. To the right, clear of them all, stands an officer holding a white handkerchief. The men at the table, who are standing with their backs to the wall, who witness the fight, have about in their middle one who has his watch in hand. He with the handkerchief having asked if the combatants are ready, and having received the answer "Ready," will drop his handkerchief—the signal to fire. The other man with the watch will count "One—two—three," and after that "three," which according to agreement may occupy a lapse of time from one-half to a whole minute, no firing is permissible. It would not be considered a murder to send a ball through a man's heart between the dropping of the handkerchief and "three," but brutal assassination if a pistol were fired after it.

So truthful is it all, so serious, so matter-of-fact, that the question arises, Who was the aggressor? What was the cause for a duel? The artist specifies the time, the locality. The period must be during the Presidency of James Madison. The place some tavern dining-room, probably in Virginia. The civilian who is pitted against the officer has a hard and determined face. He might be a Federalist, and political rancor brought about the crisis. Why has he his hat and top-coat on the chair? Was he invited to the dinner? Has he so far forgotten himself as to come an unbidden guest and insult some one there? The age of both combatants precludes the idea that there is a woman in the case. It was so easy, however, just then to pick a quarrel with an army man, for all the glory had fallen to the navy; for really Lundy's Lane and Chippewa had been but sorry battles, in which the army had not behaved over-brilliantly; and then Washington had been burnt, but New Orleans had retrieved many disasters on the land. Feelings had been much imbittered, for through political appointments many incompetent officers found prominent positions in the ranks. Still the red-headed man, with no Bob Acres look about him, has a vengeful, spiteful face. You can see only the back of his military adversary, who stands to the front of the picture. The men hold their flint-lock, duelling, smooth-bore pistols, in approved style. At least the civilian knows the way of it. If he were a little slow, his pistol arm would cover at least some part of his body.

On the wall certain handbills show the lay of the land. Here is the announcement of a stage-coach departure, and underneath it the notice of a runaway slave. It is a room in an inn, for on the mantel-piece are candles of many lengths in the candlesticks. The mantel-piece is a careful study, with its neat and fine carvings and bead-work. In one corner the officers have put their swords, and their different forms show a mixed service of horse and foot. On a quaintly formed mahogany side-table, with its peculiar bulge, stand the empty bottles and an earthenware jug of Hollands and a bowl of old Pekin china. The time may be three or four o'clock, for the dinner was served at sharp two; and now there is nothing but the wine on the table, some few cigars, and a clay pipe. The servants have been dismissed. Maybe the landlord has an inkling of what was likely to take place, but he held his peace. There might have been some angry words interchanged, but officers are apt to be noisy, and it was none of Boniface's business to be over-discriminating. The custom these officers brought him was good, his wine flowed like water, and his larder wanted constant replenishing. Why should he interfere?

The chairs tumbled toward the front have not been upset in any fray. They have been thrown there just so, so as to make the coast clear. The men must have room, and if there is a pace or so more than the regulation "ten," what matters it? Is much pity, solicitude shown on the part of those present? Very little is there. It must have been a cold-blooded tragedy. There is one slightly blanched and anxious face, that of a young man. Perhaps it is his début. But, bless you! our great-grandfathers, who really were no better nor worse than we are, were in touch with my Lord Camelford, who was the most business-like and sanguinary of duellists. Saint-Evremond and Saint-Foix were gay roisterers, but Camelford was a dull matter-of-fact fiend in a duel. When Fox, Pitt, Canning, and Castlereagh were quite ready to go out on the field of honor, why should not our gentlemen follow suit? Did not Hamilton fall in a duel with Burr in 1804? What, then, is there surprising about a fight in a tavern parlor some ten years later?

The predominating feature in Mr. Frederick James's picture is its intensity. Absolute faithfulness in all the details is a question of research. No great lavishings of applause should be meted out to an artist who commits an anachronism. He who seeks and studies objects fitted to periods always finds what he wants. It is only a question of time and patience. The lumber of the past is to the faithful artist not, however, immaterial. It dates his picture better than could a reference in a catalogue. But what is high art in Mr. James is this; he shows that he has a dramatic power held under control. He tries to convey the idea of that supreme moment of suspense, which suspense tells more on the imagination than the actual facts which must follow an instant later. For this reason "The Duel" is a picture of singular merit. Drawing, coloring, accessories, all tend toward the one general effectiveness. It is a work in which the unities have been studied. Nothing is forced or put too much to the front. It means, without flourish, display, exaggeration, the first act of a social drama of a past period. In an instant pistols will blaze, and a man will go down. Will it be the civilian or the officer?

SEÑOR LUIZ'S BENEFIT.

BY ROBERT GORDON BUTLER.

There were to be two plays this evening, for it was the benefit night of Señor Luiz, the leading actor and manager of the theatre. The first play was finished, and the curtain had just shut out the tableau of triumphant virtue. The empty lamps were being replaced by a servant of the theatre, and the audience, in a state of cheerful and comfortable expectation, was watching him with the strained attention that one gives to small happenings between the acts at a theatre. The first play had been most enjoyable, but the second play is always better than the first. To-night, too, the second play was entirely new—it had been written by Señor Luiz himself—so that to the advantage of being better than the first it added the charm of absolute novelty.

The audience was most distinguished—naturally, too, for the prices of seats had been raised; you could not enter the theatre for less than a real, and the best seats cost four times that amount. In the front row of seats, right opposite the centre of the stage, sat the Prefecto Politico, a very great man, with only one eye, fat, and bald-headed, a keen critic and student of the drama. He invariably attended the theatre, and formulated "critiques" on the performances to the crowd in the morning at his barber shop—for he was a barber. He did not move about the house between the acts; persons of less distinction could do that if they chose. He did not call on friends; friends called on him. Beside him sat his wife and his lovely daughter. They always attended the theatre with him; he was a model husband and father in this matter. He and his family always had complimentary tickets. On the other side of the Prefecto Politico sat a stranger, Señor Garcia. The Prefecto knew him, and had introduced him to his many friends, as he stood at the door watching the audience enter, as "the principal manager at the capital, who is looking for talent to take thither." As the Prefecto had said this to every one whom he had seen, and as every one to whom the fact had been confided had confided it to some one else, it follows that Señor Garcia was an object of general interest and admiration. Did it not reflect credit on the towns-people of Señor Luiz that the great manager should come to see him act, with a view, perhaps, of securing his services?

The moon shone down on the audience, smoking and chattering during the intermission. The stage was the only part of the theatre covered; the rest of the theatre was open to the heaven, and surely no playhouse ever had a grander auditorium. Directly back of the auditorium was the great square of the town, with the cathedral shining white in the moonlight, and beyond the cathedral the snow-capped mountains of the Sierras. On one side the Casa del Gobernador stood; on the other, behind a grove of palm-trees, stood the empty barracks. With the full moon shining down and covering everything with its mysterious light, surely no stranger or grander theatre could be imagined. Meanwhile every one was smoking placidly; no one was impatient for the second play to begin. It would begin in time—that was enough.

"The stage, señor," said the Prefecto Politico to the manager from the capital, "is indeed a valued adjunct to our schools. It is a means of education too little used. Your vocation is indeed a grand one, too little appreciated. I count myself fortunate that I am able by education and training to point out to my friends the beauties and value of the plays presented before us by my worthy friend Señor Luiz. As I tell him, his is indeed a lofty vocation, too little appreciated. He, moreover, does not fully comprehend his opportunities. His choice of plays is not always what it should be. I am willing to admit that the performance of classical plays does not attract such audiences as that of light farces and comedies, but, as I tell him, he should be above questions of mere money; he should—"

But the manager from the capital had to speak to Doña Isabel, and apologized for not waiting to hear the remainder of the Prefecto Politico's well-considered and valuable ideas on the drama. He was desolated to leave the Prefecto, he said, but when the ladies— The Prefecto would pardon him?

"That Señor Garcia is a most intelligent man," thought the Prefecto, as he lighted another cigarette and looked patronizingly at the manager talking with his daughter. She was very pretty in her mantilla, caught on her shoulders by two big captive fire-flies. Her fan moved rapidly in her small brown hands, and the white cigarette smoke rose in slow curls from her full red lips. Any father might be proud of such a daughter. To think that her mother had ever been young and pretty and slender like her daughter! Look at her now. But she had been, her daughter is; that made a difference. But even as he thought so the Prefecto Politico repented, and moved nearer to his fat, homely wife, and pressed her arm fondly, and she smiled on him and smiled on her daughter.

Presently the curtain was drawn aside, and an actor appeared to announce the play —*The Miser*.

"*The Miser*," he cried; and the audience instantly became quiet. Only clouds of cigarette smoke rose in the air to show that the spectators had not been stricken lifeless.

"*The Miser*," cried the actor again. "Luiz will be Porfirio, a miser; Señora Soledad will be Magdalena, his wife; Benito will be Juan, a nobleman; Pedro will be Peppe, a servant." And he withdrew suddenly.

"Señora Soledad," explained the Prefecto Politico to the manager from the capital, "is really Luiz's wife. Benito is a new member of the company; it was Pedro who announced the play."

"Yes?" said the manager, gravely, and blew rings of smoke; and the new play began.

The old miser was superb. The audience approved him loudly: he was so fond of his money, he treated his servant Peppe so badly. Peppe tried to cheat him, and he discovered his tricks so cleverly. Peppe was nearly starved. He had a basket of grapes to take to his master, with a letter from the judge. He put the basket on a rock, and held the letter in both hands.

"Now the last time I took grapes to Señor Porfirio," said Peppe, "he beat me because I ate two bunches: how it hurt my poor back! And when I asked him how he knew, he said the letter told him. The idea of a little piece of paper telling him! Now if I put the paper under this stone it won't see me eat the grapes, so Señor Porfirio won't beat me."

So he put the letter under the stone, and looked to see that no corner of it was visible; then he ate three bunches of grapes.

"I'm all right now," he said, and took the rest of the grapes with the letter to Señor Porfirio. The miser read the letter, while Peppe looked on confidently.

"You thief!" shouted the miser, "you have eaten three bunches of grapes! You will ruin me with your appetite."

"What wonderful eyes that little piece of paper must have!" sighed poor Peppe as he rubbed his shoulders. The audience was delighted; this was pure comedy.

"You don't see this every day," said the Prefecto Politico to the manager from the capital.

Then the miser's wife came in—Magdalena. She was very miserable, her husband treated her so badly. She bemoaned her fate:

> "Alas, alas! Why did I wed with him?
> My father would have warned me, and my mother—"

and at that there was a great nodding of elderly heads in the audience at young heads that nodded back again defiantly.

> "A better husband might I well have taken!
> Juan were mine to choose, had I but chosen,"

sighed the miser's poor wife, and then Benito came on as Juan, the former lover. He was a handsome fellow, was Benito, as handsome as Señora Soledad was beautiful. Benito, too, was more than merely handsome, he was a scholar. It was said that he had studied for the Church, and had seen a great deal of life. He stepped up to Señora Soledad.

"Magdalena," he said. That was the name of the miser's wife.

> "Señor! 'Tis you! You should not fright me so."
> "I would not fright you for a kingdom, Lena."
> "You must not call me so. Am I not married?
> The time you could have called me so is gone,
> And with it, vanished are the ties of friendship.
> We are but strangers, you and I; not friends."
> "Too well I know that; tell me not again
> Porfirio is your—husband. I no longer
> Can even be your friend. But, Magdalena—
> For I must call you so; I call you so
> In my dear heart, whene'er I think of thee
> And of those days gone by; and sometimes, as
> Even now I did, I call you so aloud,
> When memories are too strong and will too weak.
> 'Tis an old custom; custom grows a friend,
> Sticks closer than a brother. Tell me, señora!
> Porfirio? Does he make you happy now?"
> "Thou hast no right to ask me. I am married,
> And happy husband should make happy wife."
> "Ay, should; but does it?"
> "What right hast thou to ask me? That of friendship?
> The question's dangerous for a friend to ask.
> Happy? Mated to Porfirio? Happy?"
> "Poor [illegible]—Magdalena!"
> "Thou hast no right to pity me! Me poor?

Thou mightst have had such right—"
"That I have not the right is not my fault.
My will and hopes would fain have conquered it."
"It was my fault—it was my fault. I pray thee
Stir not remembrance of my folly in me.
Comes it not day by day uncommanded to me?
Juan, miserable mayst thou be; but I,
I am most miserable. I am punished
For mine own fault, which knowing I committed.
Canst thou forgive me? Add not to my grief;
But if thou wilt, thou hast the right, to hate me.
What do I say? What, sirrah, hast thou heard?
I did but jest. What said I?"
"Magdalena!
My Magdalena, long since I forgave thee!
I know thy torments. I have borne them too,
And still I suffer; but when I think of thee,
Bound to a husband love for whom is loathing,
My sufferings I forget to pity thee."
"Juan—my Juan!"
"I love you! Hark! I love you! Shall our folly,
A momentary cloud that came between us,
Forever part us? Folly's punishment
I know is heavier often than is crime's,
But, Magdalena, listen: still I love you!
I love you, Magdalena!"
"I hate Porfirio; but I am his wife.
Thou shouldst not speak such words; I should not
hear them."

"Manuela, hearken to me. I love you, and you know it. For love of you I have given up much; I have joined this paltry troupe of strolants which Luiz calls a theatrical company. Leave this crazy fellow; come with me. Be not afraid; I have money and friends. Once out of this gossiping town we shall be free. Come, Manuela, come. What keeps you?"

"Porfirio," said the prompter. The audience was spellbound. The acting was wonderfully natural, thought the Prefecto Politico.

"Porfirio keeps you? Nay, it is not he that makes your will so sluggish. Manuela, Manuela! By the remembrance of the love you bore me once, by the remembrance of your cruelty to me, take pity on me! Pity on me? Pity on yourself."

"That's a poor argument to move a woman, Benito."

"Manuela, do not jest. I cannot bear it. I am in earnest. Manuela, by the remembrance of our childhood days. Do you remember the orange grove where we used to play? Do you remember the great bull, how it broke out one day, and dashed in upon our sports?"

"Oh, Benito, yes; how awful it was!"

"You are not speaking the words," said the prompter, as loudly as he dared; "the cue is, 'Magdalena, let Porfirio keep his money.'"

"The bull charged upon us, Manuela, and we scattered and fled to the trees for refuge. All of us but one put trees between ourselves and the monster. You were that one, and on you he turned."

"I know, I know!"

"'Magdalena, let Porfirio—'" repeated the prompter.

"I sprang from behind the tree, I rushed to your side, and dragged you from before the infuriated beast. We felt his hot breath on our necks as we fled! You stumbled and fell; and as you fell, I threw you to one side. The bull passed you by and pursued me. You were safe, but he overtook me, and tossed me high in the air; he would have killed me had not his keepers come. They drew me from his feet alive, but only alive. Do you remember?"

"Oh, Benito, I do, I do! Forgive me!"

"Then we grew older, and in a fit of pique you threw me aside and gave yourself to Luiz. Come, Manuela, you love me still? Is it not so? My love, my love!"

"Benito, I do love you. I will come."

"Manuela, there are horses at hand, under the palm-trees. Get what you need—you do not need much, for I have money—and let us go at once. You can trust me."

"Benito, yes, I trust you."

What a storm of applause broke from the audience when Señora Manuela as Magdalena and Señor Benito as Juan retired from the stage! The acting was superb—so natural! The description of the attack by the bull—it was magnificent! How real the lover's pleadings sounded! Was it not strange that the actors forgot their assumed names, and used their own names? But of course—this from the Prefecto Politico—even an actor's memory cannot last forever.

But hush!—the miser.

He seemed disturbed, and spoke sharply to Peppe, his servant. The audience laughed at Peppe; he was so awkward. Would he have any more letters to hide?

"Where's your mistress?" asked the miser, shortly.

"My mistress? Your wife?"

"Ay, my wife. Where is she? Find her out,
And tell her I would see her in my garden.
Dost hear me? Quick! Begone!"

"Here? In the garden? I—I don't think, master, that—"

"I know thou dost not think! I do not pay thee
To think; I think myself; I hire thee
To do the errands set thee—so begone."

When the man had gone, the miser was left alone.

"Why did the fool seem startled when I bade him
To bear a message to his mistress? Pshaw! 'tis as folly
From a fool, foolishness. Wisdom from a fool
'Twere quite as wise to seek as grapes from thorns.
But yet—I fancied that his manner toward me;
Something it should conceal—what, I must know.
How long his answer is returning! Can Magdalena—
Well, if she is? Her movements are her own;
[illegible] account she need not render of them."

Then Peppe came back, all excitement.

"Well?" said the miser, impatiently.

"Master, my mistress is not in her chamber,
Nor is she in the places she affects.
Where she may be I know not, but I think—"
"Thinking again? I'll cure thee of that habit."

"I think my lady's fled with Juan, her lover!"
"What makes you think so? Fled with Juan, her lover?"

"With Juan, said I?—I should have said with Benito."

How the miser glared at Peppe! The actor who played the servant had forgotten the name—or had made a mistake. No wonder the manager, who played the miser, was angry!

"What do you mean, you fool? Fled with Benito?"

"Luiz, I heard Señora Manuela speak to Benito—"

"Of course they speak together; they are both in the company. She does not know him well enough to quarrel with him. But come, no jesting. Play your part, man! play out the play."

"Shall I play it out? Do you bid me play it out?"

"Go on, Pedro! The word, José."

The prompter gave "the word," and Peppe spoke again:

"Fast down the road sped Juan. With him, mounted
On her brown mare, rode Doña Magdalena."

"Luiz, I tell the truth! They may not have gone yet, but as I live they will go! Hear me, and save your honor!"

"My wife has fled with Juan? It is false!
Magdalena! Magdalena! No reply?
Can it be true? She fled with Juan? Gone?
Has Peppe, for a wonder, told the truth?"

"As I live, Luiz, I have told the truth."

Peppe seemed to have forgotten entirely the words of his part, and spoke quite differently from the way he should have spoken. Besides, he took Señor Luiz by the arm and shook him. Luiz stared at him hard. The play stopped. The audience sat motionless; they did not understand what was happening on the stage. For a moment, no one said a word; then Luiz, the miser, spoke:

"Very well. Play the play out."

It was the perfection of acting. You would have thought that he really believed his wife was unfaithful. His voice was hoarse, it shook so; he trembled from head to foot, and spoke, evidently, only by a great effort.

"Bravo!" cried the Prefecto Politico.

The miser evidently recognized the voice, for he turned toward the speaker. He did not bow to him, but simply looked at him; and the Prefecto Politico felt quite uncomfortable.

"Leave me, Peppe," said the miser. His voice showed how excited he was. Then, when Peppe had gone, the miser almost fell into a chair, and wrung his hands. So he really did love his wife, did he? How haggard he looked! How wildly he stared about him! How he moistened his lips with his tongue, yet how dry they looked! How he tried to speak, yet could not! How his limbs trembled!

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and darted from the stage. The audience was dumb with surprise.

"Superb!" said the Prefecto Politico; and there was a burst of applause.

In an instant the miser reappeared, dragging Juan, the nobleman; in his hand he held his sword. Now, he could speak.

"Wretch!" he broke out. "You would have stolen my wife! Is this your gratitude? Did I not take pity on you when you were alone, friendless, sick, dying on the road? Is this your gratitude? I raised you from the road, I nursed you, made you well, and to repay me you tried to steal my wife—my wife! Oh, Manuela! Manuela! She cared for you like a sister. And now you—you—Benito, whom we loved, have tried to steal her from me! Well, I am in time. I have found you out. I might kill you as you stand; but because you have been my guest, because you have broken bread with me, I will give you a chance for your life. Take your sword. On guard!"

"You are crazy! Why shall I draw my sword?"

"You dog! Why do I not kill you as you stand? O God! Take your sword! Defend yourself!"

"I will not fight with you. Why should I fight? You are crazy! You think I have stolen your wife? Well, I have not."

"I know you have not, but you have tried to steal her. Come, draw your sword. If you do not, I shall flog you like a dog."

"Luiz, you are mad!"

"I am not mad. Pedro told me, and I could read your faces. You thought I was blind—and I was at first; but now I am awake and able to see, and I see everything. For the last time, I bid you draw your sword. In any case, I shall punish you, either with a whip or with a sword; I care not which."

Benito seemed as if about to act the man; he drew his sword, and tried its temper. He looked about the audience, as if for a means of escape; but the miser watched him as a cat watches a mouse, and he had to assume a bravery which he did not possess.

Suddenly the miser turned about; evidently he heard some one behind the scenes—some one was coming. Benito saw the miser's back turned toward him, and sprang upon him, about to plunge his sword into his back.

"Luiz, Luiz, beware!" cried the miser's wife. Like a flash the miser swung round, like a flash his sword caught the point of Benito's blade, and that blade went whirling into the air, falling with a clatter in a corner of the stage.

For a moment there was a dead silence; then, as if they could not remain silent longer, "Bravo! bravo!" cried voices from all parts of the audience.

"I shall not fight you now, Benito," said Luiz, the miser. "You can go; only go at once." And without a word the lover departed.

"Luiz," cried the miser's wife, coming upon the stage and falling on her knees; "Luiz, do not send me away; hear me first, if you will send me! I was foolish, Luiz. The remembrance of our childhood days was too much for me, and when he pressed me, I let myself be tempted. But, Luiz—I could not go. I thought I loved him—but, Luiz, I did not. I was prepared to go, but I heard your voice, and I stood still. It reminded me of our boy, and my heart turned faint at the thought of what I was about to do. I came nearer. I watched you from the door. When I saw you about to fight him, I would have stopped you. I did not fear for you, Luiz; but you were too good to cross swords with such as he. Then I must have made a noise, for you turned, and as you turned—You know the rest—you know the rest! Luiz, do not cast me off! Pity me, and forgive me!"

"Manuela," said Luiz, the miser, sadly.

"Luiz, I will go, if you bid me; but, remember, I had repented. I shall never see him again. I will go. You are right to send me away; but, believe me, I shall never see him again."

"Manuela," said Luiz, gently, "listen!" And faintly the noise of a galloping horse came to the ears of the audience, and died away in the distance. "You are my wife. You wronged me in your heart, but you repented. Look up, love; I believe you. You saved my life. Must I not forgive the wrong you planned? Manuela, Manuela, I cannot say more now; he is gone. You are still my wife."

For a moment the miser held his wife in his arms, seemingly too much overcome to speak; then he rose, and half carried, half led his wife from the stage.

Only after they had gone did the audience move; then shouts of "Bravo! bravo!" rang out from all parts of the audience, and loud and long was the applause; but no one appeared to acknowledge it. Suddenly the curtain fell.

"It was a wonderful play," said the Prefecto Politico, as he rose to leave the theatre; "wonderful!"

"But did you notice," asked his pretty daughter, "that they forgot their names, that they called one another by their real names? Was it not strange?"

"I noticed it," replied the Prefecto Politico, deliberately. "It was a blot on an otherwise perfect performance. I ascribe it to the natural excitement of producing a new play. Am I not right, Señor Garcia?"

"I do not think it will happen again, señorita," answered the manager of the principal theatre in the capital.

"The stage may indeed be a mirror of life," sighed the Prefecto Politico; "but a play like that which we have just seen is impossible in real life. Such a thing could never happen really; but it made a very excellent play—it made a very excellent play."

MAY DAYS AT THE PLAZA.

City life has its various currents, possessing distinctive characters. The stream of humanity which flows on either side of the New York Post-office is composed of those who for the most part are earnestly engaged in bread-winning or money getting. The hum of traffic dominates. Almost within a stone's-throw of the great business buildings in the locality are homes of squalid poverty that contribute more or less to the motley throng of people in the busy streets. The head-quarters of the municipal government is there, and the Tombs prison is close at hand. It is a centre *sui generis*. If the spot in the metropolis that presents the particular and greatest contrast with this be sought for, it is to be found in the Plaza at the southeast entrance to Central Park, a spirited and life-like picture of which, by Mr. Hawley, appears in the present issue of the WEEKLY. The scene here differs diametrically from the former in everything save a certain activity, and even that is of an opposite nature. The ruling motive in this case is recreation, and there are no homes of squalid poverty in the vicinity, but, on the contrary, those of notable wealth. May Fair is all about it.

The Plaza lies before the principal entrance of the chief pleasure-ground of New York, and there is no time in the year perhaps in which it presents a more interesting appearance than it does in these pleasant May days, when the weather specially invites the populace out-of-doors, and before our American substitute for "the quality" seeks the country and the shore. Through this ganglion, as it were, of the nervous system of the city course vehicles in infinite variety to and from the Park drive. Equestrians, who seem yearly to grow more numerous, of both sexes appear with frequency. Nor are pedestrians lacking on the sidewalks and crossings. These are for the most part making their way to and from the Park walks.

The Plaza is to New York largely what Hyde Park Corner is to London, and the entrances to the Bois de Boulogne, the Thiergarten, and the Prater are respectively to Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. It is suggestive, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, of each and all of these, and also of the fact that the distinguishing points of difference in the great cities of civilization are becoming less and less marked as time passes. Dissimilarities in the vehicles, dress, and general appearance of the well-to-do classes are all but obliterated, and on the chief streets of the capitals of the world even the marks of a distinctive national architecture are rapidly disappearing. A glance at the Plaza reveals omnibuses that might be seen passing Apsley House or on the Paris boulevards, and coaches, victorias, coupés, dog-carts, etc., that are now peculiar to no special locality. The Hansom cab, which was exclusively English five or six years ago and a curiosity in New York, has now become common. The white-aproned and white-capped nurse-maids with their baby carriages on the Plaza, might have been set down there from almost any European city; the equestrians might have been translated from Rotten Row; and the horses disfigured by amputated tails bear sad testimony to the fact that the brainless fad responsible for the deformity may prevail against the sense of the ridiculous and regard for looks as well in one part of the world as in another, and is no index of locality.

The authorities did well when they secured this area from private ownership, and made provision for the amply demonstrated public need at the point where the finest avenue of the city and the best residence districts find their chief access to the Park. The "Circle" at the Boulevard and Eighth Avenue entrance has been similarly and wisely set apart, and is correspondingly useful. But the Plaza is the more important spot, and will hold its supremacy indefinitely. The immediate architectural surroundings of the Plaza are in a very irregular and unsatisfactory state, and present a marked contrast to what might be properly expected there and what will doubtless be seen in a comparatively short time. The new hotel to be opened in the fall, which occupies all the west side, is well enough, and consonant with the dignity of its location; but on the east side, on Fifth Avenue, yet remains a string of low wooden houses or sheds, that can only be tolerated in view of the appropriate buildings that must soon rise on their site. The value of the property precludes the erection of anything but structures suitable to the place and in accord with the residence neighborhood in the immediate vicinity. In this are the finest dwellings in the city, including those of the Vanderbilts and others. Upon certain vacant lots near by residences are in project that will confirm the character of the district outlined, and render the Plaza a more notable centre even than it is now.

This part of New York in fact is but just taking on its permanent shape. The east side of Fifth Avenue fronting on the Park from the Plaza north is gradually putting forth unmistakable evidence of what that part of the avenue, whose houses are particularly favored as to frontage, will become. The vacant spaces are constantly growing less and the line of handsome establishments more continuous. When the unfinished condition of things at and near the Plaza, now somewhat unpleasant to the eye, gives place to one of completeness, another of the chapters of the growth of the city may be considered closed in a very satisfactory way.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

Too much even of a good thing is tiresome; the saleswomen in the candy stores seldom taste the sweets they offer for sale. Even those most devoted to society, who most enjoy what it has to offer, and most uncomplainingly obey its demands, seem at times to become weary of its rush and whirl, and to greet with unconventional but not less hearty welcome the coming of the hour which puts an end for the time to "the season." The end is only temporary. One season is over; another season begins. Now it is dancing and dining, to-morrow it will be praying and penitence, and afterward racing on land and sea, sports of the summer, Bar Harbor, Newport, and Lenox. The name of the rose is changed, but the flower's perfume is the same.

The man and woman so capitally drawn by Mr. Smedley certainly seem well content that "the season" is ended. They are well satisfied, on the whole, with the work they have done in amusing themselves, and they do not regret it; but none the less are they relieved that the end has been reached.

Man when he is tired is an unreflective animal, woman when tired thinks. Look at Mr. Smedley's husband! His attitude is that of entire and absolute relief. For forty days and five no more balls and operas; no more late hours at night; no more early—or comparatively early—hours in the morning. The season has lasted him; his yawn is not so much that of sleepiness as it is that of a man wearied of his work. But he has enjoyed the season thoroughly while it lasted, he is simply glad to turn his energies into another channel. But he is glad; there is no doubt about that.

The graceful little woman whom Mr. Smedley has so generously bestowed on him for wife is none the less glad that it is the end of the season, but her gratitude shows itself less obtrusively than does her lord's. Phyllis in an easy-chair is she, watching the events of the season to which this night puts an end pass before her in the flames of the fire; and though she is glad it is over, she feels a little regret that it is gone.

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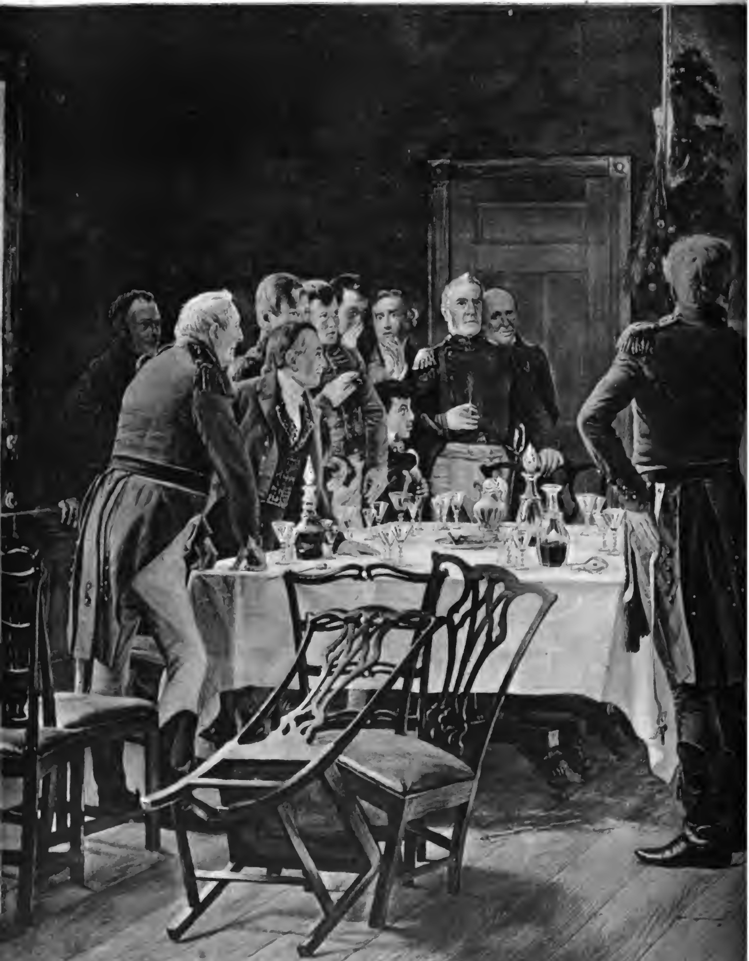

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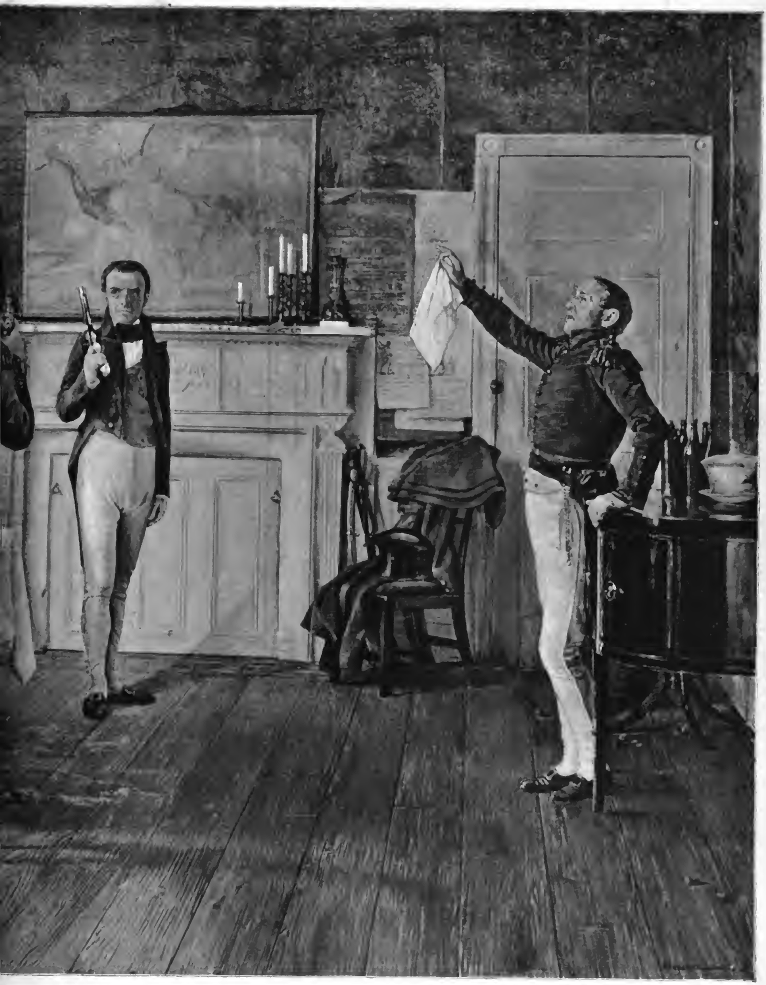


DE.—From the Painting by Frederick James.—[See Page 382.]

MONTE CARLO.

THERE is, indeed, no better place than Monaco for a sceptic in general to exercise his scepticism, for things go on daily and nightly within its boundaries which are usually considered altogether immoral if not wholly irreligious—gambling on the grandest scale with all its attendant evils, of which suicide is not the least. Yet fortune joins with nature in crowning the principality in every respect. When the whole Riviera, Italian and French, was visited by the earthquake three years ago, which shook down countless houses and churches, and destroyed many a life along its course, causing panic wherever it passed, Monaco felt a tremor only, and the Casino covering the gaming-tables remained firm, solid, unscathed, and beautiful. Then, too, the place enjoys an ideal climate, an atmosphere pure and health-giving from blue sea and purple mountains, and no spot on earth—the earth, that is, as the writer knows it, and he has travelled much—can surpass it in beauty of situation and surroundings and general attractiveness. Lastly, its prosperity is such as in respect of any other place would be called phenomenal. Not to speak of the enormous profits of the gambling establishment, which during the year just passed amounted to more than half a hundred millions of francs, Monte Carlo is fast becoming *the* winter resort of the south of France. Whoever once makes a stay here during the winter months, and so comes to njoy the truly unsurpassed climate and to compare it with others he is accustomed to, will be sure to return the succeeding year f he can, notwithstanding the temptations which the Casino offers him, and which he oon learns by experience are good things to eep away from. Visitors are accordingly ver on the increase. Many who used to ass the winter in Cannes, Nice, or Menton or the sake of warmth and sunshine come ow in preference to Monte Carlo, where the verage winter temperature is several degrees igher and the change of weather less frequent and sudden than in the places named. nnumerable villas now cover ground where wo years ago there was no sign of human abitation, and there is at the present moment scarcely a nook or corner from the sea o the frontier of France that is not laid out or building, and worth its measure in bank-otes of large denomination. In some cases ven villas have stepped over the frontier, nd the mountain-side is certain to glisten ne day with the white walls of rich men's wellings.

Wealth is pouring in from every country. ll signs of untold luxury are evident on l sides. Last year it was still possible for ople of modest pockets to find a comfort- ble and respectable lodging within their eans, but this year prices have gone up ith such a bound that the mere rent for a ace to lay one's head wellnigh exhausts y but a purse of the very fattest propor- ons. Already a year ago there were more tels in Monte Carlo than in any other town its size that the writer ever saw, and most them of a palatial character, yet during e past twelvemonth another of gigantic mensions has appeared, as if by magic, fur- shed and equipped from cellar to roof with expense and luxury to take away the eath of all but millionaires. No wonder, en, that the hotel keepers elsewhere along e Riviera have raised a howl of deeper in- gnation than usual against the prolonged istence of Monte Carlo, for, they say, not ly does the Casino deprive them of great rt of their guests' money, but the villas and tels lately built in the shadow, so to speak, that fascinating structure deprive them so of the very guests themselves. Of course e increase of visitors is commonly attrib- ed to the attraction of the gaming-tables one, and indeed it looks at first sight as if ey really were the sole cause of it, for all e world seems to be seized by the demon play; but upon a closer examination you e that such is not the case, and that much the increase is composed of people who ver flirt with chance. It is even very obable, judging from the example afforded the gambling towns of Germany twenty ars ago, that the abolition of the tables uld make no difference in the number of sitors, for while there are very many who uld not care to come if there were no op- rtunity to gamble, there are also very any who now stay away because of what ey consider an abomination, and who uld be only too glad to avail themselves the climate were the atmosphere once rified of its moral rottenness. Be that as may, it is nevertheless for the moment ite certain that the number of players at Casino is augmenting in exact propor- n to the number of visitors to Monte Carlo. is is evidenced with great clearness by the t that as the town grows the building ows also. At the present time it is under ocess of enlargement by quite one-third of previous size, the entrance having been forward, and an entirely new wing being ded to its eastern end. Furthermore, a ir of picturesque and comfortable lifts ve been erected lately, to save visitors the uble of going up and down the steep in- ne that leads from the railway station.

From all of which it will be seen that nte Carlo is at the very acme of its pros- rity, besides being a synonyme for ease, mfort, and luxury. It charms the eye, it ngs health to the body, and, if one can ep away from the tables, content to the soul. But the difficulty lies in that "if." To remain in Monte Carlo without playing at least occasionally is a task worthy of Hercules, who is said, by the way, to have been the first discoverer of Monaco. The life of the place centres in the Casino. It overtops everything, and the proceedings inside of it are no less prominent in the thoughts and words of dwellers in the principality than its commanding exterior is to their eyes. Go where you will, you cannot get it out of your sight; talk with whom you will, and you cannot keep it out of your conversation. Its glittering roof covers not only the gaming-rooms and the offices of the administration, but a theatre and reading-room as well. In the former the best of plays and operas are given during the winter, and the delightfulest concerts by a perfect orchestra afternoon and evening throughout the year; while the latter contains the periodical literature of all countries. So that it is in the Casino that you are most likely to meet your friends or to find amusement in your moments of ennui. Unless, therefore, you have some absorbing occupation which requires all your time and energies, you are of necessity drawn for distraction to the centre of Monte Carlo life. When everybody enters the Casino, is it not the most natural thing in the world to do as your neighbor does, and enter also? Once inside, why not take a peep at the gambling? After a peep, why not try your luck too? And so on, and so on, until more likely than not you come out into the fresh air again with your pockets very much lighter than when you went in, and with an inward feeling of having been altogether foolish. Yet, unless you have the good fortune to possess a very strong force of character, you will soon repent your foolishness, and then again, and then again, until you become so accustomed to the proceeding that you continue it as a mere matter of course, sometimes winning, but more often losing, for the chances of the "bank" are against you. If you can afford to lose, no harm is done; but woe betide you if you cannot afford to lose, or if you lose your head—a very much easier matter, by-the-way, than most inexperienced people think. In the latter case the value of money escapes you entirely. Gold, silver, and bank-notes lie heaped up or scattered about promiscuously, like shavings; the coins are tossed to and fro or raked in by the croupiers with a nonchalance and apparent carelessness which increase the simile. You feel that what you possess is of the same character, and you only realize the truth after it has slipped away like quicksilver and you have to take thought where you can find more.

Let us, however, take a look in detail at this most gorgeous gambling hell. Outside and inside it is a beautiful congeries of different styles of architecture, the Moorish and the French of Garnier, however, predominating. Entrance is free to all decently dressed adults, with the exception of permanent inhabitants of the principality and of the *Département des Alpes maritimes* of France, unless they be members of the principal clubs. A small formality, however, must first be gone through with before admission is gained. As soon as you have mounted the broad flight of easy steps to the entrance you are met by a liveried servant, who asks if you have a card of admission, and upon your negative reply directs you to an office on your left. Here from four to six grave, black-coated individuals are always sitting, forming a kind of solemn tribunal, before which all who wish to enjoy the advantages of the *Cercle des Étrangers* must pass at least once. They give you a keen, quick, searching glance, ask your name (and, if you are very young looking, your age), nationality, and present address, all of which is written down in a big ledger, and hand you a card which admits you to any room in the Casino throughout the day. You may also have a ticket for a week, month, or year, but you must then first produce a passport or other document establishing your identity. Opposite the office is the door to the cloak-rooms, and between them the wide way into the atrium. This great hall is marbled, gilded, becolumned, and bemirrored as though it were the antechamber to the palace of an emperor, and around it, near the ceiling, runs a graceful balcony, above which are two large pictures, one of the principality under some curious effects of sunlight, the other of Cap Martin. Out of the atrium open the theatre, reading-room, toilet-rooms, and play-rooms. Divans there are in plenty for the repose of the weary, and those against the wall separating the atrium from the theatre command a vision of perfect loveliness through the wide-open entrance doors—a summer-like scene in this elsewhere drear month of January; a flood of golden sunlight, a harmony of bright flowers, waving plumy palms, graceful eucalyptuses, stately araucarias, velvety grass, dazzling villas scattered apparently at hap-hazard among the silver-grey olive orchards that creep up the mountains to the faint yellow line of the far-off Corniche Road—the mountains of fair France, one of them crowned with a fortress that commands the whole principality, and could crush it to atoms with a few shot from its heavy guns. Near the fortress the gray tower of La Turbie, or rather the quarter of a tower, which is all that remains (the inhabitants of the village having used the ruins for centuries as a quarry) of an enormous *tropæa*—whence the name La Turbie—built by order of the Roman Senate to commemorate the Ligurian victories of the Emperor Augustus. We have got a long way from the Casino, but it is difficult to keep one's self within the walls of any building when there is so much glorious warmth and beauty out-of-doors, although the crowd in the atrium betokens clearly that many are of a different opinion. Out of the west end of the atrium opens the reading and writing room, a delightful apartment, whose windows give on the sapphire sea and on shining Monaco, set on its dark and gloomy rock like a diamond in an iron setting. The theatre, probably the most comfortably roomy one in the world, lies next. It is a square space, gorgeous with gilded decorations and dark red velvet, entirely without balconies, but with a kind of apothecary-sized organ loft opposite the stage for the Prince of Monaco. Both, however, are subsidiary to the mysteries which lie behind two tall double doors in the east wall of the atrium. These open and shut without intermission from mid-day till eleven at night, a constant stream of people passing through them. Already by half past eleven in the morning a small crowd collects before each door, and rapidly increases in numbers when just before twelve o'clock, trains from Nice and Cannes, from Menton, Bordighera, and San Remo, bring their daily complement of sightseers and players.

The two crowds are kept in lines by officials, and await patiently the moment of entrance into what they hope will prove their El Dorado, talking the while in every language under the sun on subjects which without exception are all connected in some way with *roulette* or *trente-et-quarante*. How much this one lost or won yesterday; what a remarkable "series" of red that one had struck the day before; how the number thirteen had come out five times in succession to the discomfiture of the "bank," and the ecstasy of the players "on" it; the excellences of such and such a "system"; how so-and-so had lost five francs last year, and had to be sent away at the expense of the administration, and how he had turned up again the other day with a few hundred francs gathered no one knew whence, and playing with them had won nearly two hundred thousand; how such a one always stakes the "limit," with results usually disastrous to himself; how Monte Carlo compares with the former gambling towns of Germany, and so on and so on. Suddenly there is a movement along the waiting lines of men and women, and they part to give passage to servants in livery carrying strong-boxes which contain the money for the day. The doors open to give them entrance, but close again immediately, allowing no opportunity to the curious to know what passes out of hours behind them. The crowd goes on swelling until the clock strikes twelve, when the big brown doors are thrown wide open, and there is a mad wild rush, with a noise of hurrying feet, as of stormy waves dashing against the rocks of the coast. There is no politeness nor thought of any one but self. Women and weaklings are pushed aside by the strong, and more than one fall daily bears witness to the slipperiness of the well-waxed floor. Great part of this running crowd is composed of old hands each anxious to get a particular seat at a particular table to which he is attached, either through habit or superstition, and failing which they will not play. The rush ended, a lull ensues and comparative quiet. They who ran are now seated around the tables. The croupiers call, "*Messieurs, faites le jeu!*" the balls rattle in the roulettes, and the excitement of the day begins. But the atrium is by no means emptied. All day long it is the scene of moving life: men and women of all ages and from all climes passing up and down, some in and out of reading-room and, during concert time or between acts, theatre, but most entering or leaving the rooms whose tall doors might well bear the inscription which Dante places over those of Hell. You may sit there and know by a glance in the faces of passers-by how fortune has treated each; for, strangely enough, all self-control—or shall we rather say all desire to conceal one's feelings?—seems to depart the moment one seeks the fickle goddess. The writer has seen hardened men and women of the world, diplomatists, statesmen, actors, and actresses, as flurried over losses and as delighted with gains as the veriest novice of eighteen innocent years who timidly tries his luck for the first time. There is a subtle influence in the roulette's rattle and the voice of the "tailleur" at *trente-et-quarante* that upsets the very strongest heads.

The play-rooms are three in number, opening into each other by great doorless arches, so that, were it not for the different style of decoration displayed by each, they might be called one enormous room of the shape of a capital T. The first room is in no way remarkable, but the second is a beautiful example of Moorish architecture and coloring, while the third is more properly a grand hall in the most florid French style of the nineteenth century, massive with gilding, and bright with a series of fine pictures representing scantily clothed women at various out-door amusements. During the day these rooms seem rather dingy, for all the windows are heavily curtained, and scarcely any light penetrates save that which falls from sky-lights immediately over the tables. But at night they are resplendent with great chandeliers blazing like midsummer suns, and reflected by many mirrors and much gilding. In the evening the women who play, as well as those who are there only to pass time—many of the prettiest no better than they should be—put on all their finest toggery. Bright eyes and jewels flash in every direction. Fair cheeks, all aglow with the excitement of gaming, shine above gowns of the latest fashion and costliest material. There is a buzz of conversation and a ripple of laughter, above which rise the ceaseless rattle of ivory balls, the sharp click of coin against the croupiers' rakes, and the ever-recurring phrases, "*Messieurs, faites le jeu!*" "*Le jeu est fait!*" "*Rien ne va plus!*" It would be interesting to know why ladies are omitted from the formula, for the *dames* are quite as numerous as the *messieurs*, and often much more reckless gamblers. All this glittering movement and magnificence was until lately marred more or less by the stuffiness created by innumerable gas jets and oil lamps; but that is now obviated in great measure by the introduction of electric lights in all places except just over the tables, where the oil lamps still remain, and are likely to do so. For there would be a fine state of affairs if, in the absence of lamps, the electric current should be cut off suddenly, where money lies about as plentiful as dust in the streets, and where one grab in the dark would amount to a prince's ransom.

At present there are six tables for *roulette* and two for *trente-et-quarante*, and at each of them play is continuous from the moment the doors open in the morning to the moment they close at night. The number of players during the day must be positively enormous. At no time are there less than sixteen around each table, and often there are quite forty, without considering the many, so to speak, perambulating players, who go from table to table, playing at each as long as they win, but quitting it at the first loss, and seeking another. Besides those who sit quietly, there are usually others who stand two and three deep behind them, pushing and shoving and quarrelling in their desire for gain. It is really an astonishing sight. The complete absence of self-suppression that characterizes players for the time being is in a sense most entertaining, for it brings home to one in forcible fashion the fact that the brute side of humanity is by no means such a thing of the past as some optimist philosophers would have us believe, but that it only wants a fitting opportunity to show itself in full strength. Quarrels are of such frequent occurrence as to cause no particular remark, save in very flagrant cases. Tempers are all high-strung, and it needs but the smallest touch or provocation to make them snap. When nervous with losses, the habitually meek become violent in language. Insults are flung which anywhere else in Europe would certainly lead to duels, but which here seem to pass unresented, save by angry words. Disputes about the ownership of a stake are, above all things, frequent. Indeed, you have to keep an uncommonly sharp lookout for your money, for if left a second on the *tableau* it is sure to be seized, or at least claimed, by one of the many scamps of both sexes who are always on the watch for such opportunities. Often and often the dispute grows so hot that the "bank" actually pays both claimants, unless the dishonesty of one or the other is clearly manifest. The writer once had a *masse* seized from between his fingers by a woman, who maintained stoutly that she had made the stake, and who called two by-standers to witness that they had seen her make it, which they did with due alacrity. Yet all three were lying, and the "bank" knew it, for two of the croupiers had seen the writer place the stake. He, therefore, was paid; but the woman would not give up what she had grabbed, and as there was no clear proof that she was not honestly mistaken, she was allowed to keep it, and, no doubt, subsequently divided it with her confederates.

On the other hand, you see occasionally a touch of warm-hearted human nature that excites feelings of a tenderer order than those aroused by such events. One evening lately a man was playing *trente-et-quarante* with an ill-luck that surpassed comprehension. Put his money where he would—*noir, rouge, couleur*, or *inverse*—it was presently drawn in by the "bank." Finally he pushed his chair back with a jerk of impatience, and arose from the table. As he did so a pretty little woman came running to him from across the room with a pained expression on her face, and looking up into his, inquired, "*Eh bien, mon ami?*" with a tone of infinite soothing tenderness in her voice. "*Eh bien*," he replied, quietly, "*j'ai tout perdu!*" Whereupon, without a moment's hesitation, she thrust her hand into the reticule that hung from her belt, and pulling out a handful of gold and bank-notes, held it out to him, pleading, "*Tenez! allez vous refaire.*" And yet that little woman was neither his wife nor his sister, but of a sort commonly supposed to have no heart, and to go out of life as "one more unfortunate." Her friend, be it said for the sake of his manliness, refused her offer, although she continued to urge it upon him with tears in her eyes and a look on her pretty face that wellnigh brought tears to the eyes of the beholder.

It may here be said that all sorts and conditions of men and women frequent the play-rooms, but all are equal before Mammon. Princes of the blood gamble side by side with the small shop-keeper off on a holiday, and great ladies are content to sit next to strumpets. Indeed, the latter two categories cannot always be told apart, they are so alike in their apparel, and often in looks, while of the two the erring sister frequently wears the least noticeable attire. It is even related that last year the Duchess of M—— (those who know the lady will easily realize the incident) during play happened to make a remark to her neighbor, a young Englishman, who rebuked her promptly, requesting in a low voice that she would not speak to him now, as his mother and sister were just behind him!

It is diverting in a high degree to watch the faces and actions of players. Nothing that you read in romances on the subject surpasses one tittle the reality. Faces flush, eyes glisten, hands tremble as they rake in the glittering coin or it is raked from them. The laughing, merry good-humor of the lucky; the nervous irritability, the profound melancholy, the vacant far-off stare of the unlucky; the tense nerves and fixed gaze with which they watch the ball as it circles or the cards as they turn, and the resultant smile or half-suppressed sigh according as they win or lose—all this is so common as to escape notice save from new-comers. Envy too, and hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, are depicted in the various countenances, old and young, around those masses of coin, plentiful as sand upon the shore.

Diverting, too, it is to watch the remarkable luck or ill-luck which follows certain players. Some have but to make their stake, and the ball or cards seem to obey their will; while others play over and over and over again till their pockets are empty without once winning, although most of the time they only just miss it. If they put on one number, the number next to it will come up; and if they change their number, that on which they staked previously will be called. It seems almost as if there were some mocking spirit with guiding hand to prevent their winning. Some are utterly cast down and rendered limp by repeated losses, walking slowly away from the table with dejected mein and abstracted look. Others push their chair away violently as they rise from their seat, wholly regardless of the toes, shins, and stomachs of those standing behind them. Others are downright angry, and swear at the table as though it were a personality with mind full of malice against the discomfited gamester. Some stake their money with confidence after deep thought, and apparently as the result of severe calculation based on a pile of little papers whereon they have kept the run of the game, and their faces take on an expression of surprise and disgust if they lose. Others make their game hesitatingly, slowly, and painfully, as though hating to part with the coin, sometimes changing its place or wholly withdrawing it before the dry "*Rien ne va plus!*" of the croupier sounds, and the loss of it contracts their muscles and brings a haggard look to the previously hopeful face. Others fling their money lightly all over the *tableau*, chatting the while to themselves or their neighbors, and seeming to care no more about the result than if they had no connection with it. And of course these are the very players that have the best luck and win most frequently. Every now and then a great gambler will put in an appearance, but you rarely see such overwhelming good fortune as you read of, and as the renowned Garcia used to enjoy in the gambling towns along the Rhine. Nevertheless large sums are not infrequently won or lost. The writer saw once a quiet-looking individual win over one hundred thousand francs in the space of five minutes at *roulette*, and at another time over fifty thousand at *trente-et-quarante;* but that was three years ago, and he has seen no like case since.

Altogether, for one who is fond of studying human nature in its various phases, there is no more promising field of observation than Monte Carlo, for gambling emphasizes many of its strongest traits, and the very air here is saturated with the gambling spirit. In spite of the entrancing beauty of the gardens and surroundings, little is talked of save "luck," and play seems the object in life of every man and woman that one meets. If you see a person thoughtfully studying a note-book or package of papers, pencil in hand—and the sight is a very common one—you may be sure that person is calculating his chances, working up his "system," trying to discover why he lost awhile ago, or laying his plans for future play. Go into any hotel, restaurant, or café anywhere in Monte Carlo, and you will find the chief topic of conversation to be play. Stop at the head of the stairs that lead from the Casino to the railway station and note the remarks of those coming and going, and you will have the same experience. No matter what subject is broached, the talk is absolutely certain to work around in the end to those absorbing tables, without any one knowing how. Even people who do not play seem to catch the infection to the extent of taking an interest in others' fortunes; or else they become so heartily sick of the all-pervading subject that they take themselves out of the principality, bag and baggage. In the windows of the book-shops and on the counters of the news stands—and the same is true in Nice and Menton—you may see in profusion books and pamphlets, sold at prices not far short of their weight in gold, giving infallible "systems" for winning habitually with a small capital. Then, too, there are "professors" who have equally infallible systems, and who will teach you how to win in return for a certain percentage of your winnings. If you ask them why they themselves don't play, they will reply, in a hurt voice, that the administration had withdrawn their tickets of admission because they had solved the problem of how to win always. And these systems, according to the proverbial good-luck of beginners, *do* succeed for a time, just long enough to give the delighted player confidence in his game, when suddenly they go all to pieces, without the least warning, and the last state of the player under such circumstances is truly pitiable. It is said, however, that there really are people who succeed in making a living out of the tables. But they are old *habitués* who are content with small gains, who never allow themselves to enter the rooms with more in their pockets than they are willing to lose, and who make it a rule to leave always the instant they have won their daily modicum. It may not be out of place to say here that the hopes all new-comers entertain of breaking the bank are quite vain, for the bank of Monte Carlo never breaks. Almost unlimited capital may be produced at a moment's notice, and if one table is near to losing all its stock in hand (an event which the writer, who has passed three winters here, has not yet known of), more will be brought immediately, and the game goes on without intermission. The limit of a stake at *trente et quarante* is twelve thousand francs, and more than that cannot be won or lost at that game at one time. But at *roulette* more may be won or lost, although the limit of any one stake in this case is only six thousand francs, for by placing the limit on every point simultaneously on which a stake may be put, and by risking in consequence something over thirty-one thousand francs, a sum amounting to more than one hundred thousand may be won at one single lucky turn. There are thirty-six chances, however, to one that the turn will be contrary, and that some at least, if not all, of the thirty-one thousand francs will go to swell the profits of the bank.

The most reckless players are Russians. They are born gamblers, and they seem to have bottomless pockets, scattering their gold about as if they had the mines of Siberia at their backs. They all play for amusement, and apparently care not a straw for the result. There is a young Russian girl this winter in Nice of the age of fifteen, who comes over occasionally with her brother and governess for a few days' distraction. She plays exclusively with gold, and she almost invariably wins; but when she loses she takes the matter with perfect indifference, and goes back to her fond guardian at Nice with the same placidly happy and smiling face she had upon her arrival.

Superstition is of course rampant. Some seek the numbers on which to play in the date of the month, their age and that of their sweethearts, their birthday and name-day, the number of their room at the hotel, of the car or carriage in which they came, of their railway ticket, of the check given them in the cloak-room when they deposit their impediments. Others will not play at certain tables, nor on certain days, nor if they see in the rooms certain faces which they have come to regard as their evil geniuses. On the other hand, to see and touch a hunchback brings unbounded good fortune, so that the moment one appears he is forthwith beset by a shameless crowd eager to touch his hump, and quite regardless of the poor man's feelings. A hangman's rope which has been in actual use, or that of a suicide by hanging, is considered of like efficacy, and strands thereof are in great demand.

B. C. N.

THE LAST OF THE "SLIPS."

It was in the year 1615 that the good ship *Tiger*, Captain Adrian Blok, surmounting the perils of the tortuous channels in the Lower Bay, dropped her anchor at the mouth of the Hudson, a couple of hundred rods or so off the present site of Castle Garden. She carried as passengers a company of Dutch traders which, including women and servants, numbered about twenty-five, who had come to join a small settlement of their countrymen already located upon the island of Man-hat-ta about two years previously. The glowing reports that this first group of traders had forwarded to Holland had inspired the second expedition with the true Dutchman's readiness to risk his life and all for a share in the "soft things" to be found in trading with the Indians. They brought with them a cargo of assorted trinkets, such as would best catch the infantile fancy of the guileless aborigines, and a goodly quantity of "schnapps." This was Captain Blok's first voyage to the country so recently visited by Henry Hudson, and the safe disembarkation of his ponderous passengers and their precious cargo was as yet a problem. Surveying the shore from the deck of his high-pooped and square-stemmed craft, the outlook was certainly not reassuring.

For a Hollander, Blok was decidedly enterprising, and he lost no time in getting out his yawl-boat that he might search the shores for the landing place of the preceding colony of traders. He spent but little time in examining the shore of the Hudson, which he found on closer inspection was practically impassable because of the thick growth of indigenous scrub oak and thicket; passing also the inhospitable rocks now covered by the beautiful greensward of the Battery Park, he rounded this point into the turgid waters of the East River. Captain Blok's search for a landing-place was now at an end. He had no sooner turned the prow of his yawl fairly into the East River than he discovered a delightful little cove in the banks, at the foot of which was found a small brook discharging its waters into the river. The channel of the brook indicated to Blok's experienced eye that when the tide was full there was a set-back of the river waters for quite a distance inland, creating a stream of some considerable depth. This was what he sought, and adopting the same measures as were customary on the tide-water canals and estuaries of Holland, he brought the *Tiger* to an anchorage in the cove at high-water, and so close inshore that at low tide she was all but high and dry. His passengers and cargo unloaded, the first permanent settlement on Manhattan Island was made, and called New Amsterdam. The point of Blok's debarkation was but a few rods below and to the left of the stretch of shore shown in the first picture on page 388, and known in modern locale as about the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, which in those days was on the water-line.

This primitive method of discharging cargoes was pursued until a short time after the accession of Peter Minuit as Director-General, when it was slightly improved upon by the building of a small wharf out from a point now known as Pearl and Moore streets. The wharf was built by one Litschoe, who kept a tavern hard by; but as it only extended a little beyond low-water mark, vessels were still compelled to unload their cargoes into flat-boats or scows, which in turn unloaded at the wharf, the owners paying for the privilege in patronage of Burgher Litschoe's tap-room. In 1658 this wharf was extended about fifty feet, and became available for docking purposes to the larger vessels of the day.

Under the administration of Walter the Doubter (Van Twiller), New Amsterdam began to assume the aspect of a considerable town. A proper care for the shipping interests was of the first importance to the colony's welfare, and which the Governor and the Burgomasters endeavored to appreciate. They first contemplated a system of intersecting canals for Manhattan Island as in Holland. They smoked many pipes over the project, and sometimes talked about it, but the expense of penetrating the rock-ribbed backbone of the island deterred them from any action; so they sat smoking and drinking while dreaming of the fading glories of Van Tromp and profitable trades with "Poor Lo." Failing in any conclusions for the betterment of the shipping, the worthy but procrastinating burghers allowed the question to settle itself, which it did, and from the little personal speculation of the tavern keeper was evolved the system of docks and slips, which, having served their purpose more or less acceptably for two hundred years or more, have now become a memory.

The Dutch merchants all sought to build their houses close to the East River front and near to the Whitehall, and almost all were occupied both as warehouses and dwellings. Their improvements of the water front were of an unsubstantial character, and therefore impermanent. All vessels coming into the port were compelled by law to find anchorage between "Capsie Hook" (the Battery) and "Smit's Vly" (Maiden Lane). The reason for this regulation is lost to present determination, but it is possible that the object was to centralize the labors of custom-house or port officials in a circumscribed space. The Dutch were most economical in their expenditure of physical energy and in the wear of shoe-leather.

The high road leading from the fort to and through the business section of New Amsterdam was known in part as Dock Street, and also as Perel Street. The Pearl Street of to-day, three blocks back from the river, follows the line of the old highway then on its brink. When, in 1642, the necessities of visiting strangers required more extended and better accommodations, it was decided by the Burgomasters that a public tavern be erected for their benefit. It was located on Pearl Street, exactly at the head of what became later on Coenties Slip, and was known as the Stadt Huys. The house was a great, clumsy, stone affair, and, as stated above, its primary purpose was the entertainment of travellers. Its use, however, was not thus confined; it served also as a school-house, warehouse, and jail until the town was incorporated in 1652, when it acquired the functions of a city hall. An excellent sketch of the building from an authentic print is given on page 388, where it is seen to be within a few steps of the river. The location of its site in the second illustration is identical with that of the two high-peaked warehouses that appear at the head of the modern Coenties Slip. Part of the foundations of the old City Hall are said to be embedded in the substructure of these two warehouses.

After the final cession of New Amsterdam to the British in 1674, a large influx of English, Scotch, and Yankee emigration followed, and under their energetic influence a fairly good system of docks was inaugurated and largely completed by the year 1700. Extending from Whitehall to the line of Coenties Slip was a large basin divided half way through the centre by a long pier jutting out from the foot of Broad Street, then called Exchange Slip at its lower end. The basin was enclosed on the river side by two wharves, semicircular in shape, with an opening just sufficiently wide to allow a full-rigged ship of those times to pass through handily. This basin was a haven of safety to the skippers in winter time, the heavy fields of floating ice often making an anchorage in the stream extremely hazardous. After the building of the Exchange Slip pier the basin was known as the "East Dock" and the "West Dock." The "New Docks" were finished about 1700, and extended from the line of Wall Street to Peck Slip. They were rectangular in formation, but otherwise built upon the same general plan as the old basin.

Under the impetus of these improvements and the general prosperity of the city, the shipping trade increased enormously. The arrivals of ocean craft numbered but eighteen in 1678, whereas in 1696 there were 164 entered at the Custom-house, besides coasters and river boats innumerable.

With the turning of time's cycle into the eighteenth century was commenced the reclamation of lands under water along the East River, and by the year 1737 Water Street appears as the boundary line, and Pearl Street is one block inland. Coincident with this filling-in process the improvement of the slips was begun, and the docking facilities of the city largely augmented. The first of the slips made a docking place was Old Slip, at the foot of the hill below Hanover Square. It was filled in and built upon early in the present century, but still retains its familiar name. Exchange Slip, at the foot of Broad Street, was the next improved. It opened into the "Old Dock," and took its name from the Merchants' Exchange, which stood at its head, at the corner of Broad and Bridge streets. It was filled in when the shore line was carried out to South Street.

The crib work that enclosed the waters of Coenties Slip was built about the year 1735, and to Coenrach Ten Eyck, a Dutch merchant who owned the property on its northern boundary, is due the peculiar name. This was in old times the most important as well as the largest of all the slips, its docking accommodations being threefold greater than any other. By 1790 it had become the headquarters for most of the vessels engaged in the Hudson River traffic, and for many years was familiarly known as the "Albany Basin." It maintained its monopoly of harbor for this class of boats until a rival basin on the Hudson River front drew many of them away from their old berths. The slip was not then overburdened with trade until the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, when it once more became crowded, but almost entirely with "canallers." It is within the easy memory of men not yet fully matured, that every-day sight of urban canal life apparently enclosed within the stone pavements and brick walls of a big city. Coenties was the last of the old-time slips, docks, and basins to give way to the march of improvement on the water front. It is only about ten years since it was filled in to South Street, and a uniform bulkhead line completed from Whitehall to Corlears Hook. In its later days occasionally would be seen an ocean craft unloading cargo directly into her owners' warehouse on the line of the slip, and it served well to illustrate to the present generation the close communion that formerly existed between the warehouse on shore and its "tender" afloat. The old mercantile houses that formerly crowded the land space on either side are gone, all of them except one, which is still in active business on the same spot where it was established by an ancestor of the present proprietors in 1798. This is the house of E. & R. Mead & Co., wholesale grocers.

Other slips on the East River at the beginning of this century were Coffee-house Slip, at the foot of Wall Street; Lyons, now Burling, Slip; Beekman Slip, at foot of Fulton Street, Peck Slip; New, now James, Slip; Catherine Slip; George, now Market, Slip; Charlotte, now Pike, Slip; and Rutgers Slip. All these were filled in before 1850 with the exception of Coenties, as stated above. Besides the public slips and docks there were in 1750 on the East River the wharves belonging to Isaac and Nicholas Gouverneur, Robert Murray, Walter and Samuel Franklin, John and Henry Cruger, Hugh and Alexander Wallace, Leonard and Anthony Lispenard, Philip Schuyler, Anthony Van Dam, William Walton, the Livingstons, Delafields, Beekmans, Constables, Ten Eycks, Schermerhorns, Beaches, and Halletts. Most, if not all, of these merchants were ship-owners as well, and as England was then as now "queen of the seas," the vessels were of the best class. The long war with France, that lasted from 1753 to 1761, presented a golden opportunity, and from legitimate merchant traders many of the New York ships were turned to privateersmen, and scoured the seas under "letters of marque" from the royal Georges.

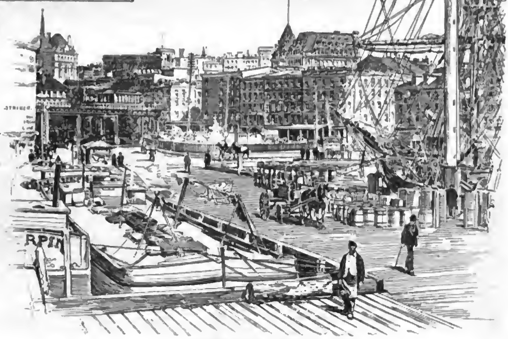
The prizes of these privateersmen were brought to New York in great numbers, cargoes discharged, rechristened, and put again to sea, in turn seeking prey also. Tradition says that the skippers were not always particular as to what flag their ocean quarry might fly, whether of friend or foe, and that many a bottom belonging to nations at peace with England was seized by unscrupulous captains, and conscientiously despoiled by equally unscrupulous owners; and it is further said that more than one of the big fortunes of the metropolis owes its birth to such a source.

The improvement of the Hudson River shore line was long neglected, though there was no real necessity for it, the East River front affording ample dockage for all the shipping of the port. This neglect was en-

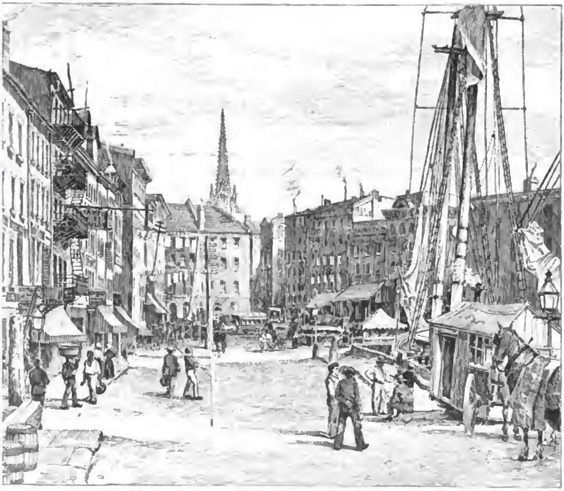
E SLIP. —STRIKER.

ness centre of the city. r but three Comfort's, cated near and Cedar y war the t of Broad- d wharves ally as Pol- Bonsall's, d the Cor- any Basin. These in- wever, and era began n that side Since then aced those lans of the , the Hud- street two with bulk- orm in size dest high-

OMPSON.

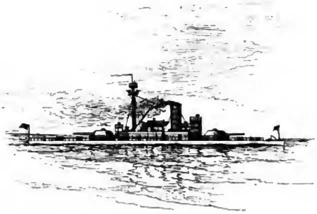


COENTIES SLIP AS IT IS TO-DAY.

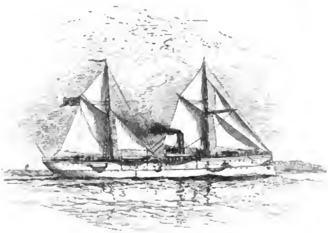


COENTIES SLIP AS KNOWN TO THE LAST GENERATION.

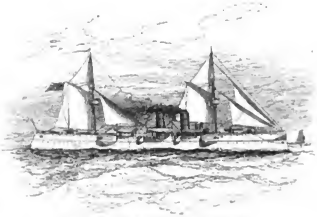
A TYPICAL NEW YORK SLIP.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 387.]



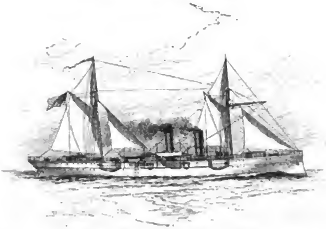
THE RECONSTRUCTED "PURITAN."



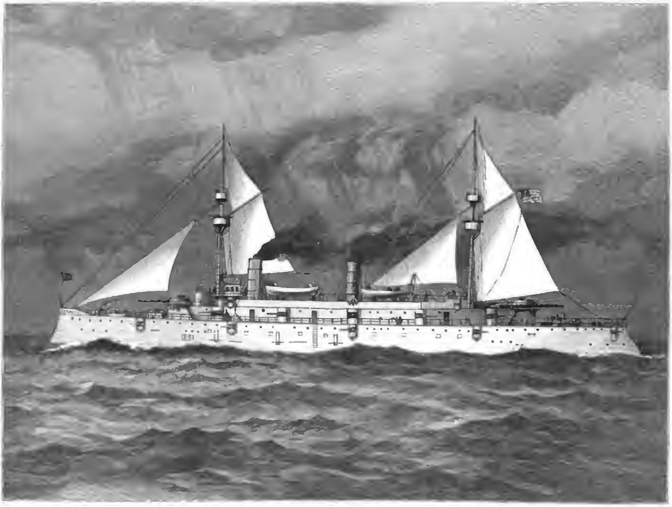
MODEL OF GUN-BOATS NOS. 5 AND 6.



MODEL OF PROTECTED CRUISERS NOS. 7 AND 8.

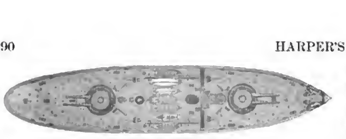


MODEL OF PROTECTED CRUISERS NOS. 9, 10, AND 11.



PROTECTED STEEL CRUISER NO. 6.

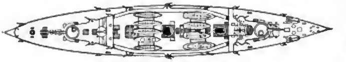
ADDITIONS TO THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—Drawn by Frank H. Schell.—[See Page 390.]



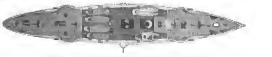
DECK PLAN OF "PURITAN."

OUR NEW NAVY.

Our naval illustrations this week show five types of vessels upon which nine of the new ships authorized to be built by Congress prior to its present session are to be constructed. Of these eight have been contracted for, and are now building. For one—the 5500-ton protected cruiser—bids have been asked, and will be opened at the Navy Department on the 10th of June. There are still to be contracted for, under authority already conferred, an 8100-ton armored cruiser, a practice vessel for the Naval Academy (bids for these will also be opened June 10th), a ram, another dynamite cruiser, and the submerging vessel, better known as the Thomas monitor. Of those shown in these plates the *Puritan* is the only coast defender. She is heavily armored, carries a powerful battery, and is intended for either offensive or defensive operations in and around our harbors. In the other ships speed, coal endurance, concentration and rapidity of fire, a defence against high explosives, and the maximum of safety against accident (by means of a large number of water-tight compartments), have been the aim of the designers. They are commerce destroyers, scouts, the "cavalry of the seas," rather than an aggressive or defensive fighting force. All the new naval vessels have been designed in our own Navy Departments by Chief Constructor Wilson and his assistant, Constructor Philip Hichborn, U.S.N., and the machinery has been planned by Chief Engineer Melville. Advantage has been taken of every improvement known to naval science; and in its class, and for the purpose for which it is built, each vessel is believed to be the equal if not the superior of any afloat.



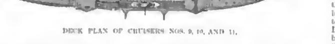
DECK PLAN OF CRUISER NO. 6.



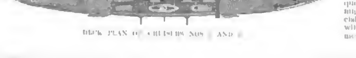
DECK PLAN OF GUN-BOATS NOS. 5 AND 6.

Protected Steel Cruiser No. 6—all the new vessels being designated by numbers until they are named by the Secretary—is the largest unarmored vessel yet designed for the navy. She is termed "protected," because a rounding steel deck extends the whole length of the ship, intended to deflect an enemy's shot, ranging in thickness from 4½ inches on the slopes over the machinery space to 2 inches on the flat of the deck forward and aft. She will be 330 feet in length—15 feet longer than the *Chicago* or *Baltimore*—53 feet in breadth, 5500 tons displacement, 13,500 horse-power, and have a speed of 20 knots an hour, or about 24 miles, when pushed to her utmost. With a full coal supply—1300 tons, at 20½ knots speed, and under forced draught—this vessel would travel 2191.86 knots in nearly four and one half days; at a 10 knot cruising speed, under natural draught and full coal supply, her radius of action would be nearly 13,000 knots, with an endurance of 55 days. Her main battery consists of two 8-inch breech-loading rifles and ten 4-inch. The heavier guns are mounted on the centre line in barbette turrets (the guns revolving in the turrets instead of the whole turret turning, as in turreted vessels like the monitors) four inches thick, one at the forward and one at the after end of the superstructure, and train from directly ahead or astern to fifty degrees on each side abaft or before the beam respectively. The 4-inch guns are protected by fixed segmental shields 4 inches thick. The fire of all the forward and after guns respectively can be concentrated upon an object the length of the vessel directly ahead or astern. The secondary battery consists of eight 6-pounders, six 3-pounders, and fourteen machine-guns mounted, to be clear of the smoke and fire of the main battery, and for efficient action against boat attacks. The torpedo outfit consists of six launching tubes for Howell automobile torpedoes. When in commission she will carry 441 men and 25 officers, and is to be fitted as a flag-ship, with Admiral's cabin, etc. Electric lights, improved ventilating and drainage apparatus, and, in fact, all the conveniences that have been suggested by experience, will be placed in this formidable-looking craft, whose plans were made a special study by Secretary Tracy himself. The authority for her construction was given in an act of Congress approved September 7, 1888.

The *Puritan*, when completed, will be an exceedingly powerful man-of-war. She was originally designed as a double-turreted monitor, and her keel was laid in 1875 at Roach's yard in Chester, Pennsylvania, where her hull and engines were completed. Work was commenced on her under the altered plans June 26, 1889, and is being pushed very rapidly at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. The changes made consist chiefly in increasing her armament and armored protection, substituting for the four 10-inch guns in roller base turrets four 12-inch guns in barbette turrets, thus bringing the axes of the guns 10 feet 6 inches above the water, which will permit their being fought in much heavier weather than was possible with the roller base turrets. A superstructure is also built between the barbette turrets. The length of the *Puritan* is 291 feet; extreme breadth, 60 feet 1½ inches; mean draught, 18 feet 2½ inches; displacement, 6060 tons; horse-power, 3000 under natural draught, and 4000 with forced; speed, 12 and 13 knots, according to the horse-power used. The barbettes have a thickness of 14 inches of steel, backed by 8 of wood, and the armor belt is 5 feet 7 inches deep, 14 inches thick to a point 1 foot below the water-line, and thence tapering to 6 inches for a length of 160 feet, protecting the engines, boilers, magazines, etc. Forward and abaft these points the belt is reduced to 10 inches in thickness for a length of 20 feet, and at the ends it is reduced to 6 inches. The mast, which is also an exhaust ventilating shaft for the engine-room, has two tops or platforms, one for search lights and the other for revolving cannon.



DECK PLAN OF CRUISERS NOS. 9, 10, AND 11.



DECK PLAN OF CRUISERS NOS. 7 AND 8.

Cruisers 7 and 8, each of 3000 tons displacement, are being built by the government, the first at Brooklyn and the other at Norfolk. They are twin-screw steel cruisers, with protective decks, great speed, and heavy batteries of rapid-fire guns. The act authorizing their construction was passed September 7, 1888. They have poop and forecastle decks, with open gun-deck between. Their length is given in the Chief Constructor's report at 300 feet; breadth, 42 feet; mean draught, 18 feet; horse-power, 10,000; speed, 19 knots, and displacement, 3183 tons. At full speed, with a coal supply of 556 tons, they could run 1243 knots in 2.59 days, and at 10 knots' speed 8652 knots in 36.5 days. The main battery consists of one 6-inch and ten 4-inch rapid-fire breech-loading rifles. The secondary battery comprises two 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, one 1-pounder, and two 37 mm. revolving cannon. The amount appropriated for these two ships was $1,100,000. As all the bids when opened were found to be in excess of this sum, Secretary Tracy decided to build them at the navy-yards in which a ship-building plant had been authorized and provided.

Cruisers 9, 10, and 11 are each of 2000 tons displacement. Two of them are in process of construction at the Columbian Iron-Works, Baltimore, and one by Harrison Loring at Boston. These are twin-screw, coal-protected cruisers, and have about 300 tons more displacement (27 feet longer) than the *Yorktown* class. Their length is 257 feet; breadth, 37; draught, 14½; maximum horse-power (forced), 5400; and speed, 18 knots. Their main armament consists of eight 4-inch and two 6-inch rapid-fire breech-loading rifles. The secondary battery is composed of four 6-pounder rapid-fire, four 3-pounder rapid-fire, and two 37 mm. revolving cannon.

Gun-boats Nos. 5 and 6, authorized by Act of March 2, 1889, are a little larger than the *Petrel* now in commission. They are in course of construction at Bath, Maine, and are small twin-screw steel cruisers, carrying on a small displacement a very powerful battery of heavy rapid-fire and machine-guns, a large supply of coal, and a complement of 150 men. Their principal features are—length on load-line, 190 feet; breadth (extreme), 32 feet; mean draught, 12 feet; displacement, 1000 tons; horse-power, 1600 tons; speed, 14 knots. The main battery consists of eight 4-inch 33-pounder rapid-fire breech-loading rifles, one on the poop, and one on the forecastle. The secondary battery consists of 47 mm. revolving cannon, two 37 mm. revolving cannon, and one 1-pounder rapid-fire, and one Gatling. The bunker capacity of coal is 250 tons, and on this, at a speed of 14 knots, she can steam 2432 knots. At 10 knots the horse-power required is 600, and she can steam 4068 knots at this speed. The rig is that of a two-masted schooner, with a foreyard and square foresail, spreading 6506 square feet of canvas.

OUR TRADE WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

During my stay in Lima, where everybody is indolent and everything more or less slovenly, one of my chiefest joys was to escape from the insipid horrors of the hotel restaurant, and to accept the hospitality of the French chargé d'affaires, whose gastronomic felicity was watched over by one Abdul by name, an Egyptian colored man, who possessed a rare talent for preparing macaroni in savory styles. At one of these little feasts, I remember, a consul from some equatorial town, who wore waxed mustaches twisted into long and menacing horizontal spikes, addressed me with Gallic fulsomeness and said, "You, who are this and that and the other, tell me how it is that the North Americans do not invest capital in this country?"

"Do you mean by this country Peru alone?"

"No," he replied; "Peru and the other South-American republics."

These were terrible questions to put to a man who was for the moment wholly absorbed in the enjoyment of Abdul's macaroni *à la Khedive*; but still, as the excellent consul had applied to me several flattering qualifications, I felt bound to improvise some generalities. The North Americans, I told him, did not know these republics enough, and from another point of view they knew them too well. The credit of Peru, for instance, was not of a nature to make the North Americans anxious to volunteer capital to that country. Hitherto the North Americans had found an abundantly large field for investments at home. As regards South American loans, England had almost a monopoly of their issue, and there had therefore been no inducement for North American capitalists to go out of their way to pay commissions to London bankers, so long as the New York bankers had plenty of good affairs to offer them. As regards trade with South America, I added, the case is similar, but more complex. The North Americans have until recently been fully occupied with the home markets, although individuals have gone abroad all the time and established themselves in various parts of the world, witness important business houses; witness also many railway and mining enterprises in Peru, Chili, the Argentine, and Brazil. But such efforts as these have always been isolated, they have excited no particular sympathy in the mother country, they have not resulted in the formation of any series of common commercial conveniences such as England, Germany, and France have created for their merchants and traders; in short, they have not given North America a definite position in the international commerce of the world.

It is needless to continue the transcription of my informal talk with the consul. His questions, however, suggested to me that it might be useful to sum up the few commercial notes that I made along the Pacific coast with the very inadequate lights of a non-commercial man. First of all, in cruising from port to port all the way from Valdivia up to Callao, from latitude 12° S. to latitude 39° 50' S., say 27½°, I only saw one American ship, a lumber boat from San Francisco unloading at Callao. Any one accustomed to travel in these waters will tell you that the flag of the United States flying at a mast-head is a rare sight in the Pacific ports. The foreign flags to be seen are English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish. In his December message to Congress, President Harrison alluded to this fact in the following words:

> "There is nothing more justly humiliating to the national pride, and nothing more hurtful to the national prosperity, than the inferiority of our merchant marine compared with that of other nations whose general resources, wealth, and sea-coast lines do not suggest any reason for their supremacy on the sea. It was not always so, and our people are agreed, I think, that it shall not continue to be so."

Further on in the same message President Harrison said:

> "I recommend that such appropriations be made for ocean mail service in American steam-ships between our ports and those of Central and South America, China, Japan, and the important islands in both of the great oceans, as will be liberally remunerative for the service rendered, and as will encourage the establishment and in some fair degree equalize the chances of American steam-ship lines in the competitions which they must meet. That the American states lying south of us will cordially co-operate in establishing and maintaining such lines of steam-ships to their principal ports I do not doubt."

The above words suggest several comments which we will leave for a later paragraph. For the moment let us state a few plain facts about maritime communications along the Pacific coast, and more particularly with Chili, which is now the most progressive if not the most interesting of the republics on the western side of the Andes. At present there are seven lines of steam-ships plying between Chilian and foreign ports. These seven lines own seventy-five ships, with a total carrying capacity of upward of 200,000 tons, and trade to Panama, Liverpool, Hamburg, Havre, Bordeaux, Glasgow, Southampton, London, Genoa, and Barcelona. The steamers vary in size from 2400 to 6000 tons, averaging about 2600 tons. Most of them carry passengers as well as merchandise, and the combined fleets make 176 voyages each way every year. Besides the ships of these regular lines there are a few "tramps" coming from foreign ports to those of Chili, and, of course, a considerable number of ships employed in the coasting service of the South-American continent.

Two of these lines are subsidized by the Chilian government. The Compañia Sud-Americana de Vapores, founded with Chilian capital, receives annually the equivalent of $125,000 gold currency of the United States on condition of carrying the mails free, and government stores and officials at a reduction of twenty-five per cent., while in time of war these ships are at the disposal of the state for use as transports. The Compañia Sud-Americana is a very active and enterprising line, doing business all along the coast from Panama to Corral in competition with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which fact reduces its dividends to a very modest figure. The crews of this line are Chilenos, but the captains are all English or American, and the other officers all foreigners, and mostly English. The reason of this, I am informed, is that Chilian officers could not be found who would do the work and be content to sacrifice their regular comfort and interminable cigarettes to the irregular exigencies of busy coasting service. The Chilians shine rather in the easy and luxurious career of the navy. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which has a fleet of ten vessels plying in these waters, also receives from the Chilian government an annual subsidy of $50,000 gold for mail service alone; but the ships may not be used in time of war for transports, although in time of peace they are bound to carry government stores and officials on the same conditions as the Chilian line. Apropos of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, it may be interesting to mention that nearly fifty years ago Mr. William Wheelwright, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, who was captain of a trading vessel on this coast, conceived the idea of a regular line between Panama and Valparaiso, obtained the necessary concessions, and went to New York to propose the business to the merchants there. But he labored in vain. No North American capitalist would look at his project. In presence of this inexplicable indifference, Mr. Wheelwright went to London, and in a few weeks' time the Pacific Steam Navigation Company was formed, and in due course its ships opened a vast new field to English commerce.

The Chilian and the English lines appear to suffice for the business of the whole Pacific coast, both for lighter merchandise and passengers, the latter being sacrificed to the former. I do not mean that the passengers are badly treated. On the contrary, the cabins are most comfortable, and the table good; but the waits in small ports to load or unload cattle, wheat, flour, vegetables, and other cargo are terribly long and frequent. From Valparaiso to Lima, for instance, takes twelve days, whereas in point of distance it might be done in half the time. It appears, how-

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ever, that a direct and rapid passenger boat, even once a fortnight or once a month, would not pay. For that matter, people are never in a hurry in these parts; everybody is content to wait, smoke, talk politics, and drink *copitas*—that is to say, little glasses of "something to take."

To return now to the steam-ship lines on which international trade depends, let us consider first of all the time required for voyages between Chilian and foreign ports. From New York to Valparaiso by sailing-ship takes from 90 to 130 days. Communication between New York and Valparaiso by steamer *viâ* Panama takes at least 30 days, and often 40 days, according to the more or less speedy connections at the Isthmus. On the other hand, the voyage from Liverpool to Valparaiso by steamer takes from 35 to 40 days; from Hamburg and Havre to Valparaiso, 40 to 50 days, from Genoa and Barcelona to Valparaiso, 50 to 60 days.

As regards the time of the voyage it will be seen that New York is at no disadvantage so far as the Panama route is concerned, but this route itself has insuperable disadvantages. In the first place, freights *viâ* Panama are very high; in the second place, heavy goods cannot be handled across the isthmus; and in the third place, fine and fragile goods meet with sure destruction at the hands of the Panama wharf hands. In the actual state of communications the North Americans are entirely out of the running, and Chili remains as she has been for the last forty years, a European, we might almost say an English, province. A glance at the freight rates will make this statement clear.

From New York to Valparaiso, *viâ* Panama, the freight is from $31 to $35 gold, United States currency, per ton, some abatement being obtainable on large shipments.

From New York to Valparaiso, *viâ* Liverpool, the freight is from $22 to $28 dead weight, and $23 to $24 measurement.

From New York to Valparaiso, *viâ* Hamburg, the freight is from $21 to $22 dead weight, and $22 to $23 measurement.

From New York to Valparaiso by sailing vessel the rates for freight are $8 50 to $9 50 dead weight, and $9 to $10 measurement.

On the other hand, the freights by steamer from Liverpool, Glasgow, Hamburg, Havre, and Bordeaux on rails, pig-iron, and other heavy goods vary from $5 50 to $6 75 per ton; on bar-iron, galvanized iron, and other similar goods $6 25 to $7; on measurement goods $10 to $13, according to the class. Recently some special lots have been carried from Liverpool to Valparaiso at $5 for dead weight, and $7 50 to $9 for measurement. On sailing vessels from Liverpool or Glasgow to Valparaiso the freights range from $5 to $6 25 dead weight, and $5 50 to $7 for measurement. From Hamburg special lots have been carried by sailing ships at $4 50 per ton dead weight, and $5 to $6 measurement.

The above figures require no comment. At present almost all the goods sent from the United States to Chili are of the rougher kind, while the fine goods are all ordered from Europe. The United States goods are carried eighty per cent. by sailing vessels direct, ten per cent. *viâ* Panama, and ten per cent. *viâ* Hamburg or Liverpool.

President Harrison, it would appear, has indeed good reason to regret the humiliating "inferiority of our merchant marine." The intermediary of England imposes itself in an equally humiliating manner in the matter of mails likewise. Whenever the State Department at Washington sends a book or report to the Minister at Santiago, for instance, it reaches him *viâ* Liverpool. Again, the letters which are carried from New York to Colon by the ships of the Pacific Mail Company are transferred at that port to the care of an English consul, who forwards them from Panama on the ships of the English Pacific Steam Navigation Company, although it is notorious that the ships of that company, almost every trip, take two, three, and even four days longer than those of the Chilian Compañía Sud-Americana, which leave Panama at the same time.

Another "humiliating" point not mentioned in the President's message is the absence of banking conveniences between North and South America. For instance, a firm of agricultural machinery makers, established in Boston, Massachusetts, we will say, is represented in the Argentine Republic by a Scotch importing house, and in Chili by an English importing house. The firm sells in a year more than half a million dollars' worth of machinery through their agents in the two republics, and this sum is remitted to them through a London bank, which takes a higher commission than North-American banks would charge for a similar operation. The American houses themselves in Peru, Chili, the Argentine, Brazil, and other parts of the continent, are obliged to have recourse to the intermediary of the English banks to pay such balances as cannot be covered by exchange of merchandise. Indeed, it has been calculated that at the present day, for their business with the United States alone, the South American republics pay one million dollars gold a year to the London banks as commission on drafts and exchange. Thus it appears that the United States, in all commerce with the republics of the South, must necessarily remain the tributary of England so long as there are no American banks at the other end of the hemisphere.

Unprovided with means of transport and with facilities for banking, the commerce of the United States with South America is most heavily handicapped in the competition with England, Germany, and France. But this is not all. It is not enough to have arms, unless you have good champions to handle them; and it is useless to disguise the fact that, compared with that of England, the commerce of the United States has hitherto not been represented, on the Pacific coast, at least, in as brilliant a manner as could be desired. There are exceptions to be made in favor of a few old-established houses; but these are very few indeed. As for the railway and mining pioneers who have gone to South America to seek fortune, and often to find her, they have not helped to establish international commercial relations of a durable nature, and in some cases they have contributed largely to diminish the prestige of the country from which they came. A case in point is the recent fiasco of the original promoters of the North and South American Construction Company.

This affair has dealt a blow to American commercial prestige in Chili which it will take years to efface, and its failure is to be attributed almost wholly to the personality and conduct of the men who came to Santiago to attend to the business of the enterprise. This contract for the construction of ten railway lines of a total length of nearly 1000 kilometres, at a cost of £3,542,000 sterling was signed with great expectation and satisfaction on the part of the Chilian government and its President with the representatives of the American company. It was hoped that it would be the beginning of closer and more extensive relations with the United States; and, given the attitude of the government and the importance of the contract, the Chilian banks were all ready to back up the contractors with as much money as they wanted. Unfortunately the representatives were badly chosen; certain incidents scandalized the Chilian bankers and the public also; and the end of it was a fiasco and the transfer of the whole contract from the American company to Don Julio Bernstein, a most intelligent and capable business man, who shares the opinion of Pindar in thinking that water is the best of drinks—*ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*. The consequence of the transfer is that the bridges, locomotives, and rolling stock for these new railways, instead of being ordered from the United States, as they would have been had the contract not been transferred, are now being made in France at the Creusot Works. Doubtless the North Americans could have made some if not all the bridges as well and as cheaply as Schneider & Co. "But that is not all," says Don Julio. "The bridges have to be put up after they have been sent out here in pieces, and I have no confidence in North American fitters. I am convinced from past experience that the men sent to do the work from the States would be half of them drunkards, whereas the five hundred fitters that the Creusot Works will send will be picked men, sober, thrifty, and orderly, as the French workmen are."

In a question of such importance as that of the extension of foreign commerce no evidence is to be neglected, even such as may at first sight appear trivial. The reputation made for a nation by its individual representatives in other countries is most important, and there can be no doubt in the mind of any impartial observer that the prestige of North-American business men at the other end of the hemisphere, and particularly in Chili, is not such as we could have hoped to see. Indeed, a philosopher of a sarcastic turn of mind might write a curious chapter on the influence of the invention of the "cocktail" on the development of the foreign commerce of the United States. However, we need not dwell any longer upon these regrettable details. The point we wish to make is clear. If the United States wish to compete seriously with England and Germany in South America, they must send out some of their best business men and some of their most polished and cosmopolitan "drummers."

One of the first conditions of doing business with people is to study their wants, and sell them what they need on terms that suit them. This is where the English, and more especially the Germans, excel, and this is the reason why the Germans are year by year gaining a more solid hold in the South-American markets. The flaxen-haired, bespectacled, and irrepressible Teuton, armed with three or four foreign languages and a selection of homely virtues, plods through the country, studies the inhabitants, learns their ways and wants; and if he has not in stock wherewithal to supply them, he asks the home manufacturers to produce a special article. This, it appears, the North-American manufacturers will not do. Time after time and town after town I have asked the same questions, and received the same answers. Apart from all details of price, it is said to be difficult to do business with North-American houses, because they refuse to attend to little details and modifications which are essential in the interests of the Peruvian or Chilian importers. Another complaint universally made throughout South America against the North-American exporters is that their packing is very poor, and their goods arrive in bad condition. This detail of packing is of the utmost importance in shipping goods to any country in the world, and even in despatching a box to the nearest town; but when it comes to shipping goods to South America, good packing is more than ever necessary, for the reason that both the Atlantic and the Pacific ports are, with few exceptions, unworthy of the name. At Montevideo the steamers anchor some two miles from shore, and lighters are indispensable. At Buenos Ayres there is not yet any port ready for the ocean steamers, which anchor some twelve or fifteen miles out, thus necessitating transshipment by means of steamers and lighters, and finally by means of carts, which carry the cases ashore through the last shallow stretch of water. At Valparaiso lighters are used for the ocean steamers, although there is a mole. At Callao alone there are docks and quays of a more or less inadequate nature. As for the other ports, they are of a most primitive description so far as moles, quays, and wharf accommodations are concerned, and everywhere the cargo is handled in the roughest way. As for cargo sent by way of Panama, we have already referred to the disasters which await it from ferocious handling.

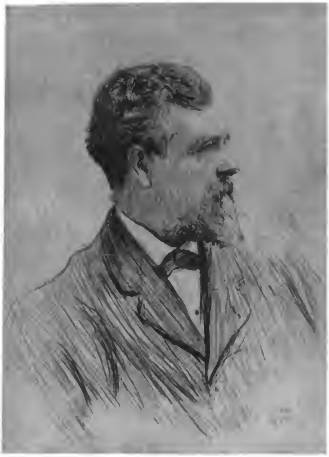
Yet another complaint made against North-American houses is that they are less accommodating in the matter of credit than the Germans and English. As things are managed at present, the traders of the United States often ship their goods by sailing vessel and their invoices by steamer, requiring payment by sight draft. The invoice and draft reach Valparaiso, we will say, in thirty-five days, while the goods arrive some sixty or seventy-five days later, perhaps in bad condition, giving cause for dissatisfaction and claims of various kinds. The Chilian customer naturally finds this system undesirable, and prefers to deal with the German or English houses, which grant reasonable credit, or, at any rate, do not demand payment until after delivery. All this is simply due to the fact that the North-American houses are not familiar with the commercial conditions of their would-be South-American customers. An easy way to overcome this difficulty would be the substitution of a banker's acceptance for the sight or time draft, and so far as Chili is concerned international commerce can place confidence in such establishments as the Banco Nacional de Chile, the banks of Valparaiso, Santiago, and Concepcion, and the private banks of Matte & Co. and Edwards. But if American capital and commerce intend to enter the lists of international trade in South America, the first and most obvious necessities are the creation of the same facilities as the other nations possess, namely, means of communication and of financial transactions at cheap rates and in convenient ways. Until this is done, the United States will go on losing South-American business, as happened in a case in point at the beginning of the present year (1890), when the Chilian government, although most anxious, both in the person of the President and of many of the leading men, to open and extend relations with the great sister republic of the North, nevertheless found it expedient to order *in England* some forty locomotives and some eight hundred cars to be built *on North-American patterns*. I am aware that the administration of the Chilian state railways is largely in the hands of English and Scotch men, who never neglect opportunities of favoring their respective countries when any contracts for rolling stock and material are to be given out; but it was not on account of such small considerations as these that the order referred to was given to England, but rather on account of the questions of freight, of want of adequate direct communications, and of imperfectly organized commercial relations which we have above touched upon.

In reply to the implicit arguments of the few facts just stated, it may, of course, be answered that it is useless to trouble about these countries, and that American trade, enterprise, and capital have enough to do at home. This may be true, although it is perfectly well known that American capital is accumulating so rapidly that remunerative home investments are becoming less common than they formerly were. As for American manufactures, there is undoubtedly a market for them in these South-American republics, provided they can be brought there at prices that will compare favorably with those of German and English goods.

In agricultural, milling, and mining machinery and in all kinds of tools there is an immense business to be done. Already in agricultural machinery the United States share the market about equally with England, but that market is increasing rapidly, and might be increased still more rapidly by introducing more energetic business methods. Take, for instance, the great importing houses in Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso. In these establishments the chiefs, as in the old patriarchal days, sit at their desks and wait for customers, whom you will often see standing and waiting for their turn, and seeming to esteem it a favor to get goods in exchange for cash. This system is too good to last. There is a field here for the Yankee "drummer," only he must be a very smart "drummer," and he must speak Spanish, and be in all respects a first-class man. The "drummer" who cannot speak Spanish may as well stay at home, for if he goes out to the South-American republics he will be obliged to do all his business through existing import houses, and never be able to get into direct relations with the customer. And this is what is wanted. The import houses have their agents in the various provincial centres, but these agents have not either the time or the energy to "push" any particular article. They do not hunt up the customer, visit him on his farm, see his machinery at work, talk with him about modifications and improvements, submit to him new machines, and prove to him that it is to his interest to buy what they have to sell. In Brazil and in the Argentine, and in a less degree in Chili, there will be for many years to come a fine market for agricultural machinery; for these countries are as yet only in formation: all the processes of culture are more or less primitive. One of the very few really intelligent and thoroughly capable Yankee "drummers" whom I met in the Argentine, where he had obtained brilliant results for his firm of machine manufacturers, said to me: "The Argentines are forty years behind the States, and if they had not the finest soil the sun shines on, they would never be able to live, farming as they now do. Why, sir, they sow maize broadcast, and then simply loaf and suck *mate* until the time comes to take in a splendid crop, which they have never even looked at since they put the seed in the ground. With fine machinery farming in the Argentine would be nothing but pleasure. Take alfalfa, again, the great cattle fattener. In the Argentine the soil will give five crops a year for six years in succession. In Chili you can only take three crops a year on most of the ground. Now on some of the large Argentine farms they use American cutters for this crop, but they are still slow and primitive in turning, drying, stacking, and binding. We have yet to teach them to buy and use our finer machinery, and then they will do a colossal business. But they are quick at taking up a new thing. You have only to put it before them."

The prospects of the sale of other American manufactured articles cannot yet be judged from actual results, the experiments being still on a small scale compared with what they might be, and the loyal or disloyal competition of the Germans being a terrible enemy. For instance, sewing machines are greatly demanded; you often see a sewing-machine away up in the Sierras in an Indian or Cholo cane hut. Well, it appears that about eighty per cent. of the sewing machines imported into South America are German, although they bear the Singer and other American marks. The Germans also counterfeit American agricultural machinery, and every product of nature and of art, from the coffee-berry up to a steam-engine. As for deleterious liquors bearing counterfeit labels, all of German origin, South America is inundated with them. In all the towns German fancy goods predominate in the shop windows, and are bought for the want of something better. I do not mean to say that the Argentines and Chilians are longing for artistic products, or that they are remarkable for good taste. On the contrary, they prefer that which is showy and apparently expensive. I am, however, convinced from a careful inspection of the shops in Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and Santiago that North American general stores, brass-work, house-fittings, furniture, wall paper, jewelry, and silver work would sell readily. In all of these towns whenever any American furniture happens to be brought to auction it invariably sells at a premium. The Argentines and Chilians in particular are fond of ostentation and novelty; they are rich, and given to liberal expenditure; above all, they have great aptitude for imitation, and I believe that even chewing-gum would find a market if it were only "pushed" a little in the *confiterias* and candy stores, and "pushed" by the right man with reasonable maritime and financial facilities at his disposal.

The recent Pan-American Congress has awakened renewed interest in the Southern continent, and a certain number of enterprising "drummers" have visited the country. In the course of my wanderings I have met several, but few of them seemed either very capable of working this special Hispano-American ground, or very favorably impressed with the prospects of developing business, given the actual commercial relations between North and South America. As I have said before, those who go to South America to do business must speak the language. In the second place, they must be prepared to deal with people who are still a little slow in their methods and administration, and much hampered by the want of adequate ports, quays, and means of transporting goods rapidly and safely. The slowness of the administration is particularly noticeable in the port and custom-house service. The captains of the ports are slow in receiving ships and slow in clearing them, and waste much time in smoking cigarettes, sipping "copitas," talking politics, and swaggering to no purpose. The custom-house officials have similar defects. At the principal port of Chili, namely Valparaiso, the office hours of these gentlemen are from eight to four, and no cargo can be landed after three o'clock, because the last hour of the daily service is required for preparing to go away. The lightermen again are lazy, and can rarely be induced to work earlier than eight o'clock in the morning, or later than six at night for outgoing cargo. In the other ports of the Pacific the same slowness is found. A ship will arrive in port, and be at anchor at six o'clock in the evening; she may have electric lights all over the deck; she may be in a hurry, and anxious not to waste time and money lying idle in harbor; but this does not matter, she will not see a lighter moored alongside before eight or nine



THE LATE SENATOR JAMES B. BECK, OF KENTUCKY.
Drawn by W. T. Smedley after a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

ock the next morning. Finally, those › go to do business in South America st be prepared to find the English and mans thoroughly conversant with the nners and wants of the natives, solidly ablished with their banks and steam-ship s, their houses of long-standing reputa- n, their business connections with the old intry, and their wide ramifications in the v one.

'o return now to the President's message, read as follows: "The present situation such that travellers and merchandise find erpool often a necessary intermediate t between New York and some South- erican capitals. The fact that some of delegates from South-American states to conference of American nations now in sion at Washington reached our shores by sing that line of travel is very conclusive the need of such a conference, and very gestive as to the first and most necessary p in the direction of fuller and more bene- al intercourse with nations that are our ghbors upon the lines of latitude, but not on the lines of established commercial in- ourse."

The question is how can this more benefi- l intercourse be established. A line of am-ships with a subvention from the lted States will not suffice, even if, as is sonable to hope, Brazil, the Argentine Re- blic, and Chili also subsidized the line. ru, being poverty-stricken, is out of the stion. These steam-ships would carry the ils, it is true, and would take to the South- erican republics agricultural and other chinery, agricultural products, bread- ffs, lumber, manufactures, and some mis- laneous products, such being the articles demand south of the equator. But what these subsidized steam-ships to take back the United States? Is it Peruvian sil ? Is it Argentine wheat and hides? Is copper from Chili? With the possible eption of the hides, this country does need these products. Is it guano? This a small item, and not so fashionable it used to be. Is it petroleum from the w Peruvian wells at Talara to the north of bo Blanco? Evidently petroleum is not a duct for mail-steamers to carry any more n guano would be. There remains, then, the way of return cargo from the Pacific st, Peruvian bark and medicinal plants, nganese from Coquimbo, nitrate and io- ne from the north of Chili. But what from lparaiso, what from Talcahuano, what m Valdivia, what from Buenos Ayres l Montevideo, so long as the existing tariff ders the exportation of wool almost im- sible? On the homeward trip the ships uld have to carry ballast until they reach the Brazilian ports, with their wealth of fee, caoutchouc, and vegetable ivory.

n the preceding résumé I mention, of rse, only the most obvious products which present make the bulk of the cargoes loaded in the Pacific and Atlantic ports of South America, and at the same time I am only summing up the impressions gathered by inquiry amongst native and foreign residents in various parts of the Southern continent. Direct communication between New York and the South-American ports would be most desirable and most welcome to "our neighbors upon the lines of latitude," but these neighbors want to know what we are going to buy from them, and, above all, what our protective tariff will allow them to sell to us. The solution of the problem of establishing "beneficial intercourse" with the South-American republics is intimately connected with the vexed tariff question, about which it is not my business or intention to speak.

SENATOR BECK.

In the death of Senator James Burnie Beck Congress loses one of its most sincere, earnest, and intelligent members. Mr. Beck had been very ill for two years, and it had been generally known to all who were well acquainted with him that he would never again take an active part in public affairs. And yet with characteristic pertinacity he clung to the hope of recovery and refused to resign his seat in the Senate. Finally, on Saturday, May 3d, he fell dead in the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad as he was walking from the train in which he had just come from New York. He fell within a few feet of the spot where President Garfield was shot by Guiteau. It was the sudden ending of a long career, marked by much patient industry, by conscientiousness, and great usefulness.

Mr. Beck was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, February 13, 1822. His father having emigrated in 1825, the boy was left to the care of his grandmother, and was taught by a Scotch school-master. When he was sixteen years old Beck joined his father, who tried to make him a farmer. He sent him West with $500, but the young man had come under the influence of Kentucky lawyers and public men, and was determined to be a lawyer. Still he learned enough of the beauties of agriculture to remain fond of the soil to the end of his days. And in his old age he bought a ranch in the far West, on which his own son is settled and prospering. Mr. Beck settled at Lexington, Kentucky, then famous for its bar. Supporting himself by employment as the manager of a farm, he studied law in the evenings, and in 1846 obtained his degree from the Transylvania University. Very soon after his admission to the bar he formed a business connection with John C. Breckinridge, which eventually became a partnership that continued uninterruptedly until the breaking out of the civil war. He was known throughout Kentucky as a sound and industrious lawyer. In his early days he was a Whig, and a devoted admirer of Henry Clay, and he did not become a Democrat until the Know-nothing excitement in the fifties.

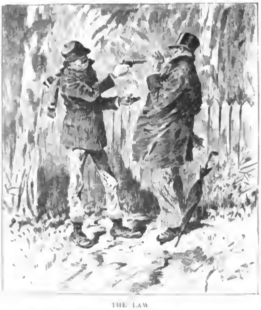
During the war he remained at home, giving himself up to his professional duties. His friend and partner had joined his fortunes to those of the South, but Mr. Beck did not follow him. He had never yet taken an active part in politics. He was a lawyer, business man, and, Scotchman though he was, a thorough Kentuckian, a keen horseman and out-of-door sportsman, and a most delightful story-teller.

In 1862 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the State Senate, and in 1867 he was chosen, at a special election, to fill a vacancy existing in the old Ashland Congressional district. The quarrel between President Johnson and the Republicans in Congress was at its height, and Mr. Beck was refused his seat on the alleged ground of disloyalty. In the following winter, however, he was admitted. He served eight years in the House of Representatives, and then declined a renomination.

He was out of public life not much more than a year, and in 1877 took his seat in the Senate, having been chosen as the successor of John W. Stevenson. When he died he was serving his third term.

In 1848 he married Miss Jane W. A. Thornton, of Loudoun County, Virginia, who was connected with the Washington family. Mrs. Beck died a few years ago. Two children were the fruit of their union, who survive. They are Mrs. Green Clay Goodloe, the wife of Major Goodloe, of the Marine Corps, and George Thornton Beck.

As a legislator Mr. Beck was a rugged, painstaking champion in the subjects in which he was especially interested. He never lost an opportunity to make a speech against the protective tariff or in favor of modifying our navigation laws. He was also an ardent silver man. Whenever he rose in the Senate, something was expected on one of these subjects, and hardly any matter came up for discussion that Mr. Beck was unable to make it an opportunity for the energetic display of his wonderful accumulation of facts and figures concerning the Treasury or the tariff policy of the country. He poured out his information in a torrent of words which came with such rapidity as to tax to the utmost the capacity of the best stenographer of the Senate. He was always pugnacious on the floor and in the discussions of the committee-room, and he invariably fought on the side of Democracy. To hear him speak on a subject in which he took great interest, one would have supposed that there could be no living with a man so intense and angry at opposition. But there never was a sweeter-tempered or more kindly man than Senator Beck. There were no politics in his friendships. He was one of those numerous living answers to Sydney Smith and Dr. Johnson—a witty Scotchman. He loved to have his friends about him, and his house in Washington was the resort of many men whose political principles the Senator was accustomed to denounce with a vigor that seemed to indicate a willingness to tear to pieces those who were guilty of holding them.



THE LAW.

"Hold on, my [illegible] don't shoot: I'm a judge."

"Wha' ye goin' ter do? Judges ain't no more 'count than de law is now-adays. Ye can't hang a feller, ye can't 'lectrify him, an' my lawyer kin appeal as fast as you kin sentence. Shell out!"

"THE WIND'S WAY."

I whisper all day to the rushes,
I ruffle the smooth-flowing stream,
And borrow from cloud-land and sunlight
Their shadow and beam.

I hurry through grain field and forest,
O'er valley and high mountain chain;
Their saltness and sweetness I gather
From meadow and main.

The secrets I murmur are many,
As sadly or blithely I blow,
Yet what I reveal to the river
No mortal may know.

William H. Hayne.

THE CLANGOR OF AN ALARM-BELL Close by, in the stillness of the night, could scarcely startle the ordinary individual more than do trifling noises the nervous invalid. But once the nerves are braced and the system invigorated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, this abnormal sensitiveness is succeeded by a tranquillity not to be disturbed by trivial causes. Impaired digestion is a fertile cause of nerve weakness and unnatural mental gloom, and a vigorous renewal of the action of the stomach is one of the surest means of invigorating and quieting the nerves. Insomnia, or sleeplessness, a form of nervous disease, is unquestionably benefited by sedatives, when it is prolonged, or of frequent occurrence, but its permanent removal is more effectually achieved with the Bitters. This medicine is also signally efficacious for malaria, rheumatism, constipation, liver complaint, and torpidity of the kidneys and bladder.—[Adv.]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

IMPERIAL GRANUM Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[Adv.]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[Adv.]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[Adv.]

Blood, they say, is the life. Nicholson's Liquid Bread assimilates with the food, and makes good, pure blood, which is the source of health. Try it and be convinced. Grocers and druggists keep it.—[Adv.]

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine.—[Adv.]

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters.—[Adv.]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[Adv.]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits. 25c. a box.—[Adv.]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[Adv.]

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood; therefore, external treatment affords no permanent relief. To eliminate the poison and make a thorough cure of the disease, nothing else is so efficient as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.—[Adv.]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

A JOURNEY TO THE LAKES OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

BY LIEUTENANT VÍCTOR GIRAUD.—TRANSLATED BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

ONE of the most remarkable narratives of recent African exploration is that of Lieutenant Victor Giraud, just published at Paris, with upward of 160 superb engravings illustrating his journey to the great group of lakes in central South Africa. The journey was accomplished between 1883 and 1885, and the young French officer was but twenty-three years of age at the time of the undertaking. His special purpose was to explore Lake Bangouélo, or Bemba, in whose vast marshes the illustrious traveller Livingstone succumbed to fever and died. Lake Bangouélo lies almost exactly in the centre of the southern portion of Africa, between the 10th and 12th degrees of south latitude. Lieutenant Giraud not only explored it successfully, with the aid of a portable canoe which he brought with him over the mountains from Dar es-Salam, but also several other little-known lakes and rivers,—including lakes Moëro and Tanganyika.

Apart from its geographical value, the work of Lieutenant Giraud forms one of the most interesting volumes ever written by any African traveller. He seldom theorizes or comments, but simply reflects his experiences in a straightforward narrative, written with that remarkable vividness and force which is characteristic rather of the best French writers than of any others. What he saw and felt would certainly have unnerved any traveller not possessing a will of iron and the most vigorous of constitutions. For months together he marched through regions made desolate by war and famine, through waste places strewn with skeletons,—relying for provisions almost wholly upon such game as he might chance to find; and he only accomplished the object of his journey after the most severe trials, including several revolts among his own men, and various attempts at spoliation of his little caravan by negro-kings. The pictures of African life which he draws are among the most painful ever written; but one feels they have been sketched with impartiality,—precisely as seen and felt,—and the general impression of the book has a unique power which gives it a place apart among narratives of equatorial travel. The following series of excerpts translated from its pages will serve to convey some idea of the character of the young Frenchman's journey and of his singular adventures.

BURNING A WITCH ALIVE.

Starting upon his journey from Dar es-Salam December 17th, Lieutenant Giraud's first unpleasant acquaintance with negro customs began only two weeks later. Readers of African history and travel are doubtless familiar with the custom of immolating human victims on the death of a king in certain parts of the country; but at one of the first villages where Giraud stopped, every death was followed by the murder of some person charged with causing it by sorcery. He writes:—

"Zambué, where I passed my New-Year's Day (1883), is situated on the frontier line between Uzaramo and Kutu;—the cabins are closely grouped together, and surrounded by a quickset-hedge,—thick and impenetrable.

"For a New-Year's entertainment the chief of Zambué had reserved a surprise for me,—a truly savage and African surprise. At the moment we had begun to pitch camp, about two hundred yards away from the village, there came to my ears a horrible succession of war-cries, like the howlings of wild beasts; and almost simultaneously a band of maddened savages came toward us, dragging after them a wretched old woman—quite naked, and already half dead from the brutal treatment she had received. One furious scoundrel dragged her by the neck, with a noose made of a liana-stem which had been slipped about her throat. Whenever the victim fell from exhaustion, three or four men would catch the liana and tug all together,—pulling the miserable old creature over the briers and stones.

"With great difficulty I was able to obtain the information that the old woman was believed to be a witch, who had only the evening before caused the death of two men by her magical practices;—they were going to burn her alive. In the Uzaramo country every death is attributed to the effect of some secret poison, and is in consequence always followed by the murder of the person suspected by the *Mganda* of having administered it.

"Sickened by the spectacle, I advanced with my men to meet the band in the hope of preventing this atrocious execution; but, at the very moment we came close to the negroes, I saw the executioners brandish their axes over the victim's head in such a menacing way that I gave up the idea of going any further;—since the wretched woman was certain to be sacrificed in any event, I determined it was not to be under my very eyes.

"However, I thought I might be able to effect something by delaying the execution; and with that end in view I sent for the chief of the village, who soon made his appearance,—staggering, half drunk with *pombé*. But how find a nerve to stir in that idiotic head,—a sentiment to play upon? It was a useless effort. To my indignant protests he replied by sneering like a wild beast, and declared, as the King of Dahomey is said to have done upon a similar occasion:—'Your Sultan does what he pleases in his own country;—I do what I please in mine.'

"The executioners disappeared in the underbrush, still keeping up their yells and beating their infernal tamtam. The chief would only accord to me, as an extraordinary favor, the assurance that the old woman's throat should be cut before she was burned at the stake. But my own men, who went to see the execution, afterward told me that nothing of the kind was done.

"At nightfall the abominable idiot of a chief came to see me, carrying two chickens, which he offered me as a gift of reconciliation. In spite of his earnest pleadings, however, I refused to accept them,—which refusal is considered in Africa as a grave insult. He went off furious, muttering between his teeth:—'What is the matter with that *Msungu* [white man] that he should get angry about such a trifle? There was an *Inglesa* here last year who saw two executions like that without making any such fuss!'"

CARRYING THE TRAVELLER'S BOAT OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

For hygienic reasons, Lieutenant Giraud followed the mountain route to the interior, for a distance of more than three degrees,—although this involved carrying his boat, built of steel, over abrupt heights varying from 5000 to 6000 feet above the sea. It was to some extent a journey in the clouds, and accomplished in the middle of the rainy season, amid frightful storms. But the explorer calculated that as the journey to Lake Bangouélo, which is accessible only in the dry season, would require six months, he could only thus succeed in reaching it. His narrative of the mountain journey reveals the difficulties of the undertaking, even with a force of 150 picked men. On the 28th of January the real obstacles began.

—"We have reached at last," he records, "the true mountain region. It is like the Alps. Before us Mount Para Uranga rises menacingly, to the great tribulation of my boat-carriers. A thunder-storm roars through the hills all the afternoon, with frightful crashings and deafening peals. Lightnings cross each other in every direction;—I count as many as fifty flashes per minute. Anywhere, except under my tent, it would be a grand and beautiful spectacle. . . .

—"The ascent of Para-Uranga on the 29th was a terrible effort, which brought us at once fifteen hundred metres (nearly 5000 feet) above the sea-level. Sweating and panting, my men took four hours to reach the summit,—having to aid themselves all the way by clinging to the bushes and roots on either side of the path. The boat did not reach the top before night; and I had frequently to send re-enforcements to help the boat-carriers.

—"Through a momentary rift in the cloud-mist we see beyond a huge crevasse to the east, a panorama of unsurpassable magnificence:—far off, the Uguru Mountains, whence issues the Kingani River; below our feet the vast marshes of the Makata; and, southwest, a sea-like billowing of low summits, rounded or peaked, with cloud-packs hovering above them as if hesitating just where to settle. From the sides of the mighty crevasse cascades white as snow fall leaping from projection to projection; and ravines open further down whence seething torrents rush to join the roaring stream below our halting-place.

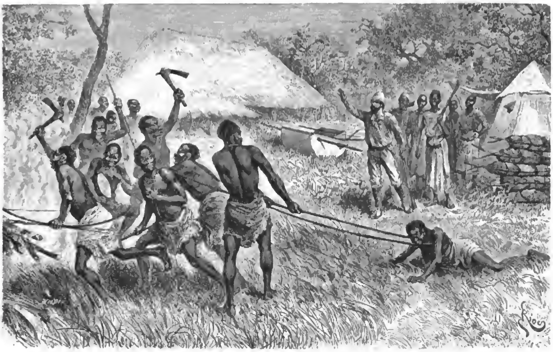
"It is all so like the Alps that it seems an illusion:—all that is lacking is the sight of some thatched cottage in the distance, the bleating of a flock, and the tinkling of a bell.

."The spot on which we camp reminds me a little of the *Grand-Son* of our Dauphiny Alps—(minus the rhododendrons),—just the same naked soil, bristling with dense rocks,—the same icy temperature,—the same cloud-fog likewise, through which our tourists used to persist so obstinately in trying to observe a mountain sunrise.

—"Our march on the 30th brings us up to a height of 500 metres more—till we reach a narrow 'neck,' whence we descend again, by an almost perpendicular path, to 1200 metres, and into a marshy plateau.

"Then for a distance of two kilometres, the path, which is only just as wide as the foot of a man, is carried along the face of a precipitous cliff 300 metres high. In my present condition of weakness I am naturally seized with vertigo; and twice I am obliged to lie flat down in order to save myself from yielding to giddiness. My Zanzibarites, as adroit in the mountains as they are strong in the plain, are quite insensible to all feelings of dizziness, and move on confidently until we reach a long flat slippery rock,—sloping out at an angle of between 60 and 70 degrees, which completely bars our way.

"It takes more than an hour to get the five sections of my boat around this obstacle;—I see them, one by one, fastened to ropes which my head-men attach to the trunks of neighboring trees; while others of my men, lying upon the rock, lower each section cautiously at the risk of being pulled over the precipice themselves if the ropes should happen to slip. I superintend this labor of giants from below with much anxiety; for the least carelessness might ruin in an instant all the hopes I have founded upon that frail skiff. But all ends well."



A SORCERESS DRAGGED TO THE STAKE.

CRAZY TERROR INSPIRED BY A LION.

The numerical strength of the explorer's force did not suffice to conjure away the peril of wild beasts; and several extraordinary cases of attack by lions and panthers were among its adventures. At one halting-place a panther entered the camp several nights in succession, killing and wounding; at another, a lion actually tried to force his way into the huts. This adventure is thus recounted:

. . . "The village in which we encamp is at least quite as miserable a place as that of yesterday—where we made our first halt after leaving the Condé country. During the previous five days a lion had been making frightful ravages in this little community. This last night also a wretched woman was seized within her own hut, and devoured by the animal only a few paces off—in the high grass. Her mutilated corpse is a horror: there remain only the head and one leg.

"To build a *boma* (fortified camp) after such a day's marching was of course impossible: I installed myself as well as I could with the greater number of my men, leaving the rest to shelter themselves in the abandoned huts. In order to protect these huts, the natives had surrounded them with a heap of thorny brambles, piled so high as to cover the roofs themselves.

. . . "About one o'clock in the morning I was just dropping off to sleep, under the *zo-zo* of the mosquitoes, when an ominous crackling sound woke me out of my doze with a start. Nearly one hundred yards away I saw a hut all in flames. Cries of distress issued from within it:—'Fire! fire! . . the lion! the lion! . . bring your rifles!'

"We all ran there. The flames, seizing the brambles, were leaping twenty-five or thirty feet in the air. The hut was an immense furnace; and the roof was already burning

"To our wild outcries the two poor stifling wretches within only replied by moans and groans.

"'Are you going to stay in there to be burned alive?' shouted Ferrouji—'jump through the fire!'

"Finally, just a moment or two before the roof fell in,

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"Kétimkuru insisted that I should set a trap for the lion;—he would send two hundred men with me to construct it. I would have been only too glad to please him in this matter; but one day he told me that he was going to put one of his wives into the trap *for a bait!* I therefore reconsidered my decision, feeling sure that he would otherwise carry his project into execution as soon as I had left the country.

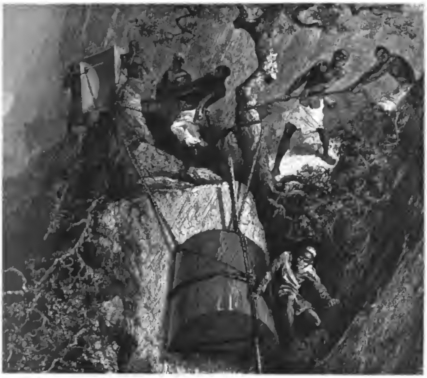
—"The justice of Kétimkuru is altogether African, and never extends beyond the limits of his *boma.* He very seldom inflicts the death penalty, except in the case of prisoners of war. As for robbery and murder, he never deigns to occupy himself with such matters. The person robbed has always the right to assemble his relatives and fall upon the robber. The murdered man has no avenger except the friend who is willing to take it upon himself to avenge him. . . .

"The real glory of Kétimkuru was that of having united all Uemba under one central government;—it had previously been divided into petty states, continually at war with each other . . . . Unfortunately he had no son capable of succeeding him,—and his death must plunge this whole country again into the wildest anarchy. . . .

—"Yet altogether the memory of this really good hearted man,—the only man of his kind whom I met during my two years' journey, often returned to me. It was not without a sinking of the heart that I heard, three months later, not only of his death, but also the news that I was charged in the Uemba country with having brought about that death by sorcery."

REACHING LAKE BANGOUÉLO.

The traveller reached the lake in July, bade farewell to the caravan accompanying him, and with a few chosen men launched his boat upon those unknown waters. His recital of the approach to the lake, and his account of what he saw during the last week of the march there, are graphic to the degree of creating a singular impression of ghastliness and desolation:—



TRANSPORTATION OF A CANOE IN SECTIONS.

. . . "The village of Combo-Combo leaves with me a souvenir of this obscure African region which will never be effaced,—a souvenir of unparalleled sadness. The inhabitants seem to have lost all resemblance to human beings: their ferocious faces and suspicious stare give them the aspect of wild beasts. Totally isolated to the number of fifty in this solitary *boma,* they would appear to be even upon their guard against each other;—they live upon the alert, like a troupe of gazelles. From the summit of a lofty ant-hill which dominates their huts they pass all their days in watching the horizon. By daylight a dead silence prevails—rarely broken by the hollow cough of the smokers of hemp, or the hammer of some weaver of bark textures. The tamtams, stoven in and covered with dirt, lie forgotten in a corner.

"All night long the voices of the blind eunuchs make answer to the howlings of the beasts of prey, the barking of the wild dogs, the yelping of the foxes. Like children, they think to conjure away, by making noise, the vague terror which oppresses them, but they only succeed in augmenting their lugubrious fear.

—"I will only be able to recall the last halt of the three days' journey to Lake Bangouélo. We journey all the morning until ten o'clock over a dried-up marsh which extends out of sight beyond the southern horizon. Here and there clumps of trees, scattered over those undulations which remain always above the floods, thicken ten miles away into a low bluish-green line which one might mistake for a mangrove swamp. The pathway, broken up by the elephants, and the torrid sun, make our march one prolonged torture.

"Turning back at last in order to encourage my boat-carriers, I find them lying down, one after the other, beside their sections,—gasping, agonizing. Not one grain of flour,—not one atom of dried meat.

"Further on, as we enter a thicket, a herd of elephants take flight;—but I miss them with two shots. About noon we encamp on a little elevation about twenty-five yards square,—after having waded one whole hour through a swamp which is full of leeches, as all these swamps are, and which seems to terminate southward before us in a high long line of thickly growing marsh reeds. To right and left behind us the blazing plain we have traversed shows scattered dark specks here and there:—a little band of elephants wandering in Indian file,—a solitary buffalo. Close to us *cobas,* motionless, are staring at us;—above our heads wild-geese, wild-ducks, and snipe fly about sportively.

"Then the guide declares that we have lost our way. After we have refreshed his memory with our ramrods, he assures us that we are really at the lake itself, and that he can show us a good place whence to launch our boat. So we are already in the basin of the lake without being able to see its waters! There can be no doubt whatever that clear horizon in the south is reflecting the light of some vast sheet of water;—but how deep is that wilderness of marsh reeds separating it from us? That is the all-important question.

"Soundings in the south gave three feet of water at a distance of 500 metres from our camp. About one o'clock we actually see a pirogue in that direction. It seemed to glide like a black speck over the prairie,—for the marsh has all the aspect of a prairie: it stops a moment,—probably because those in it have seen our camp-fire; then it enters the high reeds, and is lost to view. There is no time to be lost;—my men at once set to work to put the sections of the boat together. . . .

—"At ten o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth everything was ready and every man at his post. For some time the boat-carriers pushed us over the slime, as a sledge might be pushed over ice;—then, as we found ourselves fairly afloat, the adieux began. . . .

—"At mid-day, half sliding, half floating over this submerged prairie, we reached the wall of marsh reeds, sixteen feet high above the water,—dense, impenetrable, and extending infinitely away from northeast to southeast. It proved to be only about twenty yards in breadth; yet it took us more than an hour to force our way through it.

—"'*Bahari!*' (open water!) cried Wadi-Munié from the bow. One more effort,—and the free flood of the lake appeared at last. We were afloat on the Bangouélo.

"If I felt particularly embarrassed at any period of my voyage, it was certainly at that moment. North, east, and south, to the very horizon, the marsh reeds towered like an impassable dike: west, the vast stretch of water extended like a sea-line,—broken only by two or three far-off columns of mysterious smoke;—nowhere a trace of land; nothing but sun, water, and high reeds." . . .

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE AT MÉRÉ-MÉRÉ'S VILLAGE.

The explorer found several inhabited islands in the lake, but everywhere hunger, fear, and savagery among the inhabitants. They lived, on the whole, a far more miserable life than the wild beasts of the country, and showed superiority to animals only in the extreme cunning with which they concealed their habitations from view. Giraud traversed the lake southwardly, entered a river below it, full of cataracts, and then advanced northward to meet, if possible, the rest of his men. He waited for them at Mirambo, southwest of Lake Bangouélo, and suffered considerable ill treatment at the hands of the chief of that place, Méré-Méré, of whose settlement he gives a curious account;—(chap. xvii.):—

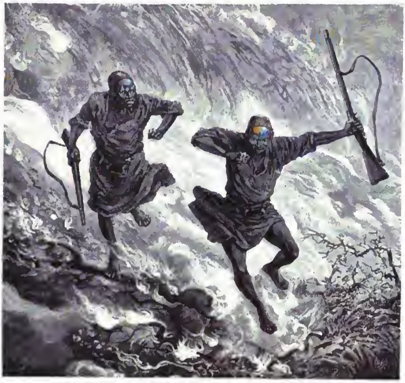
. . . "The chief Méré-Méré leads quite an active life. At the first rays of sunrise, I can hear his shrill voice arousing the sleeping population, who dread the morning chill with good reason. He goes from one hut to another with his cane in his hand, and beats unmercifully whoever shows a disinclination to go to the fields. By seven o'clock the village is almost deserted. Then he goes off himself, accompanied with an escort of armed boys, to superintend the work, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. About three o'clock he returns from the fields, and soon after that hour I think he is always under the influence of *pombé.*

"His projects of culture are vast as the world. By whatever gate you leave the village, you can walk straight forward for a whole hour through the clearings, 100 to 150 yards in width, made through the woods and underbrush; and I keep asking myself how and where he is going to find seed enough to plant such immense extents of land.

"The women do not suffice for the work desired; and he has therefore taken it into his head to make requisitions on the smaller neighboring villages, which are each in turn obliged to furnish a certain number of men for the work. Furthermore, each of these men must bring with him a certain quantity of maize: and it is by means of this weekly tribute that Méré-Méré himself manages to live in this time of famine. . . .

—"The African mind loves exaggerations,—and its eccentricities do not always stop short of exaggeration alone. Méré-Méré came to see me one day very unexpectedly with his face all lighted up: he informed me he had just learned that one of my brothers, a White Man, was descending the river upon a boat made of stone:—he had two pairs of eyes—one pair in front, another at the back of his head,—and a monstrous gun. . . .

. . . "One evening I tried to make Méré-Méré talk about a future life, and a God better than his own. He listened to me for a few minutes and then took his departure hastily, after informing me that he desired me hereafter always to notify him when I felt inclined to talk about such things,—so that he should not have to trouble himself in coming to see me. . . .



"WE SAW THEM COME OUT OF THE BURNING BRUSH LIKE TWO DEMONS."

—"15th Sept. The remains of a young elephant, which was found dead three days ago, have just been carried into the village. Méré Méré was able to maintain order for a few moments, but as soon as he had taken his own lion's share of the carcass, the division of the quarry began with a savagery impossible to describe. The dogs themselves took a share in the scene; and during the ignoble contest which followed, I do not know whether the men or the dogs were the more ferocious and bestial. This flesh exhales a sickening odor, and the whole village will be infected by the stench for a long time to come. . . .

"From morning till night the children are busy hunting among the trees for crickets. They pull off the wings of the insects, and roast the bodies for food. This evening they come about my table and dispute with the dogs for the bones;—I cannot imagine what they can get from those bones.

—"18th Sept. A woman has just died;—two men have taken her up, one seizing her by the arms, the other by the legs,—and are going to throw her into the underbrush on the other side of the marsh. Only the chiefs have the right of burial.

"I heard that the poor creature had died in consequence of brutal treatment; and I questioned Méré Méré about the matter. He told me in effect that he had ordered her to be severely beaten because her conduct had been immoral. Almost at the same moment some of the village people came in with the announcement that the remains of a dead lion had been found in the neighborhood; and forthwith the public criers rushed into the streets shouting at the top of their voices:—

—"'How explain the death of a lion killed by a base hyena? Who does not see that this extraordinary thing has happened as a warning to you women to remain faithful to your husbands? Tremble, guilty ones, or you will all die like your sister died to-day!'

—"19th Sept. It turns out after all that the alleged dead lion was only a dead hyena,—which fact greatly embarrasses not only the public criers, but also Méré Méré, by whose orders they had been acting. Furiously angry, Méré Méré has banished from the village all those who brought in the marvellous news of yesterday."

RUN OVER BY A HERD OF WILD BUFFALOES.

Lieutenant Giraud found his way to Lake Moëro in November, and one of the party had the following strange adventure:—

. . . "About nine o'clock on the 11th of November we came in sight of a magnificent lake, the existence of which had been concealed from us by the natives. The two banks, separated by a distance of 1500 to 2000 metres, enabled me to surmise from their elevation that the depth of this basin was from thirty to forty metres. The pathway skirted the southern bank under high woods of superb appearance. For a distance of three kilometres we still had the lake at our feet: then the hill suddenly sloped down into a dry plain covered with the *Acacia horrida*, and traversed by a river which, after feeding the lake, ran southwest—probably to join the Moëro.

"From the ridge we caught sight of the finest herd of buffaloes I had ever seen. There were more than a hundred and fifty of them, dispersed over a comparatively small space of ground,—all grazing on the thin grass bordering the river. When I came in sight of them, Hassani had already alarmed the herd, which began to flee slowly to windward,—heads lowered and ears pricked up. I ordered Terrouji to run to the right of the retreating animals, and do whatever he could to turn them back in our direction. But, like an overgrown child, he could not resist the temptation to use his big rifle when within 200 yards of them; and the herd at once massed together, and rushed toward us as if impelled by some occult force,—looking much more formidable of aspect than before.

"I can still see that maddened mass of animals rushing upon us over the long dry plain and under the fierce sun at a charge-gallop. The greater number were of a dark brown color; the robe of some a dull tawny hue. But the pressure of all those heavy bodies was such that the young ones, in order to breathe, were forced to leap on the backs of their comrades, whence they rolled pell-mell down again.

"Kamna was a hundred yards in advance of us. We had only time to warn him by a shout. He flung himself on the ground, face downward; and the entire herd passed over him.

"Hassani, icily calm as usual, was kneeling down at my left; five or six of the other men were in line on my right.

—"'This is the first time,' Hassani said, 'that I ever saw a herd turn against the wind. The old bulls are angry; we may expect the worst.'

"The charge was at us. When the buffaloes came within twenty yards we all rose up together; and ten rifle-shots rang out simultaneously. Surprised by this fusillade, the front of the herd came to a sudden halt; but the rear, unable to check its rush, pressed forward on the right. Then the panic resulted in a wheeling movement which brought some of the animals within five or six yards of us.

"A moment later all were in full flight again; and all galloped over poor Kamna a second time, and disappeared in the distance. Our first movement was to run to the unfortunate cook, whom I expected to find with every bone in his body broken. To my utter astonishment he got up of his own accord, shook himself, felt himself all over from head to feet, and finally exclaimed:

—"'*Bah! they only struck my head!*'

"I knew the nature of the head in question; and that was enough to set my mind at rest.

"As for the buffaloes, I may observe that during the brief moment while the herd was wheeling, Hassani and I were able to fire six shots with our rifles almost touching the bodies of the animals. Without boasting, I can therefore affirm that every shot told; but nevertheless only one animal remained behind the herd."

PICTURES OF FAMINE.

During the journey northeast from Lake Moëro to Tanganyika the expedition traversed scenes of misery and horror exceeding even those previously witnessed. The country had been ravaged by war, and the people were trying to live upon boiled leaves. Sometimes, on reaching a village to which they were directed, the travellers found only skeletons. The following are but a few extracts from a long and very pitiful narrative:—

. . . "Of the six day's journey to Lake Tanganyika there remain to me only the memories of a cruel and incessant hunger, interminable high woods, and little villages peopled by walking skeletons, who had not even strength to utter a war-cry, and who threw themselves on their knees before me to beg for a few strips of dried meat.

"On the 14th of November we camped at one of these villages; and for the first time I had the pleasure to hear people speak of Tanganyika, the goal of all my efforts, with a certitude of detail which convinced me of the lake's existence,—for I had myself almost begun to doubt it.

"The inhabitants, who had all fled at our approach, returned at two o'clock under the leadership of their chief,—a tall fellow who tried to put on swaggering airs in the vain effort to hide the terror with which my coming had inspired him.

—"'Here is all that I possess,' he said, laying at my feet a chicken and a solitary leaf of tobacco. 'I have travelled; I have been to Tanganyika.' (He spoke of it as a far-away country, full of marvels of all sorts.) 'I saw white men there; and I know they do not eat the blacks,—so I come to you with confidence.'

"I gave him a box of caps and ten charges of powder.

"Two of the six women remaining in the village had been rendered insane by hunger. At sunset one of them approached my bed, which had been placed in the open air, and even now I can still see that long naked figure, transparently thin,—that emaciated face laughing with a weird disdainful laugh.

—"'Great Msungu,' that laugh seemed to say, 'every one here trembles before you; but I defy you. One who has reached the condition in which I am fears nothing, and I can mock your power.'

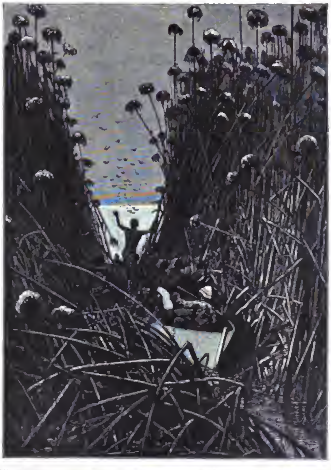
"My men wanted to take her away,—so ghastly the impression caused by her apparition. But the moment their hands touched her she sank down. I tried to make her swallow some tea; but she had reached that stage of suffering at which it is impossible even to swallow fluid.

"What we saw next day was still worse. As none of the natives were strong enough to march with us, we began to wander again at random along the elephants' tracks. In one of these we found another living skeleton lying at full length,—fully fifty kilometres away from any human habitation.

—"'What do you live upon in this *pori* (jungle)?' I asked.

"He pointed to a basket of mushrooms overturned beside him, and fell back motionless. I felt his temples and his pulse: he was dead. I had him carried into a neighboring thicket, and we resumed our march; for if we had undertaken to bury all the corpses we found, I should be still at work doing it.

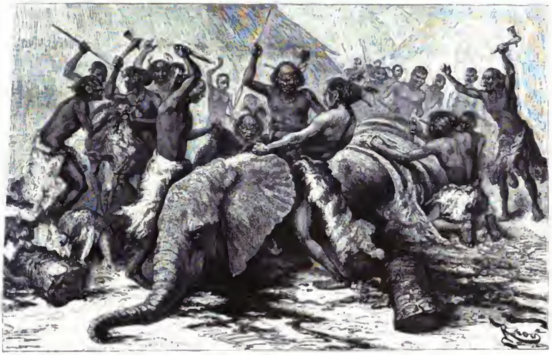
. . . "In regard to provisions, we heard the same reply everywhere. At Iendué the chief said: 'Do you not know, Msungu, that two months ago Kabunda came and pillaged everything? Our wives and children were carried away as slaves. We have not a single yam; . . . we must go for our seeds to Mlilo, five days' journey north; and even there we can only get seeds by selling our own brothers.'



IN THE GREAT CANE BRAKE. "THE LAKE!" CRIED WADI-MUNIE, FROM THE BOW.

"In the day when game shall have become rare in parts of Africa, let hunters remember the Valley of gozi; for man is the only animal not to be found there. ot count those few wandering savages who traverse mense savannas, bow in hand, watching the vultures ng in the sky, in the hope of sharing with them the n which the birds perceive and descend upon. One e encountered two of these poor wretches.

ur camp had been pitched on a bare plain; and the



CUTTING UP A YOUNG ELEPHANT.

wo savages approached within 300 yards of it to watch us, relying upon their agility, and being ignorant of the range f our fire-arms. In order to attract them, we set a coarse ait for them, as for sharks, in the shape of the head of a ebra, freshly killed, which we put as near them as possible. As soon as they discovered what it was, they rushed upon it, and devoured it on the spot,—lest some one should afterward dispute it with them. One of my men then stripped himself naked, and approached them with his arms folded. After some time, by dint of patience, he succeeded in obtaining a parley with them.

"The result may be divined;—still, it was not until night fall that the two skeletons could be induced to speak with confidence, after having made me swear over and over again that I should not cut their throats. They really believed my oath only when they saw the quantity of meat in our camp; for among some of these native tribes the sight of a white face always suggests the idea of mutual anthropophagy. These did not belong to any tribe, lived chiefly on wild honey and air, and agreed to follow us wherever we went, so long as we would kill game for them."

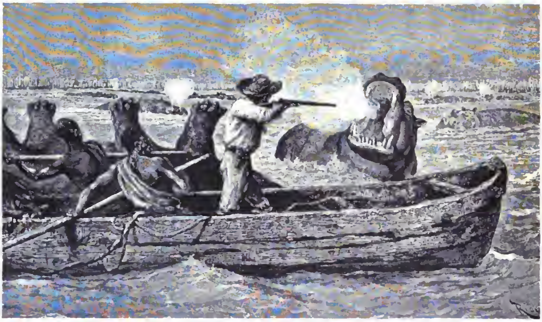
ATTACKED BY HIPPOPOTAMI.

While travelling on the river through the "elephant-marshes," in the latter part of his journey, the explorer had an adventure with hippopotami quite as dangerous and exciting as the previous adventure with buffaloes. He writes in his journal:—

. . . "A grove of palm-trees marks the beginning of the elephant-marshes. Up to this point of our voyage the banks had always remained within view—topped by a scanty growth of trees, with a few villages sprinkled along the heights. But now in the elephant-marshes we see no trace of a dwelling for twenty-four hours at a time, and no other vegetation as far as the horizon but one waste of arborescent grasses where the elephants find enjoyment at this season of the year. In this vast mass of verdure, traversed in every direction by trails, one could not see ten yards away, but there are numerous ant-hills everywhere, which serve as points for observation, and render it possible to explore the region.

"On the 3d of November, Kerr and I were separated by the forking of the river about an island; he followed the left branch while I followed the right. From either side our gunshots replied to each other all the morning until midday. Kerr had the good fortune to fall in with a fine herd of elephants; as for me, I had to fight for two hours with a herd of hippopotami, which more than once put me into a very dangerous situation. I had killed one, which, after floating down awhile with the current, grounded at last on a shallow spot; and I had moored the boat beside him in order to try to cut off his head, when we found ourselves suddenly surrounded by the entire herd, which approached within a few metres of us, uttering terrible growlings. When I had succeeded in placing about ten others *hors de combat*, at least fifty more still surrounded us, and remained within range.

"The sun scorched like fire, and the hatchets of the blacks could scarcely cut into the elastic skin,—so that I was obliged to give up the attempt, and leave the ivory to the crocodiles: it was much easier to win than to carry away. But as we guided our boat through the circle the hippopotami still formed about us, two of them attacked us with such rage that at my second shot the muzzle of my rifle entered the open mouth of the monster, as he strove to seize the edge of our canoe in his jaws. Never before had I seen hippopotami in such a state of fury. It was the suckling season;—at that time one always sees quite a number of little ones clinging to the backs of their mothers; and it is necessary to be extremely cautious about approaching them."



AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE HIPPOPOTAMI.

AFRICAN CHARACTER.

The most striking effect of the explorer's narrative is that impression which it conveys to the reader of negro character and life through a startling succession of incidents or observations. The races of the region visited by Lieutenant Giraud seem to be able to live under conditions that would prove the extermination of any population not characterized by a love of life for the mere sake of living, comparable in strength only to that of the lower animals. Their existence is perpetual anarchy and starvation. In the most fertile of regions cultivation has been rendered almost impossible by war and rapine; and kingdoms seldom have a history extending beyond the death of the founder. There is no justice. there are no laws regulating society except in the relation of subject to ruler. Every village is a fortress, from which a lookout is being always kept for the approach of enemies, and even in the presence of a common danger the inhabitants are divided against each other by petty jealousy or superstitious fear. About their homes human heads, stuck on poles, or eyes torn from the socket, or skeletons unburied incessantly suggest the possible fate of each villager. Lions boldly enter these villages at night, or seize the inhabitants by day while working in the fields. And yet, in spite of this never-ending horror, the negro loves life, and strives, whenever consistent with his personal safety, to indulge in merriment. Perhaps there is no better illustration of this race characteristic in the book than the touching story told by Giraud of the sale of a girl to some slave-dealers by her father and mother, in exchange for an old flint-lock musket.

"At Manda, on Lake Tanganyika," he writes, "the Vuafipa men were encamped, having come to buy slaves; and I was able to observe a number of their transactions in bargaining—one of which took place close to my tent. The subject of the bargaining was a little girl ten years old, graceful and well built, brought to be sold by her own parents. The chief of the Vuafipa had offered in exchange for her an old flint gun; but the bargaining lasted a whole afternoon; and the slave-dealer had to throw in a gun-flint, two charges of powder, and two copper balls.

"Once in possession of his prey, the owner caressed her for a moment, and examined her eyes and ears very particularly; she had fine white teeth, and her face lighted up with a smile. Then he brought forward two other children already fettered together by a leather rope passed round their necks, and he fastened the end of the long thong firmly about the little girl's neck. For the first time she understood; and tears sprang to her eyes.

—"'Now you are baptized a Mfipa, little one,' cried Kamna;—then turning to some comrades, he added:—

—"'And in ten years, when we come back to Karéma, they will show us this woman as a Mfipa of pure race! In truth, my brothers, all the races of the interior are mixed.'

"Meanwhile I felt interested in the little one: those tears had moved me; and I was actually on the point of telling Kamna to bargain for her, when suddenly I saw her laugh, rise up with her fettered companions, and begin to play in the water with them, just as she would have done with friends of her childhood. I turned my head;—the parents were already five hundred yards away,—walking off coolly, without so much as looking back.

"Those tears were the first and only ones I had seen during my voyage,—the laugh which immediately succeeded them, however, checked at once the last impulse of that compassionate pity which naturally oppresses the heart of the European traveller in the face of miseries which he is totally helpless to alleviate."

island paradise over the sea. After the wretched and almost fatal consequences of this enormous deception, they struggled back to France, and Daudet was greatly impressed by the testimony at the investigation, which revealed to him a capacity for humbug which promised the richest comic results to imaginative treatment. The justice of his prevision is attested by this narrative. It is a bright and rollicking extravaganza, as such schemes viewed from the humorous side always are. It is a droll and plausible burlesque of actual experience, and the movement is so brisk and gay that the graver aspect is constantly hidden, and the enjoyment is not disturbed by sympathetic pity. Those who are accustomed to associate doubtful pictures of morbid passion with the French novel will be surprised and delighted to discover that the French novel also includes such fresh humor, and sparkling and good-natured satire, and the play of so fresh a fancy, as they will find in *Port Tarascon*.

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF "THE SOLID SOUTH."

The Birmingham *Age-Herald*, in Alabama, says of the late book *Why the Solid South?* that while it is useful and timely as a history of the facts of carpet-bag and negro domination, it really does not touch the chief point at issue. The *Age-Herald* says that the work does not answer the Republican complaint that the negro is a constitutional voter prevented from voting by those who are allowed full representation for his vote. The book, it thinks, while approving the fifteenth amendment, attempts to justify its nullification.

This is an important and very suggestive criticism from a leading journal of opinion in its part of the country. It deprecates the tone of appeal to "Northern sympathy" which it finds in the work. The remedy for the trouble, the *Age-Herald* thinks, lies solely in the action of the States interested. "There is but one way in which the South can ward off the danger of negro rule, and in so doing put itself on secure ground and square before the country. That is, to provide such qualification for suffrage as will disfranchise the illiterate and irresponsible." This should have been the course pursued, it says, as soon as the rule of the carpet-baggers was overthrown. It must be adopted, it adds, before there will be honest and satisfactory politics in the Southern States, and immunity from Republican federal interference.

Whether the vote of the States in which the negro vote is largest could be procured for such a disfranchisement, the *Age-Herald* does not say. But that the suggestion is of great importance is undeniable. The division of the colored vote between the white parties seems to be conceded to be contingent upon open bribery, which would not promote the honest politics of which the paper speaks. The fact of the suggestion made by the *Age-Herald* as a solution of the problem is, however, very interesting as a sign of the disposition to look at the question practically, and to consider it in a candid spirit.

THE INDIAN SCHOOLS.

The Indian Commissioner has asked for an increase of about $800,000 over the appropriation for the current year for the maintenance of Indian education. For eight years, beginning with 1876, there was an annual average increase of 75 per cent. in appropriations for this purpose, but for the last five or six years there has been practically no increase, and in 1887 even a reduction. It is the plain duty of the Commissioner to insist upon his request, because he, more than any other person, knows the actual requirements of the policy upon which the government has deliberately entered.

The "Indian problem" of course may be abandoned, if the country desires. The Indians may be left a permanent and costly disgrace to the national humanity and intelligence. But it would be foolish to assume that this is the public wish until it is unequivocally demonstrated. The legislation of recent years has revealed the public policy of absorbing the Indian population by wise and practicable means in the great body of citizens. The severalty law and the system of Indian education are vital measures of this policy. They contemplate the training of the Indians in the elements of education and of civilized industry.

To be thoroughly effective, the educational work must be greatly enlarged. New schools, ampler equipments, repairs, and the obligations incurred in our late purchase of eleven million acres of the land of the Sioux, demand imperatively increased resources, not to try experiments, but to do upon a necessarily greater scale and even more effectively what has been already done so well. The Indians of school age, excluding the New York Indians, or the five civilized tribes, are thirty-six thousand, but the present school accommodations are sufficient for less than a third of them. The Commissioner is but doing his duty in reminding us that if the Indian children are to be made self-supporting citizens, and not continued as dependent pauper wards of the government, this educational work must be done, and Congress ought not to hesitate to provide for it adequately.

THE POLICY OF PEACE.

At the annual meeting in Washington of the Christian Arbitration and Peace Society, Mr. Justice Harlan presiding, the Rev. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia, President of the society, made an earnest and eloquent plea for national disarmament as the most effectual preventive of war. He does not question the right of self-defence; but it must be always self-defence, never assault or military conquest. A national police of armed men there may rightfully be, also, upon land and sea. But it must be a police, not the nurse of a national admiration of false glory.

Dr Boardman holds that we are strong enough, and ought to be brave enough, to propose to other nations disarmament and arbitration. His speech was made before the recommendation of arbitration by the Pan-American Congress. That recommendation and Dr. Boardman's speech, like the Geneva arbitration, are signs of the ripening opinion of civilization of which Charles Sumner's Fourth of July oration on the "True Grandeur of Nations" forty-five years ago in Boston was a harbinger. Dr. Boardman, with Tennyson, anticipates

> "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

But it is not yet clear that the most Christian pilgrim through a territory of savages is not safer with a gun than without it; and although it is hard to compare the state of Christendom to a savage realm, it is not unfair to suppose that in a community of armed states a truly peaceful state enjoys greater certainty of peace if it is known to maintain an adequate armed protective force. When we abandon the doctrine of absolute non-resistance, force is but a question of degree. Dr. Boardman will agree that our army is only a police. It is plain that we are not dazzled by military glamour, and it would be very difficult to stir the country to an ardent demand for an aggressive navy. Indeed, our condition, both in fact and in spirit, shows that we have heeded Sydney Smith's warning seventy years ago: "David Porter and Stephen Decatur are very brave men, but they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country if they inflame Jonathan with a love of naval glory, and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult and injury."

DU CHAILLU'S NEW BOOK.

In England Stanley is the hero of the hour, and London, which at this season asks only a "lion," is happy to have one fresh from the African jungles. But our old friend Paul du Chaillu has claims the importance of which the heroism and notable exploits of Stanley do not efface, and he has just condensed into one popular and abundantly illustrated volume, with maps, the story of his African travels, which will be found even more interesting in the compacter and connected form. There is room enough in Africa for many original explorers, and fame is like love or the sunshine. There is enough for all, and "to divide is not to take away."

Du Chaillu claims to be the first white man who penetrated the vast and unbroken African forest extending two or three degrees on each side of the equator, sparsely inhabited by man and the characteristic animals of Africa, but by great numbers of venomous serpents, formidable species of ants, and strange varieties of apes, of which the gorilla, which Du Chaillu calls the King of the African forest, is chief. Thirty-five years ago, in 1855, Du Chaillu left New York upon his first voyage, returning in 1859. He travelled alone, making friends with the tribes, and passed peacefully from one to the other. He discovered the gorillas, the cannibals, the dwarfs, and the mountains. Upon his return his story was assailed with bitter incredulity; but Sir Richard Owen and Sir Robert Murchison, with other men of the highest authority in science, befriended him, and now Mr. Stanley and other travellers confirm his narrative.

The popular interest in his African story is very great, and it will be stimulated and renewed by that of Stanley. He gives to his new volume the title, *Adventures in the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa and the Country of the Dwarfs.* It is published in London by John Murray, and will be issued in a few days by the Harpers in New York, and if the love of fresh and heroic adventure be as strong as it was a generation ago, and indeed as it is always likely to be, the public will take great satisfaction in this renewal of an old and proved pleasure.

MR. ABBEY'S "MAY-DAY MORNING."

The English papers, with one accord, warmly praise the oil-painting exhibited this year in London by Mr. Abbey—"A May-day Morning." The charm of the work is plainly reflected in the notices which describe a blithe freshness in the picture as if the artist had thrown a strain of Chaucer upon the canvas. The *Athenæum*, however, is reminded of another poet. It says of the work by "the renowned book illustrator of New York," "It is an original and charming exercise in tone, tint, and line, cast in a low key, and all as beautifully harmonized as we could wish them. In 'A May-day Morning' we catch a glimpse of what Herrick saw when he went 'a Maying' with his Corinna." And again, "the grace and spontaneity, the broad, soft, and yet luminous effect, with its diffused light and softened shadows, and the charms of tone and color distinguishing this work, are such as Herrick himself would delight in, and for it thank a painter possessed by his very spirit."

This poetic character of Mr. Abbey's work, the subtle play of imagination suffusing it with pure sentiment, and with the Boccaccio charm which belongs to Giorgione's drawings and sketches, or more precisely, perhaps, the old English "pleasance," is its most characteristic quality. It is familiar in his "black and white," and it is delightful to learn that it is not less observable in his painting. The subject, indeed, is of the kind to which he naturally inclines. A pair of young lovers, he with a mandolin, dance along a garden space in the bright May morning in a flood of sunshine, fruit hanging upon the wall, and chanticleer with flapping wings saluting the day. Youth, beauty, love, and the morning are all touched by the tender skill of genius into a song of harmonious color.

Mr. Abbey, doubtless full of the happy feeling of his picture, is just crossing the sea again, and among the good gifts that he will send back to us, let us hope, will be the opportunity of seeing this work. For,

> "While Time serves and we are but decaying,
> Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a-Maying."

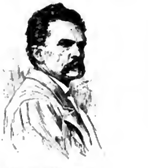
PERSONAL.

Charles Butler, of this city, who has recently given the University of the City of New York and the Union Theological Seminary each $100,000, has long been connected with these institutions. He studied law with Martin Van Buren, and began its practice in Geneva, New York. In 1834 he moved to this city, and soon became interested in the building of Western railroads and cities, Chicago and Toledo being among the young towns which received his attention. He made money, but used it justly, and helped many deserving persons and objects in their struggles. Mr. Butler has enjoyed the friendship of many famous men, among them Thomas Carlyle and James Anthony Froude. It is said that years ago a farmer in western New York asked Mr. Butler for a loan to publish some writings which he called a "New Bible." The loan was refused, but the book came out, and proved to be the celebrated Mormon Bible.

—Prince Bismarck possesses over a hundred decorations, some of them very valuable. One, a diamond star, given him by the late Czar of Russia when the German statesman was made a member of the Order of St. Andrew, is worth $50,000.

—Hamilton Grange, the house which Alexander Hamilton built when, after his political defeat in 1802, he bought a farm at the upper end of Manhattan Island, still stands. It is near 142d Street and Convent Avenue, and is used now as the chapel of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church. The room on the first floor which Washington is said to have occupied during his visits to the Grange is preserved, with much of its furniture. The thirteen gum-trees which Hamilton planted in commemoration of the original colonies are in a flourishing condition. A few hundred yards away stands the Colored Orphan Asylum, occupying the site of the house where Aaron Burr once lived.

—Another colored man has come to the front in the Senior Class at Harvard College. He is William Edmond Burghardt Du Bois, and he divided the Boylston prize of $120 for declamation with a white competitor the other evening. He was born at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, was fitted for college there, and after being graduated with high honors at Fisk University, in Nashville, he entered the Junior Class at Harvard. He is fitting himself to be a teacher in the South, and supports himself by teaching, lecturing, and winning scholarships.



—Jorge Isaacs, the author of *María*, a translation of which was recently made by Rollo Ogden and published in the "Odd Number Series," is of mixed race—the son of an English Jew married to a woman of Spanish blood. He was born at Cali, in the beautiful vale of Cauca, where he has laid the scene of his story. Early in life he lost his father and mother by death, and since then has found a home in Bogotá, the Colombian capital. His first work, a small volume of verses, was enthusiastically received by the Bogotanos; and in 1867, when still a young man, he published *María*, which has come to be considered in South America as the most original and characteristic work yet produced in Spanish-American literature. The accompanying sketch is taken from a photograph recently received from him.

—General George von Caprivi, the new German Chancellor, is, like his predecessor, a man of huge stature and soldierly mien. He has seen service in both the army and navy of his country, is a fine speaker, and is now in his fifty-ninth year.

—Miss Belle A. Smith, twenty-three years old, and a Michigander both by birth and education, has been made resident physician at the women's prison in Sherborn, Massachusetts.

—Reuben R. Thrall, called the oldest practising attorney in the United States, has just died at Rutland, Vermont, at the age of ninety-five years. He was an old-time Abolitionist, and co-worker with William Lloyd Garrison.

—Mr. Charles T. Cunningham, who was for many years connected with the Manhattan and Brighton Beach hotels, will be associated this season with the management of the fashionable Hotel Kaaterskill, in the Catskill Mountains.

—M. Catacazy, once a Russian diplomat of unusual prominence and brilliancy, died in retirement at St. Germain, France, not long ago. He was Secretary of Legation at Washington in 1848, and became Chargé d'Affaires when only twenty-four years old. After that he served with distinction at different European capitals, receiving rapid promotion, and when he returned to this country as Russian Minister his well-known sympathy with the cause of the North during the war and his brilliant reputation insured him a warm reception. An unfortunate scandal led to his recall, and when, soon afterward, he was dismissed from the Russian diplomatic service, he became one of the editors of the Paris *Figaro*.

—Oliver Bell Bunce, who died in New York May 15th, was born in New York February 8, 1828. Mr. Bunce had been associated for many years with the Messrs. Appleton, and was editor of *Appleton's Journal*. As an author his works include *The Opinions and Disputations of Bachelor Bluff*, *Timias Terrystone*, *Don't*, *My House*, *an Ideal*, and *The Story of Happinolande*. He was among the first who paid marked attention to illustrated works, and it was at his suggestion that *Picturesque America* was published by the Messrs. Appleton. For many years Mr. Bunce had been in delicate health, but yet accomplished a great amount of literary work. Endowed with a fine taste, and holding high the sentiment of honor, his influence has helped in no small degree to advance the intellectual development of the United States.

THE DRY-GOODS DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS AND FRANK H. SCHELL.

FEW people know the enormous amount of business done and the wealth represented by the business men situated within something less than a square mile of the lower part of New York city. This region is known as the dry-goods district, and extends, roughly stated, from Thomas Street, three blocks above the City Hall, to Bleecker Street, and from West Broadway to Elm Street. There are, of course, a few straggling houses outside of these limits. Into this district is received the great bulk of all the merchandise imported into the United States; here is represented about seventy-five per cent. of the enormous textile manufacturing interest of the country. Every great cotton-mill, woollen-mill, or silk-mill; almost every great linen house in the north of Ireland and in Dundee; numerous large English woollen houses and lace manufacturers; the great velvet and velveteen houses of a half-dozen foreign countries; the extensive lace houses of Switzerland and "Luft-stickerei" houses of Germany—all these have agents in that small piece of territory. Here likewise are represented all the large houses of Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and a score of other prominent cities, by agents who have offices, and in many cases large display rooms, in the dry-goods district. Every movement in the trade is usually felt there first, and the branch house is, perhaps, in a majority of cases, of more importance, because its transactions are larger, than the house it represents. It is the great distributing point for all imported goods; it is the place to which merchants from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to Louisiana, come to buy their goods and select their samples. In short, the total amount of dry-goods business done in this district in the year is not less than $1,200,000,000. Nowhere else in the world, in so small a space, is there so much traffic done in fabrics, or in any other commodity.

Before the civil war the centre of the dry-goods business was Fulton Street, now devoted to oil, paint, drugs, and general merchandise; the upper limit of the district was opposite City Hall Park on Broadway. The dry-goods business, like all other branches of commerce, is, and has been for many years, steadily creeping up town.

THE COTTON DISTRICT.

This is the greatest textile industry in the country, for cotton is a fabric worn by rich and poor, is used for almost every conceivable clothing purpose, and takes the place largely of linen. We grow our cotton here, we spin it, and we weave it; we do not grow our flax, and we do not manufacture the flax fibre. Year by year cotton has been driving out numerous fabrics made of other materials, because greater skill has been acquired in spinning, designing, weaving, and printing. The skill in manufacture, as well as in the art of deceiving, is such that sometimes cotton fabrics are bought for linen and for silks, and cloths with only a small percentage of wool are sold as all-woollens. This is true, of course, to the greatest extent of dress goods. Cotton goods are oftenest sold as linens, and it requires the borax and other tests to determine the one from the other. Of late, however, the purchasers of what are called linen goods adopt all the means that the science of chemistry can supply to determine whether articles sold as linen are genuine. The method is this: a piece of cloth is immersed in a strong solution of borax, the liquid being hot. If the fabric is composed of cotton, it retains its color, if it is linen, it becomes a straw-colored yellow, if it is part linen and part cotton, it is checkered in yellow and white.

The cotton district may be said to extend from Duane Street to White Street, and from Broadway to West Broadway. Within this space is represented the bulk of the cotton manufacture of the country. The stranger going into a commission house here, where so many millions of business are done in the year, might easily believe that transactions there were very small. There are no shelves on the sides for holding goods as you find in a retail store; there is often nothing more than counters, or, more properly speaking, show tables, upon which are displayed samples of the goods made by the mills which the commission house represents. Sometimes persons from the country who want to do some shopping while in town get into the dry-goods district, and reading the signs, go in to make some purchases. A man and woman from the country went a few days ago into the largest commission building in Worth Street to make some small purchases. After looking around for a few moments, and seeing only four or five salesmen and hardly any goods, the man turned to his wife and said: "This place is no good, Jane. Come to the Bowery, where they got some goods." Then, taking a survey of the establishment, he added: "I don't wonder they have so many large failures in New York. Look at all these big premises, and no business a-doin'."

Cotton manufacture, as has been stated, is increasing enormously, and year by year a higher standard of excellence is being reached. Every cotton fabric made by a mill of any note in the country has an agent in the district. The great Pepperell Mills, the Laconia, making brown and bleached sheetings, satines, and corset jeans, and the Pepperell Dragon and "Chop"—the two latter fabrics being manufactured for export to China—have all commission houses here. And the bulk of the manufacture of the great Amoskeag Mills is disposed of by one commission house. The cloths made by this huge corporation are brown sheetings, drills, bags, cotton dress goods, and other stuffs. No other mills in the world come near them in capacity for the production of such goods. They have no less than 250,000 spindles and over 7000 looms. Then comes the Goddard Corporation, with its 340,000 spindles, making all manner of bleached cottons, from 64 square to 250 threads to the square inch. The number of looms corresponds to the spindles.

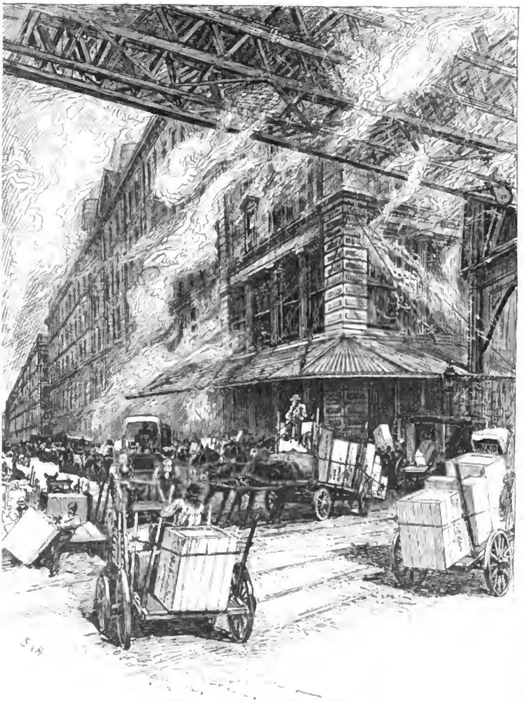
Nearly all the great and little cotton-mills sell their goods through agents, but the wealth that belongs to this enormous industry is not to be found among the mills as a general rule, but in the little patch of ground known as the cotton district in New York city. There are two noted exceptions, however. The Wamsutta corporation sells its own goods, as do also the Knights, of Providence, who are the largest manufacturers of plain cottons in the world, running several mills of 300,000 spindles. Of course their great basis of operations is in the dry-goods district of this city.

Of late there has been a tremendous activity and no little foreboding among dealers in cotton goods, owing to the fact that a large amount of capital has recently been invested in cotton manufactures in the South. The great bulk of the new Southern corporations, of course, have established agencies in New York. Just imagine what the increased capacity for cotton production next year will be over that of this year with over sixty new corporations for the manufacture of cotton goods organized in the South in the past eight months! A very wealthy and prominent cotton man, who has, besides several New England cotton-goods accounts, two from the South, said to the writers:

"There is going to be a heavy smash in our business right here, just as sure as the heavens are above us. It doesn't pay us now to make cottons as it did. The thing is overdone. Look at all these stately buildings," pointing across the street; "they did make money once; now they are little better than genteel pawn-shops. These houses round about us are carrying the mills they represent. Why, bless you, there are a hundred and more of cotton-mills in the New England States the owners of which haven't money enough to buy the dyes for the orders they receive. The commission men have to furnish the money for the raw material and for the labor, and then trust to luck and Providence that our commissions will recoup us. This Southern movement, I repeat, is alarming."

Such views are regarded by other merchants as pessimistic.

The cotton goods exhibited in the spacious and splendid floors of the commission houses embrace almost every description of cotton fabric known to the most persistent shopper. Looking through the almost infinite variety of articles, however, one reaches everywhere the limit to domestic skill in some respects. For example, no domestic mill represented in this great district can turn out a piece of Nottingham lace to compare with the imported. Our lace curtains are fifty years behind the times. Then, owing to temperature, we cannot spin cotton as fine as they can in England, in Switzerland, and other parts of Europe. This is why one can go into certain importing houses on Greene, Franklin, and White streets and find massed together mill-



A STREET CORNER IN THE DRY-GOODS DISTRICT.

"I'll see that it is returned," Thompson volunteered, quite eagerly.

"All right; much obliged." And Warner, having swallowed the remainder of his coffee, rushed away, leaving his friend, who never hurried his breakfast, to finish that repast in peace.

"Yes, I'll return it," mused Thompson. "But," he concluded, a bright thought suddenly striking him, "not to Marlowe—no, not to Marlowe."

And so it came about that soon after breakfast he might have been seen directing a small, neat bundle, with which he entered the post office a little later, wearing the same mischievous smile which usually illuminated his comely face.

Forrester Wells returned the next afternoon in high spirits, having left his sister on the fair road to recovery. His time at home had been so fully occupied that no ghost of the silver spoon had troubled him until it recurred to his mind as he opened the door of his own room once more. He put down his bag, and looked about. "George has been arranging things here," he commented, mentally; then he reached up to the swinging shelf for the spoon. It was gone. In vain he looked everywhere about the room; it was not to be found.

While he was still occupied in this way Marlowe appeared, and he called out, gayly, "Hello, George, here I am again!"

"So I see," remarked his friend, without his usual enthusiasm. "How is your sister?"

"Oh, much better. By-the-way, did you see a silver spoon around here after I left?"

Marlowe eyed him sternly before responding. "Yes, I think I did see one here. Where did it come from?"

Wells resisted his first inclination to explain the full particulars, and replied, carelessly, "Oh, I picked it up somewhere. It is a very convenient thing to have about, you know. It was a pretty one, with a fancy handle."

"Not the kind that you pick up in the street, eh?" put in George, scornfully.

"I hope that no one has walked off with it," continued Wells, without noticing the other's tones. "It was an old-fashioned one, and I couldn't get another like it, you know."

"Not where you got that one," broke out Marlowe, with such vehemence that his friend suddenly turned and faced him in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Just what I say," returned the other, excitedly. "I never believed you capable of such a thing. I thought that you were a very different sort of fellow. Oh, Forrester, how could you? Is it a joke to carry off silver from a house where you are being entertained for the first time? That would be disgraceful enough; but if, still worse, you are merely pursuing a craze for trophies to be satisfied at any cost, please remember that when I present you to my friends, I hold myself responsible for your ungentlemanly conduct."

During this outburst Forrester's face was an interesting study of rapidly changing expression. First of complete astonishment and surprise, followed by incredulity, and then grieved amazement, as his friend's suspicions dawned upon him, and ending in a flash of haughty anger at the close.

As Marlowe paused, he strode to the door and threw it open. "You have said enough to convince me of your friendship," he exclaimed. "Now, be kind enough to go."

Beneath his clear, penetrating glance, Marlowe's suspicions melted away, leaving him most [illegible] for his hasty words, and only [illegible] for the injustice which they [illegible]

"Indeed, I shall not go until everything is explained. Forgive me, Forrester, for doubting you. I know that you are and always have been the soul of honor. When you hear my side of the story, you will see that there is some excuse for me."

Forrester's anger gradually subsided under this earnest appeal. "First," he said, "you must hear my terrible confession of guilt." And he briefly recounted his experience, and his vain attempt to return the spoon that night. "And, of course, you know that I was telegraphed for the next morning," he concluded.

George, who was by this time contrition itself, then told his story. How he borrowed the spoon; all about the dinner party; when he had seen the spoons just like it; and last, and worst, how the spoon could not be found. Forrester whistled thoughtfully.

"I am responsible for it," Marlowe insisted. "I borrowed it, and I shall go and explain to the Marylands all about it, and see if I can't have another one made like it."

"Nonsense!" replied his friend; "you shall do nothing of the kind, and I believe we shall find the spoon yet. Suppose we go into your room, and have one more thorough search?"

With this the two friends went manfully to work. Forrester carefully turned over, scrutinized, lifted up, and shook everything; while George kicked things over, emptied out drawers, and never paused in his mad career until the room looked as if it had been suddenly struck by a cyclone. Every now and then one of them remarked, "Oh! here is that match-safe you lost so long ago"; or, "I've just found that pearl scarf pin of mine."

George finished up by emptying the contents of all his bureau drawers upon the bed, where collars and handkerchiefs, neckties, cigarettes, and stockings, tennis caps and scarf pins all mingled in glorious confusion.

"What did you do that for?" remonstrated Forrester. "I had just looked carefully through all those drawers, and now you've mixed things up finely."

"Oh, that's all right!" exclaimed George, cheerfully. "I just like to make sure, you know. It is the strangest thing where that spoon went to," he added, inspecting the coal-hod. "I declare, I've looked in every place I can think of, and found everything else that I ever lost, and I'm afraid we shall have to give it up."

It was with a step less elastic than usual that Forrester Wells mounted the Marylands' steps late that afternoon, while George Marlowe, by his side, assumed an air of extreme gayety, which nevertheless failed to disguise the fact that he was just a little nervous and uncomfortable; the whole affair seemed so ridiculous and unnecessary, and so strongly recalled his very juvenile days when his father made him ring the gentleman's door-bell, and tell him that he had broken his window, but would be most happy to pay for it.

Miss Maryland was at home and welcomed them most cordially. They talked on all imaginable subjects, from music to foot-ball, none of which seemed to lead toward the subject which both young men were so anxious to introduce, not too abruptly, but in an easy and off-hand way.

Wells was cudgelling his brains for just the right sort of introduction, though it seemed to Marlowe that he had forgotten all about the spoon, and was going to talk on forever about some canoeing trip that he took the previous summer. Marlowe himself grew so abstracted as to actually jump when Miss Maryland unexpectedly addressed a remark to him. Why under the sun doesn't Wells begin about that spoon? he was mentally ejaculating, when his attention was arrested by a portion of Miss Maryland's conversation.

"It was really very singular, and quite like something you read of in stories," she was saying. "You may remember, Mr. Marlowe, that we told you about a missing teaspoon that disappeared the night of the cotillon?"

"Why, yes," murmured Marlowe, faintly.

"Well," she continued, "do you know, it came back to us through the mail this very morning? It is the most mysterious thing I ever heard of, and we have racked our brains in vain for a solution of the problem. Now, Mr. Wells, I am anxious to hear your theory on the subject?"

Wells, who had hitherto been unusually quiet, found his animation suddenly returning. "How very interesting!" he exclaimed; "and how much more delightful not to solve the mystery! Mysteries are apt to prove so very prosaic when some one steps in and explains them, spoiling the story and taking away the romance. Come, Marlowe, we must be going. If we stay any longer, Miss Maryland will never want to see us again."

When the door closed behind them, Wells restrained his wild desire to execute an Indian war-dance on the sidewalk, while Marlowe could not find words to express his satisfaction and delight at the turn affairs had taken. "I'll wager that Thompson will tell me something about that spoon when I see him," he broke forth.

"Since I know that it's returned, I don't care a rap how it got there," gayly responded Wells. "There was something really providential in our beating about the bush all that time before we introduced the weighty subject. George, old man, I tell you it pays to own up like a gentleman. Be good, and you'll be happy, even if your friends don't have a first-rate time in consequence."

"Forrester," exclaimed his friend, putting his hand impressively on his arm, "you not only possess most unlimited cheek, as I've told you before, but you have more confounded luck than any fellow I ever saw."

Caroline Ticknor.

THE RENAISSANCE OF AN OLD CITY.

If the plan for a great South-American railway system, having its northern terminus at Cartagena and its southern one at Buenos Ayres, ever, in the fulness of things to come, grows to a reality, it will revive the life of one of the most interesting and romantic cities on the continent. Charles V. one night looked westward at sunset from his palace windows.

"What seeks your Majesty to see?" asked a courtier of an inquiring turn of mind.

"Those walls of Cartagena," replied the great king. "They have cost so much money that I am sure they are of gold, and will reflect the setting sun."

Those same walls for whose glitter Charles watched across the Spanish hills still encircle the ancient city, and against them for over three centuries has beaten again and again the waves of battle. Cartagena was the metropolis of South America, and here were the great storehouses where were collected those stores of precious metals which made it possible for the returned adventurer from the western world to enter Madrid with trains of mules shod with silver, and bearing panniers laden with gold.

The treasure-houses are empty and deserted now; the glory of Cartagena has departed, and its former population of 25,000 has dwindled to a population of 9000. In its narrow streets lean and hungry dogs and despondent-looking burros dispute the right of way with the languid citizens, who occupy the great, mouldering stone houses, whose paved floors once resounded to the tread of Spanish cavaliers and hidalgos. Outside the great walls of the city stretches away to the south the great bay, with a series of islands dividing it from the ocean. Here fleets of galleons used to lie at anchor, and if the railway project is carried through, here will be abundant anchorage room for merchant navies. Nature provided two entrances to this bay—the Boca Grande and the Boca Chica. Now only the latter entrance exists, for in the days of the buccaneers their ill-omened vessels so frequently came swooping through the Boca Grande to pillage and destroy that it was rendered unnavigable by the sinking of obstructions across the entrance. At the narrow entrance of the Boca Chica a great fort of masonry frowns on either side. Defying storm and battle and time and change, these two great forts, with their walls in some places sixty feet thick, stand to-day the finest specimens of sea-coast forts of their type and day in the world. But before the Boca Grande was closed up, how the buccaneers did pour themselves upon the golden city, and how often the flaunting of the "jolly roger" in the offing called the garrison to arms! Sometimes the rovers took the city too; and in all the annals of piracy there is no more thrilling story than that of the day when they descended in force upon the place, and accomplished that sacking of Cartagena, the story of which gleams lurid from buccaneering annals.

In the cathedral of Cartagena is a beautiful white marble pulpit of Carrara marble. It was sent by the pope as a present to a church in Mexico, but the ship on which it was sent was captured by the buccaneers, and the pulpit found a lodging-place in the hold of the piratical vessel. The pirates then set sail for Cartagena, and obtaining considerable booty, and having no especial use for a pulpit, they left it behind when they sailed away.

After days of the pirates came Sir Francis Drake and old Dundonald, and then independence for Columbia, and revolutions and wars to shake the city. At one time Cartagena formed herself into a short-lived nation all by herself, and it was under a commission from this government that the celebrated Lafitte, indignantly repudiating the term of pirate, always claimed to be sailing.

The last time that the walls of Cartagena were called upon to withstand the waves of war was in 1885. The greatest, and it is hoped the last of those revolutions which have so retarded the progress of the United States of Colombia, was in progress. The city had been besieged for months, and the inhabitants were starving. Cats and dogs and handfuls of rice were their only means of sustaining life. Still they held out, with a revival of that fortitude which had characterized their ancestors in the old day.

The success of the rebellion depended on the capture of Cartagena. At midnight on May 7th, General Gitan, who commanded the rebel forces, led two thousand men in an assault on the walls, while from his fleet drawn up before the town and from the fortified hill of San Phillipe and the neighboring mountain of La Popa a storm of shot and shell was poured into the city. The attack failed, and the attacking party, being caught by an enfilading fire, lost eight hundred men in a fifteen minutes' attempt to carry the southwest bastion. The story of Cartagena might be expanded to volumes. Every street has its history, every house its legend. "The old order changeth, giving place to new," and it is within the limits of possibility that the treasure city of Charles and Philip may become a great commercial centre.

THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

At the foot of the Caucasus tipped with snows,
Through the Cossacks' valley the Terek flows,
And the Cossack on guard at the water's edge,
As he watches each shadow of bush and sedge,
Sings to himself a sweet love song,
"*Douchinka, doutchinka,*
The night is long.
But my eye is bright, and my rifle light,
And I wait for the day that follows night."

Where the rippling Po through the valley wends,
And the earth with the sea in harmony blends;
Where life is in living, and love never old,
The shepherd keeps watch o'er the straggling fold,
And sings, with the touch of a sigh,
"*Anima mia,*
Bright is thine eye.
I long for the time when the church bells' chime
Shall echo for thee like thy lover's rhyme."

The wild billows break o'er the rock-sheltered coast,
The spray in the moonlight is faint as a ghost,
And the Brittany fisher before his shrine bows
In prayer for his love, and a candle he vows,
And whispers in solemn refrain
"*Bien aimée*
I come again."
The gulls sweeping by hear the lover's cry
And the winds call back the words with a sigh.

Through the Roman valley, by Caucasus snows,
By the Icelandic shores the melody flows;
It is ever the same that the lover sings,
He is lost to the world and to mundane things.
While wonderful visions are wrought,
"O Soul of mine,
Thou art my thought!"
The days come and go, Time's sands slowly flow,
But the Love that is planted forever will grow.

Flavel Scott Mines.

THE STORY OF A PRODUCTION.

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Fagged out by a season of hard work, I had gone to Bournemouth to regain my strength and health, and to find vigor to commence a new attack upon the bulwarks of popular favor. I took with me the half-formulated plans and ideas of a regenerated *Richard III.*, and a production of the play which should be thoroughly sound without being ostentatious.

I found Bournemouth a much over-rated sanitarium. Pine-trees had been the principal inducement—and pine-trees there were, but few and far between; nor had they any of the fine resinous and pungent perfume which invigorates the vocal chords and soothes and heals the mind. The weather was damp and foggy, the people stiff and stupid. Occasionally somebody would intone the first notes of a song, but the voice died away in a gurgle, and all that remained was a distant echo and the creak of chairs as people turned with an air of gentle reproach. I once, and only once, raised my voice in conversation, and then fled with precipitancy to my room, and bolted the door. My chief and only pleasure was found in the companionship of an old Welsh mare; barring a corn on the off forefoot, a sound and noble specimen of the good old English cob.

Rain or shine I mounted this tawny-colored steed, and trotted toward Christchurch. After all, there is no road like an English road, and no lane like an English lane; and if at the end of it there be a ruined abbey, a quaint old hostelry, and the downs stretching along the sea line as far as a keen eye can reach, there may be hope for enjoyment.

I never ask my way, or inquire regarding sights—sight-seeing in itself is my abomination—so I came upon Christchurch one fine morning in a hap-hazard sort of manner, and rode into the old cobblestone street, and passed the ivy-grown abbey without a suspicion as to where I might be. It was fine—that was all. I liked it, it was a place for the painter. I saw an inn, and, as is usual, by its side a stable, and I was back again with Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller in a moment. My crop was on my hip as I rode through the gate and gave the call for the 'ostler; and when he came limping out, he was the same old 'ostler, lame from a kick, with the same red hair and the same knowing eye, and the same touch of his forelock, and with the same old, very old striped waistcoat. If anybody else had come forward, looking in anyway different, I should have awoke and fallen off my cob; it wasn't in the nature of things to expect anybody else, and nobody else came. We had never met; but the man knew me, and I knew him. "Oats!" I said, and he touched his greasy cricket cap, threw the reins over his arm, and as I moved up the steps to the side entrance of the house, the broad hind quarters of the mare disappeared behind the stable door—not, however, without one hind hoof slipping a little on a stone.

I knew where the coffee-room was, and knew I'd find a good fire. I knew that if I pulled a rope by the mantel-shelf I should hear the sound of a bell clanging through the house. I knew that a more or less good-looking girl would answer the summons. Here my first doubt set in—she might be good-looking, and she might not. I did not desire to have my senses in any way shocked by the sight of an ill-looking person. I was in too soothed and comfortable a frame of mind. She came, I knew it, although I was hanging over the fire with one spurred boot on the fender. I waited a while in order to nerve myself for the shock, then I turned. I was very grateful; she was well-favored. We, too, had encountered one another before. It required no introduction. I had chucked her under the chin in every part of England, and she expected it just as much as she expected the shilling, and I expected her to say, "Lor', sir!" Some bread and cheese and a pint of ale—old ale. There *is* some old ale here, I know it, as mild as milk and as powerful as Hennessey.

It rained, it pattered on the window-pane, and the room became darker and the fire more cheerful. I lolled in the shiny brown chair, threw my head far back, and there was shortly a fragrance of tobacco smoke. I knew there was a very old man in the house, who had lived here for generations, and in due time he entered. He was part of it all, so was the rain, and the mare in the stable scrunching her corn, and the hostler "sished" as he rubbed down a horse by the door, and the yellow-white Scotch whiskey, too, in the short, round tumbler, with a foot to it, by the host's elbow. He droned about crops and visitors and the season and the curate (he knew I knew them all). "Salmon was coming in fine." "I'd better stay and have a slice crimped." I shook myself, went out and looked at the weather, got on to my cob and rode home thinking, but I was away back all the time in the forties and—how perfectly contented! I rode out that way every day, and never sought for anything different; it satisfied me, sometimes with a wild gallop on the downs and a jump or two over a low hedge.

I had mapped out everything before I left London for Bournemouth. Back in the old days, when I led a from-hand-to-mouth existence much more delightful than anything I have since experienced, my occupations, of which I had a few, threw me into the society of painters. I am bound to confess it was no fault of their doing; I was simply *thrown* amongst them, and they gently refrained from throwing me back again, Heaven knows where to, and I have entertained a kindly feeling and a sort of hankering after them and their likes ever since. They have remembered me, too, kindly, through no fault of mine, but simply out of their gentleness. When I voyaged to London recently to play, with all that assurance which is bred of ignorance, in a large theatre there, the painter of the "Derby Day," whom all men know is Frith, wrote to inquire if I by chance be the same man who painted pictures awhile back in London? I made answer that I presumed he meant myself, and was much flattered that I should be remembered by him. Whereupon he came to see me, and said he was glad I had relinquished the profession of a painter, although I had some fine streak of merit in me at that, like Somersetshire bacon.

Probably the man I remembered best of all in studios was Seymour Lucas,* for cause that he had one day offered to pledge his only table ornament, a silver cup, to relieve my necessities; and I would have done the same by him, even to my evening boots built of fine patent-leather, with silk bows very near the toes to make the feet appear small. It was, then, to Seymour Lucas I applied for direction in the matter of a historical production of *King Richard III.;* and the man was very deep in his element at once. There should be real armor. If we could not obtain the armor from the Tower of London, at least it should so closely resemble it that no man should tell them apart. It was proposed to reproduce upon the stage, with absolute fidelity and observance of detail, the costumes of that period, and all the manners and dresses, the architecture and household furniture, as a correct accompaniment to the speech of Shakespeare. Colley Cibber was to be entirely discarded, and Shakespeare enthroned once more.

Lucas was busy making designs; Mrs. Lucas was helping him and me with all the gracious kindness in the world; orders were issued to dress-makers and boot-makers; armorers were at work, and scenic artists. These things were all moving. I had arranged a version of the play. The supers were being drilled in the art of ancient warfare by Captain Edgerton Castle. I could go to Bournemouth, study, receive communications and reports, and issue instructions. The greater part of the work had been done. The plans had been laid for the building of the ship; let it be built. I would study and rest. German† travelled down to me to talk about the music; and I hired a piano, and with locked doors we strummed and hummed and whistled and sang until that portion of the idea had taken form. In the mean while I was making up my mind more and more every day, either on the downs or in the coffee-room at Christchurch, as to what sort of man Richard o' Gloster was, and *now* no one can make me think he was otherwise than I am when I wear his coat and cap. You may not like him, but he is a "being," which is more than the ranting, raving, sulky monstrosity you have been accustomed to was.

It was with something akin to a wrench that I left the sleepy Bournemouth and returned to London. I found everything going well. All seemed easy now, for in the country each movement of king, queen, or pawn had passed in my mind. I knew where every one should go, where every one should work. I had fought the battle over a hundred times. When Catesby appears to Richard after his evil dream, I had mistaken him for another phantom, and thrown my sword away and crossed myself, and touched him and found him human, and thrown mine arms about him in an ecstasy of relief a thousand times in the parlor of Christchurch, with the mare chewing the oats and the sun glinting in through the wire blinds of the window. I go over these things always in my imagination in everything I play. I act them out and see myself doing them just as fully as if I actually moved my body and wagged my tongue. It was a *pleasure* to handle the men Captain Edgerton Castle‡ had gotten together. Soldiers all, I think, of a regiment of Grenadier Guards.

The supers, too, were excellent, obedient and attentive and silent, with no tobacco-chewing propensities, or dependent independence, or hangdog, sulky insolence and muttered asides, as we find them here sometimes. The actors, too, all willing and obliging, which much changes after a season in this country. The scenes will not be ready until the last moment, but as I have made the sketches for nearly all of them myself, they are as good as built upon the stage; I can see them well in my mind's eye, and can arrange my people accordingly. My stage manager, Norman, writes down everything as it occurs to me. He is a man well able to carry out obediently instructions, albeit he has a small fault of extravagance, and does not bargain over prices with workmen as "He" should and "*I*" cannot. Some difficulty with old and experienced actors, notably one, who is an elderly man of fine presence and great volubility, but much hesitation in learning correctly the words, and the bad fault of discussion and argument in preference to passive obedience. One ancient mariner, who has sailed the very stormy theatrical ocean for fifty years and shouted himself hoarse, at the very first rehearsal gives a capital example of the old-line player, who impressed the groundlings with noisy, inarticulate, and unmeaning sound and superabundant action, and being called upon for a simple and gentle delivery, vehemently throws his book upon the stage, and struts out to walk in the Strand and button-hole acquaintances upon the outrageous arrogance of mushroom actors. We practise the fight diligently, and I visit, with Edgerton Castle, the fencing club, and indulge in ancient modes of warfare with sword and buckler, very unlike the bodkin encounters to which we have been accustomed.

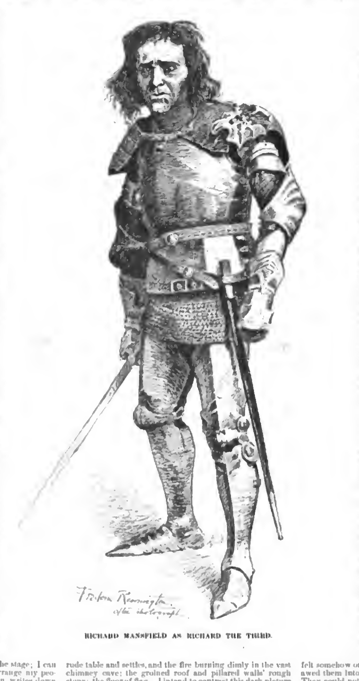
There is as much delight in producing a play as in building a great house with many rooms in it of original design and adornment. The first scene is complete, being the Tower of London. It strikes me as splendid. I trust others will be of my opinion. We call for calciums, and throw lights upon it. Shall it be seen in the broad glare of day, or by evening, or by night? Both Lucas and I decide upon early morning—that pale white light that gives atmosphere and mystery, and lifts the towers higher, throws deeper shadows into angles, and helps the eye to imagine the black waters of the moat, the grim teeth of the portcullis, the little door in the warden's tower, and walls and yards, draw-bridge and battlements—real, all real. It is a delight. I revel in it. I mean to show in the next scene the room in which Henry VI. lost his life. The bed in the recess, with the motto, "Jamais," above and below, in golden letters on the deep scarlet velvet; a little window at the back of the bed, with a feeble ray of light struggling through on to the King's book; the oratory, with a large stained-glass window and the prie-dieu and crucifix, and an ancient lamp flickering above; an all-prevailing idea of gloom and approaching horror; the rude table and settles, and the fire burning dimly in the vast chimney cave; the groined roof and pillared walls' rough stone; the floor of flag. I intend to contrast this dark picture with one of dancing life and light; the road to Chertsey, the flowers all abloom, the fields intersected by hedges white with May blossom, a bank where the silver birch bend their graceful limbs over tangled grass and fern that hint of hidden violets and primroses, and the bold brush flashing a patch of brilliant yellow here and there. This in the middle distance: the fields stretching back in the blue summer haze to the roofs and towers of old London in the background. Further forward a farm-house, with straw-thatched roof, green with lichen and ivy, as is the broken wall in the near foreground, a carpet of grass at its foot and another birch nestling up against its back, buttercups and daisies growing at its foot, and the deep rutted road winding across between farm-house on the right and cottage on the left. All shall be brilliant with an atmosphere that vibrates in the summer sunshine, and makes you long to lie back on the grass, and hark for the note of the lark out of sight up in the gray blue. I am wondering all the while whether anybody else feels all this—perceives it and likes it—or whether I only imagine the suggestion is there, when it is not.

I know very well that I often wonder people do not comprehend what I wish to convey to them without long explanations, and perhaps it's the same with my stage pictures. I generally understand what people are going to say when they *commence* speaking, and in most cases I find listening exceedingly tedious; but I always *do* listen, if I can afford the time, because I have learned how much pleasure they derive from talking. I fear I myself am wandering away a little with exuberant verbosity. The "Crosby Hall" scene and that of the throne-room are largely intrusted to Telbin and Hahn, with the advice of Seymour Lucas and Blomfield, although I am opposed to Mr. Blomfield's suggestion that the balcony (from which Gloster is seen, prayer-book in hand) should be to the left, holding strongly for a musician's gallery at the back. I gave way, however, to the superior judgment of Blomfield.

I am not as deeply interested in these interiors as I am in Richard's camp, the sanctuary of Westminster, and the scene of the battle. Especially shall the camp by night be a departure from accepted and traditional handling. I have long thought of this, and discussed it. I can only see it in one way, and thus others shall behold it. The tent on the extreme left (not occupying the entire stage), a low-lying, bleak country, broken here and there by storm-torn willow and pools fringed with reeds, visited by the drifting clouds and the uncertain moon, the brown tents in the dip of the land, and the glow of the red camp fires here and there; far beyond, the watch-fires of Richmond's army by the line of indigo hills, and over their brow the lingering remembrance of the sun that has set in a long pale yellow ribbon of light that quivers and waves with summer lightning on the horizon. All to deepen to utter blackness as Richard seeks his couch. Richard to be discovered, when the curtain rises, seated by the camp fire on the stump of a tree, lost in thought, moody, and pregnant with the ill omen of the hour as the scene and the very air. (I should have liked some ravens perched upon the bough of the willow.) Around the fire, motionless, the figures of some knights, armed cap-a-pie, and the fire-light caressing the burnished steel. The "hum of either army" and "the clink of hammer closing rivets up gives dreadful note of preparation." It seems to me, when all this is done, nothing can be more perfect, but it may not thus impress others. The great day of trial is approaching. I sleep little, and eat less. I shall be weak and tired. My voice is hoarse, and becoming more so every day, shouting directions, talking with much anxiety from morning until night.

The excitement of a first night is actual suffering; the nervousness absolute torture. Yet as I walk down the Strand on my way to the theatre that night and note the impassive, imperturbable faces of the passers-by, I must confess to myself that I would not change places with them—no, not for worlds. I have something that is filling my life brimful of interest; every nerve is dancing, every muscle quivering. It's like a battle. I shall win or die. I'm in my dressing-room at last, and at last it's the first night of tragedy. My first night of tragedy! I begin to realize it all at once. It comes upon me with the most stunning force. I do not believe I have thought of it before. I'm afraid my servant, my devoted John Metzger, will see my hand tremble as I draw the lines under my eyes. I have donned my first dress. I am ready. Lucas has been to see me. He says I look look like the pictures of Richard. That is well. There is an uproar in the house. Hark! they are shrieking and yelling. John is in a ferment of terror, and says, in his broken accent, that "they vas wrecking the house." I wonder what it is all about. Presently the news comes. First one and then another pale-faced emissary. Somebody has blundered. Men have been allowed to take places in the pit before the doors were regularly and properly opened.

Augustus Harris comes panting and very red, "You must go out and speak to them." Lucas, Castle, and Walter Pollock* stand friendly and anxious in the door. I have become calm. I have drawn up another chair, and I am resting my legs on it. "Augustus," I said to Harris, "you are very popular. Go, speak to them for me." He went, but did not speak, and the uproar became greater and greater, and still I sat quietly in my room. Somehow or other all this did not seem to concern me. It was not in any way part or parcel of my production of *King Richard III.* It was there all ready for them, I reflected, and if they did not wish to see it, well and good. I was sure that I should not raise the curtain nor my voice until they were silent and attentive. I think my stage manager harangued them to little purpose, and the curtain rose on the first scene. I do not know how it came about. I think the demons felt somehow or other that it was beautiful. *I* always say it awed them into silence. At all events, they were very still. They could not hiss their own dear old Tower of London, standing there so grim and majestic in the twilight—the bells tolling, and the guards slowly patrolling the court before the warden's gate. Elizabeth, attended by her train, had passed across the drawbridge. The moment had come. I opened the little door in the tower and stepped out. I was quite calm. A great storm of applause swept over me, and I looked at the house. The storm came rushing at me again and again, and still again. It seemed as if it would never tire, and I wished so that it would, for it was beating me down surer than cudgels and hard words could have done; and I felt the fatal lump rising in my throat, and the quiver of my underlip. (I have never been able to overcome certain traits of my childhood. I am as easily moved to laughter and tears, to anger and to sympathy, as I was then, and beyond a certain amount of added knowledge, I feel just as I did then. I run, jump, eat, sleep, and comport myself in most ways as I did when I was a boy.) The silence, the interest in the play throughout were remarkable, and the scenes which seemed to please the most were the wooing of Lady Anne, the rejection of the crown, the dismissal of Buckingham, the dream scene, and the battle; but I will not weary you. The ship had been well and safely launched. Would she float?



RICHARD MANSFIELD AS RICHARD THE THIRD.

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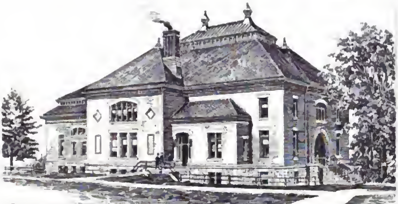
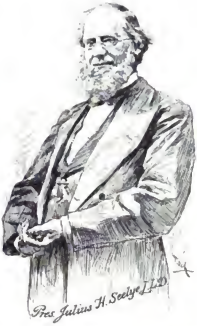
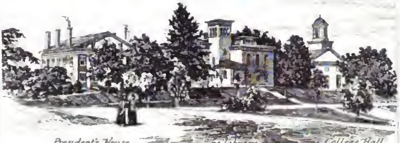
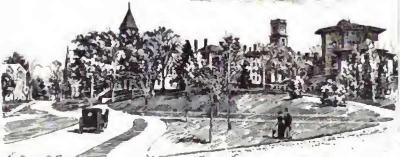
* Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., historical painter.
† Edward German, the musician.
‡ Edgerton Castle, F.S.A.

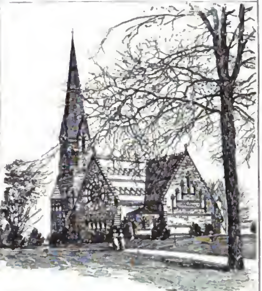
* Walter Herries Pollock, M.A., editor of The Saturday Review.

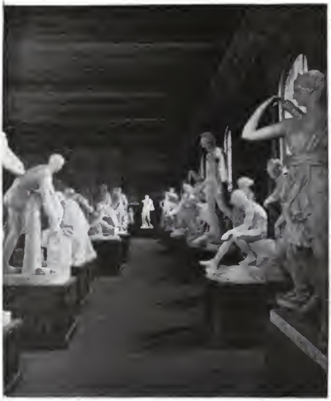

Pratt Gymnasium.

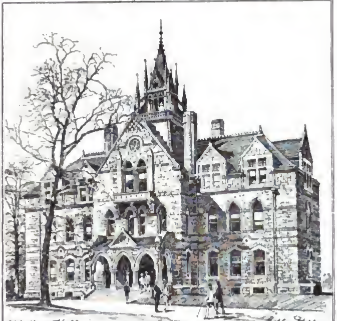

Pres. Julius H. Seelye LL.D.


President's House. The Library College Hall


Entrance to Campus


Stearns Chapel.


Art Gallery.


Walker Hall.

AMHERST COLLEGE, AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 410.]

"O SHY, WILD THRONG!"

The sweetest things in all this wide-sunned earth
Are shyest of beholders, and do hide
In woody hollows or in pastures wide,
Till ne'er in stilly places is there dearth
Of cinque-foil blossoms or of thrush's song.
Heed how that silver-throated bird of June,
Whose chime on chime down-falling seems attune
With its own birth mouth, babble amid the throng
Of clover blossoms, and then shields its nest
In sweet-breathed forests, dim and cool with rain.
No golden cage may know a wild bird's strain,
In fenced garden will no wood flower rest.
Hide an' ye will it so, O shy, wild throng!
A sweet-blown breath is with us, and a song.

Lucy E. Tilley.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

The approach to the town of Amherst from Northampton, from Palmer, or from the new railroad route which makes a direct connection with Boston, is through a section of country that gives no indication of the higher interests that the town has served for nearly seventy years. Central Massachusetts has the character of a rural district. The settlements are small, and one wonders how the railways by which he enters Amherst can pay a respectable dividend; but when one looks around for the college, and regards Amherst from the college point of view, the place acquires distinction and importance. So far as the town has outgrown its characteristics as a farming district, it is indebted to the college and to neighboring institutions of like nature; for within a short radius of the town there have grown up Mt. Holyoke Seminary and College, Smith College, Williston Seminary, and the State Agricultural College; so that, as an educational centre, Amherst stands perhaps unequalled, with the exception of Boston and New York. The reasons for this pre-eminence may be traced to two sources—first, the sturdy character of the people of central Massachusetts, who, by their sacrifices for the education of their children, builded better than they knew; and, second, the rare beauty of the location, "with encircling hills on the east, north, and south, and that fair stretch of landscape toward the west, with a shimmer of the Connecticut here and there, and Northampton in the middle distance, and the remote horizon giving sunsets which I have certainly never seen surpassed in splendor in any part of the world," to use recent words of the Rev. Dr. Storrs.

Amherst College began as an institution in September, 1821, and its earliest buildings, of which the college dormitories are now the chief survivors, were conspicuously plain and unattractive. In this they were not different from the barracks at Harvard and Yale. The college was founded at the time when the third great uprising of the people against class rule was well under way, and under the leadership of Jackson was about to triumph. It began as a college of the people, and to this day and throughout its career has maintained the closest relationship to them. In all the movements in which the people have participated Amherst has shared, and in a sense led. The missionary movement is one of the most striking features of the nineteenth century. With this missionary and religious movement Amherst early became identified, and won for herself the unique position in this field which she still holds, and which enables her to name such graduates as Mr. Beecher, Dr. Storrs, President Roswell, Dr. Hitchcock, Bishop Huntington, and Father Hewett. Another indication that Amherst is a college of the people may be seen in the efforts there made to prepare students for citizenship. The need of the country that its educated men should be good citizens is indescribably great, and this need grows daily. Many other studies besides history and political science bear upon preparation for citizenship, but none more directly; and the record which Amherst graduates have made as teachers of these subjects, and as writers upon them, is one which has not been equalled by any college in the country. In this connection it is only necessary to mention such men as General Francis A. Walker; Dr. John W. Burgess, of Columbia College, the founder of the first school of political science in America, seven of whose faculty have degrees from Amherst; Dr. H. B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University; and the professors of history and political science at Smith College, Brown University, Hartford Theological Seminary, and Vanderbilt University.

The purity of Amherst, the simplicity of life, the severe and high tone of society, and the charming environment are the distinguishing features of the community; and the college is what it has grown to be quite as much from the character of its surroundings as from the direction which it has received from its successive leaders and guardians. The students bear the marks of this environment quite as distinctly as the college is witness to it in its outward appointments and social character.

For the direct purposes of education, for manly discipline, for thoroughness of work, for getting at the secrets of power, colleges like Amherst have advantages which perhaps more than offset all the limitations which belong to them. The great lack in American education is thoroughness, and whatever may be wanting in the Amherst surroundings, the college has the reputation of giving a more thorough academic education than almost any other institution of its kind in the country.

The make-up of the students here is unusually good. The fast and rich young man is the exception and not the rule. The students have no money to throw away; they have been well brought up; they bring character and a certain amount of maturity to their work, and their four years at Amherst are a ripening and advancing of principles which have been already laid down in their lives. They represent the best material that a college can have to work with. There is plenty of brain as well as brawn; but, above all, there are character, manhood, self reliance, the power to put forth one's whole strength; and one who watches the transformation from the Freshman to the Senior at Amherst will see that the material which is placed in the hands of the college professors is worked over to the immense advantage of each individual during the four years' course of study. Finer specimens of manly bearing, mental strength, and all the elements that go to form a right character are seldom seen than in the Senior classes at Amherst.

Much has been said of the method of discipline inaugurated by President Seelye some few years since, by which the students have been admitted to a share in the government of the institution. Dr. Seelye brought to his task at Amherst a wonderful insight into the character of young men. He has been able to take the students into his confidence in the management of the institution. Each class has its chosen representatives, who confer with the President, under regulations which have been mutually consented to, for the direction of all that pertains to the discipline of the institution. The entire undergraduate life comes within their supervision, and the President reserves no right to himself except that of final veto. The method of government, at first received with doubtful favor, is winning the respect and confidence of all the students, until it has become a lively instrument for the direction and control of college life. It has been at once the guidance of a moral instinct and the recognition of a regulative principle; it has brought out the manhood of the students; it has given them some sense of the wholeness of conduct; it has done something to break in upon the close environment of the Amherst township; and its success is evidenced by its adoption in other institutions.

The gymnasium at Amherst is as important in its relation to the physical health of the students as the college discipline is in the direction of their mental life. Dr. Hitchcock, the son of President Hitchcock, of geological fame, has had charge of this department since its establishment. Athletic exercises are a part of the college work, and proficiency in these is as indispensable as is anything set down in the college course. The student is examined on his entrance into college in his Freshman year; a record is kept of his physical condition; he is frequently tested by the college physician; physical defects are overcome; and he is treated from the beginning to the end of his academic course as if he were a moderate athlete. He breathes a moral and physical atmosphere that is quite in keeping with the blue ether that is shut in by the surrounding hills. The Amherst student, almost without exception, improves in manly vigor from year to year. The gymnasium has been recognized for at least twenty-five years as an indispensable part of college life, and to Dr. Hitchcock should be awarded the praise of having given his life to the initiation of a method of physical training which is now considered a necessity in every similar institution in the country.

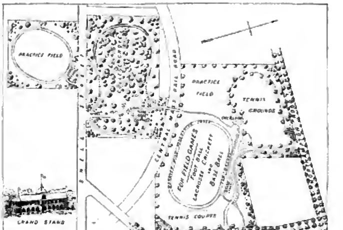
Amherst has worked out another problem in American education; it has made use of the Greek letter societies as a basis for the establishment of students' homes. A considerable majority of the students join one or the other of several Greek letter societies, each of which has its club-house, where a large part of its members have their rooms, and where the student has nearly all the comforts of his own home. Members of different classes here associate on equal terms, and men find the way to each other's hearts and souls under this form of social life as they could in no other way. The intellectual and social life thus stimulated is of the greatest value, and when joined to the manly spirit developed by the college senate, it gives Amherst a rare advantage in the cultivation of the best life of its members. These society houses occupy the best building positions in Amherst; they are houses of fine architecture; here the students have parlors where receptions may be given to the students from Mt. Holyoke or Smith College, and the social interchange thus brought about between Amherst and these neighboring institutions is one of the pleasantest incidents connected with the life of an Amherst student. It is reported that one of these Greek letter societies has established a college fellowship open to general competition.

The secret society, the college senate, the college pastor, President Seelye and his associates, work together to bring about conditions at Amherst which are almost unrivalled at any American institution. The chief attributes of Amherst collegiate life are its wholesomeness, its robustness, its sincerity, its manliness, its honesty of conviction, and the manifest desire of the faculty to awaken individual investigation—a desire which is fostered by a library of over 50,000 volumes, carefully selected, so as to supplement the work of the class-rooms. Nor should the influence of the art gallery, with its exceptionally choice and complete collection of casts and photographs, be overlooked.

The man best known in connection with Amherst is President Seelye. His distinguishing mental quality is to see things as a whole. The world to him has unity, and his administration at Amherst has been marked by a comprehensive, liberal, earnest, and upbuilding policy. His purpose in life is to make men, and it can almost be said of him, as was said of President Hopkins during his long administration at Williams College, that he has made the institution in later days what it is. The Nestor of the Amherst professors, Dr. Tyler, vigorous in mind and in body, kindly in spirit, and carrying much of the beauty and flower of youth into old age, is certainly among its alumni the most distinctly marked and influential man. He has most of the Amherst traditions. He commands the reverence of all who have ever been connected with Amherst College. Delightful in reminiscence, accurate in scholarship, as interesting, as strongly individual as any one who can be named in the whole circle of American college professors, his life, if written by a Boswell, would be as charming in its way as the great Englishman made that of Dr. Johnson. Of its other professors and instructors nearly all are comparatively young men, many of them its own graduates, who are each and all making their mark in the intellectual brotherhood of the country. It is said that Amherst men make the best teachers in America. If this be so, it is explained in no small measure by the interest and animation which the professors throw into their lectures and class-room instruction. Enthusiasm of study prevails here. It is a part of the new life of the institution. Amherst does not profess to be a university. It simply aims to prepare young men, by a severe and thorough course of training, to enter upon professional life, or to undertake with earnestness and intelligence their life work.

The college grounds at Amherst are upon a slight eminence just out of the village, and command a fine view of the surrounding country. To the north are the lessening peaks of the Green Mountains, between which the Connecticut sweeps down into the valley. Across this valley westward lies Northampton, where Smith College is located. To the southwest are Mt. Tom and Mt. Holyoke, between which the Connecticut cuts its way southward, and there is still another range of hills extending eastward that shuts in the view. The morning sunrise seen from the college grounds reveals daily a new world, and the evening sunset bids it farewell with royal glory every nightfall. The location is one of great beauty and healthfulness. It is charming in summer, and furnishes facilities for botanical and geological excursions which Amherst students are not slow to utilize. The buildings themselves are not all up to the modern standard. One of the best sites is still occupied by the college dormitories, which unfortunately are not so comfortable or convenient as to be very popular places of abode for the students; the astronomical observatory does not equal the reputation of its professor; but the college library building, which is fire-proof, is of pleasing and effective architecture; Walker Hall could hardly be improved in its facilities for recitation and lecture rooms; the new college church is ecclesiastically a fine structure; the Pratt Gymnasium is thoroughly appointed in every respect, and quite adequate to the needs of the institution; and the Woods Cabinet, where the great and unrivalled geological collections of the college are properly arranged, is not only fire-proof, but a structure of solid character. Interspersed throughout the village are the professors' homes and the students' club-houses, which are the most notable buildings outside the college grounds in the town.

The students are thrown very largely upon themselves for their more joyous and exhilarating life, and here the club-houses, the gymnasium, and the athletic field, together with the excursion element, which is prominent in Amherst life, come into use, and serve a good purpose. The Amherst students are as gay and happy a company of young men as can be found anywhere, and if the ruder element has never prevailed here, or has been transformed into the behavior that belongs to gentlemen, it will scarcely be considered derogatory to the institution. Taken all together, Amherst is an institution where one may miss certain things at the outset, or even through the whole college course, but where he will be sure to receive advantages which quite compensate for what he misses. It is impossible for an institution thus located to cover the whole ground of American education, but in the way of solid attainments, thorough work, and self-mastery, Amherst can hold its head high among the colleges of the country. It needs larger equipments and more professors, but these are sure to come where honesty and fidelity in every branch of instruction is the characteristic of college work.



AMHERST'S ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

The new athletic grounds for Amherst contain about thirteen acres, and were the generous gift of Mr. Fred B. Pratt, of Brooklyn, an alumnus of the college, and now supervising, as superintendent, the diversified activities of Pratt Institute. This new area will be added to other property of the college, which includes the old ball field of modest proportions, to be reserved as a practice field, and the college grove of stately pines, familiarly known as the Blake Woods, the three areas to be connected by a sightly iron bridge over the intervening cut of the Massachusetts Central Railroad. When completed, these will comprise one of the largest and most efficiently equipped athletic and recreation grounds of any college in this country.

That Amherst should thus continue to lead in this good work is in entire harmony with the record, since it was one of her professors—the genial Dr. Hitchcock—who established physical culture as a part of the work of the student, formulated, no doubt, by the far-sighted doctor on that model theory of exercise of the Romans, which Gibbon tells us comprehended whatever could add health and strength to the body, activity to the limbs, and grace to the motions.

The work of improving these grounds is now in progress, in accordance with the designs and under the direction of Colonel John Y. Culyer, landscape architect of New York, and contemplates the entire regrading of the new area, the construction of a commodious quarter-mile running track on the most approved lines, a short run for dashes and hurdle races, and a fine in-field of capacious proportions for all purposes of base-ball, lacrosse, and foot-ball. Adjoining areas will be laid out for tennis-courts, of which there will be twelve to fifteen in number, and a cricket field, with space to spare possibly for tennis and archery grounds for fair Amherst, such at least as may secure the password. A substantial grand stand is to be erected, to seat five hundred persons, and provisions will be made for dressing and bathing rooms, etc.

The grounds are being thoroughly underdrained and sewered, and an ample water supply is provided for. The grounds are within a few minutes' walk of the college and society buildings, and are situated on the beautiful Northampton road, with which they are connected by drives and walks, and from interior "coigns of vantage" may be viewed the picturesque Northampton valley, whose long vista over green fields and wooded knolls dies away in the summer mist.

A particular feature of the design comprehends appropriate landscape treatment, a drive, and walks and ornamental plantations calculated to make the grounds attractive in themselves at all seasons of the year. In the adjoining grove shady walks and a summer cottage are to be provided, which will furnish the means for recreation to many students remaining at college during the vacation.

OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS.

NOT precisely a waste heap, nor refuse, but rather a scrap pile of books, and these books by the hundreds, the thousands, by the ton. Just as from the scrap pile you may extract the old nail, the twisted horseshoe, the rusted bit of steel, which may still serve a purpose, so from this litter of books you can withdraw useful material. This is a dump of school-books—a jumble of primers, spelling-books, readers, geographies, arithmetics—and for purposes of business some one has brought them all together in a dark, dingy room; and you may buy them for so much a hundred, either as pedagogic matter or as stock for the paper-mills.

Undeceive yourself if you hope to find in this mound a Comenius, an Orbis Pictus, the first of all sensible school-books. There are no discoveries of a horn-book character possible. You will see no geography with that fine old wood-cut of the noble ship going, prow down, into the seething vortex of the maelstrom. There is no book here over thirty years old. Some may bear a date prior to 1860, but they are reprints of old editions, and were fresh from the press but a few years ago. Conservative school boards of the "good-enough kind" have insisted on having exactly the same text-books as they used when they wore pinafores; and so the old forms have been repeated over and over again, the respected heads of educational departments in the United States caring more for the form or body of the book than for the soul or spirit.

I have nothing to do with the respective claims of any particular school-books as the only short cuts to instruction. Some one has taken the trouble to present what about were the school-books Shakespeare studied, just as a great American collector once brought together with infinite pains the exact volumes Christopher Columbus carried in the cabin of his ship, the *Santa Maria*, when he made the discovery. I would not slight the matter, only this in regard to the most approved of modern school-books, looking at them in a purely utilitarian sense: If I can teach a boy or a girl to spell and read in six months with good books, sharpening young wits with proper tools, why not adopt such at once, and throw away the blunted chisels, which have to be driven by main strength so as to remove the rough bark? Think of the time, the patience, and the money, the whimperings saved! I occupy myself only with the physical conditions of this puddle of books. What is the life of a school-book? About two years. Three and a fraction of a girls' class, it is said, may use the same book, and then it is badly gone. One book per boy for a year would be a fair average.

Picking up a book at random, at once a clean and well-kept look determines who used the book. You need not turn to the first page, that bears the name of "Cora" or "Etta" or "Mary" inscribed on it. Its character at once tells the story as to whether a boy or girl owned the book. If you flutter the leaves of the girl's book, it is likely that a pressed flower or a fern leaf will fall from it; and here is an atlas that has a nice bit of crazy quilt in it. The colors of the silk lozenges are faded, but the stitching is very neat and nice. Here is a fragment of some cotton lace, perhaps the trimming of a collar. It came loose, and was put in the atlas and forgotten. Here is another geography, and in it is a description of France, the Bay of Biscay being frequently referred to. Many are the small Bible cards given at Sunday schools forgotten in these old books.

The destructive instinct is wanting in girls, for their books are rarely torn. Sometimes they are decorated, but never overmuch. Now and then decalcomanie appears, and there are some birds flying in the books, and a flower or two blooming there. There is some little mania shown for cutting out pictures, indicative of early practice with scissors. In one girl's reader (she may have done very wrong in defacing her book: that is, the teacher would have so considered it) she has colored the prints in the book, and put on the paint in a very neat manner, and she has given life to what were very poor and inanimate engravings. Now and then there are faint tracings of sums, the numerals drawn evidently by a girl. They must have been set down by a girl, for the additions are generally wrong. Some of these books are covered with calico, and you see the queerest old fashioned patterns. Leaves of books are quite clean, and no grease marks cloud the pages. This must have been a sentimentalist, for she wrote

The grass is green
The rose is red
Remember me
When I am dead

And all that without a sign of punctuation! There might have been cause for this—an explosion of temper—for some one unknown writes, in a school-girl hand, "Elsie is a bad girl, and ef she doan behave, she will be gittin smakes." Evidently smacks was in the mind's eye of the vengeful one. Here is a pretty little invitation. Evidently it was passed surreptitiously to another girl under the lid of the desk: "Jule, come to the spring during recess. I will show you a new croshay (*sic*) stitch. Got some lovely candy. Billy came home yesterday." As this writing is in a book of natural history, it perhaps presupposes young ladyhood. One young person must have had some difficulties of a geographical and historical kind, for she writes, "The West Indes was disclvired in 1793"; but as to her uncertainty in regard to the spelling of Popocatepetl, that must be forgiven her, for she writes it "Cocopatakittle" and "Papo-koatapettels." Probably she got a headache over it, for, having finally written "Popocat," which was in the right direction, she stops short, and apparently gives it up. There is one little bit of sentence which was puzzling until its elucidation was had from a lady Champollion. The sentence read: "They just ain't. You can see the ——" Here followed a rough hieroglyphic drawing looking like a comb. "Oh, that's plain enough," said the lady of whom information was asked. "It don't require much ingenuity to solve it. The teacher had curls or a frizz which were not her own, and this little girl declared they were false, and told the secret of the store hair to the other girls. The comb makes it clear. At school we girls always picked our teacher to pieces. She couldn't stick in a pin anywhere that we didn't see it. She wore three rings. We found out the history of two of them, but the source of the third is yet undiscovered; and even to this day I try to find out the secret of that poor amethyst ring which I noticed twenty-five years ago on one finger of that sad school-marm's well-shaped hand."

Boys' books! They are dilapidated, maimed, unhinged, crippled, rickety, crazy, shattered things generally, in the last stages of dissolution. But only think what accidents they have gone through! That book had to travel five or six miles every day. It may have been dissolved by the thunder-storm, or may have been dropped in the snow-bank, and so became as a book "gone to the dogs." When the owner went in to swim, he hung the satchel with his books to the bough of a sapling overlooking the creek, and the swaying wind tumbled satchel, books, and all into the water. He may have gone into a fight, with the books under his arm, and in the suddenness of the attack dropped them in the mud puddle at his feet, or taking his books, secured by a strap, belabored the other fellow with them. Many of these books show distinctly strangulation from the strap. How can a boy, unless through long experience, acquire an exact acquaintance with the resistance of paper? Or was there ever a leather strap made that had a hole punched in it to the exact requisite fraction of an inch? Suppose a boy lost a book because he had not properly secured it, what then? Why is it that molasses candy is sticky, or a sausage or a cake greasy? Why do not school boards provide boys with finger-bowls or napkins? What is a fellow to do with his fingers, anyway?

The destructive qualities of the boy are a godsend for the school book publishers. The little male animal quickly thumbs or claws the book out of existence. He defies wire stitching. Sometimes the little strands of wire, now taking the place of flax thread, call on him for the closest investigation, and so with his jack-knife he works into the binding of the book.

Some of the lad's ways are highly amusing. Here is one of his dodges to catch the unwary: On the first page is written, "If you wish my name to see, turn to page 53; if it there you cannot find, shut up the book and never mind." He is not aware that he is making verse. All he is intent on is laying a trap. You look at page 53, and are referred to page 106, and from 106 back to page 27, and from 27 to page 96, where you read, in a perfectly legible hand, "You are a fool." There it is, short and sweet, and you are fully convinced that the boy was correct.

School-books being general school property, private ownership is not much insisted upon, and so it is rare to read, "Stolen from Billy Brown." Those choice verses,

"He who hooks what isn't his'n,
When he's cotched, will go to pris'n,"

are no longer common. School-boys' minatory and cautionary verses have always existed. Before books were printed the volumes in the monastery libraries bore on them warning inscriptions addressed to those who should dare to purloin the sacred treasures. It was but natural, then, that the boys should be imitative. Dry-as-dusts have preserved some of these school-boys' rhymes of the sixteenth century, which, having a Latin flavor, always threaten the thief with hanging.

A boy who is the lucky possessor of a rubber stamp with his name on it uses it indiscriminately. He is profuse in his ornamentation, and he prints his name in red ink, as often upsidedown as not, all over his book. As he improves in manipulation he indulges in the perfecting of wheels with many spokes, his name being often repeated in the circumference and in the radii. Thumb marks in red ink increase general effects. Sometimes a boy shows a strange desire to advertise his father, and, proud to see his sire's name in print, will cut from the country newspaper the announcement that his father has just received "a splendid new stock of the most fashionable goods," or that "M——, our well-known crockery merchant, has the best selected dinner and breakfast sets in town." Circus bills neatly folded up in atlases attest the presence of the owner of the book at the last great "moral entertainment." Occasionally a fish-hook has been found embedded in the leaves of a book.

There are some strange uses a boy's atlas can be put to. In many, on the last cover is an improvised checker-board. A neat dodge is the putting of a little bit of soap on the cover; and so, pressing the blank leaf down, it holds fast, and the board is not seen by the teacher. Many tit-tat-toe games are played in the books. Interrupted sentences are frequent, such as "Frank is a mean—." There it stops. Probably the teacher's eye was on the boy just here. Here is one quotation which shows the prevailing vice of to-day: "Got a cigaret. Make believe to get coal, and fetch a match." This is another: "Uncle Pete's millions is ded ripe. They plugs good. Whose afeerd of his old dog." This is most suggestive. Reading between the lines, Uncle Pete's "millions" probably suffered some little.

There is no uniformity in boys' handwriting, whereas the girls seem to write all alike, showing how imitative is the gentler sex. The boy creates his own chirography, or discovers it, and a very independent kind of fist he has. If he uses a pencil, he prefers a stubby one, and to make a visible stroke with the lead he invariably moistens it; hence his scribbling sinks in furrows into the leaf. He has a liking, too, for what archæologists in search of inscriptions call "squeezes." Give him a penny, and no time to spend it, and he puts it under the leaf of his book, and by rubbing on it reproduces the coin as a kind of bass-relief. Well, what of it? School-books are not "tall copies." They were made to be used up, and they are. Providing primers with leaves of fine steel held together by a bronze cover were put on the market and given to school-boys, it is not certain that even such adamant would defy them. So the boys learn, the book itself, as a material thing, is of secondary importance. Sheer wanton destructiveness with books is a crime. A boy who purposely walks through a mortar bed, and with malice prepense ruins his clothes, deserves punishment; but then there are many bright lads who wear out their trousers more rapidly than the stupid ones.

B. P.

UNDER THE CHICAGO RIVER.

MORE than twenty years ago, when Chicago began to attain its wonderful dimensions, the troublesome question was, what could be done to facilitate transit from one portion of the town to the other, which were separated by the river? Drawbridges were erected every two blocks, but the passage of vessels up and down the stream, necessitating the opening of the draws, was a great loss of time to the people on land, and it became clear before long that some mode of transit must be contrived to obviate and do away in great part with such delays. To this end tunnels under the river were devised, and the first one was made at Washington Street, which connected the west side with the south side. This tunnel was opened in the early part of 1869, after costing over half a million of dollars. Two years later the La Salle Street Tunnel was built, connecting the south and north sides of the city. This tunnel cost a little over $566,000, and was opened to the public on the 1st of July, 1871. It is 1854 feet in length, and is traversed by the cable cars of the north side. The interior is lighted by electricity. The illustration on our front page shows the entrance to the tunnel and views of the cars while in transit. A view of La Salle Street, looking south from the tunnel entrance, was given in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 3, 1890.

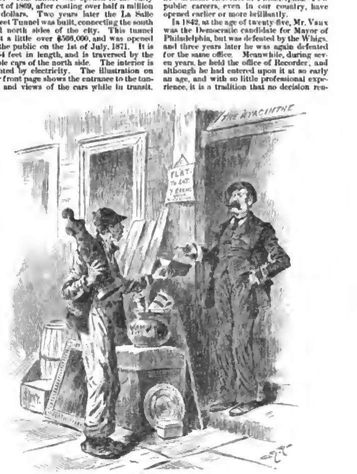
The Washington Street tunnel was given up a few years ago, owing to its dangerous condition from crumbling walls, which admitted of the entrance of water through the breaks. A railway syndicate, however, to whom the city granted its use upon condition of its restoration, which amounted practically to its rebuilding, took the tunnel in hand, and have now reopened it. The top of the new tunnel is now four feet lower than before, and will allow the passage above it of vessels drawing eighteen feet of water. It is 1608 feet in length, possessing a double driveway and a road for foot-passengers. The interior is well lighted and ventilated, and also wide and lofty. The west-side cable road runs through it.

A new tunnel running under the river from Market to Clinton Street is now in course of construction, and is expected to be finished within two years. The water above it will be seventeen feet deep, and its length 1513 feet. It will be used, upon completion, for cars of the west division, whose western termini are south of Madison Street.

HON. RICHARD VAUX.

THE Democratic Convention of the Third Congressional District of Pennsylvania has nominated ex-Mayor Richard Vaux to fill the vacancy in the House of Representatives created by the death of Congressman Samuel J. Randall. A unanimous nomination to succeed a man of Mr. Randall's celebrity and character is itself a distinguished honor; and Mr. Vaux, who has been a round half-century in public life in his native city of Philadelphia, is conspicuously worthy of it. Born in Arch Street, above Second, December 19, 1816, the son of Roberts Vaux, one of the leading men of the city, whose mother was a daughter of the first Hugh Roberts, of Philadelphia, he studied law under William M. Meredith, and at the age of twenty was admitted to the bar. Before becoming immersed in his profession he made a journey to Europe, taking with him despatches from the Department of State to Mr. Stevenson, then our Minister to England. The Minister appointed him as temporary Secretary of Legation, to fill a vacancy created by those despatches; and, subsequently, after he had finished his tour of the Continent, he made him his private secretary. On his return to Philadelphia young Mr. Vaux was nominated for the State Legislature; the following year he was a delegate to the State and the National Democratic Conventions; in the succeeding year, 1841, when only twenty-four years old, he was made Recorder of Philadelphia. Few public careers, even in our country, have opened earlier or more brilliantly.

In 1842, at the age of twenty-five, Mr. Vaux was the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia, but was defeated by the Whigs, and three years later he was again defeated for the same office. Meanwhile, during seven years, he held the office of Recorder, and although he had entered upon it at so early an age, and with so little professional experience, it is a tradition that no decision ren-



A HARD TASK.

EXPRESSMAN. "This feyer's the last artockle, sor, an' wud ye plase sign the raceipt?"
JANITOR. "How did ye break it?"
EXPRESSMAN. "Sure an' it's not broken at all. The missus handid it ter me jist as it is, and says be very keerful av the Vause."
JANITOR. "See here, young feller, d'ye take me fur a chump? It's meself as is responsible fur everything as comes to the house, an' it's no raceipt et sign till [illegible] is found, Vause or no Vause!"

HON. RICHARD VAUX, OF PHILADELPHIA, THE SUCCESSOR IN CONGRESS OF THE LATE SAMUEL J. RANDALL.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst.—[See Page 411.]

HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE, SENATOR-ELECT FROM KENTUCKY. From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

dered by him was ever reversed by a higher tribunal. At all events, the volume called *Vaux's Recorder's Decisions* is still authority. In 1856 his fourth nomination by his party to the Mayoralty of Philadelphia resulted in his election. His term of office fell in a busy and important period of the history of the city, which had been consolidated only two years before, and his municipal policy was broad and far-seeing. For the following term he was defeated, largely because the Lecompton question in national politics affected local elections. In 1872 he was also defeated as a candidate for Congressman at large.

Politics, however, did not wholly absorb the attention of Mr. Vaux. As early as 1842 he was appointed by the Supreme Court an Inspector of the Eastern Penitentiary, having inherited a zeal for prison reform from his father. During more than forty years he has been President of the Board of Inspectors of that institution, and has prepared about fifty volumes of its reports and many treatises on penology, on which subject he is an authority. For more than thirty years he has been President of the Board of Directors of Girard College; he has been Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity of Pennsylvania for three years, is President of the Philadelphia Club, a prominent member of the Board of City Trusts, and of the American Philosophical and the Pennsylvania Historical societies. His social reputation even antedates his political, as his witty conversation, grace, and polished manners were recognized at the Court of St. James even in his youth. He is to-day, in his seventy-fourth year, one of the most picturesque and striking figures in Philadelphia. Nearly fifty years ago he married Miss Wain, and his handsome Chestnut Street house is supplemented by a suburban place at Chestnut Hill.

DR. CARL KOLLER.

It is probable that to no living man does humanity owe a greater debt of gratitude than to Dr. Carl Koller, the discoverer of the application of hydrochlorate of cocaine as a local anæsthetic.

Of this important event one of the most distinguished American ophthalmic surgeons, the late Professor C. R. Agnew, said he "would rather be the discoverer of cocaine anæsthesia than President of the United States." In fact, it marks an epoch in surgery only second to the introduction of ether and chloroform. It is difficult for one not in daily contact with those suffering from injury or disease to fully comprehend and appreciate the benefit realized in the prevention of pain by the employment of this wonderful remedy. A few drops of a weak solution (two to four per cent.) dropped into the eye robs it of sensibility to such an extent that operations otherwise causing most excruciating agony are not in the least painful. The pain caused by the presence of a foreign body in the eye disappears under its local use, and the removal of the foreign substance is greatly facilitated. The muscles of the eye may be exposed and divided, as in correcting squint, or "cross-eye," and the extraction of cataract no longer requires the employment of general anæsthesia with ether or chloroform. Cocaine solution purified by boiling has even been successfully instilled into the anterior chamber of the eyeball, in order to completely deaden sensibility in the iris, or curtain which contains the pupil in its centre.

In painful afflictions of the throat, mouth, nose, and larynx, and in all minor surgical operations upon these portions of the body, cocaine, properly applied, produces insensibility and gives relief from pain. Injected into and beneath the skin, any small operation, such as the amputation of the fingers or toes, or the removal of small tumors, etc., may be painlessly performed with the perfect consciousness, and even with the assistance of the patient. Such is the dread of ether or chloroform that many will bear with or conceal surgical maladies easily curable in early development, until, after months or years of suffering, they submit too late to a heroic operation. One of the greatest benefits to be derived from this wonderful remedy is the inducement it will offer to early operative interference.

It may be of interest to know how near others came to winning the laurels so justly yielded to Dr. Koller. A recent surgical writer says: "It is true that the anæsthetic effects of cocaine had been discovered before Koller's researches secured its wide application. In 1855 an alkaloid had been extracted by Gaedcke from the leaves of *erythroxylon coca*. Two years later, and independently, Dr. Samuel R. Percy, of New York, exhibited an alkaloid he had isolated; and as far back as 1868 Schroff had discovered that cocaine produced insensibility of the tongue when held in the mouth; while Morena y Maiz discovered, by hypodermic injections of the acetate, distinct loss of sensibility over a circumscribed area. And yet it was left to the brilliant young Austrian to make the application and win immortal renown," for in September, 1884, at the Ophthalmological Congress in Heidelberg, a young man hitherto unknown, born in Bohemian Austria in 1857, who had finished his course of study at the Vienna Gymnasium in 1867, graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Vienna in 1882, and served for two years as *interne* at the General Hospital, announced his important discovery. It soon became known that in experimenting upon his own person as to the constitutional effects of various alkaloids, he noticed that cocaine taken into the mouth produced loss of sensation wherever it touched the tongue or mucous surfaces. He at once concluded that the sensory nerves in other parts of the body would in like manner be affected, and within two weeks his results, which were to be of incalculable benefit to mankind and win for him undying fame, were given to the world.

DR. CARL KOLLER.

WHEN ON THE HIGH SEAS,

On the rail, on a steamboat, aboard a fishing-smack, or yachting on the coast, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be found a reliable means of averting and relieving ailments to which travellers, mariners, and emigrants are peculiarly subject. Sea-captains, ship-doctors, voyagers or sojourners in the tropics, and all about to encounter, unacclimated, an unaccustomed or dangerous climate, should not neglect to avail themselves of this safeguard of well-ascertained and long-tried merit. Constipation, biliousness, malarial fever, indigestion, rheumatism, and affections of the bladder and kidneys are among the ailments which it eradicates, and it may be resorted to not only with confidence in its remedial efficacy, but also in its perfect freedom from every objectionable ingredient, since it is derived from the purest and most salutary sources. It counteracts the effects of unwholesome food and water.—[Adv.]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[Adv.]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[Adv.]

Editors, bookkeepers, and people of sedentary habits need an invigorating tonic. Nicholson's Liquid Bread overcomes the debilitating effect of close confinement. Try it. Ask your grocer or druggist for it.—[Adv.]

Burnett's Cocoaine.—A perfect dressing for the hair. The Cocoaine holds in a liquid form a large proportion of deodorized Cocoanut Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose.—[Adv.]

Angostura Bitters is known all over the world as the great regulator of the digestive organs.—[Adv.]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[Adv.]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[Adv.]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[Adv.]

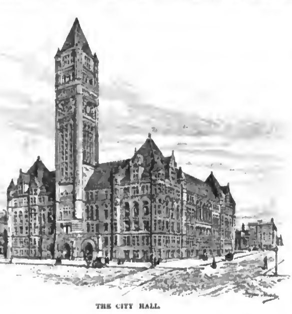
Dyspepsia causes depraved blood, which, in time, affects every organ and function of the body. As a remedy for these troubles, nothing can approach Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, strengthens the stomach, and corrects all disorders of the liver and kidneys.—[Adv.]

THE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

THE influence of circumstances on centres of population and the accumulating strength of a movement once successfully set on foot have rarely been more plainly shown than in the growth of the city of Minneapolis. The change of fortune by which an unobtrusive mill town ten miles from the prosperous city of St. Paul became the largest city of the Northwest may be looked upon as an instance of the apparently causeless magic of frontier development; yet in reality it was no more than the natural result of local circumstances. Minneapolis began life in a small way as the rival of St. Anthony, a saw-mill town at the Falls of St. Anthony, ten miles above the head of navigation on the Mississippi River. St. Anthony set out to be the milling centre of the Northwest, and for several years it had practically a monopoly of all the business above St. Paul; but after a time, when the lumber industry grew stronger, and when the farmers of the newly settled country roundabout began to seek a market for their grain, Minneapolis built mills of her own. At first, the flour-mills, locally known as grist-mills, were not of much account. They did well enough to grind wheat for local use, but they were hardly fitted to make flour for other markets. At that time wheat was a rather uncertain crop in the Northwest owing to the late spring frosts. The sowing of grain was a sort of gambling venture, with the chances largely in favor of the frosts. The Scotch Fife variety of wheat was then tried, with queer results. The Scotch Fife would grow well enough, even in frosty weather, and the farmer was always reasonably sure of a good crop, but the millers despised it beyond measure. They were, in fact, so loath to handle it that they placed a price upon it that made it a very undesirable crop indeed. The pioneer farmers were compelled to raise something, however, that would not shrivel up with the first spring frost, and so they continued to grow Scotch Fife. In time an inventive person built a machine for the purpose of making good flour from Scotch Fife, and then it was discovered that the despised Scotch Fife, when properly handled, made the best flour in the Northwest. It may be said within reason that the foundations of Minneapolis are built upon Scotch Fife. It may perhaps be too much to say that Scotch Fife is absolutely the best wheat in the world, but it has built up the largest milling industry on earth, which is a pretty conclusive test of its quality. Scotch Fife is known to the trade as No. 1 Hard Wheat, and as such it is quoted in most of the markets of Europe. The soil and climate of Minnesota and Dakota seem to be peculiarly adapted to the successful growth of this variety of grain, and so long as these conditions hold good, the Northwest may expect to prosper.

It should be noted that up to the time of the proper treatment of Scotch Fife the city of Minneapolis had not made much of a stir in the world. St. Anthony, on the opposite side of the river, was looked upon as the coming city, and the sawing of lumber was deemed to be the chief industry. St. Paul did not so much as think of Minneapolis as a future rival, because at that time St. Paul was nearly twice as large as the community of the Falls of St. Anthony. The water power was then the only reason for the existence of Minneapolis. With the development of the latent qualities of hard wheat, however, Minneapolis began to grow. The farmers of the new Northwest, finding a market for their best crop, sent hard wheat to the Minneapolis mills in a steadily increasing volume; and when farmers in other parts of the country heard how their friends in Minnesota and Dakota were growing rich, they became Northwestern farmers themselves, and so helped to swell the new business at the Falls of St. Anthony. The wonderful growth of the Northwest followed. The wide and lonesome prairies blossomed thick with farms, and land that was brown and gray in the early spring became yellow with ripened grain in the autumn. Towns sprang up here and there, and when the railroads crept across the great prairies to reach them and bring in the grain, the young city of Minneapolis began to throb and glow with a new life. Very quickly the output of flour became greater than Minneapolis and St. Paul combined could take care of, and then the products of the mills went out to all parts of the United States. That was only a dozen paltry years ago, and yet to-day Minneapolis is claimed to be the greatest wheat and milling centre in the world; Buda-Pesth, in Hungary, is said to be second; and St. Louis, Missouri, third. For the work of a dozen years this is little short of the phenomenal, yet it is only a fair indication of the future greatness of the Northwest, the resources of which have been hardly explored, much less made use of. When the millions of acres of good land now lying just as they lay a thousand years ago shall come under the domination of the plough and harrow, the milling outputs, the wheat sales, and the trade statistics of the present day will be things to smile at.



THE CITY HALL.

In making this prediction I am taking the rather broad ground that the productive capacity of the soil will not be diminished by constant cultivation. I am aware that this is at variance with the facts attending the cultivation of Northwestern fields during the past ten years, for the most carefully prepared statistics show that the yield of wheat per acre on ground more than two years old has steadily decreased. The decrease is due to the reluctance of Northwestern farmers to recognize the value of rotation in crops. With most farmers of Minnesota and Dakota, wheat-raising seems to be a habit that cannot be shaken off. The constant demand of the Minneapolis mills for wheat at reasonable prices, and the uncertainty of a market for any other kind of product, explain to a considerable extent the formation of this habit, although the too common tendency of farmers to do the same thing this year that they did last year and the year before, may have had something to do with it. Newly broken land in Dakota and elsewhere in the Northwest will raise from twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat to the acre in fairly good seasons. The farmer who harvests this amount of grain naturally thinks that he has a very fine piece of wheat land; but instead of taking care of it, as he would a fine horse, he plants it to wheat year after year without giving it a chance to rest, to the end that in a few years the average yield per acre has fallen to ten or twelve bushels. Wheat-raising at ten bushels to the acre is not profitable, as many a discouraged farmer knows only too well. If wheat be raised on a piece of land every third, fourth, or fifth year, a good average yield will be maintained. Wheat is so exacting a crop that it requires all the native strength and freshness of the land to produce the best results, and when its nature and peculiarities are disregarded, failure is inevitable. Judging solely by trustworthy statistics, I am of opinion that the average Northwestern farmer has much to learn about successful farming. So long as his land was new and strong he was a good enough farmer. He could plough and sow and reap the harvest quite as well as any one, and certainly as well as the graduate of the agricultural college; but when his land began to wear out through stress of constant work and no recuperation, he became a very poor farmer indeed—so poor, in fact, that the commonest of graduates could surpass him in the results of a season's harvest. He blamed his lack of success upon the weather, upon the quality of the seed, or upon the full or the dark of the moon, as the case might be, but never in his most discouraged moments did he think of blaming himself. Why should he blame himself? Had he not worked at farming all his life? Had he not raised splendid crops on this very land only a few years ago? He knew what his land had done, and he knew what he himself had done; so it naturally must be the weather or the full of the moon that did it. His situation is somewhat similar to that of the carpenter who lent a file to a neighbor.

"Here," said the neighbor, after a half-hour's unsuccessful attempt at using the file; "this thing is no good. It won't bite into anything."

"No good!" demanded the indignant carpenter. "That's as good a file as you ever saw. Why, I've used that file steady for thirty years come next Christmas Day, and I know it's good!"

So it is with the average unscientific Northwestern farmer. He has grown wheat on the same piece of ground for ten years, and he knows that he is doing right. Moreover, he has such an overmastering confidence in the richness and wonderful producing character of the soil that he rarely considers the possibility of its wearing out. So far as that part of it is concerned, he has been assured so often by the glowing circulars of interested land agents that the soil was exhaustless in fertility that he believes it himself. It was partly for this reason that he left the barren lands of the East, where the liberal use of fertilizers was necessary, and took up his home on the rich uplands of the Northwest. Having found a blessed spot of land where all manner of things, and particularly wheat, would grow without fertilization, he settled down to a long life of comfort and ease. He did not work so hard as he had done on the churlish land in the East, because hard work was not actually imperative after the first year. There was no digging of stumps or blasting of rocks to worry him, and he could ride on his plough and his wheat drill from morning until night without a thought of weariness. This luxurious sort of farming caused him to grow lazy and unwilling to work, with the result that he would plant the same field to wheat year after year rather than make the exertion of breaking up a new field from the hard sod. Then when the fertility of the soil broke down under this unnatural strain, the lazy fellow blamed it on the weather.

The farmers of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois passed through this sort of experience years ago. There was a time when the soil of those three States would raise crops in prodigious quantities, but after a period of hap-hazard farming a day came when the only thrifty crop was buckwheat or white beans. Many discouraged farmers went further west to the newer lands of Kansas, Iowa, and the Northwest, while those who remained lived to learn successful agriculture from chemists and college graduates. In the hands of enlightened farmers the soil of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois will now grow in abundance anything that the climate favors.

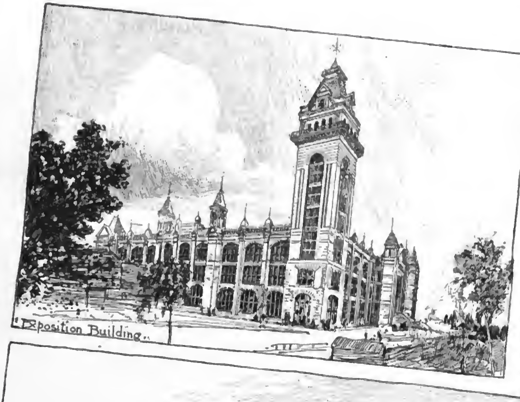
I do not mean to say that the Northwestern farmers can become scientists, or chemists, or even expert agriculturists, all in one season; but they can make a good beginning toward successful farming by putting into practice the principle of the rotation of crops. When that is done intelligently, it will not be long before they understand the chemical properties of the soil, and also of the grains and vegetables that they wish to raise. No one would think of practising surgery without a knowledge of the human body, or of running a locomotive without a reasonable familiarity with its working parts, yet men become farmers who know little about soils and the properties of earth products, and who care less. For the most part, agriculture as a science capable of high development is known only to men who practise it for pleasure, and not for profit. It is usually the case that men who raise beets at a cost of a dollar a pound really know more about farming than the practical farmer, who scoffs at him for doing it. The day will come in American farming when the only prosperous farmer will be the man who studies and thinks as well as labors with his hands. That day must come very soon to the Northwest, for the time is not far off when there will be a decreased area of new land to maintain the general average of the wheat crop. When there shall be no rich, fresh soil to assist the farmer in making a living, he will be compelled to depend upon what he really knows about farming, and not upon the unheeding prodigality of nature. In that event, the value of special agricultural training and a knowledge of soils and crops will be established beyond all question.

The lively and enterprising citizen of Minneapolis will perhaps wish to know what all this has to do with the city of Minneapolis; and in reply I hasten to say that it has everything to do with Minneapolis. The busy and ambitious milling centre of the Northwest is as absolutely dependent upon the wheat fields and farms of her tributary country as the city of Denver is upon the mines of the Rocky Mountains. Should the wheat fields cease to yield crops in paying quantities, Minneapolis could only fall back upon its slowly declining lumber interest, and so lose its importance as a leader of Western cities. If Minneapolis is to be kept at its present high-pressure state of existence, it must look to the condition of its wheat fields; and if it is to continue its wonderful growth, it must take into consideration the education of its farmers.

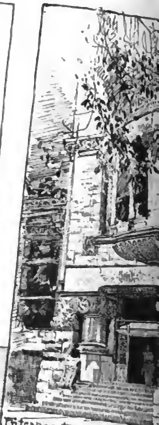
I believe that Minneapolis will do this eventually, as a matter of self preservation. It is upon the actual necessity for doing it that I base my prediction of the city's future wealth and greatness. When the people of Minneapolis become convinced that there must be a change for the better in the method of farming, they will take the matter in hand with all the energy and intelligence that have characterized the building of their city. They will not be alone in this movement, nor will their supremacy as grinders of grain remain uncontested. Duluth will one day enter the field as a maker of flour. As a shipper of wheat, Duluth has already caused grave fears and misgivings among Chicago business men; and as a maker of flour, what may she not do to Minneapolis? Duluth ought to be able to grind wheat at less cost than Minneapolis can, because the coal for grinding-power comes there as return cargoes in grain vessels, and therefore is cheaper than at Minneapolis. This article has nothing to do with the rosy prospects of Duluth, yet I mention them as a means of showing that Minneapolis will be able to hold her leadership and increase her population only by earnest efforts in the face of active competition. Duluth may grow great, yet that need not prevent Minneapolis from solidly maintaining her position, for the empire of the Northwest is capable of supporting cities twice as large as the St. Paul, Duluth, and Minneapolis of to-day. In the event of commercial union with Canada these three cities of the Northwest would have still a second empire to draw upon, as they are the natural outlets for Manitoba and the British Northwest.

Should the overland grain route from Manitoba to Montreal ever come in open competition with the buying capacity of the Minneapolis mills or the shipping facilities of Duluth, the result would not long be in doubt. Canadians are patriotic enough in theory, but in reality few of them would care to sell their wheat at eighty cents a bushel in Montreal when they might get a dollar for it in Minneapolis. All possibilities of a nature with this should have due consideration in making up an estimate of the resources and future condition of Minneapolis, for it is not beyond the range of reason that the people all along the Canadian border shall some day make a concerted effort to bring about commercial union between the two countries. I fancy that one of the strongest forces to advocate this plan will be the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway, which looks to Manitoba for its field of operations nearly as much as to the American Northwest. Commercial union is certainly something well worth working for, and I feel sure that the Canadians would see the matter in the right light could the facts be placed before them in a proper manner.

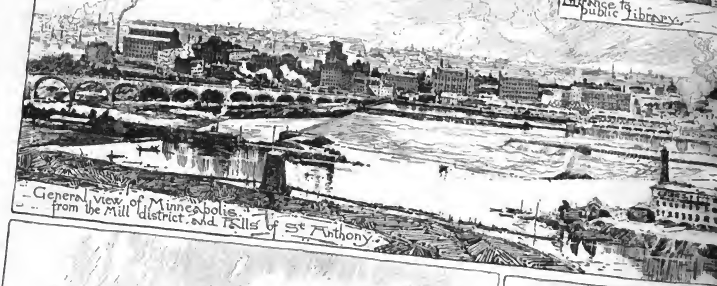
Until commercial or political union between Canada and the United States can be established, the people of Minneapolis will do well to extend their influence with the farmers of the Northwest. There are several ways in which this can be done, the most feasible of which seems to me to be the formation and intelligent encouragement of farmers' clubs and agricultural associations, which shall seek to make popular the now awesome features of scientific farming, and devise practical ways of growing Scotch Fife successfully on old land. Any such movement as this should, of course, be free



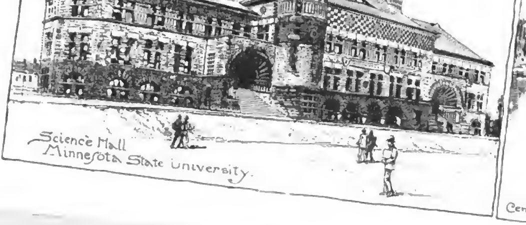
Exposition Building.



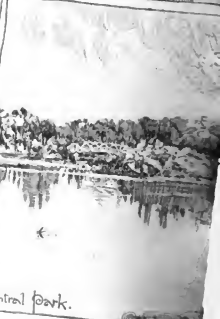
Entrance to Public Library.



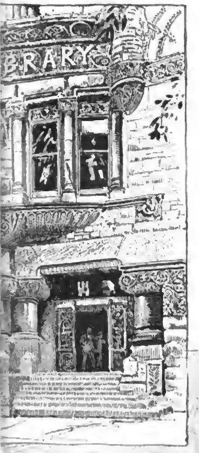
General view of Minneapolis from the Mill district and Falls of St Anthony.

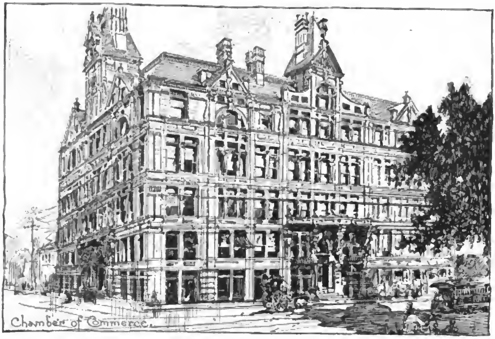


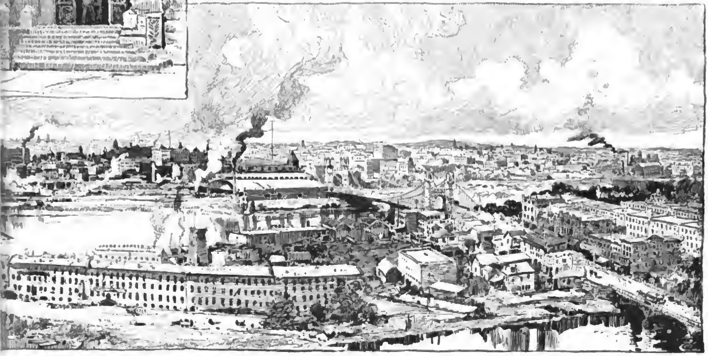
Science Hall
Minnesota State University.

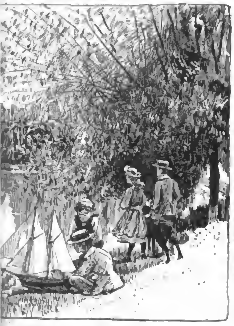


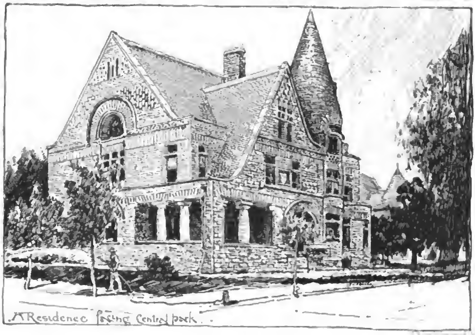
Central Park.




Chamber of Commerce.






A Residence facing Central park.

18.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.

from any attempt to advertise patent fertilizers, or even to glorify the achievements of the city of Minneapolis. The incontestable value of Minneapolis city lots as a permanent investment need not necessarily be made part of a discussion on the rotation of crops. The Minneapolis Exposition might be made useful as a teacher of the best methods of farming instead of a mere exhibitor of especially large or unusually excellent products of individual farms. In the common rut of its kind, the exposition has been reasonably successful, I believe; but should it so far depart from the conventional agricultural exhibit as to offer prizes for the best results obtained from certain methods of farming, instead of hap-hazard premiums for large potatoes and tall wheat, it would do something rational toward checking that continuous decrease in the average yield of Northwestern wheat fields. If the Minneapolis Exposition would lift itself out of the dead-level of mediocrity, let it devise some new system of agricultural exhibit whereby the farmer may be instructed in his calling as well as filled with an ambition to excel his neighbor in the growth of prodigious beets or phenomenal wheat.

I have dwelt at some length upon the subject of farming in the Northwest, for the reason that an article on the city of Minneapolis would be incomplete without it. Men may build cities on the Northwestern prairies with little other resources than glowing prospects and printer's ink, yet when the enthusiasm has reached its limit, and the boom has begun to grow stale, the wheat fields must take up the burden of proof. Just now Minneapolis is glorying in her success and smiling at her rivals, as well she may. Her short history is a story of achievement such as few cities in the world can show. There is no secret of her success. Her prosperity is due to the one fact that she has controlled the product of her tributary country.

It must not be supposed that since the city has grown so marvellously in a dozen years her business methods are unstable or her social features crude and raw, nor should it be thought that her architecture is not fully equal to that of cities of a similar size. The life of Minneapolis has not been a matter of growth so much as a process of transplanting. People with their business habits well defined, and their social ideas fully formed, came to Minneapolis from all parts of the country, and took up anew the broken threads of their daily lives very nearly the same as they had left them in New England, New York, or the older States of the middle West. Practical men of affairs from New York or Ohio found in Minneapolis the same systematic and liberal way of doing business that they had been accustomed to at home, and careful mothers of families found as good schools and as desirable churches as those in which they had been interested in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania. To many it seemed as though some thrifty Eastern city had been lifted bodily, inhabitants and all, from its old foundations, and set down beside the Falls of St. Anthony. The broad streets were as well built, as carefully paved, and as thickly lined with creditable buildings as the thoroughfares of any city of the same size in the country. Even the look of newness, which one would suppose to be inseparable from a new city, was toned down by the soft-coal smoke from the numerous mills, so that in the undesirable grimy appearance of large manufacturing places Minneapolis was in no way behind her rivals. This smoke is a nuisance only in the mill district, but in this respect Minneapolis is no worse off than St. Paul, Kansas City, Cincinnati, or Chicago, where the soft-coal smoke hangs above the buildings in clouds, and filters down through the streets like mist. Such a state of things is not at all creditable to Minneapolis or any of the other cities mentioned, for the reason that the coal-smoke nuisance is a thing that can be prevented. Plenty of coal smoke is said to be a good advertiser for a small and ambitious city, but in places as large and as firmly established as Minneapolis it is looked upon as an indication of carelessness on the part of the people. When a handsome city like Minneapolis gets her fine buildings tinged with grime, it reminds the disappointed visitor of a pretty woman with a sooty face. Minneapolis has done so well toward making herself attractive that it seems a great pity that the excellence of her architecture should be marred by soot and smoke. There are a large number of imposing structures in the city, chief among which, when finished, will be the City Hall and Court-house. The characteristic feature of this building will be the tower, which will rise to a height of three hundred feet above the level of the street. The building itself will occupy an entire city block. So far as the plans may be taken as representing the finished building, it must be acknowledged by even residents of rival cities that Minneapolis will have a City Hall and Court-house that many older and larger cities would be glad to imitate if they could. In this, as in most other things, Minneapolis builds quite as much for the future as for the present.

Another illustration of this tendency to look forward is the new Public Library building, which has recently been finished, after having been in process of construction for several years. It is a massive structure of Duluth brown sandstone, and is in all respects a fitting home for the excellent library that the people of Minneapolis have built up. It is not always an easy matter to carry on a library enterprise in a newly settled community, and for this reason alone the fact that Minneapolis has spent $150,000 for a library building should have due consideration in the minds of persons looking for new homes in the West. The library movement may be said to have originated with the late Bayard Taylor, who gave a lecture in Minneapolis for a library fund two years after Minnesota became a State. With this as a beginning, the people formed the Minneapolis Athenæum, which had a rather struggling existence until 1884, when the City Council came to its assistance with a library act and an appropriation of $100,000. This amount was increased to $150,000 by private subscription. Prior to this the Athenæum had received from a citizen a gift of real estate, which now is worth about $200,000, and which yields an income of $10,000 a year. With all these resources combined, the Public Library, into which the Athenæum was merged by act of City Council, took rank as fifth among the libraries of the country in point of annual receipts. To persons seeking educational advantages for their families, the organization of a library on so liberal a scale is a significant indication of the intelligence and culture of Minneapolis people.

Another and perhaps more direct educational advantage to residents of the city, and also to the inhabitants of the entire Northwest, is the Minnesota State University, which stands on a tract of rolling meadow-land about a mile below the Falls of St. Anthony. Like many public institutions and private enterprises in the West, the University has had its days of financial gloom and its moments of despair; but it has overcome all of its difficulties, and reached a highly creditable place among the universities of the United States. Its number of students has increased from 278 in 1884 to about 800 in 1889. The increased attendance made necessary the erection last year of a large and handsome stone building for the use of the department of science, literature, and arts. From an architectural point of view the new building is one of the best in the State. Considering the purposes for which it was designed, there is little about it to which serious objection could be made. So few American institutions of learning have shown any disposition to include in their curriculums object lessons in architecture, that a really creditable building such as Science Hall in the Minnesota State University should have all the recognition that it is entitled to. Persons who judge of the value of an educational institution more by the size and cost of the buildings than by the quality of the instruction will have their estimate of the University much enhanced by a visit to the new structure.

While the disposition to measure the quality of intellectual training by the quantity of the architecture is in the highest degree fallacious, especially in the new West, where school buildings are almost necessarily behind the demands of a rapidly increasing school population, yet were this standard to be applied to Minneapolis in the matter of public schools, the result would be in every way satisfactory. I fancy that it has been a difficult thing for Minneapolis to provide adequate school-room for all the new pupils during the past few years; but she has not only done that, but has in addition introduced new features into her educational system, and maintained in all the schools a standard of excellence as high as that in any city of her size in the country. Surely this is evidence enough that Minneapolis is a good place in which to rear a family. If more evidence is needed, there are plenty of churches ready to add their testimony. To conservative people of the East it seems to be rather an anomaly that any new community of the West should claim to be a "city of churches," and yet Minneapolis does this with statistics that can hardly be contradicted. In the East churches grow slowly, and oftentimes reluctantly, while in the West they keep step with the rapid march of every other kind of enterprise. In Minneapolis, and, in fact, elsewhere in the Western half of the continent, the church element largely predominates. The picturesque but murderous border ruffian of other years no longer shoots out the kerosene-oil lights of the casual saloon, and the bad man from the head waters of Bitter Creek no longer mounts his frantic broncho and swoops down upon the main street of the town in a cyclone of pistol-shots, Indian whoops, and profanity. The churches have driven him away, and only at long intervals is he heard from at remote mining settlements in New Mexico and Arizona. Probably three-fourths of the inhabitants of Minneapolis never saw an Indian outside of a circus, and the other fourth have so long forgotten the artistic management of a revolver that they would hardly be able to hit a barn door at thirty paces if they tried. The churches have made the West so prosaic and matter-of-fact that the hungry seeker after border romance and Indian uprisings is compelled to look for them behind the footlights of Bowery theatres.

With churches, schools, and educational organizations of one kind or other as a foundation, Minneapolis has built for herself a social fabric that is in every way creditable to the high standard of Western civilization. A city of churches is invariably a city of homes. Minneapolis is beyond all question a city of homes, many of which are rich and beautiful, and some even sumptuous and imposing. Fine dwelling-houses necessarily imply the possession of good streets and, as in all Western cities like Minneapolis, broad building plots and carefully kept lawns. Minneapolis takes great pride in these things, and in her parks, her public enterprises, and in all her other material manifestations of wealth, culture, and progress. She has pride in many other things, out of the mass of which I may mention the Young Men's Christian Association, which is at work on a new and handsome building; the Masonic organizations, which have recently finished one of the finest Masonic Temples in the West, and the daily and weekly newspapers. Apart from the natural resources of the Northwest and the water-power of the Falls of St. Anthony, the newspapers are most to be credited with the success of Minneapolis. It was the newspaper that called attention to the undeveloped wealth of the Northwest and induced settlers to come in and build homes, and in times of drought and bad crops, such as come to all agricultural communities, it was the newspaper that cheered and encouraged the despondent farmer until better seasons were at hand. Unlike St. Paul, Minneapolis has only one morning newspaper of her own. The deficiency is made good, however, by the Minneapolis editions of the St. Paul *Globe* and the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, each of which has a separate staff of editors and reporters to handle Minneapolis news. In addition, the *Globe* has a handsome building of its own in Minneapolis for the accommodation of the editorial and business departments of its Minneapolis edition. The one morning paper that Minneapolis calls her own is the *Tribune*, which, in point of enterprise, ability, and influence, is the peer of any paper west of Chicago. Its special field of effort is the Northwest, and there it acknowledges no superior. Not content with one of the largest newspaper buildings in the West, it now has in process of construction a new building that is expected to be one of the most conspicuous architectural ornaments of the city.

The evening papers are the *Journal* and the *Star*. The *Journal* claims to have the largest circulation of any paper published in Minnesota. The success of the *Journal* is said to be due wholly to its enterprise in collecting news and the ability of its editorial conduct. To journalists this tends to prove the theory that evening newspapers would be quite as successful and influential as morning newspapers if managed with equal ability and sagacity. The time of publication is rather in favor of the evening paper. In the next few years the people of this country may see some radical changes in the publication of newspapers, one of which may be the elevation of the evening paper to its proper place.

There seems to me to be a chance, moreover, that a decided change may be made in the manner in which matter is prepared for publication, and also an improvement in the quality of the matter itself. The inherent faults of the present system of making a great daily newspaper are so apparent to the trained journalist that they may not be permitted to outlive the century. With competition as an incentive, the larger newspapers of the country may outgrow these faults, which are now deemed virtues, just as Minneapolis has outgrown the cause of her early prosperity. The milling interests, which were first brought into existence through the water-power of the Falls of St. Anthony, have now become so extensive that the water-power has given place to steam.

By the impetus of the early local advantage, however, the city has continued to grow until the benefit of location is rather more of a tradition than a reality. The material greatness of Minneapolis is now the magnet that draws trade from the Northwest and capital from the East. Until some grain-buying and flour-making rival shall arise to dispute the power of this magnet, Minneapolis will remain the milling centre of the Northwest. At present the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce is able to say to visiting strangers, as he said to me, in almost reverential tones, "You stand now in the room where more wheat is sold than in any other room in the world." It is not much of a room from an architectural point of view, but to the awe-stricken visitor, under these circumstances, it has its associations. A frequent and natural inquiry of visitors is: "Will this wonderful prosperity continue? Will Minneapolis maintain her leadership? Will the Chamber of Commerce keep its control of the product of the Northwest?" Minneapolis answers by pointing to the great lines of railway that find here a common centre with St. Paul; to the energetic work of her Board of Trade; to her mills and manufactories; and to the massive and costly business blocks that show the faith that men of means have in her future.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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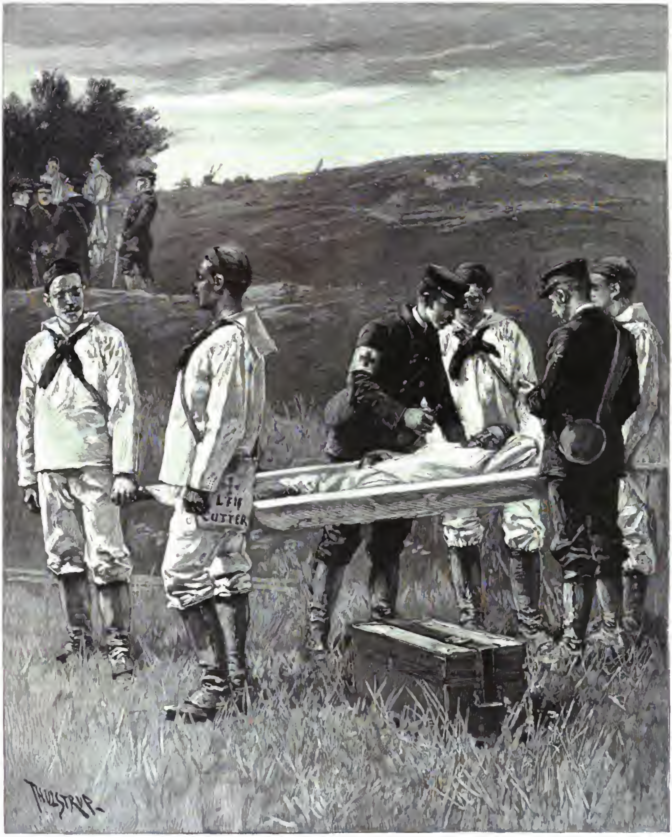

WITH THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION—THE AMBULANCE SERVICE IN THE "LANDING DRILL" AT CORFU.
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DECORATION DAY.

One of the most interesting celebrations of Decoration Day this year is the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Washington Memorial Arch in New York. The idea of the arch and the temporary form given to it last year were both so happy that the propriety of a permanent memorial was instantly perceived. It is, indeed, a little singular that there has never been a distinct monument of the most important event in the annals of the city. This is a reproach of its public spirit which will now be removed, and in the fittest and most satisfactory manner. Decoration Day itself has taken its place among our pleasantest holidays. There was some fear at first that it might serve to prolong the memory of the tremendous controversy which first alienated the Northern and Southern sections of the Union, and then ended in the great civil war. But that has not proved to be the result. The undisputed courage and tenacity of both sides and the enormous common sacrifices of every kind prevented any belittling taunts of inferiority. It was a conflict of Americans to determine what could not be otherwise decided, and it ended without purpose or hope of renewal.

Moreover, it settled forever a question which would have become steadily more menacing with time, and which must have convulsed and divided the Union until it was settled. The sense of relief in the mere fact of settlement was profound and universal. The cause of the war is plain, but there is no doubt that both parties to it rejoice that the cause is removed. That it has left some perplexing public problems is undeniable. They are made subjects of party contention, but in that way only in a popular government can such problems be solved. This fact may seem to dispose patriotic men to regard the dispute with equanimity, sure, as they may be, that there is a wide and deep sympathy everywhere in the Union for those who are most immediately involved in the difficulties of settlement, and an equally diffused desire that the settlement shall come through the accepted and proved methods of our system in the adjustment of such troubles. The inevitable sectional feeling which attends the situation is to be regretted. But the imperative necessity of a wise adjustment arising from the national Union is in itself fortunate, because it will prevent the evils that would certainly follow permanent neglect.

There is one habit of speech which tends to perpetuate the old sectional jealousy which is worth some pains to correct. It is the habit of speaking of "the South" as if it were in some way the legitimate name of a distinct part of the country. There was some cause for it when the Southern States were distinctively slave States, for in that system and the theory of the Union, which was believed to make the system more secure, they had a common and separate interest. But now its significance is not only gone, but as a distinctive name it is merely mischievous, because it fosters the idea of a kind of separateness which is prejudicial to a true national sentiment. The old cry, "no North, no South, no East, no West," was raised for a purpose which destroyed its value. But that situation has passed away, and as a legend of such a union as now exists it is fit and true. When the graves of the gray and the blue are decorated indiscriminately, when the living veterans of both colors meet as friends upon old battle-fields, and when in Mississippi there is a League of the Blue and the Gray, it is time to disuse the words North and South, except as geographical expressions.

A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

Senator Edmunds has introduced a bill to establish a national university at Washington. The Methodists already propose one there, and the Roman Catholics have begun one. How many universities is it supposed will flourish there, and why should the government provide one? Would it not be better for Congress to found a university in every State, which would be much more convenient for the pupils? Would it be well to provide not only that instruction should be free, but that during the course of study the pupils should be maintained at the public expense? Is the government to take charge of every interest of the people? The government maintains a military and naval school to train soldiers and sailors for the public service. While we have an army and a navy, such schools are reasonable. But why should the government provide a university for general literary and scientific instruction, rather than a school or schools of trade? The disposition of rich citizens to found colleges and universities is one of the happiest characteristics of American prosperity. It is in strict accord with the distinctive American principle of self-help, and there is no reason to suppose that a national university would be of a higher grade than many which already exist.

The States support a system of public schools combined often with a compulsory law. The principle of State action is that its own welfare requires such a kind and degree of education, and that the money expended is spent for itself. Therefore in every State the people tax themselves to maintain primary schools, and elect the trustees to control them. The higher institutions, colleges and universities, are founded generally upon private endowments. Could there be a better system—a system which, besides furnishing special instruction, develops the self-reliance and generous independence of the citizen? The project of a national university like that contemplated by the Edmunds bill is not new. In 1872 two bills for the purpose were presented in the Senate, one by Mr. Sawyer, the other by Mr. Howe. In 1886 Mr. Ingalls introduced one which was substantially that of Mr. Sawyer. The scheme has been often and earnestly advocated in meetings of educational associations, and it has a certain fascination for those who regard government as a *deus ex machina* to produce desirable results. The plan of the bills we have mentioned was the subject of an admirable report by President Eliot, of Harvard, to the National Educational Association in 1873, which was reprinted the next year by request of a number of gentlemen interested in the subject, when the President called the attention of Congress to the project.

All the plans contemplate a Board of Regents to be appointed by the President, or Governors of States, or Congress, and certain *ex officio* members, and all forbid sectarian or partisan teaching. They all, we believe, also provide for an appropriation of five millions of dollars for the maintenance of the university. We see no reason to believe that public opinion is more favorable to the scheme of a national university under the control of Congress than it was seventeen or four years ago. This feeling is not due to indifference to education, because on all sides the standard of education is rising and its opportunities are increasing. It is due to the feeling that the interests of higher education may safely be left to local care, and that the government of the United States is not a well-chosen agency for their management. Should Mr. Edmunds offer an argument for his bill, however, we may be sure that it will say for it cogently all that can be said.

MR. THURSTON'S APPEAL.

Mr. R. H. Thurston, of Cornell University, writes an earnest and sincere appeal to the *Tribune* for patriotic civil service reformers and tariff reformers and lovers of honest government to unite with the Republican party, for the general reason that it was once a party of great and beneficent achievements, and that the few demagogues who now "seem for the moment to control" it are but flakes of foam upon the surface of the wave. The appeal expresses a natural feeling of tender attachment to the party name under which noble results have been accomplished. But why is such an appeal necessary? Those to whom it is addressed were generally original Republicans, and they were always until recently proud of the party name. Why are they, as Mr. Thurston implies, out of the party? Are a "handful of demagogues" in control of it because those old Republicans are out, or are they out because the demagogues got control while they were in? If the party sentiment and drift were opposed to the demagogues, how did they get control? Mr. Quay is the chairman of the national party committee. Who elected him? The representatives of the party from every State. "A handful of demagogues" did not control the party thirty years ago. How did they "happen at the moment to come to the front"? By the consent, not indeed of honest Republicans, but of the Republican party as an organized body.

Mr. Thurston naturally protests that those who agree with him are really the Republican party. So, twenty years ago, did the old Republicans to whom he appeals. But they found that they were mistaken. Antislavery Whigs insisted that they were the true Whig party. But the event proved them to be in error. In New York the Republican party, as shown in the Legislature, acknowledges the leadership of Mr. Platt. Would the party probably depose Mr. Platt if the old Republicans should, in Mr. Thurston's phrase, "come into the ranks of the better of the two parties"? But if they are there no longer, it is because it was evident to them that they could secure the ends of good government by coming out. Have they done so? Undoubtedly. If Mr. Thurston is of opinion that reform in the civil service, for instance, would be advanced, even so far as its present stage, except for the action which he deprecates, we differ. Indeed, except for that action we doubt whether the Civil Service Commission would be constituted as it now is. If all Republican civil service reformers had acquiesced in whatever the party might do upon that subject, on the ground that it held sounder views than the Democratic party, or, as Mr. Thurston says, was "the better of the two parties," the reform would have been as effectually baffled as many Republican leaders still desire to see it. When Mr. Arthur was a Republican leader in New York he used to say, "Oh, let the reformers sputter; they'll all vote the ticket." The reform bill passed Congress only after the defeat of the party at the polls.

It is lost time for lovers of honest government to come back into "the better of the two parties," "and there fight continually for its purification." The only way to fight for the purification of a party is to correct its wrong tendencies by defeat, not to support them in the foolish hope that if you strengthen them by approval they can be more readily overthrown. The better way is to fight for the purification of the government, and let party take care of itself. The veteran politician who wished his epitaph to be "Here lies Richard Roe, who for sixty years always voted the regular Democratic ticket," was, in the phrase of Artemus Ward, "an amoosin' cuss," but he was neither a good patriot nor a wise man.

THE COURTS AND A QUORUM.

In the debate upon counting a quorum we do not remember to have seen the case in Zanesville, Ohio, cited, in which the Supreme Court of the State ruled some years ago in accordance with Speaker Reed's view. At the election of the clerk of the City Council, the Republican members being present refused to vote. A legal opinion was given by Republican counsel that a quorum being actually present when the vote was taken, the Democratic clerk was elected by the vote cast. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the State, composed of four Republicans and one Democrat, and the court held unanimously that the Democratic clerk was legally chosen. This, we believe, is consonant with the rule laid down by the courts whenever the question has been raised. The Constitution of the United States authorizes less than a quorum to compel the attendance of absent members. This power is given for the very purpose of making a quorum, and it is held to be useless if the member, when his presence has been compelled, cannot be counted if he refuses to vote. A member's presence can be compelled, but not his vote. But if the refusal to vote annuls the presence, what, it is asked, is the object of constitutionally authorizing his presence to be forced?

General Garfield and others have laid stress upon "participation." Admitting the power to force attendance, they urged that as participation or voting could not be forced, no quorum was legally present. But the legal ruling has been that all members actually present and free to vote, and knowing that a vote is being taken, are considered in law as assenting that the voice of the body may be expressed by a majority of the actual voters. It would follow, of course, that if a quorum be actually present and free to vote, and aware that a vote is taking, but when the roll is called

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refuse to vote, one member voting speaks for the whole body, and the measure is either adopted or lost, unless some constitutional provision or rule of the body has established a different rule. The Constitution of New York, to prevent the enactment of a law by such a vote, provides that no bill shall become a law except by a vote in each House of all the members elected, and for laying taxes and certain other purposes a vote of three-fifths is required. But there is no such provision in the national Constitution. It is further urged that as the law does not recognize in any member of a Legislature a *right* actually to absent himself from its sessions, it will not recognize a constructive right of absence by refusing to vote. A member may be silent, but in the presence of a quorum his silence gives consent to the actual voting.

The question thus legally presented is very interesting, and it is unfortunate that Mr. CARLISLE did not carry it up to the courts as he and his friends were understood to intend. If they could have made a case, the Speaker's position would have been fatally injured in the public mind if the court had decided in substance against him. As it is, the decision of the House will doubtless stand, because no other party majority is likely to divest itself of the power to carry its legislation even in the culpable absence of its own members. It is certainly an extraordinary situation that when, for instance, less than a majority of members elected to pass a high protective tariff are present in their places, enough of the members elected to oppose such a tariff may be counted to enable less than the majority of protectionists to pass the bill. The party majority in a party assembly ought to be compelled to assume its proper responsibility, and it is a serious omission in the Constitution that it does not require for the passage of every law not the presence, but the vote of the majority of members elected to each House.

THE STING OF THE BUTTERWORTH SPEECH.

MR. BUTTERWORTH's speech has naturally attracted great attention. It is repudiated as a statement of the Republican doctrine of protection, but it is a vivid and forcible expression of the doctrine of HENRY CLAY. It is indicative also of a sentiment which prevails largely among Republicans. This is privately well known, and the telegram to Mr. BUTTERWORTH from Republicans in Chicago, and the remarks of Senator DAWES, of Massachusetts, show that there are other Republicans besides Mr. BUTTERWORTH who are not unwilling to avow it. "So far as the McKINLEY bill is concerned," Mr DAWES is reported as saying, "if it should be found to impose anything else than exactly an equalization of the conditions of protection, it would go beyond any point that he would be able to support. Long since these opinions of his had been on record."

Meanwhile Mr. BUTTERWORTH has been in substance warned that he must stand or fall as a Republican by the McKINLEY bill. Yet he said deliberately and strongly that protection "is the wisest and most beneficial economic system which could have been devised," and that it had scattered blessings through the land. He reiterated that he was as thoroughly devoted to the protective system and as fully opposed to free-trade as any man on the floor of the House. This seems to be an explicit and unmistakable adhesion to protection. But it is apparently not enough. It is his doctrine of protection which is unsatisfactory.

Yet what is that doctrine? In his own words, "The preservation of the equality of opportunity in this country." It is to give every laborer an equal chance to get his fair share of the product of his labor. To give a chance to some industries which is denied to others, is, in Mr. BUTTERWORTH's opinion, not only unjust, but outrageous. If this does not deserve the name by which HENRY CLAY used to describe his views—the American system—nothing deserves it. It is American, because America means fair play. The sting of Mr. BUTTERWORTH's speech is his plain exposure, which is irrefutable, that the tariff is not fair. It does not protect every industry equally. It does impose, in the words of Mr. DAWES, something "else than exactly an equalization of conditions of protection." Does Mr. BUTTERWORTH cease to be a Republican because as a protectionist he declares the original and fundamental Republican doctrine of equal rights?

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

MR. EDMUNDS says in the Senate that the late judgment of the Supreme Court in regard to State prohibition of the sale of liquor asserts that neither the State nor the national authority can deal with the subject. Mr. EDMUNDS says that the judgment holds substantially that there is an inherent right in the citizen of any State to carry into another State and there to sell what that State regards as injurious, and that Congress cannot prevent it, nor can the State prevent it except by authority of Congress. There is a flaw in somebody's logic, says Mr. EDMUNDS. He thinks that this judgment is a great step toward centralization of power—somewhere, and probably in the Supreme Court. Mr. EDMUNDS contends that when once intoxicating liquors are in a State, whether in the hands of its citizens or not, they are subject to State laws, and he thinks that the Supreme Court will so decide within twenty years. The power of the United States to levy taxes and regulate commerce is no greater within its sphere than the power of the State within its sphere to deal with commodities and the conduct of its citizens. Both powers are supreme, and each must be exercised within its own order.

When Mr. HOAR took the same ground, Mr. HISCOCK asked whether Congress could delegate its power to regulate inter-State commerce to a State which wished to exclude, not liquors, but manufactures of wool. Mr. HOAR replied that he did not go so far. It is evident that the question is between the police powers of the State and the power of Congress over inter-State commerce. The regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquor is held to be a primary power of the State. But if the opinion of the minority of the Judges as to the scope of the judgment of the Court be correct, that power is controlled by Congress. It would follow that Congress could authorize the State regulation of the sale of manufactures of wool as well as of intoxicating liquors.

The Supreme Court has already decided that the State may regulate or restrict as it pleases any traffic within its borders which it holds to be noxious to the public health or morals. It is not easy to see why this decision does not authorize State prohibition or high license despite the power of Congress to regulate commerce among the several States.

SOCIALISM IN PARLIAMENT.

LORD SALISBURY's recent reply to Lord WEMYSS's deprecation of the tendency of Parliament toward what he called grandmotherly, usually known as paternal, legislation was characteristically English. JOHN STUART MILL pointed out the indifference of the English mind to logic in politics. It wants not a symmetrical system, but one that will work. EDMUND BURKE was its orator when, in his speech on conciliation with America, he insisted that Parliament should not discuss the abstract point of right to tax the colonies, but the practical question whether it was expedient to tax them.

Lord WEMYSS declared that the present tendency of Parliamentary legislation is socialistic. Lord SALISBURY did not deny it; but he said there is nothing more socialistic than the Post-office and the Mint, yet nothing more justifiable. It is not practical politics, he said, to label legislation as socialistic or otherwise; but every question should be considered upon its own merits. "The public could be trusted to find out what practical good lies behind the socialist doctrine. Nobody not absolutely blind could deny the existence of great evils from which arose the socialist proposals and action. Industrial and other causes produced great centres of misery. We are bound to do all we can to remedy these evils, even if we are called socialists, knowing we are undertaking no new principle or striking out on no new route, but are simply pursuing the long and healthy tradition of English legislation."

This is undeniable. All state aid to industrial or private enterprises is open to the charge of socialism. The modern English measures for the relief of Ireland are of this kind. A protective tariff, by its very terms, is of the same kind. It is not designed merely to secure a revenue for the government, but to "protect," to favor and sustain, a certain class of citizens. It is unequal in its operation, but it is socialistic in its essence and purpose. Lord SALISBURY defines socialism as "the state doing something that might be done by private persons for the sake of gain." Carrying letters, lighting the streets, conveying passengers, are illustrations of projects that fall under Lord SALISBURY's definition. Every wise government is socialistic in some degree. The safety-valve of the tendency is the English practice of deciding practically, not theoretically. It is England, not France, which has advanced liberty.

SECRETARY STANTON.

AMONG the monuments to the great men of the epoch of the civil war there is as yet none to Mr. STANTON, and the House Committee on the Library recommend the passage of the bill providing for such a monument. In support of its recommendation the committee say: "To perpetuate by enduring monuments the memory of the great few who are thus raised in great crises for the salvation of a nation is a duty and a privilege sanctioned by custom and demanded by the natural feelings of grateful patriotism." No one will deny the great claims of the immense services of Mr. STANTON to the grateful and perpetual acknowledgment of his countrymen.

We speak with just honor and gratitude of Mr. LINCOLN, of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN, of FARRAGUT and PORTER, and their associate heroes, and of the boy in blue, who is commemorated in statues of the Union soldier on many a village green. But among the great men and leaders of the war Mr. STANTON must be always included. It was most fortunate for the President that at his right hand stood a man so wise, so constant, so inflexible. In the War-Office at that time, and under all the complicated and inconceivable difficulties of the situation, the qualities of STANTON were indispensable. The leaders in Congress, says the report of the committee, had unbounded confidence in his wisdom and integrity.

It is impossible to recall the spotless patriotism of the great leaders of the war, whether in council or in the field, without feeling that they were indeed providential men. If among them all we think less frequently of STANTON, it is because the conditions of his service withdrew him from public view, and because its necessary rigor invited hostility and calumny. But with what indomitable force and ceaseless energy he did his duty! How in the complete exhaustion of the steady and prolonged strain upon his faculties he gave his life for his country as truly as any brave boy who fell in the blazing lines at Gettysburg or Shiloh! As became an American patriot, "he was the impersonation of honesty, and after controlling the expenditure of $3,000,000,000 he died poor as he had lived." Congress need not doubt that the grant for STANTON's monument will be approved by the country.

A MISSTATEMENT.

THE Boston *Daily Advertiser* says that HARPER'S WEEKLY claims ballot reform and civil service reform as Democratic measures, but does not say when or in what words the claim was made. On the 10th of May, which was the latest date of the WEEKLY that the *Advertiser* could have seen, the WEEKLY said, in accord with its uniform remarks upon the subject:

> "The approval of the bill by the Governor would show the force of public opinion, for, however imperfect the law may be, it will work unquestionably a reform which the Governor does not like, and which is naturally repugnant to his school of politicians."

This has always been the opinion of the WEEKLY, and it has never thought or said that ballot reform and civil service reform and temperance reform are Democratic measures, or that they are demanded or supported by the general opinion of the Democratic party.

PERSONAL.

THE romance which has resulted in the marriage of WALTER JOHN DAMROSCH, the well-known musical conductor, and Miss MARGARET ISABELLA BLAINE, daughter of Secretary of State BLAINE, was begun during Mr. CARNEGIE's famous coaching trip through the Scotch Highlands in 1888, both the young people being members of the party. It was continued the following summer at Mount Desert and at Ellsworth, Maine, where Mr. DAMROSCH and Miss BLAINE were the guests of Senator and Mrs. HALE. Now that it has reached so happy a conclusion, the bride and bridegroom are going abroad for their wedding trip, during which they will again visit Mr. and Mrs. CARNEGIE in their Scotch home.

—Rev. Dr. JOSEPH D. WICKHAM, of Manchester, Vermont, who was graduated from Yale College in 1815, is her oldest living alumnus, and the only surviving member of his class. He is ninety-three years old, but in excellent health, and has recently been visiting friends in Derby, Connecticut.

—The coming marriage of HENRY M. STANLEY to Miss DOROTHY TENNANT, the clever London artist, seems to indicate that the intrepid explorer has grown tired of a life of adventure, and will stick more closely to the bounds of civilization in the future. Miss TENNANT, while not a young woman, is said to possess beauty of a noble and high-bred type, and is prominent in the literary and art circles of London.

—Ex-Secretary of the Navy WHITNEY and his family have gone to Europe for a prolonged stay.

—The late JAMES H. WORTH, of this city, a wealthy bachelor eighty years old, had a taste for collecting scarf-pins, and when he died left a large assortment of them. Some of these he gave to friends, while others, according to his will, are to be disposed of, and the proceeds given to charity.

—The DORR rebellion in Rhode Island is recalled by the death of ex-Governor ELISHA DYER at Providence. During the little insurrection he was Adjutant-General, and had entire charge of the State forces and plans. Later he was Governor for two terms. He was President of the first national musical congress, held at Boston in 1869, and President GRANT made him honorary Commissioner to the Vienna Exposition.

—Those who attend the Commencement exercises at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, this year will be given an unusually ambitious entertainment by members of the graduating class. This will be the presentation of a musical composition based upon the book of Job, which has been arranged by Dr. BLODGETT, the Professor of Music. The work is mostly recitative, with choral elements, based upon a symphonic orchestral structure, which will be rendered by leading Boston musicians.

—JOHN ELLIOTT CURRAN, who died at Englewood, New Jersey, on the 18th of May, was one of the most promising of the younger writers of American fiction. His contributions to the leading magazines were read with interest, and a novel from his pen met with marked success. Among the best of his short stories were "Joe Gilfillan" and "Polly Winslow," published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE within the past year.

—ARTHUR ORTON, the "TICHBORNE claimant," tried to emerge from his obscurity and run for Parliament as a home-ruler recently, but could not pay the election bills, and was dropped.

—The author of the London *Times* articles on "Parnellism and Crime," a Mr. FLANNAGAN, was blackballed when he sought admission to the Athenæum Club in London recently.

—The English Countess of Carloty died recently in Paris, where she lived alone and apparently in poverty. After her death $10,000 in gold and $40,000 in notes were found in her room.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON has bought four hundred acres of land near Apia, Samoa, and will build a home there for his wife and himself.

—MICHAEL DAVITT, the Irish leader, is to edit a new weekly labor paper in London.

—A Berlin antiquary has come into possession of the dagger with which RAVAILLAC assassinated HENRY IV. of France. It was stolen from the Palais de Justice in Paris in 1815.

—The youngest man in the United States holding a regular Colonel's commission is NICHOLAS P. HARTMAN, of Brooklyn, twenty-two years old. While a boy in the Williamsburg schools he displayed unusual taste for military matters, and perfected himself in the sword drill. In 1886 his military attainments won for him an appointment to a special course in tactics at West Point, defective eye-sight preventing his admission to the regular course. There a company composed of officers from the various classes, selected for their proficiency in drill, was organized, with HARTMAN as Captain, and it soon became the best-drilled military organization in the United States. Captain HARTMAN has now been commissioned Colonel of the Washington military company, the crack organization of seventy-two men which forms the body-guard of the President. He is also regarded as the champion swordsman of America.

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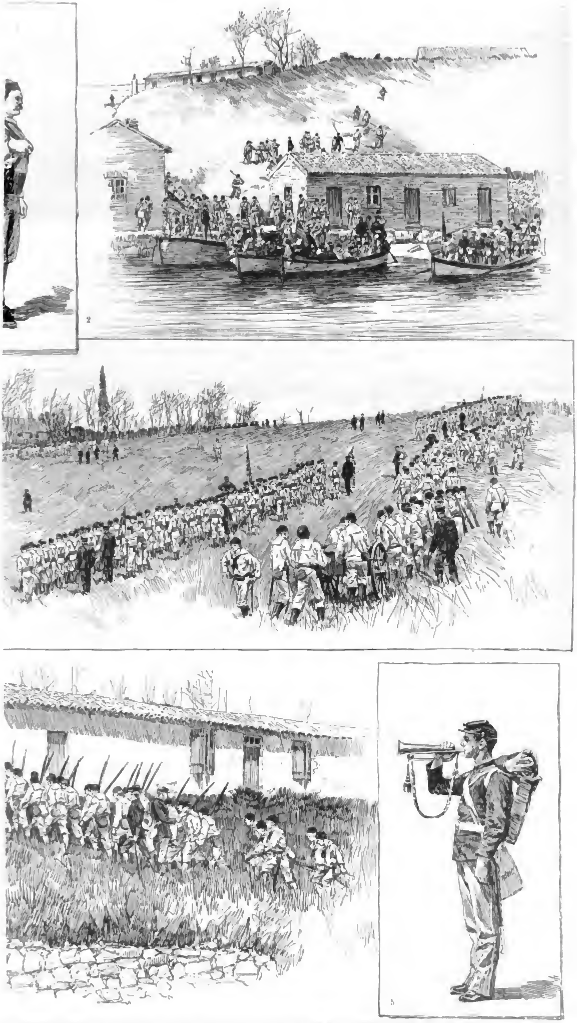


LANDING DRILL OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE WITH THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION AT CORFU.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 430.]

ervice. 2. Artillery landing. 3. Throwing out a Company for Deployment—Artillery moving in Rear of Line to the Right Flank. 4. Climbing the Hill from Landing. 5. Marine Bugler.

tard. But they told their wives too much, and all my plans got known, till I learned to give false marching orders overnight, and take the men to quite a different village in the morning. Then we used to catch the simple *daku* before breakfast, and make him very sick. It's a ghastly country on the Hlinedatalone; all bamboo jungle, with paths about four feet wide winding through it. The *daku* knew all the paths, and used to pot at us as we came round a corner; but the mounted police knew the paths as well as the *daku*, and we used to go stalking 'em in and out among the paths. Once we flushed 'em—the men on the ponies had the pull of the man on foot. We held all the country absolutely quiet for ten miles round in about a month. Then we took Boh No-ghee—Hicksey and I and the civil officer. That was a lark!"

"I think I am beginning to understand a little," said Cleever. "It was a pleasure to you to administer and fight, and so on."

"Rather. There's nothing nicer than a satisfactory little expedition, when you find all your plans fit together and your conformations *tick*—correct, you know—and the whole *sub-chiz*. I mean when everything works out like formulæ on a black-board. Hicksey had all the information about the Boh. He had been burning villages and murdering people right and left, and cutting up government convoys, and all that. He was lying doggo in a village about fifteen miles off, waiting to get a fresh gang together. So we arranged to take thirty mounted police and turn him out before he could plunder into the newly settled villages. At the last minute the civil officer in our part of the world thought he'd assist at the performance."

"Who was he?" said Nevin.

"His name was Dennis," said the Infant, slowly; "and we'll let it stay so. He's a better man now than he was then."

"But how old was the civil power?" said Cleever. "The situation is developing itself." Then, in his beard, "Who are you to judge men?"

"He was about six and twenty," said the Infant; "and he was awf'ly clever. He knew a lot of literary things, but I don't think he was quite steady enough for Dacoit hunting. We started overnight for Boh No-ghee's village, and we got there just before the morning, without raising an alarm. Dennis had turned out armed to the teeth—two revolvers, a carbine, and all sorts of things. I was talking to Hicksey about posting our men, and Dennis edged his pony in between us and said: 'What shall I do? What shall I do? Tell me what to do, you fellows.' We didn't take much notice, but his pony tried to bite me in the leg, and I said, 'Pull out a bit, old man, till we've settled the attack.' He kept edging in, and fiddling with his reins and the revolvers, and saying: 'Dear me! dear me! Oh, dear me! What do you think I'd better do?' The man was in a blue funk, and his teeth were chattering."

"I sympathize with the civil power," said Cleever. "Continue, young Clive."

"The fun of it was that he was supposed to be our superior officer. Hicksey took a good look at him, and told him to attach himself to my party. Beastly mean of Hicksey, that. The chap kept on edging in and bothering instead of asking for some men and taking up his own position, till I got angry. The carbines began popping on the other side of the village. Then I said, 'For God's sake, be quiet, and sit down where you are! If you see anybody come out of the village, shoot at him.' I knew he couldn't hit a hay-rick at a yard. Then I took my men over the garden wall—over the palisades, y' know—somehow or other, and the fun began. Hicksey had found the Boh in bed under a mosquito curtain, and he had taken a flying jump on to him."

"A flying jump!" said Cleever. "Is that also war?"

"Yes," said the Infant, now thoroughly warmed. "Don't you know how you take a flying jump on to a fellow's head at school when he snores in the dormitory? The Boh was sleeping in a regular bedful of swords and pistols, and Hicksey came down *à la* Zazel through the netting, and the net got mixed up with the pistols and the Boh and Hicksey, and they all rolled on the floor together. I laughed till I couldn't stand, and Hicksey was cursing me for not helping him, so I left him to fight it out and went into the village. Our men were slashing about and firing, and so were the Dacoits, and in the thick of the mess some ass set fire to a house, and we all had to clear out. I froze on to the nearest *daku*, and ran to the palisade shoving him in front of me. He wriggled clear and bounded over to the other side. I came after him, but when I had one leg one side and one leg the other of the palisade I saw that my friend had fallen flat on Dennis's head. That man had never moved from where I left him. The two rolled on the ground together, and Dennis's carbine went off and nearly shot me. The *daku* picked himself up and ran, and Dennis buzzed his carbine after him, and it caught him on the back of his head and knocked him silly. You never saw anything so funny in your life. I doubled up on the top of the palisade and hung there yelling with laughter. But Dennis began to weep like anything. 'Oh, I've killed a man,' he said—'I've killed a man, and I shall never know another peaceful hour in my life! Is he dead? Oh, *is* he dead? Good God! I've killed a man.' I came down and said, 'Don't be a fool!' But he kept on shouting 'Is he dead?' till I could have kicked him. The *daku* was only knocked out of time with the carbine. He came to after a bit, and I said, 'Are you hurt much?' He grinned and said no. His chest was all cut with scrambling over the palisade. 'The white man's gun didn't do that,' he said. 'I did that myself, and I knocked the white man over.' Just like a Burman, wasn't it? Dennis wouldn't be happy at any price. He said: 'Tie up his wounds. He'll bleed to death. Oh, my God, he'll bleed to death!' 'Tie 'em up yourself,' I said, 'if you're so anxious.' 'I can't touch him,' said Dennis, 'but here's my shirt.' He took off his shirt, and he fixed his braces again over his bare shoulders. I ripped the shirt up and bandaged the Dacoit quite professionally. He was grinning at Dennis all the time; and Dennis's haversack was lying on the ground, bursting full of sandwiches. Greedy hog! I took some and offered some to Dennis. 'How can I eat?' he said. 'How can you ask me to eat? His very blood is on your hands, oh God! and you're eating *my* sandwiches!' 'All right,' I said. 'I'll give 'em to the *daku*.' So I did, and the little chap was quite pleased, and wolfed 'em down like one o'clock."

Cleever brought his hand down on the table-cloth a thump that made the empty glasses dance. "That's art," he said. "Flat, flagrant mechanism. Don't tell me that happened on the spot!"

The pupils of the Infant's eyes contracted to two points. "I beg your pardon," he said, slowly, and a little stiffly, "but I am taking this thing as it happened."

Cleever looked at him for a moment. "My fault entirely," said he. "I should have known. Please go on."

"Oh, then Hicksey came out of what was left of the village with his prisoners and captives all neatly tied up. Boh No-ghee was first, and one of the villagers, as soon as he saw the old ruffian helpless, began kicking him quietly. The Boh stood it as long as he could, and then groaned, and we saw what was going on. Hicksey tied the villager up and gave him half a dozen good to remind him to leave a prisoner alone. You should have seen the old Boh grin. Oh, but Hicksey was in a furious rage with everybody. He'd got a wipe over the elbow that had tickled up his funny bone, and he was simply rabid with me for not having helped him with the Boh and the mosquito net. I had to explain that I couldn't do anything. If you'd seen 'em both tangled up together on the floor, like a blaspheming cocoon, you'd have laughed for a week. Hicksey swore that the only decent man of his acquaintance was the Boh, and all the way back to camp Hicksey was talking to him, and the Boh was grumbling about the soreness of his bones. When we got home, and had had a bath, the Boh wanted to know when he was going to be hanged. Hicksey said he couldn't oblige him on the spot, but had to send him to Rangoon. The Boh went down on his knees and reeled off a catalogue of his crimes—he ought to have been hanged seventeen times over by his own confession—and implored Hicksey to settle the business out of hand. 'If I'm sent to Rangoon,' said he, 'they'll keep me in jail all my life, and that is a death every time the sun gets up or the wind blows.' But we had to send him to Rangoon; and of course he was let off down there, and given penal servitude for life. When I came to Rangoon I went over the jail—I had helped to fill it, y' know—and the old Boh was there, and recognized me at once. He begged for some opium first, and I tried to get him some; but that was against the rules. Then he asked me to have his sentence changed to death, because he was afraid of being sent to the Andamans. I couldn't do that either; but I tried to cheer him, and told him how the row was going up country. And the last thing he said was: 'Give my compliments to the fat white man who jumped on me. If I'd been awake I'd have killed him.' I wrote that to Hicksey next mail, and—and that's all. I'm 'fraid I've been gassing awf'ly, sir."

Cleever said nothing for a long time. The Infant looked uncomfortable. He feared that, misled by enthusiasm, he had filled up the novelist's time with unprofitable recital of trivial anecdotes.

Then said Cleever: "I can't understand it. Why should *you* have seen and done all these things before you have cut your wisdom teeth?"

"Don't know," said the Infant, apologetically. "I haven't seen much, only Burmese jungle."

"And dead men and war and power and responsibility," said Cleever, under his breath. "You won't have any sensations left at thirty if you go on as you have done. But I want to hear more tales—more tales." He seemed to forget that even subalterns might have engagements of their own.

"We're thinking of dining out somewhere, the lot of us, and going on to the Empire afterward," said Nevin, with hesitation. He did not like to ask Cleever to come too. The invitation might be regarded as "cheek." And Cleever, anxious not to wag a graybeard unbidden among boys at large, said nothing on his side.

Boileau solved the little difficulty by blurting out, "Won't you come too, sir?"

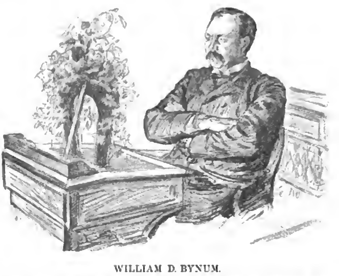
Cleever almost shouted "Yes," and while he was being helped into his coat, continued to murmur "Good heavens!" at intervals, in a manner that the boys could not understand.

"I don't think I've been to the Empire in my life," said he. "But, good heavens! what *is* my life, after all? Let us go back."

So they went out with Eustace Cleever, and I sulked at home, because the boys had come to see me, but had gone over to the better man, which was humiliating. They packed him into a cab with utmost reverence, for was he not the author of *As it was in the Beginning*, and a person in whose company it was an honor to go abroad? From all I gathered later, he had taken less interest in the performance before him than in the boys' conversation, and they protested with emphasis that he was "as good a man as they make, knew what a man was driving at almost before he said it, and yet he's so dashed simple about things any man knows." That was one of many comments made afterward.

At midnight they returned, announcing that they were highly respectable gondoliers, and that oysters and stout were what they chiefly needed. The eminent novelist was still with them, and I think he was calling them by their shorter names. I am certain that he said he had been moving in worlds not realized, and that they had shown him the Empire in a new light. Still sore at recent neglect, I answered, shortly, "Thank Heaven, we have within the land ten thousand as good as they!" And when Cleever departed, asked him what he thought of things generally.

He replied with another quotation, to the effect that though singing was a remarkably fine performance, I was to be quite sure that few lips would be moved to song if they found a sufficiency of kissing. Whereat I understood that Eustace Cleever, decorator and color man in words, was blaspheming his own art, and that he would be sorry for this in the morning.



WILLIAM D. BYNUM.

The present session of the House of Representatives has been marked by many manifestations of bitter feeling. Such manifestations are not unprecedented in parliamentary bodies, but they are not common. If it were possible to lay down a general rule that would invariably explain these outbursts of human passion, it would be that they occur when the minority believes that it is oppressed by a tyrannical majority. Then there flashes out that wild rage which comes from the realization of injury and wrong and of utter powerlessness.

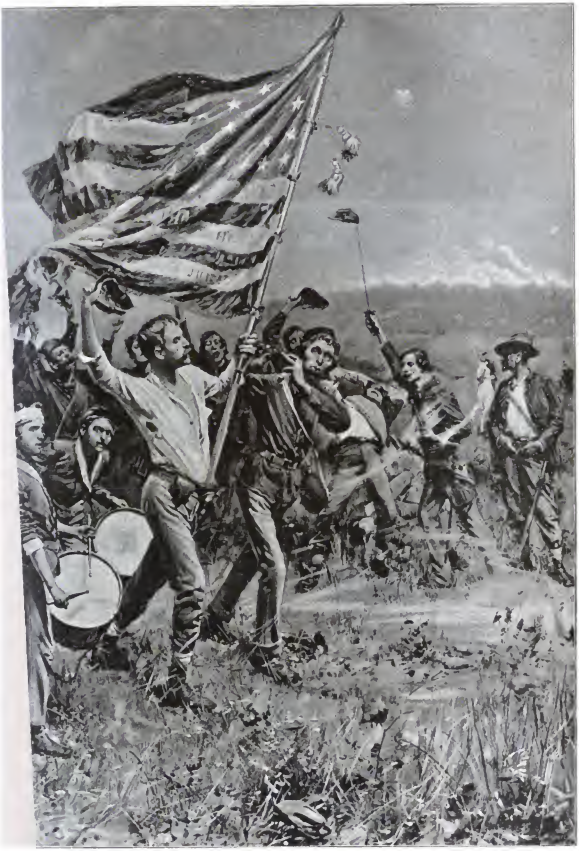
The House of Commons has been torn with wild disorder many times in the course of its long and eventful history—when the Stuarts, in their assertions of prerogative, threatened invasions of the rights of the people; when the king attempted to arrest the protesting members; and, later, when the Conservatives adopted closure for the purpose of taking away the ancient right of unlimited debate.

In recent years in our own House of Representatives there has been intense excitement on several well-remembered occasions—when the small band of Democrats of those days were resisting reconstruction legislation, when the Electoral Commission bill was pending in 1877, and oftener during the present session than at any other time except immediately after the war.

The cause of all the excitement and disorder that has obtained in the present Congress is perfectly well understood. The Democrats insist that the Republican Speaker has despotically assumed unconstitutional powers, that he has so restrained the minority as to deprive it of all part in the work of legislation, that he persistently ignores Democrats who are trying to secure recognition, that he passes bills by his own volition, and that he subverts all laws under which in representative governments the minority of a deliberative body enjoys important rights. The answer to this is, of course, that Mr. Reed is doing only what the Constitution gives him the right to do, and that his motive is praiseworthy, because he is simply endeavoring to facilitate business. This is the issue; but it cannot be discussed in the House, because Mr. Reed carries out his purpose without regard to the angry protests of the minority, and because he exercises the almost arbitrary powers of the Speaker, being sustained in his position by a thoroughly well disciplined majority.

The men who have been most conspicuous in a noisy opposition to the Speaker are Mr. Bynum (whose portrait is given), Mr. Springer, and Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. All these gentlemen have openly defied and resisted Mr. Reed's authority, and have denounced him as a despot, and even as corrupt. Mr. Reed himself has preserved a dignified exterior during the trying ordeal, but inwardly he has raged against the restraints of his office which have compelled him to quietly submit to reiterated insults. It is known that he has even contemplated asking the Republican leaders to move the expulsion of some of the more outspoken of the Democrats. Such a motion could not have succeeded, for a member cannot be expelled except by a two-thirds vote; but if it were made, it could not fail to include Mr. Bynum, who during the debate on the rules, in the early part of January, insisted on shouting his disapproval of the Speaker and the majority, and, with the possible exception of Mr. Springer, was the most conspicuous figure among the disorderly Democrats. His most recent appearance was before the bar of the House to be censured by the Speaker for words spoken in debate which were insulting to Mr. Bayne, of Pennsylvania. On this occasion the House witnessed a singular scene, Mr. Bynum being accompanied to his punishment by as many of his Democratic fellow-members as could crowd into the semicircular space in front of the Speaker's desk. Mr. Reed himself seemed to be overcome by the extraordinary demonstration; for when he had ordered the Democrats to take their seats, and Mr. Springer had shouted, "We won't," he failed to do what any of his predecessors would have done at once—order the Sergeant-at-arms to carry about the mace, the symbol of the power of the House, and to compel obedience to the Speaker's orders. The comment of a competent critic on the episode was as follows: "Mr. Bynum's resentment has been justified by Mr. Bayne's admission of the worthlessness of Campbell's accusations, and his punishment, which he was fully justified in regarding as a decoration, could be very properly atoned for by expunging the order for censure upon a motion to reconsider."

Mr. Renouard's picture was drawn immediately after Mr. Bynum had made a striking speech on the tariff. It will be seen from his face that he is a very intense and earnest man. He is still young, having been born in Indiana nearly forty-four years ago, and has been in public life since 1871, when he was elected City Attorney of Washington, Indiana. He was first nominated for Congress in 1884, and his campaign attracted the attention of the country, for it was conducted almost exclusively on the tariff issue. It was supposed that Mr. Bynum would be defeated, because Indianapolis, the chief city of his district, was a centre of manufactures as well as of railroads. A band of young lawyers, chiefly mugwumps, made a vigorous and aggressive fight, holding meetings of working-men, and preaching the doctrine of revenue reform in the very factories. Mr. Bynum was elected. Since his advent in Congress he has been an outspoken and prominent member, intensely partisan, and always ready to assert his own and his party's rights.



ENCOURAGING THE LINE.—From the Painting by Gilbert Gaul.

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as an insult to the nation;
r capture, rages the stress
the sight of the flag stirs
with the sound of martial

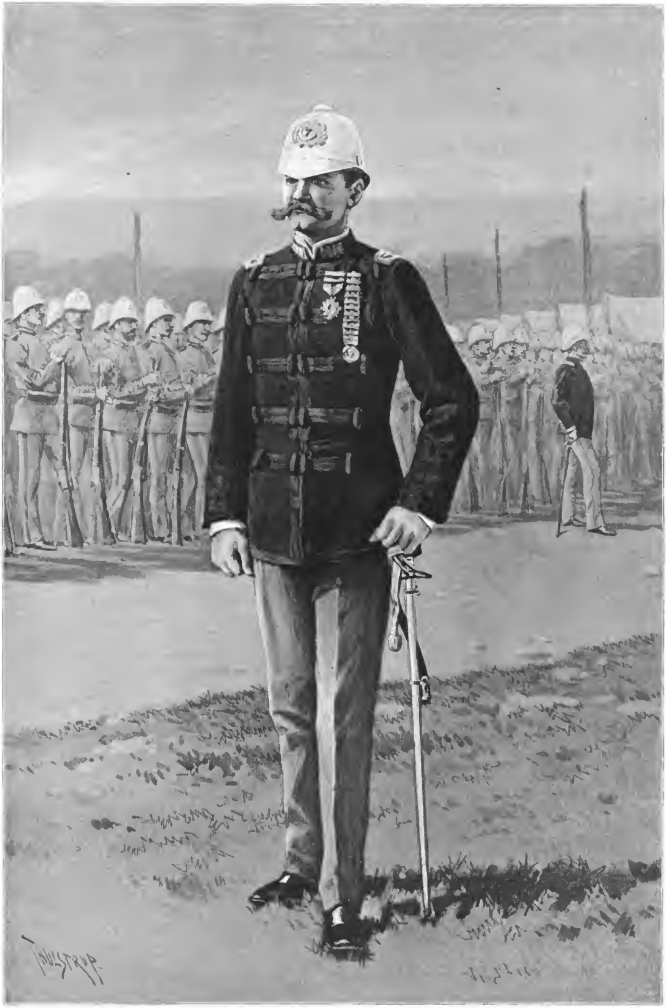
music—the brisk tunes to which troops march off to the war, and the more sonorous battle hymns. "The shrill trump, the spirit stirring drum, the ear piercing fife," have a place no less than the plumed troop and the royal banner in Othello's memory of the quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, and unnumbered are the instances of the cheering effect of patriotic music in the din of combat.

It is this appeal through the eye and the ear to the heart of the soldier that Mr. Gilbert Gaul depicts in his canvas "Encouraging the Line." The movement and life of the picture instantly strike the observer—the worn but sturdy color-bearer; the fifer with eyes intent on the battle as he moves on; the apprehensive glance of one of the drummer-boys in the same direction, while his comrade has already the courage of a veteran, the cheering throng of officers and men, set off here and there with a grim and stolid figure, and over all the flag, with the stars on its azure field and its inscriptions of past victories on the stripes, a triumphant spectacle.

Such a picture suggests the sentimental value of martial adjuncts, which the modern utilitarian spirit has sometimes proposed to abolish. A few years ago a French Minister of War, General Farre, tried the experiment of prohibiting drums, because they employed the services of men who might otherwise wield rifles and often in battle are lost or destroyed. But drummers have also shown their ability to use rifles in case of need, and above all, they, like the color-bearers, carry appliances that stimulate a martial bearing in others. Philosophers may argue against the folly of worshipping a bit of bunting, but while human nature remains what it is the flag will continue to be an object of patriotic adoration for the sake of what it typifies.

Especially appropriate is the sketch from Mr. Gaul's picture given in the present number of the Weekly to the week which includes the annual celebration of our Memorial Day. It is an occasion consecrated to the memory of those who died in the defence of the flag and of the Union it symbolizes.

"Never more as dead, never more as lost,
Are they held whom nations guard and keep."



DANIEL APPLETON, COLONEL OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.—Drawn from Life by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 430.]

Google

ng which he has had as an athlete is sted by the firmly set muscles and broad , and the picture suggests the fact that draws a full breath and stands inclined ly forward, the arms alert, the universal nent throughout the regiment is indis- on to measure strength with him. The resque decoration which he wears as the of the State, known to the men by the ssive title "Fire-Escape," indicates the d winning twelve times of the marks- badge; while the other more ornate ation is the long-service medal of the nth Regiment in bronze, with a silver t the top denoting fifteen years' service. e competitions of the young men of the ent in their athletic games, held twice winter, would be incomplete without the el, who is called upon to act as referee. confidence in his inability to lean one -breadth toward his own old company ly equalled by the confidence of the men at company that they will receive exact e in the determination of any close ques-

These are characteristics which com- to create the affectionate title bestowed se men, "Our Dan." There are other . Sometimes the expression is heard, ther Dan," but there is none so gen- y known and of whom possession is so dently asserted.

no one can there be found a greater in the glory of the Seventh Regiment in Colonel Appleton, and the watchword ose who have his spirit is "loyalty to regiment." Whatever would displace devotion which has been characteristic ose who made the fame of the Seventh, whatever would divert the faithful ef- of those who are entitled to wear its rm from advancing its standard, are to have his disapproval; and the pride olonel Appleton is the educated pride of mber of the regiment, as well as the in- al pride of a descendant of the first rican thrown into jail for resistance to ax imposed upon the colonists by British ny, Samuel Appleton, imprisoned in the at Ipswich in 1775, and who thereafter his sword in defence of the principle which our government is founded.

ANDING DRILLS" WITH THE SQUADRON.

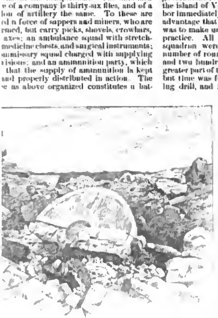
mong the manifold duties which our na- fficers and men of wars' men may at any be called upon to perform, one of the t important is that of landing under arms r for the protection of the lives and prop- of American citizens threatened by riots ncivilized or half-civilized countries, as lexandria in 1882; for the attack of for- l positions on shore, as in Corea in 1871; r more extensive operations involving a iderable tract of country and prolonged upation, as at Aspinwall in 1885. As a aration for work of this kind, a "landing e" is organized on every ship and in every dron, and advantage is taken of all op- unities for drilling this force in order the men may be, as far as possible, iliarized with duties which, when all been done, must still remain foreign to their habits and traditions. The very that it is foreign to these habits and tra- ons gives it an interest for the average jacket, which, with the element of pic- squeness that always attaches to a sailor hore, makes this the most attractive of all drills in the routine of a man-of-war.

he landing force of an individual ship, ists of a certain number of companies of ntry and pieces of artillery, varying with size of the complement. The standard e of a company is thirty-six files, and of a ion of artillery the same. To these are ed a force of sappers and miners, who are rmed, but carry picks, shovels, crowbars, axes; an ambulance squad with stretch- medicine chests, and surgical instruments; ommissary squad charged with supplying visions; and an ammunition party, which that the supply of ammunition is kept and properly distributed in action. The e as above organized constitutes a battalion. It is complete in itself, as will be seen. When several battalions are combined they form a naval brigade, in which the various artillery forces are united in a single battalion of artillery; the companies of marines in a single battalion of marines; the sappers and miners, the commissary, ambulance, and ammunition squads in much larger forces acting for the brigade as a whole. The equipment of the individual sailor or marine varies with the service to be performed. In landing for distant service, or for more than a single day, he carries a knapsack and blanket, haversack with a day's rations, canteen, ammunition, and of course a rifle. The ammunition carried on the person consists of a hundred cartridges, these are carried in little pockets in a woven belt about the waist. This includes two magazines ready charged, which are worn in the belt ready for instant attachment to the piece; for the rifle carried by the sailors is a magazine arm of the latest and most improved type, except in the one important particular of calibre. This is just one-third greater than it should be.

The uniform worn in landing consists of a blouse and trousers of coarse white material, with a skull cap knitted of blue yarn. Leggings are worn to confine the trousers about the ankles. The whole costume is neat, comfortable, and business-like. The marines wear their usual fatigue dress, and carry practically the same accoutrements as the blue jackets. They are armed, however, with the army pattern of Springfield rifle instead of the Lee, and they have not the same supply of ammunition as that carried in the web belts of the sailors. As has been said, advantage is taken of every opportunity that can be found for landing drills; but such opportunities are rare on foreign stations, as very few governments will give permission for the landing on their territory of the armed forces of another power. No European government probably would give such permission to any of its neighbors; but an exception is sometimes made in favor of our squadrons on this station. We have often been allowed to land at Port Mahon, and it was hoped that permission to land there would be granted to the Squadron of Evolution; but when the request was made, it was very courteously refused. This was a serious disappointment at the time; but in the end it made no difference, as the privilege refused by the Spanish authorities was afterward granted by the French. Two weeks were spent in Port Mahon, and although no landing could be made, the time was well occupied in other drills, for which that quiet harbor presented many advantages not usually found. Through the kindness of the French authorities the opportunity for landing was found at Villefranche, and the three weeks spent by the squadron in that port were occupied with this drill to the exclusion of all others. The officers went ashore as often as is the time-honored custom at Villefranche; but their time was spent not at Nice and Monte Carlo, but in clambering about the rocky promontory of Cape Ferrat. A landing was made every day except Saturdays and Sundays. The different ships landed and drilled their battalions separately, and no attempt was made at brigade organization or drill, the time being fully occupied in the simpler movements of the "School of the Battalion." A steady improvement marked the landing and drilling from day to day. The time required for equipping, embarking, and landing the whole force was reduced by more than one-half in the course of little more than a week of drilling.

Upon the arrival of the squadron at Corfu permission was readily given by the Greek government for the landing of our forces on the island of Vido, a large island in the harbor immediately opposite the city. The first advantage that was taken of this permission was to make use of the island for rifle target practice. All the officers and men of the squadron were required to fire a certain number of rounds at ranges of one hundred and two hundred yards. This occupied the greater part of the three weeks spent at Corfu, but time was found at the end for one landing drill, and for this the battalions of the ships were combined in a brigade of eight hundred and fifty men, under command of Commander F. E. Chadwick, of the *Yorktown*. As the ground on the island is very irregular, it was difficult to carry out any very formal tactical evolutions, and the time was principally devoted to skirmishing, this being regarded as the most important work that a naval force would be called upon for in the event of a landing for actual business in any of the wild countries where such a landing would be likely to be made. The boats of the various ships pulled in successively to a little cove on the south side of the island, which presented the only favorable spot for landing, and having disembarked their men, were towed off by steam launches and anchored well clear of the beach, leaving the landing clear for the boats of the next ship. The men fell into ranks, and were marched off with a promptness born of much practice at Villefranche. Line was formed along a ridge which runs the length of the island, and from which the land falls suddenly toward the landing-place on the south side, but slopes more gradually to the northward, forming an undulating tract nearly a half mile square, on which the manœuvres took place. These, as has been said, consisted principally of the deployment, advance, and retreat, and assembling of skirmishers. An enemy was supposed to occupy certain high ground at the northern end of the island, the line of his intrenchment being indicated by markers' flags. Toward this position two lines of skirmishers were thrown out. All movements were made by signal sounded on the bugle, the skirmishers advancing or retreating, lying down, firing, rallying, etc., at the call. In the end, having approached close to the enemy's position with such shelter as the ground afforded, the first line was re-enforced by the second, and the signal given both to charge. This was the moment for which the men had been impatiently waiting, for there is a great deal of the school-boy spirit in a blue jacket, and he delights in nothing so much as in a chance to "charge with a cheer," whether in earnest or in make believe. The enemy's position was carried in gallant style, though not without casualties, for one officer got a tumble, resulting in a badly sprained ankle, and two sailors also fell and were considerably bruised, one of them requiring to be sent off the field on a stretcher.

The drill closed with a review. Line was formed and inspected, and then at the order the companies wheeled into column, and marched past the reviewing stand with the steadiness of veterans to the tune of "Marching through Georgia." Then came the march to the landing, the embarkation, and the return to the ships. The brigade organization, although tried for the first time, worked without a hitch, and the officers, although very few of them had seen a brigade drill, went through their work as if they had been brought up in the "School of the Brigade." The Admiral, who witnessed the manœuvres from the top of the ridge which overlooked the ground, was much gratified with the precision and the spirit manifested.



UINS OF FORTIFICATIONS ON VIDO, DESTROYED BY THE ENGLISH IN [illegible]

"MRS. BRER JONES."

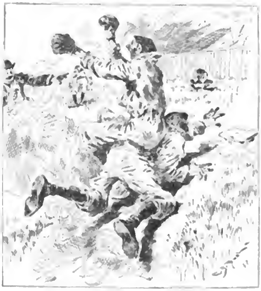
THE Zion M. E. African Church of Dixville was in a ferment. Conference was over. The Rev. Solon Bulger and family had departed to Paddy Run, and the Rev. Cato Jones, who had filled two appointments in Chicago with great acceptance, was expected. Dixville was becoming an important manufacturing point, and felt it deserved, if it could not support, as capable a preacher as there was to be had. Moreover the Baptist African had become a formidable rival. After repairing their meeting-house and hanging a loud-tongued bell in their new tower, the colored Baptists had called Mr. Bushwhack from Cincinnati, and his eloquent appeals had resulted in a great revival and an energetic stirring of the "baptismal waters."

"We's saved by faith, an' not by wrastlin' awfter de pomps and wanities ob dis wicked an' transitory worl'," Uncle Jupiter Phipps had always said when repairing the Zion meeting-house had been under discussion. "Ef dar's one t'ing I'm mo' agin dan anoder, it's pride." But when he saw the young waiters from the National House and other hotels deserting to the Baptists, and Uncle Noah Hill, who, though he did not belong to Zion, called himself "a hoper," and gave generously, for his means, to its support, not only sneaking off to see Mr. Bushwhack immerse candidates for church membership in Goose Creek, but actually going to Baptist meetings, even he admitted that something must be done. So, after much controversy, Zion meeting-house was painted a fine greenish yellow outside and an equally fine yellowish green inside, and Sam Buckles was authorized to apply a certain sort of paper to the windows which, it was said, would make them as handsome as if they were of the most costly stained glass.

Just before conference sat, Uncle Jupiter, who was energetic when started, persuaded his employer, Mr. Brill, to write for him to the bishop. "Fo' all, in course, we mus' hab a man as can lif' de ha'r plum offen de haids ob sinners w'en dey hears him a launchin' out. Den he mus' hab mannahs—dem dar takin' mannahs, like de gum on fly paper as sticks what touches it. An' las' an' p'intedly, he mus' hab de sense ter sashay round dem pitfalls de debbil is so handy at diggin' in dis yer town roun' preachers," dictated Uncle Jupiter. "Tell him, sah, ef he done sont us a 'postle as can't git along wid ole Unc' Pete Lummis, who's allus a argyfyin' an' wid de w'ouman, he'll made a fizzle ob it, no mattah what else he is."

It was supposed that the appointment of the Rev. Cato Jones was the result of this epistle.

Having a lively sense of "benefits to come," the sisters determined to give Mr. and Mrs. Jones a grand reception. (It was taken for granted that there was a Mrs. Jones.) So the parsonage was made as clean as hands could scrub it; and the day before the new-comers were expected, a dozen or more of the older women met at the house of Aunt Serena Paradise to quilt an elaborate bed cover, which was to be pre-



SARCASM

"How's that, Umpire?"

sented to Mrs. Jones with an appropriate speech.

As in some other churches, heavy financial burdens fell upon the female half of Zion membership. Sewing societies, taffy-pullings, jug-breakings, and home talent concerts eked out the subscriptions of the brethren, and these oftener than not were scraped together by the women of the several households.

"'Pears like dar's mons'ous little wuk in de bredderin," complained Aunt Dinah Lummis, when, at the end of the year, the treasury being empty, the usual appeal was made to the sisters to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." "It do look like ter me dey jess reckon dey's done dere pa't by holdin' office an' talkin' in meetin'."

Naturally, under such circumstances, the pastor's wife was expected to lend a zealous hand to all church undertakings, and not only to make bread for herself and family, but literally to earn it. Unhappily a pastor's wife has her share of human weaknesses and limitations, and the position is notoriously difficult. So it is not wonderful that the ladies whose husbands had ministered at the M. E. African had been found more or less below the ideal of the more exigent of the sisters. But hope rose with each new appointment; and though nothing was known of the expected Mrs. Jones, much was anticipated, and she had been made president of everything and responsible for everything in advance.

"I rickon, Sis Pa'adise, dis yer Sis Brer Jones are a 'ooman as is a 'ooman, er he wouldn't noways be 'pinted twict at Chicago," reasoned Aunt Judy Phipps, who was the first to arrive at the quilting. "I rickon dem folks at Chicago wouldn't be what dey is ef dey 'lows foolishness when dey's payin' out dere money fo' sumpin' diffunt. Senct ole Mis' Perry died, de fus' year she war here, ebery pawster's wife we'n had's been triflin', er lazy, er had a mis'ry, er sumpin'. Dar was Sis Bulger, wid two pa'r ob twins when she come hyar, an' she mus' go an' hab anoder set! 'Pears like she rickoned she cud 'dulge herself in all de twins she wanted. An' Sis Humpy's mis'ry, fus' in one place an' den in nurrer place! Um-m-m-m! I was plum wo' out waitin fur her to die er git well, an' she di'n't do neder. Ef dis yer Sis Brer Jones tu'ns out wuff her salt, let alone her bread an' meat, I'll be thankful ter glory."

"We'll fin' out by waitin'," said Aunt Serena, pushing her spectacles up on her forehead. "But, Judy, I's ben studyin' bouten de pawster's wife lately, an' it's ben boun in on my mind dat de Scripter doan say a wo'd bouten *her* bein' called. She air chosen. Dat's de way it looks ter me. An' dat's all dere is to it."

Aunt Serena lived on the interest of her money, could read, and was altogether the most influential person in the Zion connection. In her youth a slave, her tiny fortune was the gift of her old mistress, who had been a great lady in her day, but friends dead and wealth gone, Madam Paradise had died in the arms of Aunt Serena, and the chief mourner at her grave had been the whilom slave. It had been a bitter trial to leave Oak Hill and the South; but Aunt Serena's one tie on earth was John Brill, Madam Paradise's nephew, and him she had followed into the North, and at last to Dixville, and her neat white cottage next the Zion parsonage had become the social apex of colored society in that enterprising town, in spite of the fact that more than one colored family enjoyed a larger income. Few ventured to differ with Aunt Serena, and no one to disregard her opinion.

"My land ter gracious!" exclaimed Aunt Judy, distressfully, but most respectfully. "But yoo mussent fo'git how dem Babtises is a totin' off de young folks, an' a cussarin' da ole ones like Unc' No', de ole sinnah. Mighter jined de a'k mo'n twenty year, but he wouldn't." Then anxiety getting the better of the habitual awe in which she stood of Aunt Serena, she added: "An' w'ut a body t'inks to deirselves dey ain't noways 'bleeged ter tell on, an' I hopes yoo won't tell yoo 'pinion roun' permiscuous, 'ca'se wid dese repuirin's an' Brer Bushwhack a-takin' a nip at us ev'y side, we has ter hab all han's in de fiel'. Moreovah, we is boun' ter git de wuff ob our money outen somebody, an' dis Sis Brer Jones orter make up ter us fo' some ob de triflin' on 'counts we's had afo'."

When the quilt was surrounded by workers, and had been rolled twice, who should enter but Mrs. Sally Skittles, the great lady of the Baptist society, and with her was a gay young creature she introduced to the company as "Miss Ann-er-liza Dixon, ob Chicago."

Mr. Jonah Skittles was the manager of a prosperous steam laundry, and Mrs. Skittles wore a silk gown and a watch that appeared to be gold, and held herself very haughtily indeed.

"I jist drapt in ter fotch yoo a bokay, Miss Paradise," she said, flouncing up to Aunt Serena, and giving her a huge nosegay. "'Tain't no gre't, but our gardinº is scraped 'most clean fo' Brer Bushwhack's tin weddin'. I hopes yoo all 'll come. De chu'ch is gwin ter gib him a comme'tary dat Jo Lossing sez weighs nigh onter fifteen pound, an' Miss Bushwhack is gwin ter hab a wheelbarry load ob tin."

Aunt Dinah Lummis raised her head in indignation. Not only was Mrs. Skittles patronizing Aunt Serena, but she was affecting ignorance of an event that all Dixville—at least colored Dixville—was looking forward to with the keenest interest.

But Aunt Serena, with that dignity which curiously discomfited Mrs. Skittles, took the flowers, and said, gently, she was much obliged. "But as ter de tin weddin'— Ob co'se yoo knows our new pawster is comin' fum Chicago!" Unconsciously her voice took a lingering pleasure in the name Chicago. And Aunt Dinah, unable to contain herself, muttered audibly that "ye cud buy a wheelbarry load ob tin fo' fifty cent at de dime sto'."

"Aw—yas; I's hearn ob dat pawster yoo's lookin' fo," admitted Mrs. Skittles, her little eyes twinkling with malice. "I reckin yoo's feelin' pooty jubersome bouten him. I's sorry fo' yoo, shorely."

"Sorry!" exclaimed impetuous Aunt Judy Phipps. "Sorry! Whater yoo mean, Mis' Skittles? I kin hear all yoo knows, yoo needn't spen' time a-hintin'."

"I knows some t'ings," admitted Mrs. Skittles, tossing her head, "an' fo' a fac', I knows nuttin' good."

"Ye doan mean it!" groaned Aunt Dinah, quite overcome. And the other women set up an echo of lamentation.

"Tell 'em, chile, w'at yoo'n done tole me bouten Sis Jones," said Mrs. Skittles to her friend.

Miss Dixon giggled behind her Japanese fan, and shook her head until entreated to tell her secret by Aunt Judy.

"Waal, 'twas disorway," at last began Ann-er-liza, twirling her rings. "My cousin Tilly ma'id Jim Clay, an' dey libs outen ter Tyburn Place, an' nex' do' to de deacon ob dis yer Mr Jones's chu'ch. An' I've hearn Tilly say dat dis Mis' Jones nevah do a lick fo' de chu'ch, no 'um, an' when de membahs come ter tea er drap in, stid er whulin' in an' makin' waffles er sumpfin, she jes struck a trot roun' de neighborhood an' borr'ed, an' borr'ed, an' borr'ed; an' ef she cuddent mek out dat way, she jes went to der bake shop. An' onct I went ter one ob dere sociables, an' I had a sand-ridge"—Miss Dixon's face drew up in retrospective disgust—"waal, it war like sawdust, an' dey said as dat was Mis' Jones's cookin'! But clothes! My king, yoo orter see that 'ooman's clothes!"

Aunt Judy groaned and almost wrung her hands, and there were sorrowful exclamations on all sides. But Aunt Serena did not forget the dignity of her Church, and her usually placid soul was moved out of its habitual calm.

"I reckon de Methodis' bettah wait till dere po' sheep is on de scales afo' dey weighs 'em," she said, as a sort of general remark addressed to the company. "An' ef de wust is afo' us, it air time enuff ter wrastle wid it when it hab come ter town."

At this moment, between the two snowball bushes that guarded the gate, and which were now white with blossoms, Uncle Jupiter Phipps appeared, hat in hand, his broad face beaming, and his body describing a series of wonderful if short curves, which was his way of indicating a high degree of satisfaction. Beside him walked a young colored man, comely, though inky black.

"Laws a mussy, Aunt S'rena," cried Uncle Jupiter, delightedly, "who does ye t'ink dis yer gemmun is? My, I's ben dat flustrated sence he come dat I's all tore up. Yas, 'm. Dat's so. An' Mr. Brill, yoo jist orter see him! 'My Moses!' sez he. He allus sez dat air when he all doubled up wid s'prise. 'My Moses! Cato!'"

Uncle Jupiter mopped his brow with his red bandanna, and his wife broke in, impatiently: "Tell us de news, Jupe. Yer keepin' us yere gapin' at ye, like a dozen hoptoads at a fly."

But Uncle Jupiter was past fear of Aunt Judy now. He was born on the plantation adjoining the Paradise estate, the property of Major Brill, his present employer's father, and shared Aunt Serena's devotion to Oak Hill and the past. "Yoo neber can t'ink who he are," he went on, with an admiring gesture toward the stranger, who stood waiting, self possessed and smiling. "He are—ole Jo's boy's—boy. Jo's boy Sam come Norf an' called heself Sam Jones. Dar yoo is. An' he's our new pawster."

Old Joe had driven the Paradise horses when Aunt Serena was young. Memories tender and memories sad stirred within her. She seemed to see the long avenue of live-oaks that led to Oak Hill, and heard the soft exultant song of the mocking-birds. But a rustle of Mrs Skittles's gown brought her back to the present, and with a swift movement she laid her hand upon the new pastor's arm. "What's yoo wife?" she asked, solemnly.

"I have no wife," said Mr. Jones, with modesty; but something, a shade—perhaps—passed over his face, and one wise in the art of reading his race might have guessed that he had matrimonial anticipations.

"No wife!" echoed Aunt Serena, turning upon Mrs. Skittles and her friend. "Yoo heah, Mis' Skittles. No wife 'tall."

"What chu'ch did dat Mis' Jones b'long to yoo's tell us dat story 'bout?" asked Aunt Judy, severely. She wanted the fact for future use in case another Mr. Jones was appointed to Dixville. Moreover, her curiosity was insatiable about ministers of every sect.

"I dun'no'," said Miss Ann-er-liza, blankly. "Cousin Jim he are a Christian Campbellite, and his wife she are a fawty gallon Baptis', but I's a 'Piscopal. I on'y tole ye what I done heard. I dun'no's a body's ter blame fer hearin'. Ye can't noways close yer ears. An' I nevah 'flected as how dar ar Sis' Brer Jones mout not be a Methodis'. I's mighty fo'gitful."

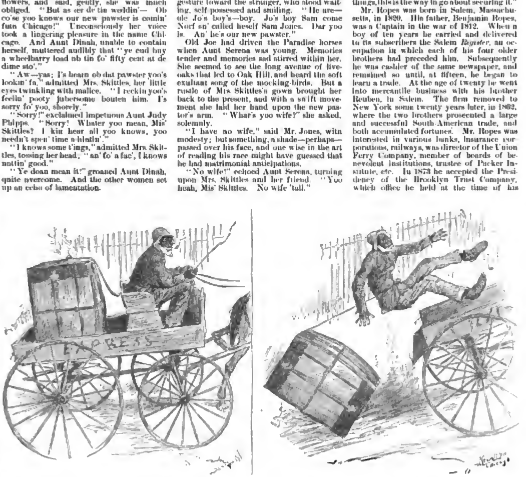
"Ye can't noways make somefin outen nuffin'," said Aunt Serena to herself, as with darkling brow she watched Mrs. Skittles and Miss Dixon disappear round the corner, and quite unconscious that she was, in a way, quoting Shakespeare. "Fo'gitful! Ahum-m-m-m!" Then she turned to the company, now buzzing in a perfect ecstasy about Mr. Jones. "You all riccolec' what I say, folks as hears so much hears mor'n happens. Dey heahs what ain't so. Dar's nuffin' easier den bein' mistaken. Specially 'bout folks."

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

RIPLEY ROPES.

Of late years a great deal has been said of the delinquencies of business and professional men in our cities with respect to their political duties, and at their doors has been laid much of the responsibility for corrupt and loose municipal governments. It is an entirely safe proposition that if the counting-room took as much part and interest in public affairs as the saloon does, the situation would be vastly improved. The respectable business men who do their whole duty as members of a self-governed community are comparatively few. It is due to this unfavorable condition of things that the record of the subject of this sketch is a peculiarly bright and edifying one. The search must be far and wide to find a man who comes nearer to the ideal American citizen than did Ripley Ropes, who died at his residence, No. 40 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, on May 18th. He was a merchant and financier of exceptional ability and energy, social, sympathetic, unselfish, charitable, and keenly alive to the demands of a popular form of government upon the individual. His business and his political morality were cast in the same mould. The latter, like the former, did not stop at sentiment, but was put into effective practice with marked results. His example plainly said to the great number of men of good standing who complain of political degeneracy, "If you wish for a better state of things, this is the way to go about securing it."

Mr. Ropes was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1820. His father, Benjamin Ropes, was a Captain in the war of 1812. When a boy of ten years he carried and delivered to its subscribers the Salem *Register*, an occupation in which each of his four older brothers had preceded him. Subsequently he was cashier of the same newspaper, and remained so until, at fifteen, he began to learn a trade. At the age of twenty he went into mercantile business with his brother Reuben, in Salem. The firm removed to New York some twenty years later, in 1862, where the two brothers prosecuted a large and successful South-American trade, and both accumulated fortunes. Mr. Ropes was interested in various banks, insurance corporations, railways, was director of the Union Ferry Company, member of boards of benevolent institutions, trustee of Packer Institute, etc. In 1873 he accepted the Presidency of the Brooklyn Trust Company, which office he held at the time of his



A CAREFUL EXPRESSMAN.

"Don't ketch me losin' no mo' trunks widout bein' notified. G'up yer, Lightenin'."

The notification comes.

FLETCHER HARPER, OF HARPER & BROTHERS.

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Though Mr. Ropes entered politics as a Republican, he was essentially independent. One of his first acts in office was to vote for the Democratic candidate for President of the Board of Aldermen, on the ground that he was a better man than his opponent. He voted for Cleveland in 1884 and 1888. The good of the community was his first consideration. In religious belief he was a Unitarian, and he was helpful in church matters as in everything else he was connected with. Above all, he was a full-rounded citizen in all the term implies—a high type of the material out of which the saving political leaven of this country must be composed.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

THE LATE RIPLEY ROPES.—From a Photograph. [illegible]

FLETCHER HARPER.

FLETCHER HARPER died at his house in East Sixtieth Street, New York, on the 23d last, in the sixty-second year of his age. He had been for many years in precarious health, though he did not die of any specific disease, but of that general waste and decay of the system which is known to physicians as marasmus.

Fletcher Harper was born October 7, 1828, and was the second son of Fletcher Harper, the youngest of the original members of the firm of Harper & Brothers, the first and the only other child being the late Joseph W. Harper, Consul-General of the United States at Munich. The younger Fletcher, who has been best known in New York as Fletcher Harper "Junior," was born and passed his boyhood in New York, with the exception of a voyage to China before the mast, which he made at the age of sixteen. This was not exactly an escapade, but the result of a caprice, of which his father thought he would be more thoroughly cured by gratifying it than by thwarting it. The result approved the paternal wisdom, for the experience sufficed for the son. After finishing his Junior year at Columbia, and before entering upon his practical apprenticeship to the work of the house of which his father was a member, young Fletcher spent a year travelling in Europe with his parents. Soon after the founding of the New York *Times* his father bought an interest in the paper for him, and in April, 1858, the style of the proprietorship of the *Times* became "Raymond, Harper, & Co." The copartnership lasted only for a year or so, when Mr. Harper's interest was transferred to the other owners. The young man thereupon resumed his place in the house of Harper & Brothers.

He became a member of the firm in 1869, upon the death of Mr. James Harper, and for some time took special charge of the Harper Periodicals. He had married, nearly twenty years before, Miss Margaret C. Durbin, daughter of the Rev. John P. Durbin, D.D., then a well-known Methodist minister, and the issue of this marriage was one daughter, now Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley. During all these years Mr. Fletcher Harper was a familiar and welcome figure in New York society. He was an adept in many manly sports, and his strikingly handsome presence in his youth and in his prime conciliated the regard which was confirmed by his genial manner and his kindness of heart. He was an early and interested member of the Union League Club, and was a member of the building committee under the direction of which the present club-house was erected. He was an active Freemason, a member of Kane Lodge, and attained the dignity of Senior Warden. He was warmly interested from the time of its formation in the State Homœopathic Asylum for the Insane at Middletown, to the trusteeship of which he was appointed by Governor Dix in 1873. He was at once chosen President of the board, and continued to occupy that position until his death. His personal tastes were strongly æsthetic, and for many years he interested himself in gathering a valuable collection of pictures and bric-à-brac.

Mr. Harper's connection with the firm of Harper & Brothers as an active member lasted not much more than twelve years, although his membership continued until it was terminated by his death. Soon after 1882 his health became feeble, and for several years he had been forced to abstain from active business, and had spent much of his time abroad. During the summer of 1889 he visited Aix-les-Bains, in the hope of deriving benefit from the waters, but his condition became rapidly worse. On his return to New York last autumn he was so enfeebled that it was necessary to carry him on shore, and since then he has not been able to leave his room.

Before the death of the first Fletcher Harper, in 1877, there was a Fletcher Harper in each of four generations of his branch of the family. Of these the youngest alone is now left, the great-grandson, although the venerable widow of the first Fletcher and the great-grandmother of the last survives in a green old age.

SUPREMELY DELIGHTFUL

To the emaciated and debilitated invalid is the sense of returning health and strength produced by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When that promoter of vigor is tested by persons in feeble health, its restorative and vitalizing potency soon evinces itself in improved appetite, digestion, and nightly repose, the sole conditions under which strength and nerve quietude is vouchsafed to the human system. A gain in flesh of course ensues upon the restoration of digestion and assimilation. As surely as winter follows the fall of the leaf, does disease shadow the footsteps of declining strength, when the premature decadence of vitality is not arrested. Marasmus, consumption, and other wasting maladies are prompt to fasten upon the enfeebled. Avert disease, therefore, with this grand revivifying tonic, which not only renews failing strength, but mitigates and counteracts the infirmities of age and those of the gentler sex. Rheumatism, malaria, liver and kidney troubles yield to it.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds, all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE popular verdict seems to be that Nicholson's Liquid Bread fully meets the demand for an absolutely pure malt extract. Have you tried it? Grocers and druggists keep it.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.—[*Adv.*]

JUDGE LAWRENCE, of the Supreme Court of New York, has just decided that Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons have the exclusive right to the trade-mark and name of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, and has granted them an injunction against C. W. Abbott & Co., of Baltimore, restraining them from using that name or putting up goods in imitation of the ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits. 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

THE prevalence of scrofulous taint in the blood is much more universal than many are aware. Indeed, but few persons are free from it. Fortunately, however, we have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla the most potent remedy ever discovered for this terrible affliction.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

LEADERS ON THE TURF.

BY HARRY P. MAWSON.

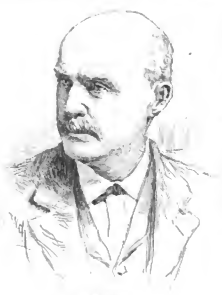
THE American race-horse owes his pedigree to his English progenitor, and a sharp competition has always existed between American breeders to secure English race-horses of high merit to breed to their "native" thorough-bred mares. Among the most famous of these in latter years are Glencoe, Bonnie Scotland, Australian, Billet, Prince Charlie, Leamington, Mortemer, Glenelg, St. Blaise, and Rayon d'Or.

There never has been as much money "hung up" to race for as at the present day, nor so many horses to contend for it. The origin of "stakes" lies in the old-fashioned and now almost obsolete form of subscriptions by various owners, who thus practically raced for their own money. Prior to the establishment of the Futurity, the greatest race in money value ever run in this country was the Peyton Stakes, run at Nashville in 1843, and worth $43,000, made up from subscriptions of owners; and in this manner was also arranged the famous so-called Dinner Party Stakes, run at Baltimore in 1870, and worth $18,500 to the winner. Nowadays the great stakes are made up of the entrance fees, forfeits for declarations, starting fees, and the huge sums of "added money" by the various jockey clubs. Of course the public contributes to this by the entrance charges, the sums derived from the restaurant privileges, the tax on the bookmakers, and the percentage on the French mutuals. The number of races run in 1889 "on the flat" in the United States was 4930, and the amount of added money the enormous total of $2,879,192, an increase over 1888 of $541,917.

LEONARD W. JEROME.

Of all those who have engaged in horse-racing, whether for pleasure or for profit, there is no more familiar figure upon the turf than this gentleman. Although Mr. Jerome has not raced for years, he has through a ceaseless activity done more for horse-racing in this country than any other man in America. Mr. Jerome is best remembered on the turf by his celebrated horse Kentucky, who after a great career died before he had a chance to distinguish himself at the stud. Mr. Jerome is well known in New York society, in Wall Street—where he was a member of the once famous banking firm of Travers & Jerome—in political life, and on all occasions where there is an opportunity to prove his public spirit and good citizenship. The American Jockey Club, organized in 1866, was one of the notable results of Mr. Jerome's keen business foresight; Jerome Park, famous for twenty years as the rendezvous of the *élite* of the racing world, was created by him; he built and laid out Jerome Avenue, one of the most superb driveways in the country; and more than all this was his splendid endeavor for the "sport for kings" when, in 1879, Mr. Jerome proceeded to organize the now famous Coney Island Jockey Club, of which he is President at this writing, ably seconded by J. G. K. Lawrence, Esq., as Secretary and official handicapper, and J. H. Bradford, Esq., as Treasurer.

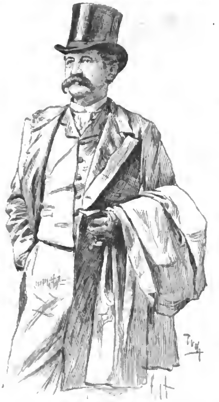
In 1878 the interest taken in racing in and about New York and Brooklyn was enormous. This led Mr. Jerome and others to believe that a race meeting between the spring meeting of the American Jockey Club and the summer meeting of the Monmouth Park Association would be appreciated. A temporary organization was effected, and the trotting track then known as the Prospect Driving Park was leased (the same grounds now occupied by the Brooklyn Jockey Club), and a three-days' meeting was begun June 21, 1879. The success of this meeting was so great that it led to a permanent organization, and during the winter Mr. Jerome was enabled to purchase 112 acres at Gravesend, about three-fourths of a mile from the Manhattan Beach Hotel. The inaugural meeting was begun June 19, 1880, although the first Suburban—now the most famous race in the United States—was not instituted and run until 1884, when it was won, after a grand struggle, by General Monroe (6), 124 lbs., in 2.11¼; War Eagle, 102 lbs., second; Jack of Hearts, 114 lbs., third. The first Futurity was run in 1888, and resulted in the memorable duel between Proctor Knott and Salvator. One of the best safeguards to the public in reference to the conduct of the affairs of the Coney Island Jockey Club is the irreproachable character of its officials. Some of these are Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, General Butterfield, Mr. C. Fellowes, Mr. R. C. Livingston, together with the famous trio of gentlemen in the judges' stand, Messrs. Bradford, Kip, and Lawrence. Mr. Jerome has also been largely instrumental in the creation of the superb Westchester track of the New York Jockey Club, of which he was also the first President, which, with its splendid straight course, noble grand stand, and perfect appointments, has founded a new era in American racing.



D. D. WITHERS.

D. D. WITHERS.

Mr. Withers's connection with and experience on the turf carries you back to the great contests between Lexington and Lecomte, and Mr. Withers has managed to remain in harness longer than any of his contemporaries. Mr. Withers was years ago connected with the well-known South-American house of Howland & Aspinwall, but for as long as the memory of the man of to-day runneth he has devoted himself to the interests of the turf. He is, in truth, an encyclopædia of facts connected with racing in this country, and his extended experience in France, upon which he justly prides himself, enables him to bring to bear upon his favorite recreation an amount of turf lore that is not equalled. Horse-racing with him is not a business; his ambition lies in the direction of breeding his own horses and winning with them; he rarely ever buys a yearling. In the winter-time he resides quietly at the Brevoort House, with a weekly trip to his stock farm near Red Bank, New Jersey, where he passes much of his time during the summer. At Brookdale Mr. Withers has about forty selected broodmares, many of them imported, and the following stallions: Uncas, Kinglike (a colt of his own breeding), imp. King Ernest, imp. Mortemer (French), imp. Stonehenge, imp. Macaroon, imp. Eothen, and Ventilator. His great hobby is to reach the perfection of breeding; and with this end in view he is continually breeding his mares to different stallions, not only to his own, but to those of his neighbors, when he thinks he has a chance to get a better colt by so doing. The season of 1888 was a great one for Mr. Withers; his two-year-olds were the best out, and he bred them all at Brookdale. In that year Mr. Withers won $77,000; but the season of 1889 was not so propitious, the total being much less. Undoubtedly Mr. Withers's greatest triumph of late years was the day Laggard, bred by himself, by Uncas (son of the great Lexington), out of imp. Dawdle, won the memorable race for the Omnibus Stakes at Monmouth, August 20, 1887, defeating Firenze, and lowering Hanover's colors for the second time. One of his peculiarities with his horses is that he rarely names them until they have won a race, and often not even then; witness his great colt by Sensation—imp. Fuverdale.



LEONARD W. JEROME.

Mr. Withers is Treasurer of the Monmouth Park Racing Association, whose historic old circular track is being replaced by a new one of imposing dimensions and proportions. In this great transformation Mr. Withers has been the ruling spirit.

He has designed and superintended every detail connected with it; he has designed the grand stand, the stables, the track itself; in fact the new Monmouth track is the effort of Mr. Withers's life; and if all accounts are true, when its gates are thrown open on the Fourth of July next, the public will be called upon to inspect and enjoy the privileges of one of the greatest race-courses in the world.

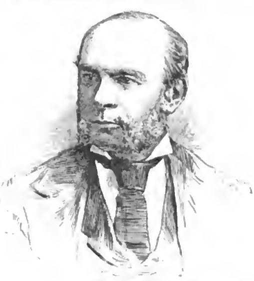
AUGUST BELMONT.

Mr. Belmont is a native of Alzey, Germany, and came to New York in 1836. From 1844–50 he was Consul-General for the Austrian government at New York; was appointed in 1853 Chargé d'Affaires for the United States at The Hague, and in 1854 Minister Resident. Mr. Belmont has always taken an active interest in the affairs of the Democratic party; was a delegate to the Convention of 1860, and until 1872 Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. In all public movements Mr. Belmont has proven himself a public-spirited and benevolent citizen. In social circles, in art matters—he has one of the best private collections of pictures in New York city—in music, in club life, he has always borne a prominent part. Mr. Belmont was educated in Frankfort, where his earliest experience in commercial life was in the parent house of the great banking firm of Rothschild. The firm of August Belmont & Co. is known all over the world as their American representative ever since Mr. Belmont first came to this country. But it is not only as a leading citizen and financier that Mr. Belmont is highly esteemed, but as one of the best-known and most popular turfmen in America. Mr. Belmont's connection with racing began about the time Jerome Park was established, and the first race-horse he owned was a filly named Maid of Honor, by Newminster, which Mr. Belmont imported from England. Mr. Belmont retired in 1881 for a short period, but eventually came back stronger than ever. Like Mr. Withers, his chief pride is to breed his own horses, and he would rather win a common purse race with a colt of his own raising than a stake worth thousands with a horse he had purchased. Mr. Belmont originally began breeding on his farm at Babylon, Long Island, but this is now used only by his horses in training. He purchased some two to three hundred acres in Kentucky, named it the Nursery Stud, and removed all his broodmares and stallions to the Blue Grass region. The stallions now in service at the Nursery Stud are: Kingfisher, Fiddlesticks, Magnetizer (of his own raising), imp. The Ill-Used, and his last and greatest acquisition, the Derby winner, imp. St. Blaise, sire of St. Carlo, St. James, and many others. Mr. Belmont was President of the American Jockey Club for twenty years, from the date of its organization until 1888, when he resigned. Mr. Belmont's presence upon the turf is for enjoyment and from a keen love of the sport; he thus represents the best element upon it.

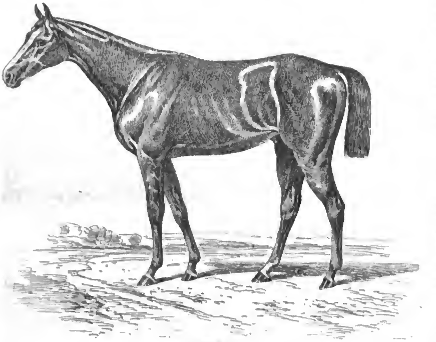
Prince Royal is a chestnut colt by Kingfisher—Princess. Mr. Belmont bred this colt, and he thinks as much of him as he does of any horse he owns; in fact, he claims he is a better horse than Raceland. The colt's career has undoubtedly been a fine one; as a two-year-old he started ten times—first twice, second once, third twice, and unplaced four times. But it was in his three-year-old form that he distinguished himself, proving himself a thoroughly game and speedy colt, and for one of his size a remarkable weight-carrier and stayer, starting sixteen times and eleven times winner. He had the Withers won, and only lost it to Sir Dixon by Godfrey's carelessness, and although defeated again by Sir Dixon in the Belmont, he turned the tables on the son of imp. Billet in the Coney Island Derby, 1½ miles, in 2:39½; he was then third to Sir Dixon and Los Angeles for the Lorillard Stakes at Monmouth, but was not afterward beaten, his Jerome Stakes, 1¾ miles, 128 lbs. up, in 3:10½, being a splendid achievement. At four, Prince Royal made his first appearance in the Brooklyn Handicap, and was defeated by a scant length by Exile, to whom he was conceding many pounds in weight. Shortly after this he struck himself while in exercise at Jerome Park, and was then retired for the season. Mr. Belmont seems to think his injuries only temporary, so that if he should come to the post sound after his long rest he may renew the triumphs of his three-year-old form, and carry the maroon with the red sash in many of the great handicaps.

J. B. HAGGIN.

Mr. Haggin is not only a great breeder and racer of thorough-bred horses, but he is also a great financier and merchant. The firm of Haggin & Tevis, bankers, of San Francisco, is too well known to dwell upon here, and Mr. Haggin's almost exclusive interest in the great Anaconda Copper Mine at Anaconda, Montana, has earned for him the title of "The Copper King of America." Mr. Haggin's début upon the turf in the East began in 1885, when Tyrant (by imp. Great Tom—Mariposa) made his appearance at Jerome Park, winning the Belmont and Withers, and also the Emporium at Coney Island, besides the Stockton and Hopeful stakes at Monmouth. Other good ones that Mr. Haggin showed that spring were Hidalgo (commonly known as the "Black Spaniard"), Preciosa, Ben Ali, Fortuna, etc. In the season of 1888 Mr. Haggin is said to have had one hundred horses in training, three trainers, three high-priced jockeys on "first call," and an army of stable-boys; but this was a disastrous season for Mr. Haggin, for although his winnings footed up nearly $136,000, that sum hardly equalled the expenses and the forfeit list. But it is as a breeder of race-horses that Mr. Haggin stands unequalled in the world.



AUGUST BELMONT.



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self a great cup horse at home, and
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Lee, by Autwood, 600; and Western,
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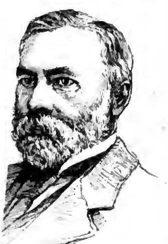

J. B. HAGGIN.

he Rancho del Paso yearlings at home is one
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y can get a straightaway run of nearly a mile,
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n of the season of 1888 was the first appear-
aggin's yearlings for sale in the East. Over
re brought over 3000 miles across the conti-
d here in perfect health and condition. The
rated by Mr. William Easton, the well known
America, at the old Madison Square Garden,
le for the price fetched ($38,000) by King

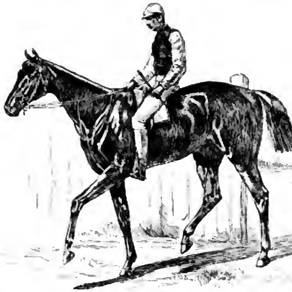
Thomas, a full brother to King Fox and Ban Fox. King Thomas ultimately passed into the hands of Senator Hearst, and has not yet earned his oats. The second sale of the thorough-breds was held at the Blood Stock Sale Paddocks, July 1, 1889, and the first sale of the trotters in the American Institute building in March last, both by Mr. Easton.

Mr. Haggin had a very successful season on the turf in 1889, with a comparatively small number of horses, of which the principal winners were Salvator (second in the first Futurity, and winner of the Realization Stakes in 1889, value $34,100) and the Queen of the Turf Firenze. Firenze is a bay mare about 15.1 hands high, and on rather a small model, but for all that one of the greatest mares ever bred in this country. Firenze was foaled in 1884, at the Elmendorf Stud, near Lexington, Kentucky, bred by Mr. D. Swigert, and purchased by Mr. John Mackey, of California, for Mr. Haggin, at a cost of $2600. She is by imp. Glenelg (he by Citadel by the great Stockwell), out of Florida by Virgil, full sister to Hindoo, the sire of Hanover. Her full brother was sold last spring to Messrs. J. A. & A. H. Morris for $7000. As a two-year-old Firenze made her bow to the public in a purse race at Saratoga, August 2, 1886. In that year she started eight times, with five firsts. As a three-year-old she started fourteen times, being eight times first. At four she made her first stake appearance in the Suburban, being third to Elkwood and Terra Cotta. Then, after a series of defeats, she "rounded into form," and then scored the most notable victory of her life, when she defeated The Bard for the Freehold Stakes, August 2d, at Monmouth, 1¼ miles, 118 lbs. up, in 2.34, thus equalling Luke Blackburn's famous record made eight years before. After this Firenze was practically unbeatable, and closed that season the equine heroine of the year, starting twenty-two times, being fourteen times first. As a test of her superb powers, witness her race for the Great Long Island Stakes at Coney Island, September 15, 1888, 1¼ mile heats, 125 lbs. up, winning the race in straight heats without urging in 1.56, 1.56¼. Considering the weight carried, this is one of the superlative performances in turf records, and in reality far superior to Gabriel's record of 1.56 for two consecutive heats with only 112 lbs. up. In 1889, at five years old, the daughter of imp. Glenelg–Florida did not appear at her best, as compared with her form of the year previous, for while she started twenty-one times and won twelve of her races, they were usually not so high a class as those she conquered in the year before.

A. J. CASSATT.

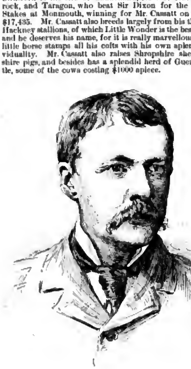
The master of Chesterbrook began life as a civil engineer. Taking service at an early period of his career as an ordinary "rod-man" on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as did also ex-Presidents J. Edgar Thomson, Thomas A. Scott, President George B. Roberts, and many others of this great corporation's most successful officials. Mr. Cassatt remained continuously with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and rose step by step in its service, to be second vice-president. He then resigned, being desirous of devoting his whole attention to his private affairs, in which he has been extraordinarily successful, being reputed a millionaire several times over. Mr. Cassatt enjoys the reputation of being one of the brightest railroad men this country ever produced, and his successful career and rapid advancement in the Pennsylvania Railroad fully justify this verdict. Mr. Cassatt, together with the Hon. William L. Scott, built and equipped the New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk Railroad, thus providing an air line to Old Point Comfort, a great convenience to the travelling public, and, as it has proved, a most fortunate investment for its projectors. Mr. Cassatt is president of the company. Mr. Cassatt resides during the winter months on South Nineteenth Street, Philadelphia, and for the summer has a beautiful country seat at Haverford, a station on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Cassatt has recently had himself appointed superintendent of the county roads, and such has been his well-directed energy that the farmers have been obliged to turn out and keep the roads in repair, the result being the best roads that section of the country has ever known. This has been done largely at Mr. Cassatt's personal expense, but this is a trifle to this gentleman when the general welfare is under consideration. Mr. Cassatt's first appearance on the turf was in 1881, under the name of Mr. Kelso, which he, however, soon relinquished for his own. Mr. Cassatt is a devoted admirer of the equine race—in fact, of animal life in general—and races for the pure love of the "sport," and, if possible, to breed and raise his own race-horses. Mr. Cassatt succeeded the late Mr. George L. Lorillard as president of the Monmouth Park Racing Association, being elected to that office June 30, 1886. Last season Mr. Cassatt determined to retire from actual racing, and with the exception of Eurus and The Bard, he sold at auction all his horses in training, and also all his yearlings, at the American Horse Exchange, October 29, 1889, under the management of Mr. Sanders D. Bruce, author of The *American Stud-Book* and editor of *The Turf, Field, and Farm*. Mr. Cassatt, during his short stay upon the turf, has the proud distinction of having won both the great spring handicaps—the Suburban with Eurus, the Brooklyn with The Bard. This is a feat no other turfite has yet accomplished. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Cassatt will at an early date reconsider his determination not to race. The turf can ill afford to lose so high a type of the gentleman. Few people who have once engaged in this alluring sport are ever able to remain away for good, the fascination of it is too great. It is certainly desirable that this may hold good in Mr. Cassatt's case, and that he will soon return to the "fold" with a formidable "string" of thorough-breds to carry the red, white, and blue to the front.

Mr. Cassatt established this beautiful stock farm in 1881. It comprises 640 acres of superbly undulating farming country in Chester County, Pennsylvania, about five miles from Berwyn, a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, eighteen miles from Philadelphia, and derives its name from the creek that flows through it. It was my privilege quite recently to visit this beautiful place. Mr. Colgan politely met me at the station, and we were soon on our way to the farm, behind a five-year-old by Stratford out of a farm mare, over a splendidly macadamized road, built and maintained by Mr. Cassatt. As you enter the farm gate, the half-mile track stands to the left, and the buildings on a piece of rising ground right at the head of the lane. A short distance on we met old Eurus, Cottrell up, and Huggins, on their way to the track to give the Suburban winner of 1887 a gallop. On arriving at the buildings, Mr. Colgan turned me over to Mr. William Steel, the stud groom, in whom I found a thoroughly entertaining and highly competent man. Mr. Cassatt is fortunate in possessing his services. The first horse shown was Bend Or, by imp. Buckden, a fine specimen of the thorough-bred and a good race-horse in his day; he is closely allied in blood to the great Tremont. Then Stratford, by imp. Leamington, out of Susan Beane by the great Lexington, a full brother to Onondaga and the unbeaten Sensation. Stratford is a deep bay about 15¼ hands high, and splendidly developed



FIRENZE.

and muscled all over; his legs and feet are particularly fine, and these he transmits to his "get" with marked uniformity. Stratford is the sire of Connemara, Now or Never, Shamrock, and Taragon, who beat Sir Dixon for the Omnibus Stakes at Monmouth, winning for Mr. Cassatt on that day $17,435. Mr. Cassatt also breeds largely from his three imp. Hackney stallions, of which Little Wonder is the best known; and he deserves his name, for it is really marvellous how the little horse stamps all his colts with his own splendid individuality. Mr. Cassatt also raises Shropshire sheep, Berkshire pigs, and besides has a splendid herd of Guernsey cattle, some of the cows costing $1000 apiece.


A. J. CASSATT.

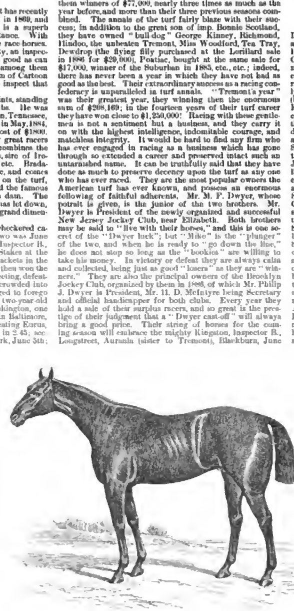
Another thorough-bred horse that Mr. Cassatt has recently acquired is imp. Uhlan, by The Ranger, foaled in 1869, and imported into New Mexico in 1876. Uhlan is a superb brown horse with a fine back and lots of substance. With a good show at the stud he ought to get some race-horses. After a long tour all over this splendid property, an inspection of the yearlings, in excellent shape and as good as can be seen, with a glance too at the recent foals, among them Dry Monopole's first colt, out of imp. Clara, dam of Cartoon and Reclare, I returned to the stallion stable to inspect that most famous of race-horses, The Bard.

The Bard is a bright bay horse with black points, standing full 16 hands high, and weighing about 1050 lbs. He was bred by Mr. Charles Reed, Fairview Stud, Gallatin, Tennessee, and was foaled in 1883; purchased as a yearling in May, 1884, for Mr. Cassatt, by Colonel S. D. Bruce at a cost of $1800. Longfellow, his sire, was one of the few really great racers in the category of horse-racing. The Bard combines the great blood of his grandsire, imp. Leamington, sire of Iroquois, Harold, Powhatan, Parole, Eolus, etc., etc. Bradamante, The Bard's dam, was a good race-mare, and comes from one of the richest breeding "families" on the turf, viz., War Dance, by Lexington out of Reel, and the famous mare Levity, by imp. Trustee out of Vandal's dam. The Bard is not a "pretty horse," but now that he has let down, lengthened, and spread all over, he is a horse of grand dimensions.

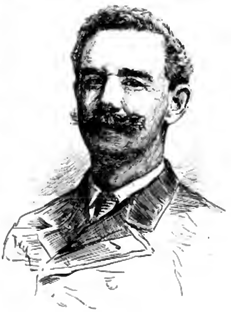
The Bard had what may be aptly called a checkered career upon the turf. His first appearance at two was June 25, 1885, at Coney Island, running unplaced to Inspector B., was second to Portland for the Great Post Stakes at the same meeting, and scored his first winning brackets in the Red Bank Stakes, July 25, 1885, at Monmouth; then won the Bouquet Stakes at the Coney Island autumn meeting, defeating Inspector B. and other good ones, but was crowded into the rails and so badly scraped that he was obliged to forego his Jerome Park engagements. He closed his two-year-old career by winning the Capital Stakes at Washington, one mile in 1.48. At three he opened his season in Baltimore, May 21, 1886, winning the Preakness Stakes, beating Eurus, Elkwood, Eolian, and Rock and Rye, 1½ miles, in 2.45; second to Inspector B. for the Belmont, Jerome Park, June 5th; unplaced for the Grass Stakes to Dry Monopole, Coney Island, June 10th, second again to Inspector B. for the Stud Stakes, Coney Island, June 25th; second, with 118 lbs., to Winfred, 108 lbs., for the Emporium, Coney Island, June 24th; dead heat with the peerless Dewdrop, and walked over for the Spindrift Stakes, Coney Island, June 30th; won Barnegat Stakes, Monmouth, July 16th, second to Dewdrop for Stevens Stakes, Monmouth, July 20th; second, with 118 lbs., to Charity, 106 lbs., Monmouth, July 24th; won Freehold Stakes, Monmouth, July 27th; won Omnibus Stakes, beating Dewdrop, Ben Ali, and others, Monmouth, August 12th; won Choice Stakes, again defeating Dewdrop and Ben Ali, Monmouth, August 17th; and from then on was unbeaten, winning September Stakes at Coney Island, the Jerome Stakes at Jerome Park, the Dixie and Breckinridge Stakes at Baltimore, closing his season by winning the Potomac Stakes at Washington, October 30th, defeating Elkwood, in 2.27. At four, made his initial bow at Brooklyn, June 14, 1887, winning the June Special, one mile and a furlong, in 1.55; then, on June 18th, won St. James Hotel Stakes, 1¼ miles, 2.09¼; next first met and defeated that great son of Lisbon, Troubadour, in the Coney Island Stakes by three lengths, 1⅛ miles, in 1.55; won the Coney Island Cup, 1½ miles, June 25th, beating Elkwood, Barnum, and Rataplan in 3.08. On July 4th suffered his first defeat in his four-year-old form, being second to Troubadour for the Ocean Stakes at Monmouth, 1⅛ miles, in 1.56¾; and again second to Troubadour for the Monmouth Cup, 1¾ miles, 3.04; then came round to his old speed, winning the Freehold Stakes, 1½ miles, beating Barnum and Troubadour, in 2.39¾; won Eatontown Stakes, 1 mile, in 1.43¼, defeating Preciosa, Climax, and Osceola. On top of these brilliant victories came his sudden and almost fatal illness. People went to Monmouth to the races, but never forgot to ask after The Bard. The original trouble was simply a stoppage of the bowels, and in using a syringe to give the horse an injection the delicate tissue of the bowels was unfortunately injured. For days The Bard's life was despaired of, but finally, by great care, he was saved, and sent back to Chesterbrook to recuperate. He came forth in 1888, five years old, and signalized his return to health by winning the Brooklyn Jockey Club Handicap, May 15th, 1¼ miles, 125 lbs. up, over a track like a sheet of water—time, 2.13—the great Hanover second, Exile third; then, for the second time, won the St. James Hotel Stakes, 1¼ miles, 122 lbs., in 2.08, defeating Sir Dixon, 3 years, 102 lbs., and Banburg, 115 lbs.; May 26th, won Brooklyn Cup; May 30th, walked over for the Second Special; June 16th, walked over for the Coney Island Stakes; June 21st, won Coney Island Cup, beating Hidalgo and Elkwood, 1¾ miles, 3.06¾; then, July 4th, won Ocean Stakes at Monmouth, 120 lbs., 1⅛ miles, 1.55; Kingston, 118 lbs., second; Firenze, 113 lbs., third. The next race, the Freehold Stakes, August 2d, proved the Waterloo of his turf career. Firenze, 113 lbs. up, won the race; and The Bard, 120 lbs. up, pulled up lame, and has not since been seen at the post, and has now been definitely retired to the stud. The Bard was one of the most honest race-horses that ever stood on iron in America. He did not finish like Terra Cotta, nor display the vim and fire of Luke Blackburn or Hanover, but he raced from "end to end," as the saying goes, and his numerous accidents, coupled with the horse's undoubted "gameness," caused him to be the turf idol of his time.

M. F. DWYER.

Dwyer Brothers! There is not a race-goer in America but what is familiar with the red with blue sash of the "Brooklyn Stable." The Dwyers began racing in 1876. At first they followed the trotters with a few nags of their own, but the first running race they saw converted them, and they have clung to the "bang tails" ever since. The first horse they ever owned was Rhadamanthus, who under their tutelage won them some remarkably good races and a lot of money; beginning in 1876 with three horses, they wound up in 1889 with thirty-five in training, heading the list of winning owners with $166,000, Longstreet leading their string with nearly $39,000. In looking back over their career, their first great winning season was 1880, Luke Blackburn's year, the first really great horse they owned; that year saw them winners of $77,000, nearly three times as much as the year before, and more than their three previous seasons combined. The annals of the turf fairly blaze with their success; in addition to the great son of imp. Bonnie Scotland, they have owned "bull-dog" George Kinney, Richmond, Hindoo, the unbeaten Tremont, Miss Woodford, Tea Tray, Dewdrop (the flying filly purchased at the Lorillard sale in 1886 for $29,000), Pontiac, bought at the same sale for $17,000, winner of the Suburban in 1885, etc., etc.; indeed, there has never been a year in which they have not had as good as the best. Their extraordinary success as a racing confederacy is unparalleled in turf annals. "Tremont's year" was their greatest year, they winning then the enormous sum of $208,169; in the fourteen years of their turf career they have won close to $1,250,000! Racing with these gentlemen is not a sentiment but a business, and they carry it on with the highest intelligence, indomitable courage, and matchless integrity. It would be hard to find any firm who has ever engaged in racing as a business which has gone through so extended a career and preserved intact such an untarnished name. It can be truthfully said that they have done as much to preserve decency upon the turf as any one who has ever raced. They are the most popular owners the American turf has ever known, and possess an enormous following of faithful adherents. Mr. M. F. Dwyer, whose potrait is given, is the junior of the two brothers. Mr. Dwyer is President of the newly organized and successful New Jersey Jockey Club, near Elizabeth. Both brothers may be said to "live with their horses," and this is one secret of the "Dwyer luck"; but "Mike" is the "plunger" of the two, and when he is ready to "go down the line," he does not stop so long as the "bookies" are willing to take his money. In victory or defeat they are always calm and collected, being just as good "losers" as they are "winners." They are also the principal owners of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, organized by them in 1886, of which Mr. Philip J. Dwyer is President, Mr. H. D. McIntyre being Secretary and official handicapper for both clubs. Every year they hold a sale of their surplus racers, and so great is the prestige of their judgment that a "Dwyer cast-off" will always bring a good price. Their string of horses for the coming season will embrace the mighty Kingston, Inspector B., Longstreet, Aurania (sister to Tremont), Blackburn, June Day (brother to Bessie June), Kingsbridge (brother to Kingston), Sir Dixon, Extra Dry (brother to Dry Monopole, winner of the inaugural Brooklyn Handicap in 1887), Bella B. (sister to Inspector B.), Blue Bird (brother to Blue Wing), Flatbush (brother to Firenze), and an army of maiden two-year-olds, and the well-known horse Hanover.


THE BARD.

Hanover is a chestnut horse, standing close to 16 hands, by Hindoo, dam Bourbon Belle by imp. Bonnie Scotland. He was bred by Messrs. Clay & Woodford at their Runnymede Stud, Paris, Kentucky, foaled in 1884, and sold at their spring sale, May 12, 1885, to the Dwyer Brothers for $1350. He started as a two-year-old four times, winning all his races.

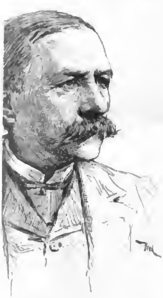

M. F. DWYER.

In 1887, at three, his career has never been equalled, retiring at the end of the season with nearly $90,000 to his credit. Hanover's first appearance as a three-year-old was in the Carlton Stakes at the Brooklyn meeting, winning easily, 1 mile, in 1.43¼; next, the Brookdale Handicap, then the Withers at Jerome Park, May 30th, 1 mile, 1.46¼; and in his next race had a practical walk-over for the Belmont; won Brooklyn Derby by fifteen lengths; at Coney Island—Swift Stakes (beating Kingston and Firenze), Tidal Stakes (again defeated Kingston in "a walk"), Coney Island Derby (winning "pulled double"); and then the greatest race of his life, winning the Emporium, 1½ miles, 128 lbs. up, in 2.35¾; also the Spindrift Stakes, 125 lbs., 1¼ miles, 2.11¼; the rich Lorillard Stakes at Monmouth, worth $13,080 to the winner; the Stockton Stakes next, value $6080; Barnegat Stakes, 1½ miles, 125 lbs., track heavy, in 2.44¼; the valuable Stevens Stakes; then, on July 30th, met his first defeat, in the Raritan Stakes, with 128 lbs., being second to Laggard, 111 lbs. His next race, however, was for the Champion Stakes, easily defeating Volante and Firenze, 1½ miles, in 2.38. At Saratoga won the United States Hotel Stakes. Then came that terrific battle for the Omnibus Stakes: Laggard, 118 lbs., first; Firenze, 120 lbs., second; Hanover, 128 lbs., third; noses apart only dividing this equine trio at the finish. Then succumbed in the Choice Stakes to Banburg, 110 lbs. He was then given a long rest, but ran unplaced for the First Special at Brooklyn; but won Second Special with his old time dash. He now became more or less unreliable, the trouble being in one of his forefeet, and ultimately underwent successfully the delicate operation of nerving. The lameness showed itself at Baltimore, October 31st, after he had won a mile dash in 1.41¾. He was then retired for that season, having started in all twenty-seven times—twenty firsts, unplaced but once, and winning more money than any three-year-old yet shown in America. At four Hanover was second to The Bard for the Brooklyn Handicap, and won some fair races; but neither in that year nor in his five-year-old form did he recover the great speed he had at three. He is, however, a "magnificent cripple," and liable to win glory for himself and his owners in the future. The Dwyers also own Houston, a full brother to Hanover, for whom they paid $8400, but who does not as yet promise as well as his mighty brother.

HON. WILLIAM L. SCOTT.

Among all the celebrated self-made men of this great country none has had a more brilliantly successful career than the Hon. Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania. As a boy he served as a page in the House of Representatives, and eventually saw himself elected a member of that body in the Fiftieth Congress, representing the Erie district of his State. Mr. Scott was also a prominent member of the Democratic Central Committee during the Presidential campaigns of 1884-8. During his term in Congress Mr. Scott was practically the leader of his party in the House, and a trusted and confidential adviser of President Cleveland, but subsequently declined a re-election, preferring to return to private life. Mr. Scott is one of the largest operators in and miners of bituminous coal in the country, being one of the so-called "coal barons" of Pennsylvania. He is also largely interested in various railroads, and occupies a prominent place among the financiers of this country, and is well known and highly respected as a public-spirited citizen. Mr. Scott makes his home at Erie, but has also a palatial residence at Washington, which he established at the beginning of his Congressional term, and has maintained ever since.

ted the Algeria Stud, near Erie. rom France the celebrated race- t, it is said, of $40,000, the highest or a thorough-bred stallion import- on d'Or won the English St. Leger , and proved himself a race-horse England and in France. Rayon t, out of Araucaria by Ambrose, tout old Glencoe. In addition to



l. WILLIAM L. SCOTT.

Algerine, a good race-horse in his nner of the Double Event in 1889, Ir. Haggin's speedy mare Aurelia; ul, and Wanderer, together with a mares, ninety in number.

old, about 1600 acres, with a half- are constructed without regard to thus equipped the most extensive id one of the largest in the coun- Mr. Scott has recently established acres, situated in the counties of ne, Virginia. The narrow penin- uated juts right out into the sea hesapeake Bay, and is directly op-

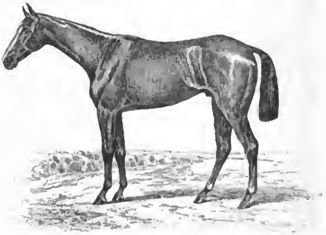
The terminus of the New York, Railroad is upon Mr. Scott's prop-

started ten times in all last season, winning prior to the Futurity a purse of $1000 at Brooklyn, May 21st, and the Carteret Handicap at Monmouth, August 17th. In the Futurity he carried 109 lbs. to St. Carlo's 123 lbs., and had the latter, who ran in blinkers, not sulked in the last few "jumps," Chaos might have been obliged to content himself with second place. After winning the Futurity, Mr. Scott then retired his horses for the season. It is a remarkable coincidence that the first two Futurity stakes should both have been won by geldings, thereby depriving their owners of the prestige of placing at the stud a Futurity winner.

CASTAWAY II.

The Brooklyn Handicap marks the opening of the regular racing season, the betting law, or the Ives Pool Bill, as it is commonly known, prohibiting racing in New York earlier than May 15th. It is therefore nothing remarkable that this event should call forth an enormous outpouring of people to the popular Brooklyn course. This year, although the weather was disastrous, the crowd was greater than ever, and the race for the Handicap furnished a stunning and disagreeable surprise to the racing world in general. It was won by an extreme outsider—popularly called a "sleeper"—in the hollowest possible style. This horse bears the highly suggestive title of Castaway II. He is now four years old, having been foaled April 22, 1886, at the farm of Rufus Lisle, Esq., near Lexington, Kentucky. He is by Outcast, he by imp. Leamington out of Oriana, by Deucalion, out of Nina, by the great four-miler Boston, her dam the celebrated imp. mare Frolicsome Fanny. Lucy Lisle, the dam of Castaway II., is by Virgil, he by Vandal, by imp. Glencoe, out of Alarac's dam, etc. Ella Jackson, dam of Lucy Lisle, is by Lightning, a son of the great Lexington, out of Blue Bonnet. Castaway II. is somewhat curiously "lobred." He has two crosses of imp. Yorkshire—Hymenia, Virgil's dam, being by this horse, and Louisa, dam of Ella Jackson, being by imp. Yorkshire, out of a daughter of American Eclipse. Then again he has practically two crosses of the renowned Boston, as seen above.

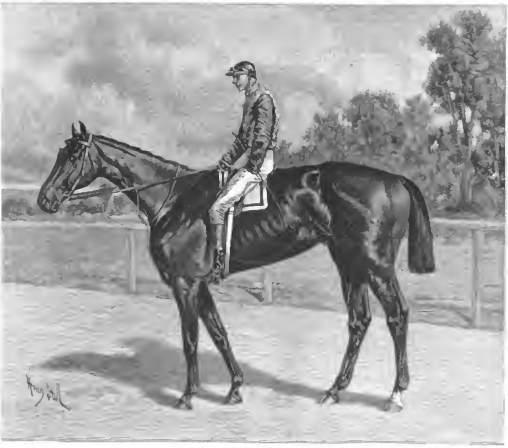
These are blood lines, and make Castaway II. as well bred as any man's horse. In color he is a light bay, about 15 hands high, bears no resemblance to the highest type of Leamingtons, favoring rather the Virgils or Lexingtons in looks and conformation. "A Vandal in the mud" is an old turf phrase, and this, with the ability of the Leamingtons to run on any kind of a track, should have attracted more attention to the horse. His career has, however, been somewhat erratic. At two years old he started for the first time at the Lexington spring meeting, May 7, 1888, and ran unplaced. In all started that year twenty-seven times, scored his first winning brackets, 4½ furlongs, June 2d, at Latonia. At three began by winning the Pickwick Stakes at New Orleans for the Beverwyck Stable, 7 furlongs, 115 lbs., in 1.30¼; also the Cottrell Stakes at the same meeting, 1 mile, 118 lbs., in 1.47¾; and he subsequently won seven other races, among them the Fort Schuyler Stakes, at Morris Park, August 29th, 1 mile, 101 lbs., in 1.41, and Brooklyn, October 11th, purse, mile heats, 106 lbs., 1.42 and 1.40, Maid of Orleans winning second heat. After running second for the Okolona Handicap at Guttenberg, he was retired for the season. Previous to the Brooklyn Handicap he has run eight races this year, of which he won three, but all at shorter distances than 1¼ miles. The time—2.10—is very fast for such a sloppy track. The Beverwyck Stable is principally owned by ex-Mayor Nolan. Castaway II. is trained by James Campbell, and on the day of his victory was ridden by Bunn. There is yet another Castaway also by Outcast, but out of Utopia.



CHAOS.

More than any other of the brute creation, the horse possesses the power to transmit to his progeny all his characteristics of conformation, endurance, speed, power, and temperament. In some "families" they "train on," or are "stayers"; in others, they like a short distance best; again, some can gallop on a heavy track, and are of little account on a hard one, these are often facetiously called "mud larks." In some families "temper" is a distinct feature, and the members of such families are liable to "sulk" in their races, and to "turn rogue." Some horses win their races at the start, by going out in front and breaking the hearts of the field behind them by the pace they set; others are great "finishers," and come with a burst at the end, and win on the post. *Courage* is the highest characteristic the horse inherits. Some have been known to race on, bleeding from a bad quarter crack, but never knew when they were beaten. Again, the horse that flinches under punishment, or cries "enough" when hurt, somewhere back in "his family" he had an ancestor not "dead game."

My thanks for courtesies received in the preparation of this article are due to Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Keck, Mr. McIntyre, Mr. Westmore, Mr. Brudda, to the Messrs. Goodwin Brothers and Mr. Colgan, and especially to Mr. H. G. Crickmore, the well-known journalist, and the present Secretary and official handicapper of the Monmouth Park Association.



CASTAWAY II.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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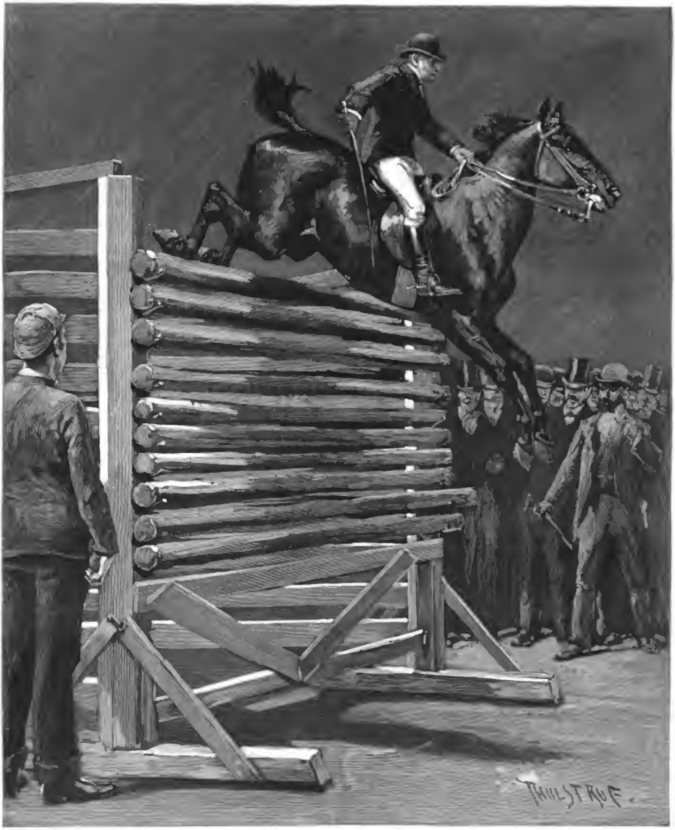

"ONTARIO'S" SEVEN-FOOT JUMP.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after an Instantaneous Photograph.—[See Page 443.]

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PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

SPECULATING upon the chances of the Presidential nomination in 1892, a Western journal thinks that the Democratic division in New York will probably lead to the nomination of a candidate from some other State than New York, and mentions Mr. Gray, of Indiana. It would not be difficult to mention in every State some person whose nomination would be agreeable to his friends, and it is often true of the Presidential nomination that the unforeseen happens. But it is by no means a rule. The renomination of Mr. Lincoln in 1864 and that of General Grant in 1872 were foregone conclusions; this was true in great part of the nomination of Mr. Blaine in 1884. There are two reasons why the nomination of Mr. Cleveland by the Democrats in 1892 is equally probable. The campaign of 1888 and the course of Congress at the present session have identified the Republican party with the policy of high, and in some cases prohibitive, protection. Whether the McKinley tariff be approved by the Senate and the President or not, and whether any Congressional action upon the subject be taken or not, the chief question of the next election will be apparently that of the last. By universal consent, the especial representative of the Democratic position upon the subject is Mr. Cleveland.

But not only by his course in making the tariff the party issue of the campaign did he identify it with a national policy, and prevent the election of '88 from turning on the mere personal question of approval of his administration, but he did very much more than any Democrat in the country had been able to do in dispelling the profound distrust with which his party was regarded. He was in honest sympathy with honest politics. His interest in political progress and in wise reform was evident; and although his official course was often inconsistent with principles which he was believed to approve, it seems to be undeniable that his hold upon public confidence and upon the respect of his political opponents was much stronger at the end than at the beginning of his administration. This feeling has certainly not changed since he left the Presidency. He is probably more popular to-day than he has ever been. Sympathy with the tariff views declared by the Democratic party is by no means always strong enough to overcome the influence of what seems the almost insuperable power of its traditions, and its instinctive opposition, as a party, to political reform, and the personality of the candidate is therefore of very great importance.

To set aside Mr. Cleveland as the Democratic candidate in 1892 would be to proclaim the triumph of the reactionary spirit in his party. It would be the announcement that the very qualities and views which commend him to the confidence of multitudes of patriotic and intelligent citizens who are not distinctively of his party are not approved by the party nor representative of its aims. Undoubtedly the "regulation vote" of the party would be given to the candidate, whoever he might be. But he must be a Democrat of a very sanguine disposition, or singularly ignorant of the deeper forces that influence elections, who supposes that the defeat, as a candidate, of the man who has been of more real service to his party than any other Democrat of the last generation would either unite the party more closely or win more votes beyond the party lines. Nothing so certainly as the success of Democratic opposition to Mr. Cleveland would revive the doubt and distrust which so long excluded it from power. It is true that our government is not one of men, but of laws; not of persons, but of parties. Undoubtedly also, as Senator Morton said in Philadelphia in 1872, when Mr. Sumner and Mr. Trumbull and other conspicuous Republicans broke with the party, the party is greater than any man in it. But it is equally beyond doubt that men are accepted as representative of party convictions and tendencies, and that a party is estimated by its chosen candidates. If the Republican party in 1860 had nominated Simon Cameron instead of Abraham Lincoln, it would have been a great party misfortune. Nothing could strengthen the Democratic party in 1892 more than the nomination of the representative of its best spirit and purpose.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS OF COPYRIGHT.

The most gratifying fact in connection with the recent defeat of the international copyright bill in the House of Representatives is the very general protest of the press, and its plain speech in describing the act. This shows a public awakening and interest which are entirely unprecedented. Hitherto when the project of a copyright treaty has failed, or a report recommending a law has been quietly dropped, or a bill defeated, a copyright club or association may have expressed its regret and indignation strongly, but the public mind has been profoundly indifferent, and this indifference has been the apparent justification of the failure. But the present expression of dissent from the action of the House has been so general and emphatic that many a member of Congress would undoubtedly reconsider his vote if an opportunity should be offered. The argument was wholly with the friends of the law. Some of the opponents of the bill insisted vigorously that there can be no property in ideas. But they were beating the air. If they were informed upon the subject they knew two things which Mr. Lowell mentions in his recent letter.

One is that if the assertion be an argument against copyright, it is an argument against patent-right. A lawn mower is as much an idea as a book. The other thing is that copyright, like patent-right, does not allege a property right in an idea, but in the form given to ideas by genius and labor, by which alone they are made serviceable to mankind. Those who betake themselves to the assertion that property is made by law do not help their cause until they show why law should not protect the form of Bryant's or Irving's idea as well as McCormack's or Hoe's. Moreover, if law makes property, it may do it in every case which promises a public advantage. That is evidently the view of the Constitution, which, to promote the progress of science and useful arts—thus admitting them to be of public benefit—authorizes granting a property right in their works to authors and inventors. Can any man truthfully deny that Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was a public benefit by arousing the public conscience? and that great poets and historians and story-tellers and artists of high degree are public benefactors as well as the inventors of street-sweeping machines?

Great stress was laid in the debate upon the benefits of cheap reading. But how is that argument relevant? Cheap reading is good, certainly, but so is cheap bread. Our law maintains the right both of our baker to his bread and of our author to his book. But the right of property in both is practically denied if it is not acknowledged wherever it exists, as in the foreign baker and author. We do in effect steal that property when we refuse to acknowledge it in order to appropriate it more cheaply to our own use. The argument practically is that if we refuse to recognize in the foreign author precisely the same right of property in his work that we recognize in the American author, we can procure the foreign work more cheaply. But why do we recognize any such right in the American author? The Constitution answers, because his books are useful. Why do we want foreign books to be cheap? Because they are useful. Then there is the same reason for recognizing the right of property in the foreign as in the domestic work. This is the fact which is becoming very much clearer, and it explains the general and strong protest against the vote in the House. It would now seem to be probable that reconsideration of the bill in a full House might produce a result more in harmony with the American sense of fair play than the recent action.

THE INEQUALITY OF A TARIFF.

If the tariff were what its theory and the speeches of its supporters assume, a fair and equal protection of all the industrial interests in the country, it would appeal more strongly to the national sense of justice. But it is because a tariff is the result of a conflict, not of all but of some interests, each grasping for the most that it can get, and relying upon every kind of personal and selfish motive to succeed, that it is practically obnoxious class legislation. The late debate in the House revealed the utter difference of opinion as to the practical operation of the proposed scheme, and a radical difference as to the proper purpose of any tariff. The farmers are now apparently the especial care of the friends of a tariff. The old argument for the farmers is that they are the especial beneficiaries of protection because it multiplies home industries and gives agricultural products a home market. If, in fact, farmers are equally protected with everybody else, the argument as an argument is sound. But Mr. Butterworth said, deliberately, and his assertion was not questioned, "I can name upon my ten fingers men whose combined profits in the last decade have exceeded those of all the agriculturists of any State in this Union." The friends of a tariff, indeed, are not yet bold enough to assert in terms that farmers and other citizens ought to pay a tax for the benefit of preferred industries which are essential to our independence of other countries. But they lay the tax, nevertheless. When a tariff is made upon the principle of equal protection and by men solely intent upon justice, it will be relevant to the discussion to lay the faults of a tariff upon selfish individual legislators.

That tariff protection is utterly unequal and a scheme of favoritism is a familiar fact. It will not be pretended that the wages of workmen, whom the tariff is also said especially to protect, bear any equal proportion of increase to the profits of the proprietors of the industry. The new tariff lays a duty upon tin plate for the alleged purpose of establishing that industry, which will employ laborers and pay them high wages. This is the assertion. What is the fact? The workmen already employed in other industries must pay more for their dinner pails upon the chance that rich men will invest money in a business which depends upon a tax that would certainly be repealed as soon as the opposition party acquires control. This is the fair play of an unequal tariff. But how many of the Representatives who voted for the new tariff know what it is? How many can explain to their constituents what changes have been made and how they will affect their constituents' interests? The tariff will go into a conference, and come out with changes which only diligent study will reveal, and which again will be the result of a selfish conflict of interests, and not of a desire to provide equal protection to every industry.

The action of the majority in the House prevented adequate knowledge and full discussion of the bill now pending in the Senate. Whatever may be the necessity of a provision to prevent wanton filibustering, the practical suppression of debate upon a measure which profoundly affects the entire industry and business of the country was extraordinary. But Senator Plumb, wishing to enlighten both Congress and the country upon the actual changes increasing and decreasing duties, and the reasons for such changes, introduced the following resolution, which has been adopted:

> "*Resolved,* That the Finance Committee be directed to report to the Senate in connection with House bill 9416, commonly known as the tariff bill, a statement showing the duties levied by the present law, the duties as they would be according to said House bill, and the duties as proposed by said (Senate) committee, all said duties to be stated in parallel columns or otherwise as may be most convenient for examination and comparison; and said committee is specially instructed, in the event it shall recommend the levy of duties not now provided by law, or shall recommend the increase of duties beyond those now imposed, to furnish to the Senate in writing the reasons in each case which have led the committee to recommend the addition of such new duties or the increase of present duties respectively."

This resolution is manifestly fair and useful. The Senate can have no just reason to conceal the changes made in the tariff, and if the reasons are sound, the more clearly they are stated, the more general and certain will be public approval of the bill. The more plain it is made that the tariff aims only at the general interest by equal protection, the more probable is general satisfaction. But the more concealment and mystery in which it is wrapped, the greater and more universal will be suspicion and distrust.

AMERICAN ARTS.

AT a late assembly of artists in Paris, the remark of our minister, Mr. REID, that Congress proposed to repeal the tax upon foreign works of art, was received with great enthusiasm. The artists must have wondered how an intelligent people could ever have laid such a tax, which instead of protecting, prevents the development of art in the country. One of the results of the repeal may be the correction of a tendency which Prince ROLAND BONAPARTE remarked in a recent interview reported in the *World*.

"I have often wondered," he said, "why America has never produced a school of artists who could content themselves with painting merely their own homes. I can never understand why American artists should come abroad to paint little corners of France which have been painted over and over again, when there is such a great field for their energy at home." In making this remark, which, however, contains a wise suggestion, the Prince forgot the truth expressed in CAMPBELL's line:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

The mere aspect of London and Paris has a charm for the American which the native of those cities cannot understand, except as he feels the spell of Rome or Venice. Moreover, the American square white house with green blinds which annoyed DICKENS, although the home of greater thrift and comfort than the stained and thatched stone cottage of the French peasant at Barbizon or elsewhere, is less picturesque. Remoteness and strangeness have the elements of romance.

But the English TURNER shows the essential truthfulness of Prince BONAPARTE's view. One of his most famous pictures, the old "*Téméraire*," represents a famous English man-of-war in English waters—a picture whose poetic charm is pathetic and profound. The "Casting of the Statue of Wellington" and the "Great Eastern Railway" are also pictures of the most familiar local incident, but of great splendor and power. It is one of the benefits of the repeal that the more generally and readily the American artist studies great foreign works, the more clearly he will see that it is American character and landscape and life which will inspire an enduring American art.

CONSTRAINT AND THE CENSUS.

THE value of statistics of all kinds of knowledge is undeniable, and the machinery for taking a census of the population is the most convenient for obtaining a great deal of important information. This can be secured, however, only by asking and answering the necessary questions. Lists of such questions have been prepared for the census which is now to be taken, and the enumerators will propose them in the houses that they visit. If anybody should be unwilling to answer the questions, the enumerator will make a note of the fact, and if the refusals are very numerous, the value of the information will be so far reduced; and, according to the Superintendent of the Census, the census officer in the district will decide whether the refusals are of such a character as to require constraint to elicit an answer.

It is this last proposition which has excited some surprise. The Constitution provides for a census as the basis of the adjustment of representation. But it expressly forbids unreasonable searches and seizures. A large part of the questions which are asked by the enumerators are evidently beyond the contemplation of the Constitution. But they are designed to elicit much useful information, and in authorizing such questions Congress probably does not mean to subject the people to unreasonable inquisition.

But while well-disposed citizens will willingly answer many questions for the common benefit, they may decline to answer others, and the allusion of the Superintendent to the "exercise of greater constraint" to obtain answers is very curious. There is no good reason why a man should decline to state whether there are or are not insane persons in his household, because the information may be of ultimate scientific service. But if he should decline, the authority to enumerate the population can hardly be held to justify compelling him to answer. With the exercise of a little common-sense, however, all trouble may be avoided.

MR. CLARKSON'S DILEMMA.

MR. CLARKSON, the Assistant Postmaster-General, will resign on the 1st of July. He will be noted, probably, as the official agent of more changes in the postal service than have ever been made within the same time. It is therefore very interesting to remark that Mr. CLARKSON, according to the report of his reply to some comments of Mr. CABOT LODGE, thinks "that all people in the Federal service should be retained as long as they are found faithful and useful." This is good doctrine, but "the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it."

Let us look at the application. Mr. CLARKSON frankly holds to what is known as the spoils system. He uses a little circumlocution, and is "as much in favor of reform as anybody," but his practice shows what he believes. Now there are, let us say, 52,000 or 53,000 fourth-class post-offices. According to the best information accessible, Mr. CLARKSON has made probably some 30,000 changes in them in a little more than a year. But as he says that all people in the Federal service should be retained as long as they are found faithful and useful, it follows that he has found an immense proportion of the fourth-class postmasters in the country to be unfaithful and useless.

This must have been a very painful disclosure to an Assistant Postmaster-General who believes as much as anybody in civil service reform, although not in Mr. LODGE's "superfine theory." The moral of the revelation, however, is the important part of it; that is where the bearings of the observation lays. These postmasters were appointed, according to the assertion of the organs of Mr. CLARKSON's party, for political reasons. In other words, the offices had been treated as spoils. That treatment, however, has filled them with faithless and useless incumbents. Yet Mr. CLARKSON thinks that method the best. It is not surprising that he proposes to resign, and leave to some one else who also holds that postmasters should be retained as long as they are faithful and useful to turn them out for political reasons.

MR. BUTTERWORTH'S VOTE.

A CORRESPONDENT asks how we like Mr. BUTTERWORTH's vote for the tariff which he had condemned as unjust. We regret it, and for the very reason which our correspondent suggests. It was a vote evidently inconsistent with the views which he had so strongly and lucidly expressed. He is, as he said plainly, a protectionist. He thinks that much of our prosperity is due to that policy, but that the true principle of protection is the security of equal opportunity to American industry, not the creation of monopoly. He demonstrated that this principle was not that of the MCKINLEY tariff, and that it created monopolies. Then he voted for it.

The explanation which he would undoubtedly give is that the Republican party is the only protection party, and that in politics, as Mr. SEWARD said, we must take what we can, not what we would. If such should be his explanation, it would be equivalent to saying that any kind of a protective tariff, however unfair and monopolistic, is better than a revenue tariff, and that not to vote with his party would be to aid the defeat of the only party from which any kind of protection is to be expected. In other words, Mr. BUTTERWORTH would say, "the situation offered me a choice of evils, and I took the lesser."

That is not an unusual dilemma in politics. But it seems to us that Mr. BUTTERWORTH's strong statements of his protective views, with which there is strong Republican sympathy, and his demonstration that the MCKINLEY bill was not based upon the true principle of protection, would have enabled him to vote against it without exclusion from his party, unless he concedes that the principle of the bill is the Republican view of protection, in which case he does not hold the Republican view. If his object were to win over his party to his view, how could he expect to do it by showing, as a Republican, that he did not think his view worth voting for? Support of the MCKINLEY bill was not a test of Republicanism, and as a Republican he might very well have opposed it by his vote as by his speech. If the bill was a test of Republicanism, his speech had already shown that he was not a Republican.

PATRIOTISM AND PENSIONS.

THE good sense of the veteran soldiers of the Union protests strongly against the disposition to treat them as paupers and destitute of patriotic feeling. The combined efforts of pension agents and politicians to represent service in the civil war as a purely mercenary transaction, and the assumption that every soldier and sailor, however vigorous and prosperous he may be, is pining for a pension, are repelled with scorn by representative soldiers. The imputation of demagogues upon the patriotic generosity of the country that there is any indifference to the claims of the widows and orphans of honorable soldiers is wholly without foundation.

There was never more generous provision for pensions made in any country. But no intelligent American will favor a system of pensions which disregards every consideration except the fact that a man was enlisted. Such an American, for instance, would not advocate taxation of the people to-day in order to pay a pension to the deserter of a quarter of a century ago. He would not approve the payment of a thousand dollars a year as a pension to every man who was enrolled in the service, whatever his pecuniary situation.

In other words, he would have pensions determined by principles which commend themselves to every honest man. Honest men know that there is an immense amount of demagoguery in the cry for more and larger pensions, and that nothing but a strong and firm expression of public opinion will arrest the schemes of pension agents practically to empty the treasury under the plea of succor to widows and orphans. In this country poor men pay taxes as well as rich men. For the soldier who was injured in the common cause, and for his family, poor men and rich men will gladly care. But they will not regard the soldiers merely as hirelings. They were fighting for themselves as well as for others. The result was a triumph of patriotism, not of pay. Commander COSGROVE, of the Grand Army far in the West, at Ellensburg, in Washington, speaks in the spirit of the true American soldier: "When a man's country is in danger, he owes to it everything he has, even his life. When the war broke out, we owed our country the offer of our service, and when we enlisted and did our duty, we paid our country only what we owed it."

SUMMER NIGHT CONCERTS.

THE resident of New York whose occupations keep him in the city during the summer, and the stranger who finds the city, with its ample and various resources of amusement, one of the pleasantest of summer resorts, both recall with delight the summer night concerts of THEODORE THOMAS at the old Central Park Garden. All such residents and strangers will hear with no less pleasure that a four weeks' series of these concerts will be renewed this year at the Lenox Lyceum, close by the Park. The series will have begun before this paper is issued, on the evening of Decoration Day, and will continue during the month of June.

The announcement states that "in order that all tastes shall be satisfied, the programmes for the different nights will be varied, though they will all be kept as artistic and attractive as the skill of Mr. THOMAS and his wide acquaintance with the literature of music can make them. On Monday of each week the programme will be of a light and popular character; Tuesday's will be signalized by the participation of soloists; on Wednesday the music will be miscellaneous in character; on Thursday the second part of the programme will include a symphony, the other parts being of a less severe order of music; the programmes of Fridays will contain compositions whose performance has been requested by patrons; Saturday's scheme will be like that of Monday."

The conductor, the place, the orchestra, and the season all combine to secure the highest enjoyment at these concerts. It was the old series which really introduced WAGNER to the American public, and the same catholic sympathy, large acquaintance with music, and knowledge of the popular taste which have always marked the THOMAS concerts will not be wanting in the new series.

PERSONAL.

STUART MERRILL, the translator of *Pastels in Prose*, the recently published work in "The Odd Number Series," is reckoned among the most promising of the younger French poets, and from his perfect command of the French language it would never be suspected that he was not a Frenchman. He is an American by birth, but received his education in Paris. He belongs to the "Symbolistes," or, as they are called, the "Décadents," the latest school of French writers. His poems have been reviewed in the *Nouvelle Revue* and other leading journals abroad. He is a contributor to various periodicals in Paris, and a collection of his poems has been published under the title of *Les Gammes*. While living in this country he was the New York correspondent of the *Revue Wagnérienne*.

—Professor DANIEL WILLARD FISKE, the victor in the suit brought by Cornell University to recover about $2,500,000, left by will to the university by Mrs. FISKE (JENNY MCGRAW), but which, it seems, the institution could not legally hold, is about sixty years old. He was graduated from Hamilton College, and is a man of unusual linguistic attainments, while he is known as the first Icelandic scholar in the world. Chess-playing is also one of his accomplishments. He was a close friend of PAUL MORPHY, and with him published a paper devoted to the interests of the game. Early in his career Professor FISKE had journalistic tastes, and at different times edited papers in several States, numbering among his friends such writers as CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, BAYARD TAYLOR, and United States Senator HAWLEY. When Cornell University was founded he became Librarian and Professor of North European Languages, and at Ithaca met and became engaged to Miss MCGRAW, a woman of fine intellect, and of such devotion to her father that she would not marry till after his death. Professor FISKE is abroad at the present time, travelling and pursuing researches of deep interest to him.

—Sportsmen in India and Africa have always regarded a wounded elephant as one of the most dangerous and revengeful of animals. FRANK L. JAMES, of England, a well-known African traveller and entertaining writer, had occasion recently to test this propensity of the beast, and met with fatal results. Instead of stamping his assailant out of existence, as is sometimes the case in such encounters, the enraged brute pierced Mr. JAMES's breast with a tusk, and he died soon after. The unfortunate traveller was on a yachting trip with pleasant companions along the west coast of Africa, and having entered the Gaboon River, went ashore on a hunting trip. It was during this expedition that he met his death. He leaves a brother in this city, D. WILLIS JAMES, a member of the firm of PHELPS, DODGE, & CO.

—D. EDGAR CROUSE, a rich bachelor of Syracuse, New York, is finishing a stable which is said to have cost over $700,000. It is palatial in all respects, even to the comparatively small portion which the horses will occupy. There are rooms finished in costly woods, tiled mosaics, and other elaborate ornamentations. In the dining-room is a sideboard that cost $800, while the anvil and tools of the blacksmith shop are nickel-plated.

—JAMES CARLYLE, the last surviving brother of THOMAS CARLYLE, has just died near Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire.

—The widow of Sergeant PLUNKETT, a Massachusetts soldier, has just received a pension. Various acts of bravery made THOMAS PLUNKETT conspicuous, but the loss of both his arms by the explosion of a shell, while carrying the colors of his regiment during a charge at the battle of Fredericksburg, gave him especial prominence. He lived for twenty years after meeting this calamity.

—PHILIP BRIGHT, the youngest son of the late JOHN BRIGHT, has become a Home-ruler.

—WALT WHITMAN has chosen his burial-place in the prettiest part of Harleigh Cemetery, near Camden, New Jersey, where he lives. On the occasion of Queen VICTORIA's recent birthday he sent her a sprig of arbutus, accompanied by a few lines and a sentiment, both of which were eminently characteristic of the poet.

—The Empress of Austria has had her wedding dress, which was of white brocade embroidered with silver, made into a set of priestly garments for the Church of St. Matthew, in Pesth, and her bridal wreath encircles an embroidered picture of the Virgin.

—A familiar figure, known as the "Black Horseman," has disappeared from Berlin since Prince BISMARCK's departure. He was the Chancellor's private courier, and had been in his employ since 1866. His real name was LUDWIG LEWENSTRÖM. During the Austrian and Franco-Prussian wars he served the Prince, and was the only German witness of the meeting between his master and the Emperor of France on the morning of September 2, 1870, which completed the humiliation of NAPOLEON III., and practically closed the war. He carried important messages during the days at Versailles when the articles of capitulation were being prepared, and the same dark figure galloped incessantly between the palaces of Emperor WILLIAM I. and of Emperor FREDERICK and the home of the Chancellor during the periods, not so far apart, when the German rulers lay at the point of death. The fact that the courier was usually clothed in black gave him the name of the "Black Horseman."

TO JOHN ELIOT.

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There is a peculiar fitness in erecting monuments to men like John Eliot and John Megapolensis, for in their day they were the only persons who had sufficient real piety to espouse the cause of savages, and enough learning to impose their authority on people released from many of the restraining influences of the Old World, and eager to amass wealth by any means in their power. Eliot and Megapolensis belong to a period when Protestant Churches gained more power than was good for their pastors, yet both of them used that power to protect the weak and withstand the tyrannical.

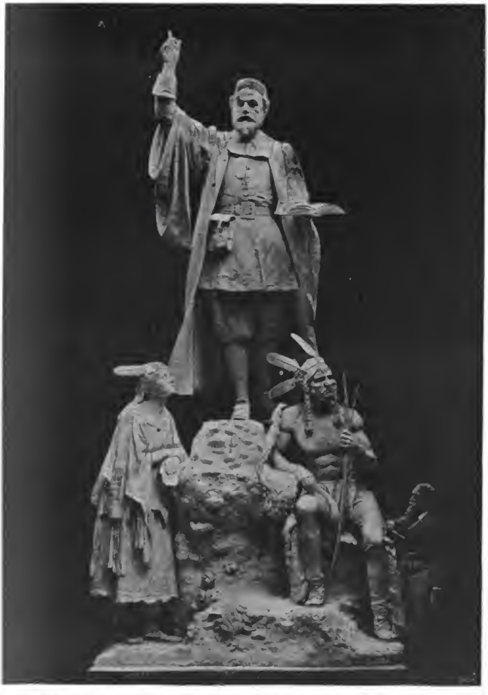
The sculptor has had no very satisfactory portraits to guide him in the figure of John Eliot, though two exist which are thought by their owners to be genuine. He pictures him in middle age, of a fair, well-balanced countenance, sturdily built, and wearing an expression of calm certainty as to the importance of his mission. He has mounted a bowlder, drawn his translation of the Bible from the leather case fastened to his belt, and with uplifted index is telling an Indian audience of a home beyond the sky. A male and female Indian represent the audience. The man wears eagle feathers in a head-dress, and has plaited locks of hair falling on his bare breast. He holds bow and arrows in the left hand, and rests his right elbow on a bear-skin, which protects him from the rock. He wears buckskin trousers and moccasins. His pose is the most graceful of the three, but his expression is discontented, if not truculent. The squaw also has an eagle feather in her hair, though it is generally supposed that Indians associate that feather with boldness in war, and confine its use to men who have slain their foe. She wears high moccasins, but no stockings or leggings, a buckskin embroidered skirt to mid-leg, and a cloak made of the skin of a doe. Whilst the warrior looks off in a gloomy reverie, the woman raises her eyes toward the Apostle, but not sufficiently to fix them on him. On the right of our illustration is a portrait of Mr. Rogers in his sculptor's apron.

John Eliot's costume is a compromise between the clothing of a merchant about A.D. 1650 and the garb of a minister. He wears the skull-cap of a student and the robe of a man in orders. The deep collar and body-coat, the short breeches, stockings, and buckled shoes represent well enough an Englishman of the lower middle class. The transverse line of his collar or "band," that of his belt and the open Bible in his left hand, but still more the crossment effected by the lower edge of the coat, give so many stoppages to the eye as it travels up from the base of the monument to the tip of the Apostle's raised right index. Among these the last is most important, and throws a deep shadow across the figure; it might be obviated very easily should the sculptor care so to do.

Taken as a whole, the three figures are distributed well. It is true that they are not knit together by one dramatic idea which brings each into active complicity with a common purpose. They are more realistically treated, as if, in the ordinary way, the preacher were expounding a text and the listeners were attentive, but not specially hanging on the lips of their teacher. But the lines of the Apostle's robe give a silhouette which is very agreeably carried down by the figures of the Indians, thus producing a composition of considerable excellence. It is indeed remarkable, when we think of the sculptor's life-long devotion to little statue groups, to find that he can do so well on a large scale, for the monument is about thirty-five feet high. Yet it is not to be denied that the training in small groups which Mr. Rogers has had these thirty years past has influenced him somewhat in the present instance. Meant for interiors where they are placed on mantel-pieces, bureaus, side-tables or whatnots, his groups are usually approached from one side only. They are intended for the same purposes as the statuette groups in clay which come from Greece and Asia Minor, though these are commonly enough quite rude and unfinished on the back. But usually a monument having the bigness and importance in other respects we find in this group is so placed as to be viewed from all sides. It generally stands in the centre of a square, where people may approach it from any direction.

But it may be noticed that such an emplacement would be unlucky for this monument. It needs the background of a great pine wood, or of a mountain, or of some big edifice. It faces one way, and concentrates its interest toward but one quarter. Seen from the extreme right or left, it would still be fine, but seen from behind, it would be unfortunate. The criticism is therefore not a radical one, but simply a limiting criticism, a warning that care should be taken not to dispose of the monument in such a way as to lose its best effect. We have in New York an example of the kind which is very prominent. The Farragut on Madison Square is not properly placed, because it has but one face, that turned toward Broadway. But it is also approachable from the square, and then turns its back on the spectator, who does not know what to make of the semicircular pedestal that looks out of all proportion to the figure, and can hardly admire the back of the gallant admiral's trousers. That handsome monument ought to be in Central Park, at the end of a flower-bordered walk, and backed closely by a solid mass of leafage.

If the "John Eliot preaching to the Indians" finds favor with New England, it can easily be placed so as to form a notable ornament of Boston, Roxbury, or some other place identified with Eliot's long and praiseworthy career. The sculptor is a native of Massachusetts, who has worked out his own artistic salvation in a way very typical and American.



JOHN ELIOT, THE PURITAN MISSIONARY, PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE INDIANS.
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GROUP EXECUTED BY JOHN ROGERS.

happiness assured. And thy Bebee Miriam should listen to me; for she is also a woman. But then she would envy me— It is not seemly for men to worship a woman."

Holden laughed aloud at Ameera's little spasm of jealousy.

"Is it not seemly? Why didst thou not turn me from worship of thee, then?"

"Thou a worshipper! And of me! My king, for all thy sweet words, well I know that I am thy servant and thy slave, and the dust under thy feet. And I would not have it otherwise. See!"

Before Holden could prevent her she stooped forward and touched his feet; recovering herself with a little laugh, she hugged Tota closer to her bosom. Then, almost savagely:

"Is it true that the bold white *mem-log* live for three times the length of my life? Is it true that they make their marriages not before they are old women?"

"They marry as do others—when they are women."

"That I know, but they wed when they are twenty-five. Is that true?"

"That is true."

"*Ya illah!* At twenty-five! Who would of his own will take a wife even of eighteen? She is a woman—aging every hour. Twenty-five! I shall be an old woman at that age, and— Those *mem-log* remain young forever. How I hate them!"

"What have they to do with us?"

"I cannot tell. I know only that there may now be alive on this earth a woman ten years older than I who may come to thee and take thy love ten years after I am an old woman, gray-headed, and the nurse of Tota's son. That is unjust and evil. They should die too."

"Now, for all thy years, thou art a child, and shalt be picked up and carried down the staircase."

"Tota! Have a care for Tota, my lord! Thou, at least, art as foolish as any babe!" Ameera tucked Tota out of harm's way in the hollow of her neck, and was carried down stairs, laughing in Holden's arms, while Tota opened his eyes and smiled, after the manner of the lesser angels.

He was a silent infant, and almost before Holden could realize that he was in the world, developed into a small gold-colored godling and unquestioned despot of the house overlooking the city. Those were months of absolute happiness to Holden and Ameera—happiness withdrawn from the world, shut in behind the wooden gate that Pir Khan guarded. By day Holden did his work, with an immense pity for such as were not so fortunate as himself, and a sympathy for small children that amazed and amused many mothers at the little station gatherings. At nightfall he returned to Ameera—Ameera full of the wondrous doings of Tota: how he had been seen to clap his hands together and move his fingers with intention and purpose, which was manifestly a miracle; how, later, he had of his own initiative crawled out of his low bedstead onto the floor, and swayed on both feet for the space of three breaths.

"And they were long breaths, for my heart stood still with delight," said Ameera.

Then he took the beasts into his councils—the well-bullocks, the little gray squirrels, the mongoose that lived in a hole near the well, and especially Mian Mittu, the parrot, whose tail he grievously pulled, and Mian Mittu screamed till Ameera and Holden arrived.

"Oh, villain! Child of strength! This to thy brother on the house-top! *Tobah, tobah!* Fie! fie! But I know a charm to make him wise as Suleiman and Aflatoun.* Now look," said Ameera. She drew from an embroidered bag a handful of almonds. "See! we count seven. In the name of God!"

She placed Mian Mittu, very angry and rumpled, on the top of his cage, and seating herself between the babe and the bird, cracked and peeled an almond less white than her teeth. "This is a true charm, my life; and do not laugh. See! I give the parrot one half, and Tota the other." Mian Mittu, with careful beak, took his share from between Ameera's lips, and she kissed the other half into the mouth of the child, who ate it slowly, with wondering eyes. "This I will do each day of seven, and without doubt he who is ours will be a bold speaker and wise. Eh, Tota, what wilt thou be when thou art a man and I am gray-headed?" Tota tucked his fat legs into adorable creases. He could crawl, but he was not going to waste the spring of his youth in idle speech. He wanted Mian Mittu's tail to tweak.

When he was advanced to the dignity of a silver belt—which, with a magic square engraved on silver and hung round his neck, made up the greater part of his clothing—he staggered on a perilous journey down the garden to Pir Khan, and proffered him all his jewels in exchange for one little ride on Holden's horse. He had seen his mother's mother chaffering with peddlers in the veranda. Pir Khan wept, set the untried feet on his own gray head in sign of fealty, and brought the bold adventurer to his mother's arms, vowing that Tota would be a leader of men ere his beard was grown.

One hot evening, while he sat on the roof between his father and mother, watching the never-ending warfare of the kites that the city boys flew, he demanded a kite of his own, with Pir Khan to fly it, because he had a fear of dealing with anything larger than himself; and when Holden called him a "spark," he rose to his feet and answered slowly, in defence of his new-found individuality: "*Hum 'park nahin hai. Hum admi hai.*" (I am no spark, but a man.)

The protest made Holden choke, and devote himself very seriously to a consideration of Tota's future.

He need hardly have taken the trouble. The delight of that life was too perfect to endure. Therefore it was taken away, as many things are taken away in India, suddenly and without warning. The little lord of the house, as Pir Khan called him, grew sorrowful and complained of pains, who had never known the meaning of pain. Ameera, wild with terror, watched him through the night, and in the dawning of the second day the life was shaken out of him by fever—the seasonal autumn fever. It seemed altogether impossible that he could die, and neither Ameera nor Holden at first believed the evidence of the body on the bedstead. Then Ameera beat her head against the wall, and would have flung herself down the well in the garden, had Holden not restrained her by main force.

One mercy only was granted to Holden. He rode to his office in broad daylight, and found waiting him an unusually heavy mail that demanded concentrated attention and hard work. He was not, however, alive to this kindness of the gods.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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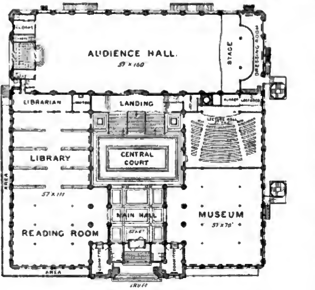
* Solomon and Plato.



THE DREXEL INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

INDUSTRIAL training is the order of the day. It is the latest "fad" in education, if one may be allowed to use that word in connection with such a subject. The old course of study in the public schools is not satisfactory. It provides no training for the hand and the eye. It is not "practical" enough to suit the average citizen, who by "practical" means money-producing. Industrial training, it is thought, will prepare boys and girls to make a living when they come out of school.

It is a noteworthy fact that this subject of industrial training has been taken up by well-educated people, who do not regard schooling as valuable simply for the knowledge it imparts that is immediately applicable to money-making. Superintendent MacAllister in Philadelphia, the Public Education Society in New York, Principal Woodward in St. Louis, and even the Board of Education in New York, have recognized, in providing for a certain amount of industrial training in school, that it should be merely one feature of the course, and should be so taught as rather to be a means of general training than an acquirement of purely technical skill.

The scheme of instruction to be pursued in the Drexel Industrial Institute, although the details of it have not yet been elaborated, will be general, and not purely technical. The purpose of the "regular" course will be to give to young persons who have received a grammar-school education such technical instruction as will enable them to learn trades easily, at the same time affording them instruction in mathematics, book-keeping, physics, chemistry, and English. There will be special classes also for older pupils, which will be purely technical, but to enter which the pupils must have a good foundation in the ordinary English branches.

The building for the Institute is at the northeast corner of Thirty-second and Chestnut streets, and occupies three sides of a square. It is near the Powelton Avenue station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and not far from the Twenty-fourth Street station of the Baltimore and Ohio, and there are several lines of street cars within easy walking distance. The building is to be about 200 feet square and three stories in height, fronting on Chestnut Street. The outside will be mainly of a light buff brick, with terra-cotta ornamentation.

The special feature of the interior is a large central hall, nearly 100 feet square, and reaching to a glass roof on the ceiling line of the third floor. From the northern or rear end of this hall a grand marble stairway leads to the upper floors. Broad galleries run around the inside court on the second and third floors, giving entrance to the various rooms, all of which are lighted from the outside.

On the first floor are the museum, 56 by 70 feet; the library, 56 by 70 feet, and reading-room, 56 by 40; a small lecture hall, 40 by 56, and, distinct from other parts of the building, the great lecture hall, 56 by 154 feet, which will seat about 2000 people. The floor of this hall slopes downward from the entrance on Thirty-second Street to the rear or eastern end, where the stage is placed, thus allowing sufficient height to the ceiling without carrying that above the level of the second floor.

There are twenty-four class-rooms in the building, amply provided with cloak-rooms, wash-rooms, etc., and as each of these will contain, on the average, at least 100 pupils, there will be room for 2400 in the building at once.

In the middle of the front on the top floor is the gymnasium, a room about 60 feet square, which will, of course, be fitted up with all necessary appliances. Special attention has been paid to heating, lighting, and ventilation. Steam heat and electric lights will be used throughout. There will be 1700 incandescent lamps. The interior wood-work will be of oak.

The building, for the construction of which contracts have recently been signed, is expected to be ready for occupation in September, 1891. Its cost is estimated at about $500,000. The donor, Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, of the well-known banking house, expects to provide, also, an endowment fund of $1,000,000 to keep the Institute in permanent operation.

THE TABLET DANCE AT SANTO DOMINGO

OF the annual festival held in the various towns of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, that at Santo Domingo on the 4th of August is one of the most important. Among the Pueblos, Santo Domingo, about thirty miles southwest of Santa Fe, on the bank of the Rio Grande, is one of the largest. The river in time of freshet menaces the town, and many years ago, during a flood, it changed its channel, engulfing about half the town. The inhabitants thus dispossessed built their residences on higher ground to the east of the old village, so that Santo Domingo is really a double village, with two distinct kinds of aboriginal architecture—the old, in which the houses are two stories high, terrace-shaped, and entered from the roof, and the new, in which the one-story houses have doors and windows.

Each division of the village has its own estufa, or circular underground council-chamber. For several days preceding the festival, Indians from the other Pueblos of New Mexico and the Navajo country gather in the town. Feathers are an important feature of the ceremonial, and several parrots kept in the village are mercilessly plucked of their plumage to decorate the dancers. For the greater part of the night before the festival the town is awake, the men performing their ancient dances in the estufas, and the women whitewashing the fronts of the houses, while from time to time cavalcades of horsemen from the surrounding country arrive in town.

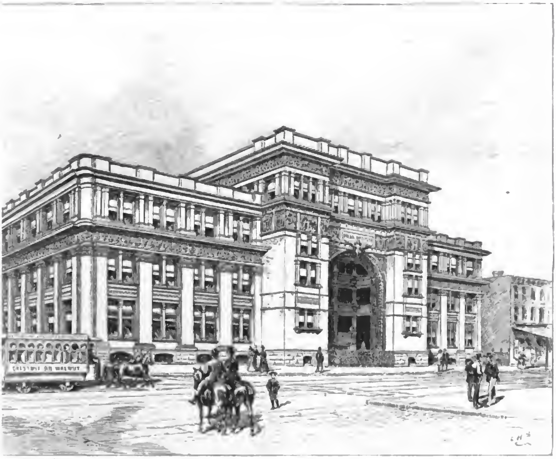
At earliest dawn the people are at work sweeping the streets and plazas. During the morning many visitors arrive—Indians, Mexicans, and Americans—in carriages and wagons, on horses and burros and on foot, until the house-tops are covered. Mexican ladies in brilliant flowered silks and swarthy Indians in superb Navajo blankets help to adorn the crowded level roofs with a bouquet-like effect of rich color. Immediately after mass the dancers begin to array themselves, and precisely at noon, from the summit of the estufa in the old town, they appear in procession, men and women to the number of more than a hundred. With them are men who play on tomtoms, and one of them thumps a drum made of a hollow cottonwood log covered with a skin. A chorus of men sing verses with a refrain, which accompany the dance, and by degrees work themselves into a frenzy of excitement. At the head of the procession a man bears a standard fifteen feet high, surmounted by long orange-colored feathers and an aboriginal banner of embroidered buckskin trimmed with feathers. The men, who are painted brown and white, wear a white tunic with an embroidered stripe on each side. A fox or coyote skin hangs behind, tail downward, and a bunch of green cedar sprigs is tied on the left arm. They wear moccasins, and gaudy garters are tied about their naked calves. Their uncovered loose flying hair is adorned in front with parrot feathers. Cedar sprigs encircle their bodies from shoulders to waist, and rattles of tortoise-shell and sheeps' toes hang at the rear of the right knee. They carry in the right hand small painted gourds filled with corn, which they rattle.

The women are dressed in a dark blue single garment, consisting of a double blanket reaching to the knee. The corners are caught over one shoulder, the garment passing beneath the other arm, leaving the left arm and shoulder, and upper part of the left breast exposed, and most of the right arm; it is fastened with a wide red embroidered sash around the waist. Their long black hair, carefully prepared by washing with amole—soap-root—hangs straight down behind, shining like jet. Their cheeks are painted vermilion, and they carry a bunch of green cedar in the left hand. Upon their heads is the wooden head-dress or *tablita* of thin board, fifteen inches high, pea green or sky blue in color, with three figures cut out of each in the shape of a crescent, cross, square, and letter T; its serrated top is painted red and yellow, and its corners are decorated with eagle down. The women are bare-legged and barefooted, and each carries a bunch of cedar in her left hand. The procession moves slowly into the church plaza. The dance comprises a great number of beautiful figures, displaying more variety than Indian dances in general, and it is executed with much precision and grace.

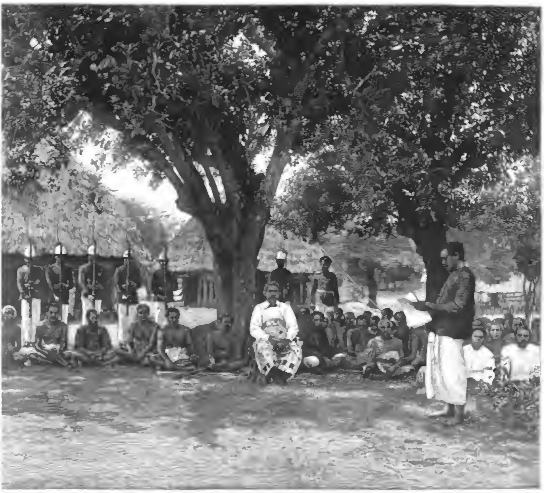
At the end of an hour a procession emerges from the estufa in the new town; it is similar in character to the first, except that the men are painted blue instead of brown, and the feathers on the women's *tablitas* are white. As the new-comers begin their dance, the other procession retires for a season to rest, and thereafter the two parties alternate in performance throughout the day. The Indian clowns, waving small wands of cottonwood branches, rush about hither and thither, naked, except for breech cloths, their bodies, limbs, faces, striped black and white, and tortoise-shells clanking at the right knee. They wear a circle of cedar sprigs at their ankles and waists, and their hair is tied up with corn shucks. As the procession makes the circuit of the plaza, the dancers bending forward go at the bounding half-trot that characterize Indian dances. In front of the church they face each other, preserving the same step, turn round and round in place for several moments, make a few evolutions, and march away in single file, each girl falling in behind her male partner, and all giving a farewell howl as they leave.

On a temporary altar in a spacious pavilion erected in the main plaza is a wooden statue of Saint Dominick, brought from Spain nearly two centuries ago. Through the day the people come to say their prayers before the saint, and to bring offerings of candles, corn, melons, bread, and baskets of plums. About the middle of the afternoon the whole body of dancers and singers march to the pavilion, where each Indian files in turn before the image of Saint Dominick. The men bow, and the women three times cross themselves, the more devoted of them kissing the garments of the saint.

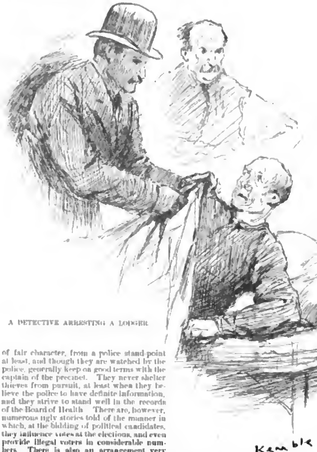
Late in the afternoon there are games and races in the outskirts of the town, which many of the people and visitors attend. The favorite sport is the cruel one of the gallinaros, or chicken pullers, in which men try, while at full gallop, to catch by the head a fowl whose body is buried in the earth. But thousands of spectators continue to cover the house-tops and crowd the plazas where the ceremonial dances are still in progress, and they remain to view the picturesque and brilliant sight until darkness shuts down upon the scene. The dance is a very ancient one, and the costumes are a perpetuation of those worn by the prehistoric ancestors of the Pueblos. The ceremonial probably partakes of the character of the cachina, the heathen religious dance so abominated by the early Spanish missionaries; and it is certain that on this occasion a great many heathen rites are mixed with their celebration of the day of good Saint Dominick.



STRIAL INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by Charles H. Stephens after the Architect's Design.—[See Page 447.]



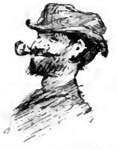
ATY WITH SAMOA TO THE KING—THE KING IN THE CHAIR.—From a Photograph by Davis.—[See Page 443.]

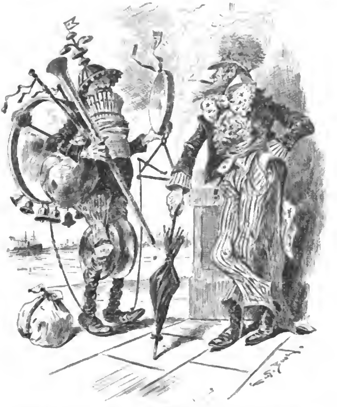

Kemble

A DETECTIVE ARRESTING A LODGER

of fair character, from a police stand-point at least, and though they are watched by the police, generally keep on good terms with the captain of the precinct. They never shelter thieves from pursuit, at least when they believe the police to have definite information, and they strive to stand well in the records of the Board of Health. There are, however, numerous ugly stories told of the manner in which, at the bidding of political candidates, they influence votes at the elections, and even provide illegal voters in considerable numbers. There is also an arrangement very commonly made between the proprietor of the lodging house and the saloon-keeper, who occupies the ground floor in most cases, that is far from creditable. Drunken men from the saloon are very commonly taken as lodgers at a reduced rate, in consideration of free drinks to the lodging-house keeper and his clerks. It is the modern expression of the classic London sign: "Drunk for sixpence. Dead drunk for a shilling, and straw to lie on thrown in."

The houses, as said, are kept clean. They are also well ventilated and warmed in winter, and are, in a rude way, comfortable shelters, excepting for the company. The scene in one of them at two or three o'clock in the morning is gloomy and almost gruesome. There is only a very dim light, and though the lodgers are prohibited from walking about, they toss restlessly on their beds. Many are talking in their sleep. Drunkards here and there are snoring or struggling with incipient delirium tremens. Occasionally some wakeful sinner is moaning, and even crying aloud with expressions of remorse. Through it all, however, tired men sleep, undisturbed even by the occasional visit of a detective in search of a thief, or, as is not uncommon, the call of some distracted parent in search of a wayward son. It is at least a shelter for weary men till daybreak rouses them to another struggle with fate.


AFTER A NIGHT'S LODGING


A PUZZLER.

UNCLE SAM. "Waal, by thunder! I guess it 'll kinder rattle the boys some ter find oout which part of yer is artist an' which part artisan."

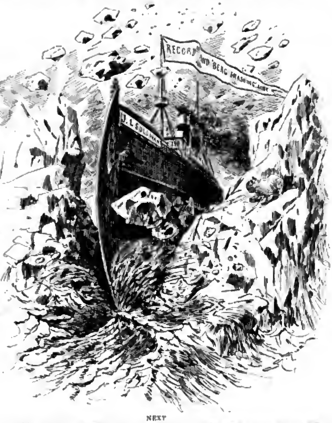
STREET SCENE IN KANSAS CITY.

The characteristic feature of the Kansas City street scene on another page is not the photographic exactness of the view, nor yet the inevitable group of moving people at the "Junction" at the foot of the hill. It is more than anything else the yellowish white glare of sunshine that pours down from the smoky sky, and makes a mirror of the unsheltered pavement. The artist has so thoroughly mastered the local feeling of the neighborhood that one who is at all familiar with Kansas City will see at a glance that the time of the picture is about half past two o'clock on an afternoon late in May. The tinge of smoke in the sky is rising from the railway yards and the big packing-houses down on the river-bottom, and the fresh breeze is spreading it over the city like a veil. The sun had not yet grown sufficiently fervid to drive people out of the street and bring out all the awnings, but it is brilliant enough to give a hint of hotter days to come later in the season. There are some rather hot afternoons in Kansas City during the summer, and the "Junction" is probably as hot as any spot in the place. In looking at the high lights of this picture one is likely to remember some particularly breathless summer afternoon down there at the foot of the Ninth Street hill, when the eyes were pained by the glare of the sun, and the feet were all but blistered on pavements from which the heat seemed to arise in waves. Kansas City is not advertised as a summer resort, however; nor do people go there in July and August when they can just as well go to the Rocky Mountains or the shores of Lake Superior.

THE LITERARY WEALTH OF ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA.

In kind and character the Assyrian literature is unique, differing from all others on the globe. It is engraven on bricks, prisms, and cylinders of clay; on slabs of alabaster and marble, on statues, obelisks, and colossal bulls and, above all, on clay tablets of every shape and form, upon which, when soft, the wedges were pressed, and the "literary document" was then dried in the sun. No people could have chosen a more substantial material for preserving their thoughts for coming ages than did the Assyrians and Babylonians, for even the breaking of a tablet or brick does not necessarily bring with it the loss of the inscription. Even such important documents as the Babylonian account of the creation and the deluge have been reconstructed chiefly by putting together again parts of bricks which were found broken in the ruins of the libraries. The literature that has been discovered already far exceeds the compass of the whole of the Old Testament Scriptures. And yet it is growing constantly. Not only is the American expedition at work near Nippur, and systematic excavations are also being made at Tello, whence Sarzec, in 1882, secured the collection now in the Louvre, and where only recently a number of exceedingly old bricks, clay cones, and cylinder seals with peculiar Arabic signs have been unearthed. The Arabs on the ground have also learned the value of these remains. For years there has been an active trade in Babylonian antiquities, especially in clay tablets and cylinders, often of the highest scientific value, which have been dug up by the Arabs, and purchased in the East or in Europe, for museums in London, Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere.

The contents of this literature are of varied character and value. Texts of many hundred lines record with full details the wars of Assyrian and Babylonian kings, their buildings, their hunting expeditions, and unfold almost the very minutiæ of the politics, culture, civilization, antiquities—public and private—the geography, etc., not only of Babylonia and Assyria, but also of the neighboring people of western Asia. Then there are chronological lists and records of every sort, such as eponym lists, chronicles, synchronous histories, tables of kings, etc., which enable us to fix the dates of individual dynasties and monarchies as accurately as we know the different dynasties of Egypt, and which are also valuable aids in settling the vexed problem of Old Testament chronology, as a number of Israelitish kings are mentioned, and the dealings with the rulers of Assyria and Babylonia described in these documents. Indeed, we have unimpeachable chronological data dating back into the fourth millenium before Christ. Of other kinds of literature we have prayers and psalms, legends of the gods, a mythology as extensive as that of Homer, stories of the creation and the flood, lists of the gods and exorcisms of varied contents, a great epic in twelve books, curious lists of secret remedies, oracular deliverances, and calendars, astrological tablets, as also purely scientific, mathematical, and astronomical works, then long lists of words from the same or a similar stem, or having the same or a similar ideogram, lists of synonyms, of the names of occupations, persons, stars, animals, plants, clothes, wooden instruments and utensils, paradigms, collections of signs, such as were used by the priest schools, further letters and contrast tablets, reports of generals and astronomers, proclamations and petitions, deeds of purchase and sale of every description, marriage certificates, bequests, wills, house inventories, receipts, etc., revealing the social life of Assyria and Babylonia.



NEXT

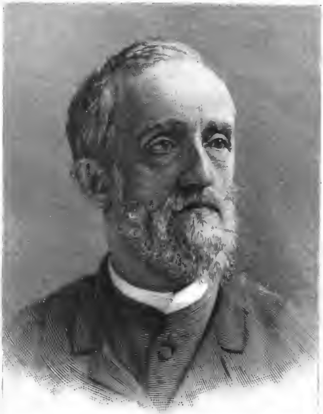
FOUR DAYS AND ICEBERG PROOF. (Passengers by this line will experience no inconvenience or other than pleasant sensations meeting with ice, and are assured of a four days' passage, or money refunded.)

is merely a place where men acquire money ry rapidly in the transaction of business. hen a man is doing a good business he can dure a hot afternoon now and then. Peo- e do not go West and build towns just for a sake of climate.

In addition to its local color, the picture ows in a striking way the rapid improve- ent in Kansas City during the past few ars. The long-haired person in the left reground, who has probably come up from e Southwest with a train-load of cattle, is doubt wondering in a dazed way just here those huge new buildings and those markable cable roads came from. They ere not there on his last visit, and it seems credible that a place should grow so much so short a time. His wonder is shared by ost people who have been passing through ansas City now and then for the past seven ars. Only a few years ago the little four- ory building at the foot of the hill was one the finest blocks in the place, but although is still an important and valuable piece of operty, it is dwarfed by the huge insurance ilding just beyond it, and other tall struc- res in the neighborhood. Nearly all of ese larger buildings have been put up with- the past two years.

It is a pity that such a fine and prosperous ty should not have a better site, but the iginal settlers, who built a few unpreten- ous frame houses at the steam-boat landing low the bluff, failed to take into considera- on the possibility that their humble settle- ent might some day climb the bluff and ver the outlying hills. As shown in the cture, the cable railway has been put to od use in carrying people up and down ese hills. The Ninth Street hill is in real- somewhat steeper than the perspective dicates. As the "Junction" is practically e heart of the city, and as the streets that ad to it all come to it on the down grade cept two, the convenience of the cable ad, in this instance at least, will be appar- t. The cable cars have robbed many of nsas City's streets of their terrors, in so r as travelling up and down hill has been ade both safe and pleasant. If only some echanical means could be devised by which erworked horses and mules would not be mpelled to struggle up these hills with avy loads of coal and merchandise, the nsitive person could walk or ride abroad in mfort.

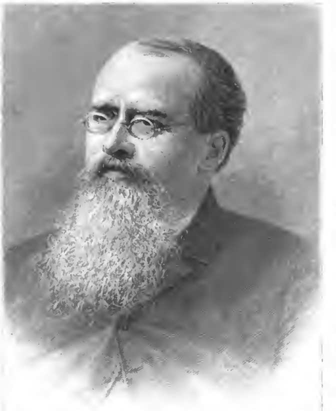
The knot of people down at the "Junc- on" is doubtless as cosmopolitan in charac- r as one might find in any city of the United ates. The student of character would find ere representatives of all classes and condi- ons of men. He would see cow-boys fresh om the cattle trails, railway laborers just from the grade, breathless business men om the buildings roundabout, well-groomed urists from the East, farmers from down e river, immigrants from all parts of Eu- pe, the typical English tourist with wide- eck suit and plaid travelling cap, and va- ous other kinds of people that one meets enest in some central railway point like ansas City. The observer would find this mixed crowd duplicated in augmented numbers if he took the trouble to walk about the Union Station for an hour when the big overland trains come in.



REV. O. P. FITZGERALD, D.D., NEWLY ELECTED BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

BISHOPS HAYGOOD AND FITZGERALD.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has done honor to itself in electing to the episcopal office the Rev. Dr. Atticus G. Haygood and the Rev. Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald. Of the two men Bishop Haygood is best known to the country. He has devoted himself with such singleness of purpose to the interests of the freedmen of the South that he is recognized as a leader of advanced Southern philanthropic sentiment. Since 1883 he has been general agent of the John F. Slater Fund of one million dollars, established by the citizen of Connecticut whose name it bears, for the purpose of aiding the education of the colored race. Bishop Haygood was born in Georgia, November, 1839, became a Methodist minister in 1859, and was chosen President of Emory College, Macon, Georgia, in 1876. This office he held for eight years. In 1874 he was elected a Bishop of the Southern Methodist Church, but declined to serve, considering his work as an educator too important to be surrendered. Since 1883 he has had the general administration of the Slater Fund, which in 1888 gave help to twenty-nine high-grade schools established for the education of the Southern blacks.



REV. ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D.D., NEWLY ELECTED BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

But Bishop Haygood's claim to distinction does not rest upon the holding of public position, however honorable. He would be a man of mark without office or title. He is known all over the country for the heartiness with which he has accepted the present Southern situation, and the energy with which he has tried to meet its demands. To establish a new South better, stronger than the old South is his one aspiration. A Southerner in feeling, and devoted to the part of the Union to which he belongs, he has had the sagacity to perceive that his people must go forward, leaving "the dead past to bury its dead." In speaking and writing on this theme of Southern progress he has shown a capacity for terse expression which any speaker or writer of our day might well envy. A little volume might readily be made of his aphoristic sentences. He has the merit, too, of great plainness of speech. To show the man we will cull a few passages from an address delivered to the alumni of Emory College in 1886:

"As a Southern man it has long appeared to me that the first duty is to find out the facts of our time, and to recognize and avow them unflinchingly. He has learned much who has learned what the question is. It is not what do we wish were the facts, but what are the facts. Avoid the question as we may, it will come back to us."

"It is little short of a crime against our children to denationalize their opinions and sentiments. It may be a luxury to our prejudice, but it will be a plague to our children. It will hinder their progress and embitter their lives."

"That man is a criminal who can and will not educate those he has been the means of bringing into the world. There is need of an educational Elijah to preach repentance to the great masses of our people, who are, in the contentment of stupidity, allowing their children to grow up untaught."

His mode of addressing the colored people is as forcible as his mode of addressing the whites. He is kindly in his tone, but never blinks the truth. Speaking at the dedication of the Morris-Brown College, Atlanta, founded by the colored people themselves, he warns them of the limitations of book-learning.

"If book-learning does not increase one's earning capacity, it is a business failure; if it decreases it, it is an injury as well as a failure; if it increases wants and decreases capacity to supply them, it is simply ruin—ruin of all sorts."

Again he cheers them:

"I know what begging for a college means. Gathering $10,000 in small sums—in dollars, nay, in dimes and nickels—means more than work and patience; it means headache, heart-ache, almost despair. What underlies the gift of all this money and the collection of it is rarely significant and hopeful. *It means that it is in the colored race of this country to be self-sustaining.*"

These passages from the speeches of Bishop Haygood show his character more vividly than any detailed description can. It is greatly to be hoped that he may become as well known to the people of the North and West as he is to the people of his own sunny land. As a representative of the "New South" he will receive a hearty welcome wherever he appears.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald was born in North Carolina in the year 1829, and became a member of the Georgia Methodist Conference in 1854. Subsequently he went to California, where he was, in 1867, elected Superintendent of Public Instruction. He is best known as editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, the chief weekly paper of the Southern Methodist Church. In the Centenary Convention of American Methodists held in Baltimore, December, 1884, he attracted attention by the evidences he gave of his sincere desire for a better understanding with his Northern Methodist brethren. In the election of these two Bishops Southern Methodists have done much to draw closer the bonds of churchly and national unity.

PROTECT THE SYSTEM FROM MALARIA.

It is possible to do this even in regions of country where miasma is most rife, and where the periodic fevers which it causes assume their most formidable types. The immense popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is very largely attributable to the fact of its efficacy as a remedy for chills and fever, bilious remittents, and as a preventive of the various forms of malarial disease. In those portions of the West and South where complaints of this nature prevail, and in the Tropics, it is particularly esteemed for the protective influence which it exerts; and it has been very widely adopted as a substitute for the dangerous and comparatively ineffective alkaloid, sulphate of quinine. Physicians have not been among the last to concede its merits, and the emphatic professional endorsements which it has received have added to the reputation it has obtained at home and abroad.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

To those looking for a delightful and health-giving table beverage, we recommend Nicholson's Liquid Bread. Physicians endorse it. Give it a trial. Druggists and grocers keep it.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine soothes the irritated scalp, removes the dandruff, and affords a rich lustre to the hair.—[*Adv.*]

Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court of New York, has just decided that Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons have the exclusive right to the trade-mark and name of Angostura Bitters, and has granted them an injunction against C. W. Abbott & Co., of Baltimore, restraining them from using that name or putting up goods in imitation of the Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

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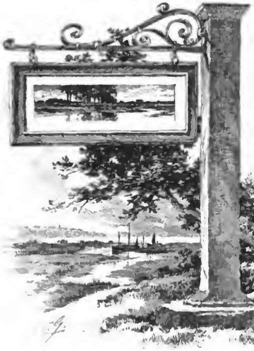
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

A SEAPORT WITHOUT SHIPS.

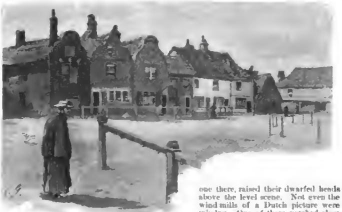
BY JULIAN RALPH.—ILLUSTRATED BY GRAHAM AND WILDER

IF we go to England to see an ancient civilization, with whatsoever monuments and relics in stone or customs, dress or speech, may still cling to it, where shall be found a richer point of view than at Sandwich? Where else do the principal features of a place witness the passage of so many centuries and epochs, or bid the mind go speeding among such strange memories, as at Sandwich? So we were asked by an Englishman, who in putting the question acknowledged that few of his countrymen ever saw or thought of the old town. Its very abandonment but enriched it, he thought, and would make us almost its rediscoverers. So came we to think as we stood on the wall of the old city. So shall you think if you stand there with us, for you shall look upon a field where man and the sea were partners before history began, were allies through all English history, and now have all but parted company, and are both drawing away from one another, and from the scenes of all their glorious labors and adventures.



As we approach it understand that it is one—perhaps the very oldest—of the so-called cinque ports, or associated seaports, that Edward the Confessor established for the protection of the south coast of England, that strangely attractive shore which so many covetous, hungry warriors looked upon and lusted for from Cæsar's time to Bonaparte's. And now the sea has left it, and it is an inland village, the wreck of a seaport stranded high and dry.

We reached there at dark, after a journey of sixty-eight miles from London through Kent. We put up at the Fleur-de-lis Hotel, whose office and bar were inextricably confused and combined, and the bedrooms celebrated the wildest deliriums in wall-paper, but where the beds and service and fare were all of the best. Advised to go out upon the "Bull Walk," we endeavored to do so, "to see the people resting after the day." But it was out of the question. The little dark streets seemed to spin around and around, and when one was found that did by chance resist the centripetal influence, it led past the yellow street lamps into such darkness that it was evident, unless the people were owls, that the resting of the town was being done in the houses. But though the crooked streets did not lead to the Bull Walk, they led to our seeing the most peculiar tavern we had yet met with. Its light attracted us, and we went in for our after-supper cigars. There was nothing very extraordinary about the bar-room, but some of the "oldest inhabitants" who were in there (as they always are in the bar-rooms all over the world, in



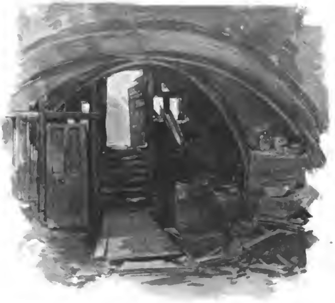
OLD HOUSES.

high proof of the preservative qualities of alcohol) mentioned the fact that the cellars of the place had far more than a local reputation. Should we like to see them? we were asked. Fortunately one said "Yes," and we were conducted into a long, low vault of brick-work, containing, if every pint is a pound, tons of the choicest drinkables of Britain, France, and Spain. All except the floor and roof of the tunnel was hid behind bottles, but the strange and interesting thing about the bottles was that they in turn were hid by the fungus that had grown all over them in a soft black pad that felt like damp felt. We lifted it here and there, and revealed the glossy dark arches of glass beneath. The queer growth held together, and fell back in place again like the corner of a blanket. It seemed that nothing in the great vault could have been disturbed in many years, but the man in charge said that some of the stuff was newly bottled, and that the fungus grew upon it in a few months.

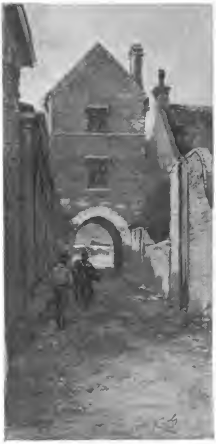
That was all we saw of Sandwich that night. It was eleven o'clock when we started back, acquainted with the astonishing fact that all the places of resort were compelled by law to close at that hour, at which time the police were quite likely to put on felt shoes in order to steal upon publicans who did not keep the law. The doors of the Fleur-de-lis were closed and bolted, but when we were inside the proprietor flung down great easy slippers for us, made the standard Chicago size, so as to be too small for nobody. They were as soft and easy as any policeman in Sandwich could boast, but they spied upon no one, and if any faucet was turned or bottle was tilted in that house after hours, it never will be known.

In the morning we found the "Bull Walk," and saw that the name must be a corruption of the word "bulwark," for the walk was simply a path on top of the remains of the ancient wall, which is still serving its purpose, since all the houses of the town are within it. On the water side, facing the sea, it was built of stone, but on the other side it was made of mud. It has been lowered and covered with a tar walk between strips of grass and beds of flowers, and it is set with benches, so that it now forms one of the most charming promenades, or trysting-places, or loafing spots, according to one's needs, that we saw abroad, or that one could easily imagine. Then the view from it is exquisite, and with not a trace of English about it. It is a pure bit of Holland, as you shall judge yourself when you know that the city was a mere huddle of red-tiled roofs and green tree-tops rising like an island above a great expanse of marsh-land, where a few lazy cattle were feeding, a lazier little river was threading a hesitating route, and only a few still more lazy trees, one here and one there, raised their dwarfed heads above the level scene. Not even the wind-mills of a Dutch picture were missing. One of them perched close to an angle of the wall, gave movement to the view, but it was such leisurely, methodical movement that it emphasized the quiet and calm of the lovely picture.

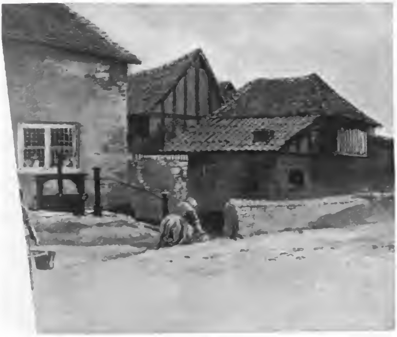
This marsh was the bed of the sea once, and strange have been the keels that have swept over it. Here the savage Britons, seldom venturing far, rode their frail vessels of basket-work covered with skins. Following them came the Roman galleys under Julius Cæsar, from a point on the French coast between Calais and Boulogne. Here next rode the invading Saxons, and then for centuries the glorious navies of England, as she rose in wealth and power, found this very marsh a principal harbor whence to start upon their expeditions of discovery and conquest. Ay, and many a ship that has passed high above these now smiling meadows even in time of England's greatness boded no good to Albion. Early in the thirteenth century, in Henry III.'s time, the French sent a fleet, and all but destroyed the seaport by fire. Again, in the fifteenth century, in Henry VI.'s time, the place was invaded, despoiled, and partly demolished by the French. And again, nineteen years later, Charles VIII. of France sent 4000 men to raze Sandwich to the earth. That was a most bloody expedition, and in the severe battles that followed, Sandwich lost her best citizens. Later, in Edward IV.'s troubled reign, the Earl of Warwick ended his exile in France by coming



REMAINS OF AN OLD CRYPT, A FORMER RENDEZVOUS FOR SMUGGLERS.



FISHERS' GATE.



THE WATER SUPPLY.

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Some of the streets are so narrow that a man towers in them, and seems to fill them as a load of hay fills a tall gate. Often as one sees a man in a street making his way to some curve where the buildings lean out toward one another with their Elizabethan stories, it seems as though he would be wedged in and would need extricating. In another second he disappears mysteriously around the curve.

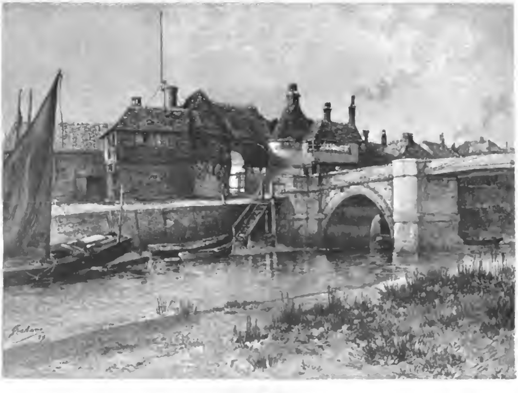
There are necessarily few views that are not principally of roofs—of steep slanting roofs of cumbrous red tiling. Often the roofs are without gutters, and drain themselves upon the streets. The sidewalks suit themselves to the streets. They are seldom more than three times as wide as the broad curbs, and then, when they are obliged to, they shrink accommodatingly until they are not wide enough to walk on. After that they sometimes disappear altogether, and then, perhaps, the street widens and they reappear. The houses strike a visitor as so many curiosities. They are nearly all what Americans would call very old. One or two are caving in, but not a new one is building, and not one looks as if any man could say when it was put up. Their outer walls are nearly all stuccoed or plastered, and nearly all are painted a drab color. When a house is seen that is not stuccoed, it is pretty certain to display beams set among the bricks, and to proclaim itself of the distant age that architects call the half-timber era. In a fair half of the buildings the upper stories project beyond the first stories. Some are plastered to conceal the manner in which they are constructed, but there are many in which the bare beams supporting the upper stories are displayed. Some of these are merely rounded or curved at the outer ends, but others are quaintly carved. The finest example of the sort is to be seen in the King's Arms Hotel, where the brackets that hold the second story up are carved to represent a man bent under the weight of the building. His hands are on his knees, his head is pressed down, and his hair streams upward as if it was that which sustained the fearful weight above.

Though all the houses are small and low, and all have high-pitched roofs, there is an extraordinary variety in the architecture. The greatest difference seems to be in the windows. There are gable windows, box windows, bow-windows, leaded windows, and distinctly modern windows, but often one will see no windows in one half of a house, while the other half is nearly all glazed. The nomenclature of the little city is quite as peculiar. It has a Strand Street, a Knightrider Street, and a Chain Street that I remember, and I copied the names of the following taverns: the Sun, the Rose and Crown, the Bell, the George and Dragon, the Admiral Owen, the Green Dragon, the Malt Shovel, the Crispin, the Bricklayers' Arms, the Old New Inn, the Fleur-de-lis, and the King's Arms.

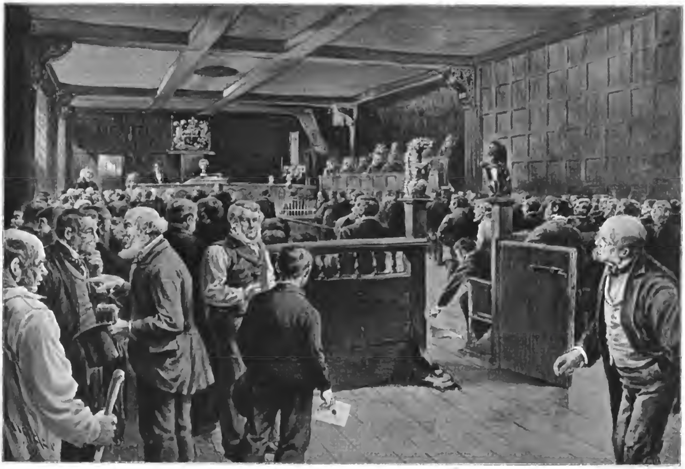
While I sat in a window of the Fleur-de-lis a boy came to the pump opposite, carrying two pails suspended from a yoke upon his shoulders. Presently a little girl came, also with two pails; but when she had filled hers, she placed them a certain distance apart, and dropped an ordinary child's hoople upon the tops of the pails so that it rested against the handles. Then she stepped into the hoople, and lifting the pails, carried them easily, without a possibility of their swinging, by allowing their weight to press them against the circle of wood. These I took to be ancient customs, and they were the most interesting things, except the town itself, that I noticed. Others were the old-time flowers in the house gardens—the hollyhocks, lavender, lilacs, and poppies—carrying one back in memory to the American gardens before the war. In the church-yards I noticed a queer custom of putting a great slab, shaped vaguely like a human or mummy form, upon each grave, where it was bolted to the head and foot stones. As for the old churches—St. Clement's and St. Peter's—suffice it to say that they are very ancient and tame, and "improved," till the best parts of them are hidden, defaced, or removed. The English guide-books, which concentrate all their genius and enterprise upon the churches to the exclusion of almost everything else, tell a great deal about these edifices, and at a price within the reach of all. What interested me most about them was that in the steeple of one the curfew is still rung at eight o'clock every night. A more interesting old building is the ancient Grammar School founded in 1564, where Richard Knolles was "third master" and wrote his *History of the Turks*, the only contribution warlike and maritime little Sandwich appears to have made to literature. Near by is a house where Queen Elizabeth was entertained in 1572. Then the streets were hung with vines and garlands, and the pavements were strewn with rushes; the brewers were commanded to brew good beer; the children were set to spinning yarn on platforms in the open air; and good Queen Bess not only witnessed a tremendous battle between men on floats, but got a present of a golden cup worth $500 besides. She is not the only great personage Sandwich has seen, though the houses the others stopped in are no longer standing. Becket fled to Sandwich and escaped thence, and Richard Cœur de Lion landed here after his imprisonment in Antwerp. Edward III. was often here, and sailed from here for France and Flanders when he made those journeys.

To-day the only grandeurs left to the place are its memories. The citizens who used to patrol the streets singing the direction of the wind at night are as totally forgotten as the ships that made the place rich and busy no longer ago than the days of the great-grandfather of any present citizen. The town has now a few more than 3000 inhabitants, who are engaged in tanning, wool-sorting, seed crushing, brewing, fruit-growing, and malting. After one of the severest of the blows the enemies of England dealt the brave little port, a band of Flemish folk renewed the population of Sandwich, and the place became famous as the seat of the manufacture of baize and woollen stuffs. These were also the first market-gardeners of England. Their descendants are in the population to-day, and their transmitted influence doubtless gives the queer, squeeze-up little city the un-English air that distinguishes it.

Fate has not been especially severe with Sandwich. I have said that it was one of the association of seaports instituted by Edward the Confessor for the defence of the



BRIDGE AND GATE.

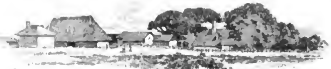


IN THE COURT-HOUSE

south coast of England, and called the cinque-ports. It was the principal and oldest of them. They were Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hythe, and Hastings. Afterward Rye and Winchelsea and several subordinate ports were added to the chain. But all except Dover are moribund. The history of one is the history of all, except in so far as the glories of Sandwich were the highest. The sea has retired from the whole south coast. Romney is now inhabited by graziers, Hastings is a watering-place, with a navy of fishing-boats of from five to thirty tons each, and so with all of them. Only Dover remains a full-fledged seaport. But they were all proud towns in their day, and considerable privileges were vested in their inhabitants. Even to-day they are exempt from county jury duty, and from service in the militia.

It is the popular belief that the loss of her harbor to Sandwich was due to the sinking of a great war-ship in the channel, but students of the action of the sea know differently. The wreck expedited the choking up of the harbor, but the fact that a similar fate has been meted out to nearly all the other cinque-ports shows that the change was general and not to be avoided. The sea has made mighty and more damaging changes in many parts of the English coast, swallowing up villages, towns, and castles, instead of merely beaching them high and dry as in the case of Sandwich.

In Norfolk, in the neighborhood of Weybourne, there stood in 1781 a cliff fifty feet high, with houses on its crest, and in 1829 the place where it had stood was unmarked, and lay beneath a depth of twenty feet of water. In Yorkshire there have been vast changes of the same sort. I have read mention of half a dozen villages that have been slowly swallowed up by the in-reaching sea. One of these was Ravenspur, once a proud port, and the one at which Henry IV. landed in 1399 on his mission to depose Richard II. So it was with Dunwich, in Suffolk, of which it is said that 400 houses at once fell, with the earth beneath them, into the sea. Brighton itself, the famous watering-place, is not where Queen Elizabeth used to go to it. Where its houses then were the great chain pier now reaches far into the sea. Roman seaports, feudal castles, ancient fishing villages, and cliffs, fields, and houses lie in great numbers under the unconscious keels of the vessels of to-day that skirt the shores of England. Often one has to go to ancient records or the Domesday Book itself to find hint or trace of them; but the story of all is a tale of far worse luck than makes us lament over Sandwich.



GOLF-PLAYERS' CLUB.

JACK'S LIBRARY.

I AM on a visit to a small library, a collection of 3700 volumes, to be found at Sailors' Hall, Cob Dock, Brooklyn Navy-yard. These books are for the instruction and amusement—which ought to come first?—of the sailors and marines who serve the United States on board of the men-of-war or on the receiving ship.

I wanted to know what the sailor, the marine, oiler, stoker, musician, might want to read. If there was a library entirely patronized by undertakers, would they devour methods of conducting funerals, past and present, including Sir Thomas Browne's *Hydriotaphia*, with recent contributions on cremation? A man following the sea, would he always be asking for salt in his romances? The landlubber might think he did.

Questioning the intelligent naval librarian in charge of Sailors' Hall, Cob Dock, his answer did not at all surprise me.

"The men do not read sea stories."

"You never have a call for *Tom Cringle's Log?*"

"No, sir."

"And Captain Marryat's *Midshipman Easy* and *Peter Simple?*"

"No, sir; but more the pity. They are hull down, for we parted company with them many a long year ago."

"Dear old fellows! They are not water-logged, I trust?"

"No, sir, not even stranded. Some of the men, the very old ones, may read Marryat occasionally, those who used to sail on ships that buffeted their way through the sea under canvas."

"Noah's ark boys? But Russell and *The Wreck of the Grosvenor?* Your readers ought to know him. There is his last—a lunatic asylum afloat—it's thrilling."

There was no emotion visible on the part of the librarian. His answer was one chock-full of common-sense.

"Sailors who know the sea, as far as romance goes, are quite as well posted about it as those who write it up. There can never be anything novel about sea life to the actual sailor. Landsmen can go floating and swashing around in a sea story, and suffer shipwreck, and go through the deserted island business, and think it splendid, but sailors do not. The modern sea story is mostly muffled up in descriptions of the water and the clouds and the calms and the tempests. You are bound to have the doldrums or the hurricanes. The sailor gets kind of impatient until he comes to the action; and, honest now, a woman or a girl at sea is a nuisance. Jack, sir, is gallant, but women are out of their element on shipboard." Evidently the librarian had his prejudices.

"But what about practical books?" I then asked.

"Eager demand for them. There is Admiral Luce's *Text to Seamanship*, and Lieutenant Taunt's *Practical Seamanship*, and Sir Thomas Brassey's books. They are in readers' hands all the time. Everything having to do with the general, not the special history of our country is in constant demand. A sailor somehow loosens his hitch to the one particular place where he was born, so he does not read about the State of Connecticut or Maine, but what relates to the entire country. Biographies of our military and naval heroes are always read. The navy and army are closely related, and each service delights in the glorious achievements of the other. As to scientific books, those which treat of certain subjects in a clear and brief way never stay on the shelves."

"As about electricity?" I inquired.

"That's just it. Men work the search-lights, notice the illumination on board, see the dynamo machinery. They know that electricity is firing their guns, exploding their shells. They believe that some day there will be storage batteries running their launches, maybe their ships, and they want to be posted about electricity and its powers. A first-class A1 United States seaman obeys orders implicitly; but there is this about him more pronounced than in a foreign sailor—when he does something or works something, he wants to know the reason for it, and that way he raises himself beyond the conditions of an automaton."

"What does he read, however, most of the time? Does he want his books tasteless, odorless?" The latter portion of this question was to myself.

"He wants fiction. It's mostly fiction."

"Fiction! Why?"

"It's quite simple. Jack has plenty of the actualities of life knocked into him. He wants to get rid at times of the real thing on deck, and to go aloft in search of the unreal, or the undefined, or whatever you may call it. It is human nature. There, sir! you can always tell a well-read book by its looks. A deserted road is grass-grown; it has no wheel tracks on it. The book that is much read is creased and thumbed, and this, sir, is pretty well thumbed—uncommon thumbed. I do my best as to coverings, but it's no use as far as regards this book. Copper sheathing would not keep it."

The librarian held in his hand a big and dingy volume. It was the book of books, from whence there are always tumbling cascades of diamonds and rubies. It was *Monte Christo*.

"It is a chance that it is in. Know it, sir? It is always being read. Everything Dumas wrote is in demand. *The Three Guardsmen?* It never is in. I am always asked for continuations of Mr. Dumas's continuations. He ought never to have stopped writing." Unconsciously the Cob Dock librarian was repeating Thackeray's eulogy of Alexandre Dumas.

"What else is popular?"

"Sir Walter Scott. He always is steady. Cooper is more quiet than he used to be. Dickens is ever in demand. Thackeray? No, sir; our people do not read him. Wilkie Collins? He's a stayer; we are always reading him. Mr Roe? A good many admirers. Then there is a heavy pull on Ouida. Sailors—maybe it is the marines—like to read about swells. Queer, is it not? Mrs. Wister's translations from the German are always wanted. Maybe—I don't criticise books—it's the simple way these Germans have of eating sausages and getting indigestion, which

Google

in stalks the ghost. Next, the books of the Duchess are much read. Henry James and Mr. Howells? No, sir. We have them; officers read them, but not the men. They haven't got yet into the fo'castle. Are you acquainted with Bertha M. Clay's *Marian Gray?* No? Nor Mary J. Holmes's *Thrown on the World*, nor Mary Agnes Fleming's *One Night's Mystery?* Well, sir, you ought to read them. They are prime favorites."

"How about poetry?"

"Sailors delight in it. They know all Moore. Byron is slacker than he was; but Tennyson and Longfellow! Oh! the boys are always reading them. And Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes too. He is a buster. But "Lalla Rookh," they quote her on board of ship. But, after all, it is Burns, sir—Burns that just touches a sailor's heart."

"Travels—are they read?"

"If men have an inkling of where they are likely to go to, they post themselves beforehand about the lay of the land. Some peculiar countries, such as Palestine and Egypt, the men always want to learn about. Miss Edwards's *A Thousand Miles up the Nile* never stays long on the shelf. The boys are fairly well acquainted with Africa, and all Mr. Stanley writes they read, and are wild now to go with him up the Congo. A book which has a steady run is Mrs. Custer's *Boots and Saddles*. I wonder, sir, if soldiers read sailors' books. There is Captain King's military romances. The men just wear out Captain King's stories. Jules Verne used to be read, but not as much to-day. Stevenson? We don't read him. What men are familiar with in life, as expressed in books, they like to read about. We don't follow fashions."

"Now tell me about history."

"It is Macaulay—Macaulay all the time. English history takes the lead."

My general experience has been that, taking the average of historical readers, save as far as relates to our own country, that study ends for Europe with the battle of Waterloo, and such, I fancy, is the case of the Cob Dock readers.

"American history is very much in demand, with personal narratives of the soldiers on both sides during the civil war; but for one book of facts, three or more of fiction are taken out."

There was a man who said people generally thought they could pick up historical facts in the common talk of the world, whereas what they really acquired was its fiction.

"We take all the leading English reviews, as *The Fortnightly*, *The Nineteenth Century*, and *The Contemporary*. You can see for yourself how used up they look, showing they have been thoroughly read. All the American monthly magazines are on the table. They are always being read. Special magazines relating to the service are here too, the English ones together with ours. There is *The Broad Arrow*, sir. We have the religious papers, indifferent to creed. Providing we had Jewish sailors enough, we would take a Jewish paper."

"Did you ever see a Jewish sailor?"

"Yes, occasionally; and real good ones they were, though rather rare."

"Do the marines read much?"

"I should say quite as much if not a little more than the sailors. Mind you, the United States marine is a picked man now, physically and mentally, and is mostly American. We have a good many marines in rendezvous here, which is the reason why they are so plenty. The marine reads the best of books, and, if he has been in service, he has seen a great deal of the world."

This little library is self-supporting. Excepting the room in Sailors' Hall given the men by the government, the books, or the money to purchase them, the shelf fittings, the lights, tables, and furniture are paid for by the voluntary contributions of sailors and marines. Annual subscriptions are impossible. Jack, who in January was languishing over Ouida at Cob Dock, will be off the rock at Gibraltar in February, and cannot be dunned for his dues. But Jack is liberal, and on pay-day planks down his quarter and half dollar whenever asked for it. Contributions come from officers who bring their books on shore after cruises. Ships going out of commission furnish a certain quota. The library solicits nothing, though deserving every assistance.

The rules governing the library are simple and sensible. Officers, petty officers, marines, and messengers can take out a book and keep it for a week. Anybody out of the service can come into the room and read such papers and books as are to be found there. All the New York and Brooklyn daily journals and illustrated papers and comic weeklies are there, with certain wise exceptions. Ordinary people "fool," but sailors only "skylark," and so "skylarking" in the room is prohibited. The commanding officer of the receiving ship is the potentate and Panizzi of the Cob Dock library. Appreciating most thoroughly the advantages derivable from the library, Commander Beardslee, of the *Vermont*, is now giving his most intelligent assistance to the education of the seamen. As Commander Beardslee himself is a *littérateur* of no small merit, the fostering of this library will be to him a labor of love.

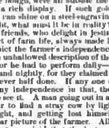
Not the incongruities but the necessities of shipboard are to be found in this room at Sailors' Hall. Where the books are stored on the shelvings, in that part of the room nearer to the East River and just over a piano, curtain slides and grooves are affixed to the ceiling. Here are canvas rolls. These are the theatrical drops. Presto! in five minutes you can convert this portion of the room into a temple of the drama. Two or more sixty-foot American flags at once drape the shrine in an appropriate manner, and with this background the lecturer, the banjo performer, are at once in their inspiring surroundings. Fronting the other end of the room is a low reading-desk, and here, on Sundays, divine service is held. H. P.

FARMING.

I.

I HAD always had a wild ambition to be a farmer, and be far from the hurly-burly of metropolitan life. Of farming I knew nothing but what I had heard from people who delighted in ridiculing its independence, as well as in looking at it from a serious stand-point, in order to prove it a comic occupation. I knew very well that Horace and Washington had tilled the soil, and that it would be nobler to farm with them than to ridicule farming with a number of well-meaning book-keepers. I had frequently stood before print-shops, and noticed the steel-engraving of the children in the impossible raiment gathering apples, which, while on the bough, were all outside the leaves to make a rich display. If such golden prosperity can shine on a steel-engraving, I often thought, what must it be in reality?

My friends, who delight in jesting on the subject of farm life, always made it a point to depict the farmer's independence by giving an unhallowed description of the amount of labor he had to perform daily—or rather daily and nightly, for they claimed his work was never half done. If any one could detect any independence in that, they would like to see it. A man going out in a thunder shower to find a stray cow by lightning at midnight, and getting lost himself, was a familiar picture of the farmer. Allusions to his boots, so rigid that the insteps were inflexible, were also freely indulged in.

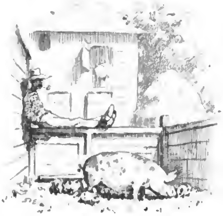


I argued that the farmer had some independence in that he was always at home under his own vine and apple-tree, that he didn't have to rise with the lark to catch a train, and that when age came along he wouldn't be thrust aside as unavailable timber by an employer who would make room for a son-in-law. "Suppose he does feed

the pigs by starlight? Is that any worse than your remaining at the office all night to find the seven cents necessary to balance the books?"

I never wanted to be what may be termed a merchant farmer. By merchant farmer I mean the man who sells all the delicacies he raises and lives on pork. My idea was to sell the pork and live on the spring chickens.

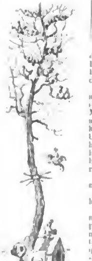
I had lived in a small country place before. Here every man was what might be called a polite farmer. He had his farming done for him, while he attended to a more lucrative business in the city. The man who owned a valuable herd of cattle, and sold milk—just to pay him for the fun he was having—was facetiously known as the banker milkman, while his neighbor was equally well known as the dry-goods rose grower. It was never my dream to farm for money. I only wanted a living, as that was all I could get out of anything else. In such a position a panic would affect me no more than a dust cloud would a hen, and I could smoke my corn-

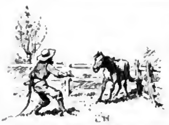


cob pipe of peace, and playfully count the spots on the pig, and never think of the momentous question, "Whither are we drifting?"

The things known as the most difficult to raise I would leave alone. I would go in largely for apples, because they are raised more by the tree than the farmer. In fact, the tree could not stop bearing if it tried. If I had more apples than I could use, I could exchange them for something else, and if I should fail in this, I could dry them; and if the trees should die, they would still be eligible for the iron dogs of peace.

The worst thing to be contended with would be the failure of the crops. But even if the crops should fail, I could still fall back on the chickens, providing, of course, they should not be stolen during the night. I could guard against such a calamity by having the hens sleep in a high tree and locating a mastiff under it. I had already learned that there are hens and hens; that the hen that is supreme on the table is

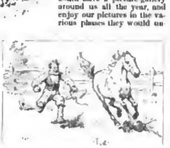




not always the most prolific layer, and that certain specimens that are famous for their laying qualities are as dry as bone on the table. I concluded that the better plan would be to keep the hens of the dry meat. Then I would have all the eggs I could eat; and when it came to the prandial part of the business, I could fricassee the chickens, with a duck interpolated for moisture.

Ah, what a peaceful, happy life! What an ideal existence! What a smooth, meandering river of rippling joy! To be able to live without dressing to look like a fashion plate. To be free to retire at 8 P.M., and not have to sit up until 11 for fear of some one calling.

Phillada was as much carried away with the idea as I was myself. To be sure, it would cut us off from the theatres and art galleries, but we could have a picture-gallery around us all the year, and enjoy our pictures in the various phases they would un-



dergo through the changes of the seasons. If a Corot cost ten thousand dollars, what a boon to have an acre of Corots for two hundred dollars, and no extra expense for frames!

The men working in the potato patch, against the gathering shadows of the after-glow, would be a Millet etching of endless joy; and when that indignitary known as the hired man should be called upon to capture the horse in the clover patch, the lively actions of the pair would be a Bonheur with pleasant variations.

"But there is one thing I must do first of all."

"What is that?" asked Phillada.

"I must have a doctor order me to try it. If we go from preference, we shall be laughed at, especially if we should return. But if it be simply a question of health, it will be self-preservation, and the sympathy of our friends will be lavished upon us. And then, should we return, we can say we were stricken with malaria, and came back for the same reason that we went, namely, health. This sound argument can be garnished with jokes, such as an account of the girl's sweeping the snow-drifts out of the farm bedroom after every storm, and of the wind careering through the knot-holes in the floor, and agitating the carpet into gentle ripples, after the manner of a theatrical ocean."

That morning I went down town dreaming of cows wading through silver brooks in the silhouette of the spreading elm, of breezes swaying festoons of golden honeysuckle on the front porch, of bees droning in the drowsy garden, of butterflies tilting on hollyhocks of every color, of the corn rustling in sunny

fields, and of the bobolink pouring forth his soul while wandering, fancy free, above the fragrant clover.

On the way up town, I dropped in on the doctor.

"I see," he said. "A sedentary occupation, and no exercise. The thing you need is not medicine, but an out-door life. If you could get out of town, where you could work in the garden an hour or two every day, you would be a new man in a month."

"I have always had a wish to be an amateur farmer," I replied, with a laugh.

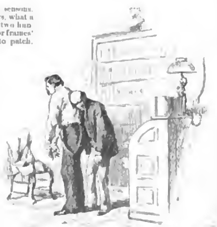
"Go and be one," he said; "and you will be all right."

I never paid more cheerfully for anything in my life than I did for that advice, and I walked home so briskly that no one would have suspected that I was about to do anything for my health.

"What did the doctor say?" asked Phillada.

"Nothing," I replied, "but I've got to go to the country for it."

We never before experienced such happiness in our flat as this prospect of getting out of it. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



elicited letters, which are published in the New York *Times*, from two Lutheran clergymen in Connecticut, and from a Lutheran correspondent in Pennsylvania. These gentlemen say that the opposition is not taken to teaching in the English language, nor to the compulsory provision, nor does it arise from any desire of sectarian control of the public schools. The Lutherans willingly pay their school taxes. In Prussia and elsewhere their schools under the compulsory law sometimes contain ninety-eight per cent. of the school children. The statement of the ground of the present objection is this: "We believe that when we pay our taxes for the support of the public free schools of the land—we do this gladly—we have a right before God and man to put up our own school-houses, train our teachers, and support our own schools, that our children may be taught and trained in morals and religion as our consciences tell us they ought to be taught and trained."

Properly understood, that is perfectly fair. If parents prefer a private school for their children, the public authority can claim nothing more than the right to ascertain whether the education which it requires, and for which it makes provision, is adequately supplied by the private school. To that no good citizen ought to object. But, as the *Times* very well points out, this education cannot be said to be adequately supplied if the child is not taught to read, write, and speak English familiarly. This is a primary condition, and the comprehensive reason, a reason which is profound and far-reaching, is that English is the language of the country, the national language. As no American child should be permitted, upon reaching his majority, to partake of political power whose chief and instinctive language is a foreign tongue, so, as a child, he should be instructed in the English language. The State must be able to require such instruction, and of course to ascertain whether its requirement is satisfied.

The BENNETT law makes stringent regulations to secure this knowledge. But some rule is plainly necessary. In many parts of Wisconsin and elsewhere there are communities which are practically foreign. The first and imperative policy to pursue in all such communities is to assimilate them with this country, its government and customs and national life. Homogeneity must be fostered and heterogeneity discountenanced in every practicable way. The key of this position is the school language. The English tongue is not to be an accomplishment or supplementary study. The first object of the public school in the common public interest should be to supersede for school purposes any foreign language more familiar to the child than that of this country. The parents came of their own choice, and for the sake of their children, who are to be Americans, as well as that of the country, the parents should co-operate with the State in giving the children the first essential qualification of an American—the language of the country. This country has an enormous task in achieving the timely and thorough assimilation of the mass of foreign material which is constantly cast upon it. Popular institutions prosper not because they are popular, but because of the character and quality of the people who administer them. A vast heterogeneous multitude of people of every race, without common traditions, habits, life, literature, and language, merely because they were herded on a continent, could not make a nation except as they became homogeneous. We do not want a Germany, an Ireland, an Italy, a Bohemia, or any other foreign nationality anywhere in this country. But we want everywhere America.

THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON.

THE month of June opens the Commencement season. Mr. EMERSON, in greeting his old college chums at Cambridge, once spoke of the annual Commencement Day as the hour devoted to the consideration of intellectual interests by a people too busy to give to letters any more. There is certainly a delightful tone in the celebration of these days which contrasts happily with that of our usual political discussion. They call a truce to our unending controversy, and summon us to recollections and thoughts which have an interest that springs from our common humanity, not from our differing sects and parties.

The Commencement is especially the festival of youth and hope. If it abounds in preaching of every kind and degree; if the Senior departing from his college is very much wiser than his fathers were, and more experienced than he will ever be again; if his views upon the European question are more comprehensive than BISMARCK's, and his philosophy more profound than SPENCER's—it all excites a kindly interest in those who have seen many successive classes of college statesmen and philosophers, and who rejoice in the constant renewal of hope and faith and energy in the conduct of life.

It is not to be forgotten also that some of the most memorable of American discourses have been spoken at Commencement celebrations. EDWARD EVERETT's oration before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard in 1825 was almost the beginning of our higher literary oratory. EMERSON's, ten years later before the same society, still deeply influences American character and life. WENDELL PHILLIPS's, nine years ago at the centenary of the society, was his last great speech, and characteristically crowned his career. From the day given to letters by a people too busy to give any more have sprung the happiest results, and as the season returns it is pleasant to welcome it with the knowledge that the interest in higher education in this country constantly deepens and increases.

OUR WORLD'S FAIR.

THERE is animated discussion in Chicago over the site of the World's Fair, and some rueful apprehension expressed whether it will be a World's Fair. But the present situation must be regarded only as the natural extreme reaction from the wholly factitious movement upon the subject in New York, which was a little and amusing form of a South Sea bubble. As in that frenzy there were visions of colossal wealth and London reeled with the excitement, so in our World's Fair uproar there seemed in the newspapers to be universal and absorbing interest, while in private the subject was scarcely mentioned, and usually in the most deprecatory tone.

Such was the apparent popular current of favor, however, that men subscribed ten thousand dollars who hoped that the Fair would go to Chicago or to Guinea, and there was certainly never a more comically excited public meeting than that at the Cooper Institute, when apparently "strong men wept," or at least shouted themselves hoarse, over "a compromise" of something or other which proved to be wholly out of reach. Nothing but the touch of Diedrich Knickerbocker could do justice to the most ludicrous of recent incidents in the city.

But a World's Fair at Chicago commemorative of the discovery of the Western Continent, although a rather vague motive for such an enterprise, puts this country in the attitude of host. The present reaction from our amusing performance in New York will pass away, and we shall begin to feel sincere interest in the welfare of the commemorative enterprise. The Governors of States are appointing Commissioners, and a good-natured New York, having done laughing at itself, will very gladly help its young sister of the West to entertain the world.

BEGINNING THE CENSUS.

THE census enumeration began in the city of New York with more public attention than any previous census has excited. This was due to the remarkable questions which were to be asked, and which must apparently greatly prolong taking the enumeration. The reporters made very lively accounts of the proceedings and of the reception of the enumerators and their questions. One reported question addressed to grave and respectable heads of households, "Whether a prisoner, convict, homeless child, or pauper?" was very entertaining, and there is an amiable reliance upon the truth-loving disposition of the community evinced in many of the inquiries which is highly creditable to the good heart of the Commissioner.

Whether the answers to some of the questions would furnish a sound basis of trustworthy statistics must be doubted. They would apparently lack authenticity. The opening offered for the free play of a sportive fancy in reply is very alluring, and although there is a hint of "legal proceedings" in cases of contumacy, it is not very alarming. The returns of information about mortgages in the tenement-house districts will be valuable, and those of homeless children on Murray Hill will reward attention.

There was one tragical incident reported at the opening of the work. One of the enumerators, confined to his bed by illness, was unable to report for duty, and upon hearing that a fine of five hundred dollars would be imposed upon him, he took poison and died. In earlier times and in other countries such an incident would have been held to cast a fatal spell upon the work. But the census is an enterprise of great importance, whatever fun the newspapers may make of it. Indeed, there is nothing which the bright humor and light hand of the modern reporter will not serve up for the public entertainment in the gayest manner.

A "LITTLE GAME" BLOCKED.

SOME months ago a bill was passed in the House of Representatives authorizing the appointment of thirty medical pension examiners without the usual examination. The object was to make so much "spoils" for distribution, and also to work the men into the service and gradually supplant those already there, and thus establish a precedent to set aside the rules of appointment. It was objected to the bill that the thirty new examiners ought to be appointed under the rules like all the rest, and that their arbitrary appointment to places included in the rules would be necessarily very mischievous.

The reply was that extreme haste was essential, and there was no time for examination. Mr. ROOSEVELT answered that there was an eligible list from which to select. The answer was not permitted to be made officially in the House, and the measure which could not be possibly delayed was hurried through the House, sent to the Senate, reported back unchanged, and after five weeks or more it was taken up, amended so as to provide an examination to be approved by the President, and this, after about three months from its passage in the House, is the present end of the bill.

If the plea of haste urged even by some friends of reform in the House was valid, the service is greatly suffering, and needy veterans are outrageously wronged. But the humbug of the whole movement is evident. There was no need and no haste. If there was an actual need of more examiners, they could have been appointed from the eligible list or immediately examined. The instant, however, it became plain that they could not be appointed at pleasure, it was clear that the urgent need was not for the service, but for spoils. As it stands, this incident is a victory for reform. Senators enough have been found to "block the little game" of the Pension Commissioner.

PAINTING RED.

THE beardless vandals at Cambridge who defaced the statue of JOHN HARVARD and the chapel because the college crimson was triumphant the day before are undoubtedly heartily ashamed of themselves. A mass-meeting of the students denounced the outrage in the plainest terms, and resolved that "the athletic committee" should organize and direct all *rejoicings* of the kind hereafter, and so save the collective college fraternity from the discredit attaching to the follies of a few students unworthy of their college and their associates. The foes of Harvard, if such there be, will see that the college was represented by the mass-meeting, and not by the handful of unknown and skulking rioters.

Happening at this time, the incident may suggest to the young friends of Dr. Birch who have just entered college to consider what fun there is in daubing a statue and defacing a building. To cause a man to tumble in the gutter, or to souse him in a pail of water, is as hilarious a proceeding as to cut off his coat skirts, or to knock a hole in his hat. A young gentleman who should find this proceeding humorous would be certainly requested by CHARLES LAMB to permit an examination of his bumps.

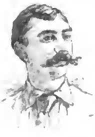
Such young gentlemen must not delude themselves with the notion that only molly-coddles object to such humors. Whoever these excellent people may be, and whatever their tastes, it is not they exclusively who do not believe that fagging is a good school of manliness, or that personal outrages, sometimes with tragical result, are to be dismissed as exhibitions of high spirits. "Painting the town red," even very young gentlemen should know, is a rhetorical phrase. But there is a good old saying which generous college men always bear in mind—*noblesse oblige*.

PERSONAL.

A NUMBER of private papers belonging to JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," were found not long ago in the garret of a house in Leonard Street in this city. PAYNE lived there in 1847 and 1848, and the papers were hidden away in an antique oak chest.

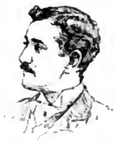
—The ballroom at Brussels which was the scene of the revels which preceded Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, and which is now the upper story of a deserted brewery, is offered for sale for about $38,500. The price set on the original mask of Napoleon, taken after his death at St. Helena, is $30,000.

—The Siberian Cossack, DMETREA PJESHKOFF, who started November 7th to ride from Blagovjechensk, in Eastern Siberia, to St. Petersburg, a distance of 5400 miles, on the same horse, has successfully accomplished his remarkable feat. Captain PJESHKOFF belongs to a Cossack regiment, and his horse is of the tough Cossack breed, thirteen years old, light gray in color, and rather undersized. Neither horse nor rider seems to have suffered seriously from the long trip, which was attended by no very unusual adventures, considering the wild section of country traversed. The horse subsisted on oats and hay, and quenched his thirst with snow. It was noted that the animal's appetite increased with the journey, and that he ate nearly three times as much toward the close of the trip as he did at the start.



THOMAS PETTIT

—The finals of a very exciting and well-contested series of games of court tennis were played in Dublin on May 30th. THOMAS PETTIT, of Boston, and SAUNDERS, the English champion, were contestants for the championship of the world and stakes amounting to £1000. The match was held in the grounds of Sir EDWARD CECIL GUINNESS, and a large and distinguished audience watched the superb play of both men. The American champion, who was in fine form, played a brilliant game and won three out of four sets. As the players were rivals in style of play, the winner scored a double victory.



CHARLES SAUNDERS

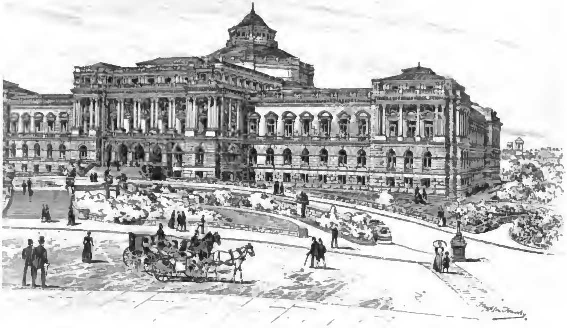
—Mrs. JULIA J. IRVINE, who has just been appointed Professor of Greek at Wellesley College, is a graduate of Cornell, and while there won a Greek prize at an inter-collegiate competition, where there were over sixty other competitors.

—A handsome monument has been placed over the grave of General GEORGE B. McCLELLAN in Riverside Cemetery, at Trenton, New Jersey.

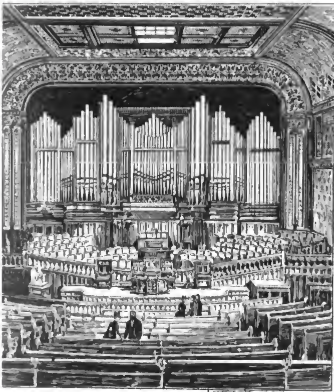
—Professor HUXLEY is growing very deaf.

—A midnight wedding at the Methodist church caused quite a sensation in Monroe, Wisconsin, recently. The couple married were LULU NINA BENSON and WILLIAM LEWELLYN PARRY, and the reason for their freak is not stated.

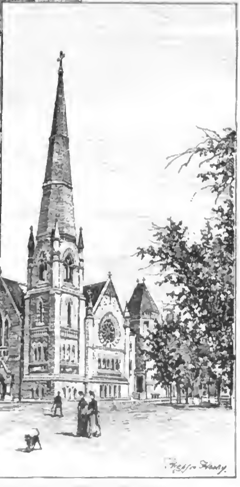
—San Francisco resembles Boston in a certain respect. She possesses a literary "atmosphere"; and it would not be a surprising sequence in the process of her evolution if she should become the home of a new school of American authors. Two poems, entitled "Meeting of Anthony and Cleopatra," and "Death of Cleopatra," published in San Francisco, have won favorable notice from Lord TENNYSON and OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. No name is given; but it is understood that the author lives in San Francisco, and is a granddaughter of Governor DE WITT CLINTON.



ING FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley after the Architect's Designs.—[See Page 461.]



INTERIOR.



TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DENVER, COLORADO.
Drawn by Hughson Hawley from a Photograph.

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subscriptions of several individuals. Of these, two men contributed over $80,000, setting, as they did so, a noble example which the others were not slow to follow. In the donation toward the building fund, every member gave according to his ability. Upon the Easter Sunday preceding the opening, $64,000 was subscribed at the morning service, and the subscriptions that followed within the next eight months equalled and even surpassed that generous collection. Dr. Buchtel had inspired his congregation with fervent enthusiasm, and the result was a golden hail storm.

A magnificent and splendidly equipped church, however, is not the only property held by the Trinity trustees. To this is added an elegant parsonage, the cost of which, including lots and furnishings, amounted to $20,000, and which was the gift of Mr. Humphrey B. Chamberlin, a prominent capitalist, who built it as a memorial to his sainted mother.

Another wonderful gift was the greatest organ in America and one of the greatest in the world. This was the donation of Mr. Isaac E. Blake, and was constructed by Frank Roosevelt, of New York, at a cost of $30,000. As a musical instrument this organ has been excelled in size and number of stops, but, taken as a whole, it is probably the most perfect specimen of the organ-builder's art that has ever been produced. In its mechanical features it is especially perfect. The key action is electric throughout. The stop of thirty-two-foot pipes is noteworthy, and seldom found in organs.

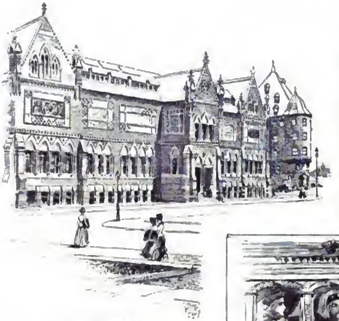
The architectural style of the building is what is known as modern

Gothic, and this is carried out in every detail, both in the interior and exterior. The walls are massive and well built, and are faced with broken ashlar, except the spire, which is of coursed stone to the base of the cross. The trimmings are of Utah purple sandstone tooled, and portions thereof are richly carved. The steps are of Colorado granite, as are also the round columns in the front entrance. The extreme dimensions of the building are 125 feet by 96 feet 6 inches. By means of a wire rope an electric light is raised to the interior of the cross, through the opening in the side of which a flood of light is shed down on the church like a benediction. The walls throughout are of stone. The roof is covered with slate. Hip and ridges are capped with ornate tile-work, and the pinnacles, terminals, the cross on the spire, and the cornice work are of copper.

The church occupies four lots on the northeast corner of Eighteenth Street and Broadway, which were purchased at a cost of $75,000. The main entrance is on Broadway. Three Gothic archways of stone, covered by a massive carved stone pediment, supported on polished red granite columns, open into a marble floored recess 7 by 55 feet. This recess, or vestibule, is faced with rubbed stone work of a beautiful purple tint. The ceiling is of panelled oak. The steps in the archways are of granite, and the arched openings are guarded by beautiful wrought-iron grills. From this open vestibule wide double oak doors lead to the basement, and at either end slate steps 6½ feet wide lead to the main entrance doors in the two towers. The auditorium is 100 by 84, exclusive of organ space, having an average height of 43 feet to the ceiling. A niche 46 by 16½ in the east end contains the organ. The choir, 13 by 56, is carpeted, and seated with folding assembly chairs set on a radiating terraced floor, and will accommodate 116 singers and musicians. The main floor of the auditorium is bowled. A gallery is carried around three sides of the room, supported on iron columns. Over the north and south vestibule entrances are boxes, situated on a level with the gallery floor, and designed for the use of invalids.

The stained glass windows are very artistic and effective, as is also the fresco. Perfect harmony has been observed in the coloring and designs of the glass and decorations, both blending well with the design and finish of the woodwork and furnishing. The acoustic properties of the room are perfect. The floor is terraced and carpeted, and seated with folding assembly chairs of the best pattern.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

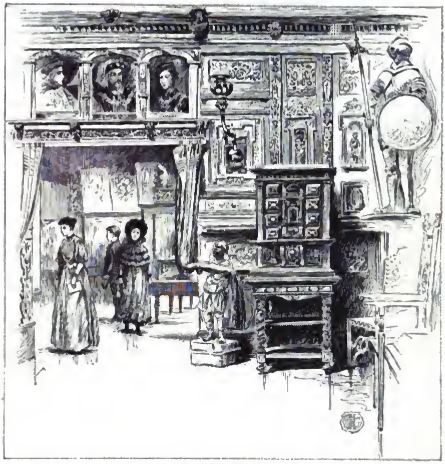

THE EXTERIOR.

The extension to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts recently completed makes an important increase of exhibition space, and greatly improves the arrangements of the art collections. The Museum is situated at the corner of Dartmouth Street and St. James Avenue, fronting upon Copley Square, an open, verdant space, about which are several noble and beautiful edifices, including the new Public Library. The Museum, a structure of great beauty of tints and decorations, and handsome architectural proportions, is built of red brick, with mouldings, cappings, and ornamental work of red and buff terra cotta. There are two large artistically executed reliefs of the façade, one typifying "Genius of Art," with illustrations of art and architecture from antiquity to the present day. In the roundels of the other bass-relief, representing "Art and Industry," are contained the heads of distinguished artists and patrons of art, the Americans thus depicted being Copley, Crawford, and Allston. White marble steps and polished granite columns with terra-cotta capitals set off the main entrance.

The land on which the Museum stands contains 91,000 square feet. It was granted by the city to the Museum trustees in 1870, in which year the corporation was formed with a fund of $250,000, raised by public subscription. The first section of the building, begun in 1871, was completed and opened in 1876. In 1878 $125,000 additional was subscribed, and by its aid the section fronting St. James Avenue was completed in the spring of 1879. The next enlargement was the present extension.

Within the Museum the rooms on the first floor are generally devoted to casts, statuary, and antiquities. Besides the many casts of statues, complete or fragmentary, there are busts and heads, reliefs, including sarcophagi and architectural details, small bronzes, terra-cottas, altars, seats, marble vases, and models, the increase in the number of all these treasures during the past year has been notable, the number of them last year being 414, while the present list is 777. In its collection of these antiquities the Boston Museum of Fine Arts now takes third rank in the world, the Royal Museum at Berlin and the University Museum at Strasburg being the only ones exceeding it in the number of these classic possessions.

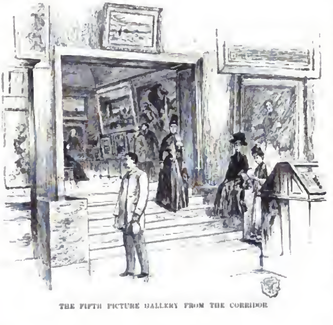
Among the collections of special interest upon this floor are the Robert Hay collection of Egyptian antiquities, presented to the Museum by Charles Granville Way; the collection of Egyptian sculpture made by the late John Lowell; and the great architectural room filled with exquisite details from classic, Renaissance, Gothic, and Saracenic architecture—one of the finest collections in America. The Di Cesnola antiquities from Cyprus, and several thousand rare coins of Egypt, Italy, and Asia, electrotyped from originals in the British Museum, are on the first floor. To this classical department the extension has added 9870 square feet, making a total floor space of over 14,000 square feet, with wall space in proportion, giving proper room and light to casts that have long been at a disadvantage for want of them, and improving their disposal in every way.


THE LAWRENCE ROOM.

Following the completion of the new building there has been no entire and radical rearrangement of the collections of casts and of original antiquities. The general arrangement is now a chronological one, with a few departures from this plan, owing to the necessity of finding available places for some of the larger and finer pieces. The first room at the right of the entrance is devoted to casts from Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture. Adjoining this is the room containing casts from archaic Greek art. Next come two rooms illustrating the transitional epoch, and so on through the various stages of the development and decline of classical art, from which the visitor passes directly to the Renaissance department, the natural sequel to the classical. Gothic art is illustrated in a room at one side of the main line of passage through the Museum. The Museum's limited funds have obliged the trustees to confine their purchases chiefly to casts, and the greater number of original works exhibited in this department are either bequests, gifts, or loans.

Broad iron staircases lead to the upper floor, which is devoted mainly to paintings, engravings, productions of industrial art, and bric-à-brac. A noteworthy feature of this upper hall is the second bronze gate of the Baptistery at Florence. The paintings occupy several rooms. Among the pictures are "Belshazzar's Feast," by Allston, and the Dowse collection of water-color drawings, chiefly copies of the old masters. The print rooms, contiguous to the water-color room, contain the Gray collection of engravings bequeathed to Harvard University. The collection of Japanese curiosities, which includes rich pottery, porcelain, and embroideries, has recently received large additions, and is a prominent feature of the Museum.

The Museum corporation is administered by a Board of Trustees, to which are added annually members chosen to represent Harvard University, the Institute of Technology, and the Athenæum, also *ex officio* the Mayor of Boston, the Superintendent of Public Schools, Secretary of the State Board of Education, trustees of the Lowell Institute, and the President of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library.


THE FIFTH PICTURE GALLERY FROM THE CORRIDOR.

The Museum is open daily: on Mondays at noon, and on other days from 9 A.M. until sunset. On Saturdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Sundays from 1 to 5 P.M., admission is free; at other times twenty-five cents admission is charged. In the building is a very prosperous school of drawing and painting. Martin Brimmer is president of the Board of Trustees of the Museum; John L. Gardner, treasurer; Charles G. Loring, director; and Edward H. Greenleaf, curator and secretary.

HASBEEN BLAKE, MIMIC.

BY JOHN R. RAYMOND.

"STAY, by all means, and see his turn; I want your opinion of him," said Mr. Hamilton, with that engaging air and flattering insinuendo that had made him the most popular manager in the variety business west of the Mississippi. "He is due to go on in a few minutes, and I tell you the man is great, or rather he has been. There I go," he continued, chuckling in an infectious way that made his listeners chuckle too in anticipation. "You see it's impossible to speak of the fellow without using that confounded little pair of words. I try not to, but I can't help it, and that's how he got his sobriquet. His right name is Warren Blake, and there has been—hit me, somebody, if I say that again—there was a time when I wouldn't have wanted a better name to pack a house; but, d'you know, when I decided to give the old man another chance, he wouldn't hear of it on the bills. It was Hasbeen or nothing, and Hasbeen it is. See!"

He drew a programme from a sheaf, and pointed to a line with his jewelled forefinger.

LODEVILLE'S FAVORITE, THE VERSATILE VETERAN,
HASBEEN BLAKE,
The Monarch of Mimics, in his Inimitable Impersonations, including
Davy Crockett, Joshua Whitcomb, Colonel Sellers, Rip Van Winkle,
Richard III., Hamlet, and Ophelia, or the Melancholy Dane,

"There must be a good story about the fellow, Hamilton," said one of the party.

"So there is, my boy. Everybody knows it here; but it may be new to you folks over the divide. You see, he comes of a theatrical tribe, and went on first when he was just a youngster in knickerbockers—as Hamlet, I think. That was back in the Dark Ages, some time when infant prodigies were all the rage. It was a fine performance, but not the kind the divine Billy contemplated in the original invention. It was a travesty, d'you see—not a barn-storming comic Hamlet, but something that was delicately and deliciously funny without your knowing why. The boy didn't intend to; he just couldn't help it. Heavens! how such a thing would take nowadays! But it made the thick-headed manager mad, and he told Blake to go and be a shoemaker. That was the end of him until burlesque began to come to the front in this country. Let me see; it was the year, I think, that *The Field of the Cloth of Gold* made its big hit, and those two Polish dancing girls with five-act names set everybody crazy. Blake was cast for some part and gagged it in a new style. He worked in character bits from tip-top politicians, statesmen, and men about town, and, by Jove! gentlemen, you could shut your eyes and swear that the very fellows were there on the stage. The audience simply got up and yelled. He had struck his gait at last, and he was the biggest favorite of the hour—money without end, whole conservatories over the foot-lights every night, and all the papers petting him."

The manager paused for a moment, and bent his ear knowingly to a plaintive strain inside, that sounded faintly through the lobby where the group were standing. Some one was bewailing "The Sweet Summer Days Long Ago" in a voice a little the worse for wear. "That's Miss Howard," he resumed. "Blake goes on next. Well, as I was saying, he made a hit, although the fool critics did their best to ruin him. They said, as usual, that he was capable of better things, and was frittering away his talents when he ought to be in legitimate. They were all wrong. He was a mimic, and nothing but a mimic. He wasn't even an actor. He was a concave mirror, don't you know—an echo with a twist in it. But there was never anybody like him; and he'd be at the top yet if he hadn't carried the joke too far. He carried it off the stage, where it belonged, and being a convivial fellow, he first broke up financially, and then broke down physically."

"I thought professional funny people were serious in private life," remarked a mine manager from Chalk Ranch.

"That's the general impression, but it's a great mistake. A comedian is always a comedian, and the only difference is that when he gets off the stage he may limit the audience down to himself. Life was a good joke to Blake, and after a while it told on him, and holes came in his work, as the saying is. At last it was nearly all holes. But he couldn't realize it, and he scored the biggest line of consecutive failures of any man in the business before he gave up. He failed in 'Frisco, failed in Chicago, failed in St. Louis, failed in New Orleans, and then failed in spots all over the one-night circuits. He was a pretty extinct volcano when he drifted out here with the boom, and has been trying to drown his sorrows in the usual way ever since; but, pshaw! you might as well try to drown a fish. He had quit the boards, and, in plain English, was a common drunkard. Did I say how I came to give him a date with me?" he continued, after listening again. "No? Well, let's go inside and I'll tell you. One day I found him sitting in the Marble Hall, looking pretty seedy, and I said, 'Blake, you are going to the dogs.' 'Have you just now made that discovery?' says he. 'No,' I said; 'but you ought to be ashamed of yourself—a man of your ability drinking himself into the gutter and going to perdition generally.' He looked up at me like a magpie, and says he: 'Hamilton, you are the most inappreciative cuss on earth. You have before you the finest imitation of a perfect loafer ever seen upon the stage of life. It is my most artistic creation. It is exact in every detail. I defy you to pick a flaw in it; and although I scarcely hoped to take in an old-timer like yourself, I can tell you confidentially that the whole town accepts the impersonation as genuine.' His effrontery tickled me so that I made him an offer on the spot. 'There's stuff in you yet,' I said, and the long and short of it is I talked him into an engagement. I have stirred up some of his old ambition, I believe, and my private opinion is that he will make a hit. Ah, here he comes now."

Miss Howard had ogled her way to the wings, a crash of chords came from the orchestra, and a man in a dress suit strode down the stage. He was greeted with a friendly tumult. Everybody in the great mining camp knew him, and everybody clung to the tradition that he was a genius, for it is a world-wide perquisite of ruined talent to find for its flashes a quick acceptance and a profound belief in what might have been. And this, moreover, was a boon companion, a fellow of infinite jest, who had often set the table in a roar, who had cracked jokes with all of them, and caroused in every cabin. They gave him an ovation.

The mimic had dressed with care, but as he stood for a moment waiting for the uproar to subside there were times when he looked thirty, and times when he looked full sixty, and in his bearing a tremulous shifting between youth and age, like an unstable mixture quivering before it resolves itself. He cleared his throat and spoke.

"I thank you," he said. "You are most kind. But it isn't a speech you want, I know. Give me your attention for a few moments, and I'll try to show you how Mr. Mayo does Davy Crockett."

There was no denying it, the man was clever. There was a spark of fantastic genius in the portraiture he drew. It was a caricature, but, like a caricature, the more recognizable for its salient and subtle exaggeration. It was impossible to say how he did it. A touch here and there, a trick of expression, and the Crockett of drama trod the boards. "I am only a poor backwoodsman," he sighed, with a husky tremor in his voice, "and I don't know how to read or write."

There was a storm of applause, for appreciation in plenty was in the house. Half those who had rushed to the mines in that day of hectic hope and golden dreams were men of culture, men of education, and men of refinement. They quarrelled and caroused at times, and wore hip boots, and shot each other to the death across the gambling table, but they hummed the last opera between pick strokes in the shaft, and knew an artist when they saw one.

Blake paused in his heroic strain, drew up his shoulders, and slouched across the stage. "B' gosh!" he exclaimed, in the astonished tones of Joshua Whitcomb. "I've jes saw—I've jes—" Then a queer change came into his voice, and he stopped. Of all his transformations this was the most sudden and complete. The genial countryman vanished in a breath, leaving behind a worn old man, belying his curly wig and youthful paint, staring into vacancy with haggard eyes and fingering at his throat. Hasbeen Blake had added one more to his list of consecutive failures. He tottered off amidst a dead silence, the performers making way for him in the wings. He encountered Hamilton on the stairs.

"Good God, man!" cried the manager, "what's the matter? You were doing fine."

The mimic glared at him fiercely. "You did this!" he exclaimed in a choking whisper. "And you knew better. You knew I was a wreck, but you wanted to make a show out of my misery. Curse you for it! My voice is gone, my memory is gone, and you knew it. Get out of my way!"

The night outside was cold, with the dry bitter chill of winter in the altitudes. A slight snow was on the ground, and it crunched like cinders underfoot; the gas lamps shone through amber halos, and beyond the low-lying town, beyond the row of flaming smelter chimneys in the gulch and the wide desolate plateau that flanked them, a ghostly figment of mountain-tops seemed hung against the sky. The heavens themselves were black as soot, but spangled with innumerable stars that steeped the atmosphere in their frosty radiance.

Whatever was strange and whatever was beautiful in this midnight picture was lost upon the doubly ruined mimic as he hurried headlong down the street. He had left his stage attire in the dressing room, and the raw air nipped him through his shabby clothes, but he did not feel it. A blind, inarticulate rage possessed him. The scene at the theatre appeared to him like some ugly dream, of which the glittering sweep of the foot-lights, the clamorous applause, his flush of triumph, and his despair were but detached and incoherent memories. Then, as this sense of unreality passed away, the miserable tragedy of his life unfolded through his brain, and confronted him like something palpable. No one had known how high his hopes had been once on a time, no one (and he nursed this thought with surpassing bitterness) had known the possibilities that were in him. The fatuity of his habit stood revealed as by a flash of lightning; how he had hoped against hope, shut his eyes on destiny, and dreamed steadfastly of another day that would never come; and the fabric of his self-deceit fell from the bare fact as one unwinds embroidered wrappings and finds a mummy. The sobriquet he had earned revolted him like the touch of a snake, and now that he realized its full import he felt how dear his dreams had been, how he had drawn sustenance from them, and how little life was worth living without them. He groaned at the thought, and dug his nails into his palms.

He had left the business quarters of the city far behind in his mad rush, and reached the scattered cabins that lined the gulch. Here and there a light shone out, but most of them were dark and still; and a dull noise that now began to drum his ears came from beyond. He did not know he heard it, but by that curious double sense that stands guard over a troubled mind he felt that he approached the river. On pleasant days in the past he had often wandered there to muse and fish, and only idle, vagrant memories were associated with the spot; but on that night the voice of the waters was burdened with sinister suggestion. A thought struck him that chilled and thrilled him, and even as he fought against it, seized him with the force of an ungovernable impulse. He cast a distracted glance into the gloom and hurried on, stumbling and panting over the rough ground. At that moment a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Where are you going?" asked a voice.

"I don't know," he answered, dully, without surprise and without turning.

Upon that a firm grasp faced him about, and by the starlight he recognized a miner whom he knew—a man not much better or worse than his kind, whom he had met sometimes in rather jovial company. His name was Hobart.

"Blake," said the miner, with a certain embarrassment of speech, "I was there to-night, and the truth is, I followed you out. You did your best, and that's all any of us can do. Yes, yes, but the least said the soonest mended, and—and—see here, what I want is to take you home."

"I have no home," said the mimic, in a hollow voice. "I am a vagabond."

"Why, bless my soul! I don't mean your home; I mean mine. I have a little shanty up the gulch, nothing very stylish, you know; but then the beauty of it is that you're as welcome there as the flowers of May. Come!"

Blake shuddered in a sudden revulsion that turned his flesh like ice, and suffered himself to be led away.

The miner and his wife lived in a little cabin perched on a rocky eminence, no great distance down the gulch, and hard by a place where the stream was spanned by an old and half-dismantled bridge. The husband had an interest in an inconsiderable mineral claim that lay within gunshot, and produced with such uncertainty as to keep them in a state of middling poverty, bordering sometimes on actual want, but never quite touching it. They had no children—a fact that robbed the situation of all its grimness and half of its anxiety; and being tranquilly inclined by habit, they jested with destiny rather than railed at it. Both had seen better days, and had Hobart been alone he would probably have allowed the downward current to drift him where it would, but his wife held him in leash, mainly by a good-natured acceptance of his faults, by which she husbanded her authority for a tactful warfare on his pleasant vices. Moreover, both were largely gifted with sympathy, and as this sprang (although without their knowing it) from an admission of their own weakness, it was as simple as it was tender and true.

Into these fortunate hands the mimic floated on the back wave from suicide. The pair set directly about making him comfortable, with the effect of its being an every-day affair to have such a guest, for the fact was, they had faced the unusual so often since they adventured among the mines that it had become the customary.

Blake sat like a man in a trance that night, and next day he sorely tried the patience of his friends. He was as fretful as a sick child, and would have left at once but for a sense of shame and dread of chaff at his familiar haunts. But gradually he grew calmer, and finally, at the end of a week, settled into an apathetic state that was like the senility of old age and perhaps was so in truth, for the stormy night of the encounter by the river brink had aged him like a dozen years.

He did not seem to brood, but would sit for hours by the window, his eyes fixed with a sort of childish intentness upon the expanse of river, table-land, and mountain. Now and then he would call Mrs. Hobart's attention to some trifle that diverted him—the serried lines of early birds winging up the gulch, the play of the waters around some eddy, or the grotesque profile of the volcanic rock that towered above the stream. Often he marked the clouds as they drifted against the distant peaks, and when the wind shredded them into long vaporous veils he found resemblance to men and animals in their fantastic tangle, as one sees pictures in the coals. Altogether it was a harmless, innocent existence—a dead calm after a tempest, and it never occurred to the Hobarts that they had an encumbrance on their hands. Their hearts went out to him for his helplessness, there was room enough in the cabin, and one more mouth to feed was not worth talking about. To save appearances there was a pretence of arrangement that he board and lodge with them, but the subject, once dropped, was never again alluded to.

In proportion as his interest in affairs grew less and less his body failed. He was a little weaker every day, his hands took the color of soiled ivory, with the skin hollowed around the articulations, and new notes and quavers came into his voice, yet it was all so very gradual that he protested, upon his honor, he had never felt better in his life. In spite of the profound inertia that most of the time locked him in his chair, he was not insensible to the kindness of his treatment, and tried to show it by such means as lay in his power. But they were few, and grew less. He had once a pretty knack of drawing, and planned to make a wonderful table ornament out of egg-shells, with sketches on the surface in pen and ink; but he dozed over the design, and waited for a certain tremulousness to pass away, until the egg-shells he had saved broke in their box and were forgotten. Thus with most of his enterprises. He settled, at last, upon cleaning the lamps as the task he was best able to perform, and sat for hours every day dreamily breathing upon the globes, polishing them bit by bit, and gazing at the magnified reflection of his fingers through the convexity of the glass. In that employment summer found him.

When it first became known in town that the Hobarts had given the old man a refuge, the public was inclined to regard the matter as a joke, and waited for developments; but when the change in his condition was bruited about, somewhat colored by rumor, those who felt that they had escaped the very likely burden of his maintenance cordially celebrated the miner's benevolence. It was general talk for a while; then interest in the case died out, and months later all at once revived, for no other apparent cause than that such things come in waves. Mr. Hamilton, who prided himself, as he frequently observed, in anticipating the wishes of a discriminating public, felt this trend of feeling, and proposed a benefit, to take place in his theatre, which he tendered free of charge for the occasion. He threw himself into the cause and fanned enthusiasm to a flame.

"Here's an old fellow who has broken himself down making people laugh," he said. "He would make you cry now. He's dying of softening of the brain or something, and who do you think is taking care of him? Why, two people that could give a church mouse points on poverty! He can't last long, and let's keep him from dying on charity. Any obligation?" he added, anticipating possible objection. "None in the world, except that he had money once himself and fooled it away, just as we do; and, by Jove! I say prodigals ought to take care of their own. It's about the only assurance we have against the husks."

The discriminating public responded nobly, and a committee presented the purse, all of which was set forth with great feeling by the local press. Then having done its duty, and congratulated itself that it had done it well, the public turned its attention to more vital topics; the sudden influx of visitors to the cabin waned like a stream after a freshet, and the old man returned to his lamp chimneys uninterrupted as before.

One day in midsummer Lodeville was startled by a tragedy. Lodeville was not usually startled by anything of the kind, but this affair hinged upon a principle of such universal interest, its immediate details were shrouded in so much mystery and the subject of such diversified conjecture, that it set the town by the ears. The known facts were that one of two partners in a mineral claim that was thought to be worthless, or very nearly so, charged the other with discovering a rich deposit in the property, concealing it, and then persuading him to sell out for a song. Such a ruse was not especially interesting or original, but the new lode developed far beyond even the trickster's expectation, while the duped partner brooded over what he had lost until his wrath amounted to frenzy. While matters stood thus the men met, alone and by night, near the mine that had enriched the one and ruined the other. Some said that a single shot sounded from the darkness, some said two, but at any rate only one man came out alive. What had passed between them, no one could say; the nearest witness heard a jangle of voices—nothing more. The man who strode up from the gulch, with his pistol smoking in his hand, and as ghastly pale as his quondam partner, who lay back among the granite with a bullet through his heart, was Hobart.

Two cardinal principles underlay the rude ethics of the camp, and this case involved them both. One discountenanced the jockeying of any man out of his property, and the other sternly forbade the killing of an unarmed antagonist. The dead man's name was Calvin; he was little liked, the subterfuge by which he had obtained the mine was notorious, and there would scarcely have been two opinions in the matter had his pistol been found by the corpse. But the crowd that hurried up the gulch, drawn by the electric rumor of catastrophe, searched the scene in vain for a weapon. The stark hands that lay outstretched in the rubble, with their palms turned to the stars, were empty.

At this men shook their heads and muttered of assassination. Calvin was hard and sordid, they said; he had played a dastardly game, but he had been shot down in the dark like a dog, without a chance for the life so suddenly filched away from him. There was the keenest curiosity to hear the slayer's story, but although Hobart surrendered without resistance, and professed himself anxious for trial, he kept his lips sealed to all else, and opinion settled quickly and darkly against him. Threats that he had made in the passion of indignation were recalled and construed in the light of the deed that he had done. It was professed that he was distraught and preoccupied when last seen, and had the air of one who nerves himself for desperate things, just as the friends of suicides are prone to fancy that they were very buoyant—"fay," as the Scotch say—before they left the world behind. It was undeniable that he had gone into the gulch armed and furious, and the conclusion that he had sought the encounter was inevitable. Hobart was thrown into jail, and the slow machinery of a capital prosecution began to move.

These were miserable days in the cabin by the river. The wife, after the first shock was over, faced the situation bravely enough, but her heart sunk at the ordeal of the future and the peril with which it was fraught. She never once doubted her husband's innocence of crime. She believed that he took life in obedience to the first law of nature—self-preservation—but she shrank from the deed with all a woman's repugnance of blood and violence, and she foresaw, with clearness born of apprehension, that the circumstances would be wellnigh impossible to explain. It is proverbial that one readily believes what is hoped to be, but it is more profoundly true that the dreaded is the only surely credible possibility in life; and fear of the worst preyed on her with an overwhelming certitude of its realization.

She bore this incubus alone. Blake had heard the story in silence, and when she talked with him in her wild cravings for human sympathy and companionship, he answered her with a look of perplexed anxiety and a few assenting phrases. He did not realize, or did not seem to realize, the imminent peril that overhung the little household and threatened to sever it in grief and shame. Once or twice he asked where Hobart was, and then, as if suddenly recollecting, nodded sagaciously and returned to his lamps. The man who sat in his cell with his face in his hands bore by far the lesser burden of those days.

When the trial was called at last, the camp regarded it as a mere formality preceding a sentence, although the prisoner's lawyers cautiously averred that they would clear their client, provided nothing unexpected occurred. Hobart took the stand in his own defence. His story was that on the fatal night he determined to visit the mine and make a last appeal to Calvin's sense of honor. He chose that hour because he knew that the owner himself superintended the night shift. They met, he said, near by the shaft-house, and he was harshly ordered from the premises. He refused to go without being heard, and Calvin, at the word, snatched out a pistol and swore to kill him for a black-mailer. Thereupon he also drew, and they fired so nearly on the instant that one shot seemed the echo of the other. Whether this statement was a desperate expedient merely, or the plain unvarnished tale of the tragedy, he stuck to it tenaciously, and no amount of cross-examination could shake him in its details.

The testimony introduced in support of Hobart's story was inconclusive in piecemeal, but as a whole had cumulative force. It was shown that Calvin also made threats, that he went armed habitually, and one man swore that he saw him with a weapon a few hours before his death. Upon this the lawyers argued, with considerable plausibility, that it was incredible that he would suddenly abandon the practice of years at the very time when his safety, as he well knew, rested with its continuance. The fact that no arm was found was explained by a theory, or rather by an innuendo. It seemed—and this was held pointedly before the jury—that Calvin's foreman, a Scandinavian named Ole Hagmar, was the first man to reach the body. Hagmar was a party to the manœuvre that secured the property, and it was more than intimated that he had done away with the weapon in a sudden inspiration of revenge. In the speeches for the defence it was dwelt upon that Hobart had no motive for the crime, but that every incentive existed on Calvin's part to dispose of a possible litigant in an action for fraud. The trick by which the mine was bought was painted in colors most likely to appeal to a jury of miners, and the deep distress in the prisoner's little home was more than once alluded to. The jury were out about twenty minutes, and returned a verdict of not guilty.

It is ever the case that a defence which rests upon a chain of circumstances no one of which is vital seems weak or preposterous to the casual listener. The jury may have followed it link by link to vastly different conclusions, but the public, having missed the salient little detail, the fact here and the suggestion there, and the trifles light as air that bound the whole together, is apt to cry out, "Monstrous!" Hobart did not escape the operation of this rule. The news of his acquittal spread like wildfire, and was denounced, first tentatively and then openly. Groups discussed it on the street, and declared that it put a premium on murder; that life was no longer safe in the face of such an example. A juryman was even assaulted, and there was a vague, menacing undercurrent that was more significant than the outspoken comment, and which swelled as the latter decreased.

Hobart reached home at dusk, exalted with the knowledge of deliverance, and feverish with the reaction that succeeded the strain. He was in no condition to notice the black looks that followed him down the street, and little he cared. He was free, and a delicious sense of life reopened and peril passed lifted him out of the present and thrilled him, as returning health thrills those who have languished long in mortal travail. There was a strangeness in familiar things, and he could have wept from a tenderness that he could not name.

As night advanced the mutterings of early evening assumed form and focussed themselves about the person of the foreman, Hagmar. Such movements need a leader, and he stepped willingly enough into the breach, for his bitterness toward the slayer of his friend was doubly augmented by the theory coupled with himself during the trial. He was a cool, saturnine fellow, flat-faced, slow of speech, authoritative, dangerous. He alone had not openly counselled violence, and he alone was felt to be the man who would first execute it. The most reckless of the crowd gravitated around him, and a portentous silence fell upon this group.

Let scientists gainsay it as they may, a mob is born from the interplay of mind on mind. The angry discussions and loud recriminations had ceased, but the whole camp quivered with a prescience that something frightful was about to happen. The very idlers who dozed in the public places felt it, and stared at each other with inquiring eyes. There was a subdued hush everywhere. Hagmar and his party had disappeared, and people looked at the clock with the air of those who time an explosion.

In that way an hour passed. Midnight sounded, and by common impulse there was a movement toward the thoroughfare that formed the main artery from the centre of the city to the outskirts. From the mass of the crowd, that now held back and wavered, twelve men on horseback detached themselves and rode toward the gulch.

The little group in Hobart's cabin had sat late, and could not persuade themselves to retire. The miner's excitement had somewhat worn away, and he cast and recast the future with his wife in all the joyous exuberance of a pair of lovers newly mated, while the old man gazed on them with a pleasant fixity. Thus midnight came and went, when presently Blake turned in his accustomed chair and pressed his face against the window-pane. There was something in his movement that caused them to pause with a vague thrill.

"Hobart," said the mimic, and for the first time in months there was a note of firmness in his voice, "who is that man on the bridge?"

A black figure was projected like an equestrian statue against the gray-green background of basaltic rock, silent, motionless, sinister, the left hand holding the bridle rein, the right clutching a rifle barrel poised against the hip. Hobart stared at this apparition, and rushed to another window that opened toward the town. What he saw drove the color out of his face and sent him staggering backward. An arc of riders had formed about the front of the cabin, and over their heads, up the dark incline of the street, he saw the mottled blackness of the throng.

"My God!" he breathed, "they're after *me*!"

The woman started up with a cry and flung her arms around him, but he did not heed her, and stood, with dilated eyes, breathless and listening.

In this moment of agonized suspense a strange mutation came upon the mimic. A veil seemed to drop from his face and clarify it of its blankness and apathy. There was a sparkle of forgotten light in his eyes, and a firmness that was long a stranger mastered the trembling of his limbs. He drew the window curtain with a steady hand, and turned to man and wife.

"You must go," he said.

Hobart stared at him wildly. "How can I go? The house is surrounded!"

"Leave that to me," replied the old man, quickly. "Strategy is all that can save you now. We must throw those fellows off some way. Go and stand by the back door, both of you, and when I give the word, slip out. You can be over the divide by daylight. Hurry! I tell you it is life or death!"

In the press of peril neither noted Blake's curious rejuvenation. They obeyed like children. "But the bridge?" faltered the man.

"Heavens! Hush!" replied the mimic. "Leave the bridge to me."

"Hobart, we want you!" came an imperious voice from the darkness.

As Hagmar shouted these words his followers craned a little forward, and, after a pause, saw the curtain of the cabin window slowly drawn and the figure of a man, indistinguishable except in outline, stood silhouetted upon the square of light.

"Is that him?" the riders asked each other. The next instant their question was answered by Hobart's familiar voice:

"What do you want?"

"You know what we want," said Hagmar, sternly. "Will you come out, or will we have to go in and get you?"

"This ain't fair, boys," returned the man at the window. "I've been tried and acquitted."

"Oh, curse that farce! It's no use talking, Hobart, we have you dead to rights. But we don't want to hurt your folks, if we can help it. Now, then—last call—will you come out?"

"Give me five minutes to decide."

There was a word of consultation in the ranks, and Hagmar drew out his watch, while several rifle barrels were levelled at the window. A whistle sounded, and the sentry on the bridge galloped into the group.

"Hobart," said the foreman, "this is wasting breath. We'll give you two minutes to live. Put them in praying or any way you want to, and don't budge, or you'll draw the fire before the time is up."

The figure at the window did not stir; but before the brief grace was over, a horseman at the end of the line shouted to Hagmar that a man and woman were crossing the bridge.

"Let them cross," replied the leader, curtly. "What do we care? We have the man we're after; let the other rats run if they want to. Now, boys," he added, "when I snap my watch—"

"Say, fellows," broke in the voice of the miner, pitched in a hoarse appeal, "make it five minutes, won't you? Two minutes ain't time to—"

Hagmar made a sign with his hand, and a detonation echoed up the gulch. The window glass shivered to splinters at the sound, and the man behind it flung out his arms and fell across the sill.

Once the deed was done, the slayers were seized with a certain panic, and scattered as chaff scatters in an eddy of wind; but the terror they inspired lingered behind them, and it was dawn before the first man crossed the rocky esplanade before the cabin. He lifted the body in his arms, and started backward with a frightened oath. It was the corpse of Hasbeen Blake.

THE NEW LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

THE building now in course of erection for a national library, or, as it is called, the "Congressional Library," will be, on its completion, the most admirably arranged, the most commodious, and the largest library building in the world. The original library was begun in 1800, but was destroyed by the British when they burned the Capitol in 1814. The purchase of the library of Mr. Jefferson, containing about 7000 volumes, was the basis for the rebuilding of the library. In 1851 it was burned by accident, and at that time it had increased to 55,000 volumes, of which all but 20,000 were destroyed. It was rebuilt in 1852, and Congress appropriated $85,000 to repair the loss, and by annual appropriations the increase has been constant. With the addition made by the transfer of the Scientific Library of the Smithsonian Institution, the purchase of the historical collection of the late Peter Force, and the constant accumulations under the copyright law of 1870, it has grown into a vast collection, embracing in its various departments 615,000 volumes, besides 200,000 pamphlets. This huge collection has overrun all the space allotted to it under the rebuilding in 1852, and has no longer any rooms unoccupied in the Capitol, and hence the floors, alcoves, and every available space it can command are piled up in a seeming chaotic state to the general visitor, but the able and accomplished librarian, Mr. Spofford, and his many assistants, extract from the mass any book, paper, or pamphlet asked for. In addition to the large number of books and pamphlets and maps and drawings, engravings, music, etc., contributed by the copyright law, there are 7000 volumes of newspapers, embracing the London *Gazette* from 1661 to 1881, the London *Times* from 1796 to date, the *Journal des Débats* from its origin (1789), the New York *Herald* from its commencement, the *Evening Post* from 1801, the *National Intelligencer* from its commencement, and many other newspapers of this and other countries. This huge mass of learning is universal in its range; no department of literature or science is unrepresented, and it is very rich in the early histories of America.

The necessity for some provision to even store this large and constantly increasing mass of books has occupied the attention of Congress for some years. Plans were submitted, and the one which met the most favorable consideration at the time was the proposal to extend the eastern centre of the Capitol 375 feet, and provide for the library in that extension. The estimates made by Messrs. Walter & Clarke put the cost of this extension at $4,500,000, and it would only provide for the library and its natural increase for the period of forty years. Such an amount to be expended for only temporary relief determined Congress to provide for a separate building devoted exclusively to the library. The priceless collections of old engravings and of modern art to be found in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris and in the British Museum in London have long made those cities the resort of artists from all parts of the world. Space in the new building will provide for the exhibition of the enormous quantity of engravings, newspapers, maps, music, and sketches of value which at present is unavailable to the general public.

The dimensions of the great library building will be 470 feet long by 340 feet wide, with cellars and three full stories and an attic, giving abundant room for the present and the future demands of the library for many generations. The large rotunda, which will be the general reading-room, will be 100 feet in diameter and 120 feet high. Its octagon walls, pierced with windows on every side, and the huge dome—a great skylight—render it impossible that any shadow can obscure the book of the reader in whatever part of the rotunda he may be seated. The building as at present designed provides for the contemplated and natural increase of 30,000 volumes a year for a period of 130 years, and at that far distant period it will contain 5,500,000 books.

Inside, the building when completed will contain ample provision for 4,500,000 volumes, and when the vast court-yard is required, provision can there be made for an additional 1,000,000 books. Mr. Spofford furnishes the following comparison with the great libraries of the world as the best illustration of its proportions, and the provision it affords for many generations to come:

La Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris..			2,500,000	vols.
			150,000	MSS.
The Arsenal Library		"	200,000	vols.
St. Geneviève	"	"	180,000	"
Mazarin	"	"	100,000	"
Royal	"	Madrid	450,000	"
"	"	Naples	200,000	"
"	"	Vienna ..	400,000	"
"	"	Munich .	900,000*	"
"	"	Dresden ..	500,000	"
University, Göttingen		.. ..	500,000	"
Library, Berlin		....	700,000	"
"	Strasburg	....	613,000	"
Royal Library, Copenhagen ...			550,000	"
Imperial Library, St. Petersburg..			900,000	"
			27,000	MSS.
Harvard	"	.....	291,000	vols.
Astor	"	....	230,000	"
Boston Public Library			[illegible]	"

Each of the public departments at Washington is provided with libraries, and the aggregate number of volumes contained in all were, in 1876, 656,000 volumes, and pamphlets, 116,000 volumes.

The style of architecture, which possesses all the requirements as well as the possibilities of adornment for such a great edifice, is the Italian Renaissance. The building will occupy about four acres, and when the court-yards are utilized, as time may demand, that space will be entirely under roof. The British Museum and Library occupy about eight acres, but that space is filled with separate buildings, and accommodates the very large collection contained in the British Museum. The large mass of paintings, antiquities, and innumerable objects of interest in every known department of knowledge grows so rapidly in this great national depository that enlarged accommodations are soon to be provided.

The national library of France, the Bibliothèque Nationale, occupies four acres, and the books contained in it outnumber any library in Europe; but for the student and general reader the great mass of them are unavailable, for they remain in that state of chaos, uncatalogued, as when during the Revolution and subsequent wars they were dumped, as so many bricks, when carted from the monasteries and the ruined châteaux and libraries of the despoiled nobility. No attempt seems to have been made to catalogue them, and no catalogue beyond 1870 has been made in this really great depository of learning. It has long been a subject of regret to the world in general that no attempt has been made by any of the governments by which France has been ruled since 1789 to bring order out of the literary chaos. The municipal libraries of Paris, however, meet all the requirements of her people. There are distributed throughout the city at least fifty libraries, where books, drawings, and music are loaned to those engaged in the studies needing these accommodations. In this particular mode of education it far surpasses any city in the world. Some one, writing on this subject, asked of the custodians or the librarians in charge of these municipal branches if the books, music, and drawings were not frequently mutilated and many of them never returned. They replied, the mutilation was only the usual result of handling, and never of design; and the loss of the books lent was very rare.

This great national library of America will be completed by the year 1897—fully completed—and turned over to the charge of the librarian and custodians of the vast building. The work of building the library is under the charge of the engineer department of the War Department—Brigadier-General Casey, Engineer-in-Chief, Bernard R. Green, superintendent and engineer, and Mr. Peltz, architect. Separated entirely from the grand library, in another building, erected especially for it, is the engine-room for heating the library. The coal vaults are removed from all connection with the main edifice, and therefore the entire absence of dust, heat, etc., so destructive to books, is provided for. The light will be by electricity only.

* 13,000 published before 1500 A.D.

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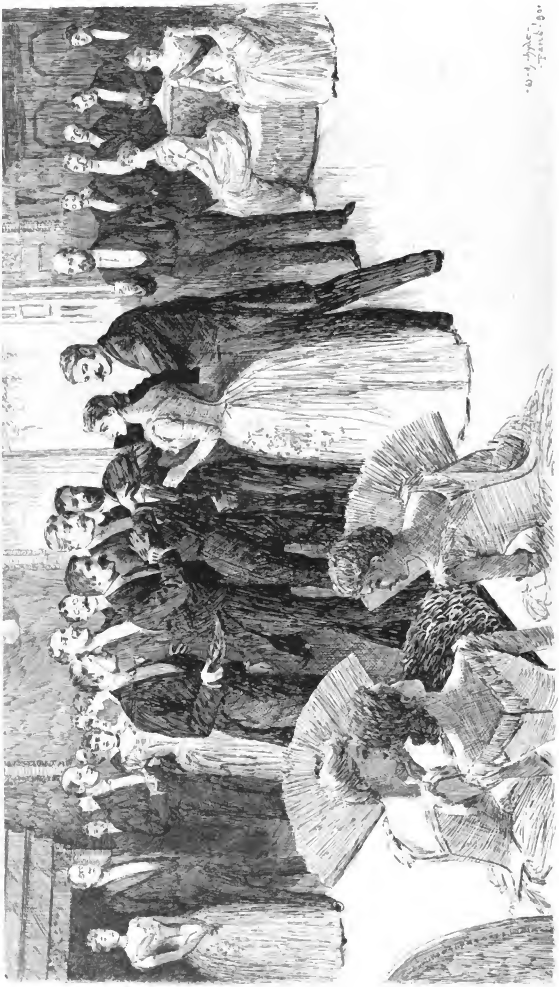
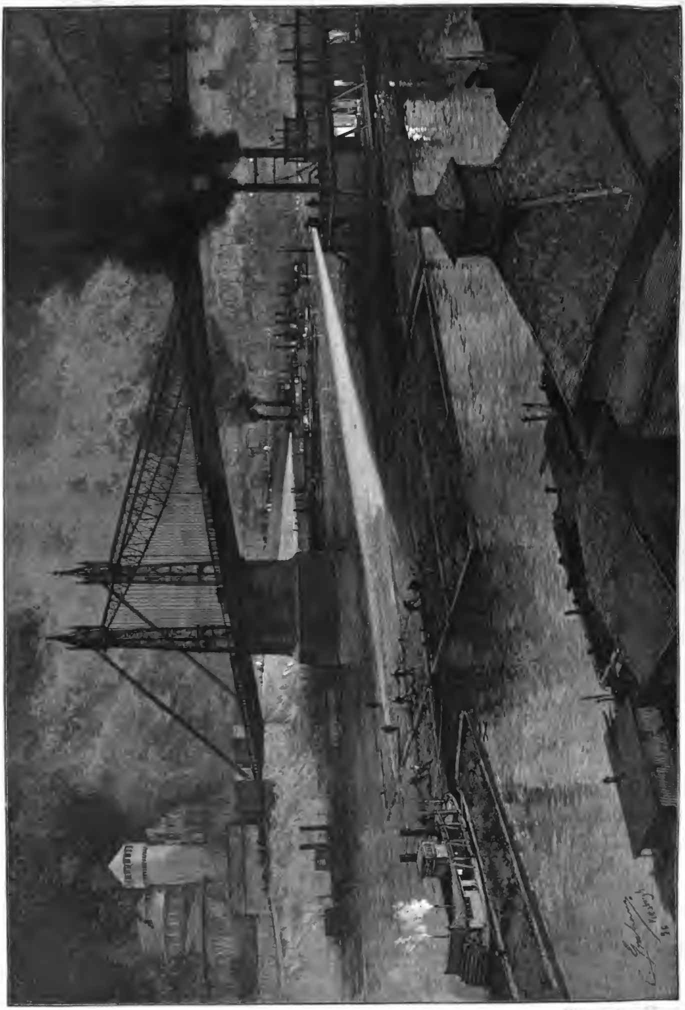

W. H. Hyde
Paris '90

THE WAY WE CONQUER ENGLAND TO-DAY.—DRAWN BY W. H. HYDE.—[SEE PAGE 467.]



MAKING UP A TOW BY SEARCH-LIGHT AT PITTSBURGH.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 470.]

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

III.

THE first shock of a bullet is no more than a brisk pinch. The wrecked body does not send in its protest to the soul till ten or fifteen seconds later. Then come thirst, throbbing, and agony, and a ridiculous amount of screaming. Holden realized his pain slowly, exactly as he had realized his happiness, and with the same imperious necessity for hiding all trace of it. In the beginning he only felt that there had been a loss, and that Ameera needed comforting where she sat with her head on her knees shivering as Mian Mittu from the house-top called "Tota! Tota! Tota!" Later all his world and the daily life of it rose up to hurt him. It was an outrage that any one of the children at the band-stand in the evening should be alive and clamorous when his own child lay dead. It was more than mere pain when one of them touched him, and stories told by overfond fathers of their children's latest performances cut him to the quick. He could not declare his pain. He had neither help, comfort, nor sympathy, and Ameera at the end of each weary day would lead him through the hell of self-questioning reproach which is reserved for those who have lost a child, and believe that with a little—just a little more care—it might have been saved. There are not many hells worse than this, but he knows one who has sat down temperately to consider whether he is or is not responsible for the death of his wife.

"Perhaps," Ameera would say, "I did not take sufficient heed. Did I, or did I not? The sun on the roof that day when he played so long alone, and I was—*ahi!* braiding my hair—it may be that the sun then bred the fever. If I had warned him from the sun, he might have lived. But, oh, my life! say that I am guiltless. Thou knowest that I loved him as I love thee! Say that there is no blame on me, or I shall die—I shall die!"

"There is no blame. Before God, none. It was written, and how could we do aught to save? What has been, has been. Let it go, beloved."

"He was all my heart to me. How can I let the thought go when my arm tells me every night that he is not here? *Ahi! ahi!* Oh, Tota, come back to me—come back again, and let us be all together as it was before!"

"Peace! peace! For thine own sake, and for mine also, if thou lovest me, rest."

"By this I know thou dost not care, and how shouldst thou? The white men have hearts of stone and souls of iron. Oh, that I had married a man of mine own people—though he beat me—and had never eaten the bread of an alien!"

"Am I an alien, mother of my son?"

"What else, sahib? . . Oh, forgive me—forgive! The death has driven me mad. Thou art the life of my heart, and the light of my eyes, and the breath of my life, and—and I have put thee from me, though it was but for a moment. If thou goest away, to whom shall I look for help? Do not be angry. Indeed it was the pain that spoke, and not thy slave."

"I know—I know. We be two who were three. The greater need, therefore, that we should be one."

They were sitting on the roof, as of custom. The night was a warm one in early spring, and sheet-lightning was dancing on the horizon to a broken tune played by far-off thunder. Ameera settled herself in Holden's arms.

"The dry earth is lowing like a cow for the rain, and I—I am afraid. It was not like this when we counted the stars. But thou lovest me as much as before, though a bond is taken away? Answer."

"I love more, because a new bond has come out of the sorrow that we have eaten together, and that thou knowest."

"Yea, I know," said Ameera, in a very small whisper. "But it is good to hear thee say so, my life, who art so strong to help. I will be a child no more, but a woman and an aid to thee. Listen! Give me my *sitar*, and I will sing bravely."

She took the light silver-studded *sitar*, and began a song of the great hero Raja Rasalu. The hand failed on the strings, the tune halted, checked, and at a low note turned off to the poor little nursery rhyme about the wicked crow:

"'And the wild plums grow in the jungle—
Only a penny a pound.
Only a penny a pound, *baba*—only'"....

Then came the tears and the piteous rebellion against fate, till she slept, moaning a little in her sleep, with the right arm thrown clear of the body, as though it protected something that was not there.

It was after this night that life became a little easier for Holden. The ever-present pain of loss drove him into his work, and the work repaid him by filling up his mind for eight or nine hours a day. Ameera sat alone in the house and brooded, but grew happier when she understood that Holden was more at ease, according to the custom of women. They touched happiness again, but this time with caution.

"It was because we loved Tota that he died. The jealousy of God was upon us," said Ameera. "I have hung up a large black jar before our window to turn the Evil-Eye from us, and we must make no protestations of delight, but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out. Is that not good talk, worthless one?"

She had shifted the accent on the word that means "beloved," in proof of the sincerity of her purpose. But the kiss that followed the new christening was a thing that any deity might have envied. They went about henceforward saying, "It is naught—it is naught," and hoping that all the Powers heard.

The Powers were busy on other things. They had allowed thirty million people four years of plenty, wherein men fed well and the crops were certain and the birth rate rose year by year; the districts reported a purely agricultural population varying from nine hundred to two thousand to the square mile of the overburdened earth. It was time to make room. And the Member for Lower Tooting, wandering about India in top-hat and frock-coat, talked largely of the benefits of British rule, and suggested as the one thing needful the establishment of a duly qualified electoral system and a general bestowal of the franchise. His long-suffering hosts smiled and made him welcome, and when he paused to admire, with pretty picked words, the blossom of the blood-red *dhak* tree, that had flowered untimely for a sign of the sickness that was coming, they smiled more than ever.

It was the Deputy Commissioner of Kot-Kumharsen, staying at the club for a day, who lightly told a tale that made Holden's blood run cold as he overheard the end.

"He won't bother any one any more. Never saw a man so astonished in my life. By Jove! I thought he meant to ask a question in the House about it. Fellow-passenger in his ship—dined next him—bowled over by cholera, and died in eighteen hours. You needn't laugh, you fellows. The Member for Lower Tooting is awfully angry about it; but he's more scared. I think he's going to take his enlightened self out of India."

"I'd give a good deal if he were knocked over. It might keep a few vestrymen of his kidney to their own parish. But what's this about cholera? It's full early for anything of that kind," said a warden of an unprofitable salt-lick.

"Dun'no'," said the Deputy Commissioner, reflectively. "We've got locusts with us. There's sporadic cholera all along the north—at least, we're calling it sporadic for decency's sake. The spring crops are short in five districts, and nobody seems to know where the winter rains are. It's nearly March now. I don't want to scare anybody, but it seems to me that Nature's going to audit her accounts with a big red pencil this summer."

"Just when I wanted to take leave, too!" said a voice across the room.

"There won't be much leave this year, but there ought to be a great deal of promotion. I've come in to persuade the Government to put my pet canal on the list of famine relief works. It's an ill wind that blows no good. I shall get that canal finished at last."

"Is it the old programme, then," said Holden—"famine, fever, and cholera?"

"Oh no! Only local scarcity and an unusual prevalence of seasonal sickness. You'll find it all in the reports if you live till next year. You're a lucky chap. You haven't got a wife to put out of harm's way. The hill stations ought to be full of women this year."

"I think you're inclined to exaggerate the talk in the *bazars*," said a young civilian in the secretariat. "Now I have observed—"

"I dare say you have," said the Deputy Commissioner, "but you've a great deal more to observe, my son. In the mean time I wish to observe to you—" And he drew him aside to discuss the construction of the canal that was so dear to his heart.

Holden went to his bungalow, and began to understand that he was not alone in the world, and also that he was afraid for the sake of another, which is the most soul-satisfying fear known to man.

Two months later, as the Deputy had foretold, Nature began to audit her accounts with a red pencil. On the heels of the spring reapings came a cry for bread, and the Government, which had decreed that no man should die of want, sent wheat. Then came the cholera from all four quarters of the compass. It struck a pilgrim gathering of half a million at a sacred shrine. Many died at the feet of their god; the others broke and ran over the face of the land, carrying the pestilence with them. It smote a walled city and killed two hundred a day. The people crowded the trains, hanging on to the foot-boards and squatting on the roofs of the carriages; and the cholera followed them, for at each station they dragged out the dead and the dying on the platforms reeking of lime-wash and carbolic acid. They died by the road-side, and the horses of the Englishmen shied at the corpses in the grass. The rains did not come, and the earth turned to iron lest man should escape by hiding in her. The English sent their wives away to the hills, and went about their work, coming forward as they were bidden to fill the gaps in the fighting line. Holden, sick with fear of losing his chiefest treasure on earth, had done his best to persuade Ameera to go away with her mother to the Himalayas.

"Why should I go?" said she one evening on the roof.

"There is sickness, and people are dying, and all the white *mem-log* have gone."

"All of them?"

"All—unless, perhaps, there remain some old scald-head who vexes her husband's heart by running risk of death."

"Nay; who stays is my sister, and thou must not abuse her, for I will be a scald-head too. I am glad all the bold white *mem-log* are gone."

"Do I speak to a woman or a babe? Go to the Hills, and I will see to it that thou goest like a queen's daughter. Think, child. In a red-lacquered bullock cart, veiled and curtained, with brass peacocks upon the pole and red cloth hangings. I will send two orderlies for guard, and—"

"Peace! Thou art the babe in speaking thus. What use are those toys to me? *He* would have patted the bullocks and played with the housings. For his sake, perhaps—thou hast made me very English—I might have gone. Now, I will not. Let the *mem-log* run."

"Their husbands are sending them, beloved."

"Very good talk. Since when hast thou been my husband to tell me what to do? I have but borne thee a son. Thou art only all the desire of my soul to me. How shall I depart when I know that if evil befall thee by the breadth of so much as my littlest finger nail—is that not small?—I should be aware of it though I were in Paradise. And here, this summer thou mayst die—ai, *janee*, die!—and in dying they might call to tend thee a white woman, and she would rob me in the last of thy love."

"But love is not born in a moment, or on a death-bed."

"What dost thou know of love, stone-heart? She would take thy thanks at least, and, by God, and the Prophet, and Beebee Miriam the mother of thy Prophet, that I will never endure. My lord and my love, let there be no more foolish talk of going away. Where thou art, I am. It is enough." She put an arm round his neck and a hand on his mouth.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword. They sat together and laughed, calling each other openly by every pet name that could move the wrath of the gods. The city below them was locked up in its own torments. Sulphur fires blazed in the streets; the conches in the Hindoo temples screamed and bellowed, for the gods were inattentive in those days. There was a service in the great Mahommedan shrine, and the call to prayer from the minarets was almost unceasing. They heard the wailing in the houses of the dead, and once the shriek of a mother who had lost a child and was calling for its return. In the gray dawn they saw the dead borne out through the city gates, each litter with its own little knot of mourners. Wherefore they kissed each other and shivered.

It was a red and heavy audit, for the land was very sick, and needed a little breathing space ere the torrent of cheap life should flood it anew. The children of immature fathers and undeveloped mothers made no resistance. They were cowed and sat still, waiting till the sword should be sheathed in November if it were so willed. There were gaps among the English, but the gaps were filled. The work of superintending famine relief, cholera sheds, medicine distribution, and what little sanitation was possible went forward because it was so ordered.

Holden had been told to hold himself in readiness to move to replace the next man who should fall. There were twelve hours in each day when he could not see Ameera; and she might die in three. He was considering what his pain would be if he could not see her for three months, or if she died out of his sight. He was absolutely certain that her death would be demanded—so certain that when he looked up from the telegram and saw Pir Khan breathless in the doorway, he laughed aloud. "And?"—said he.

"When there is a cry in the night and the spirit flutters into the throat, who has a charm that will restore? Come swiftly, heaven-born. It is the Black Cholera."

Holden galloped to his home. The sky was heavy with clouds, for the long-deferred rains were at hand, and the heat was stifling. Ameera's mother met him in the court-yard, whimpering. "She is dying. She is nursing herself into death. She is all but dead. What shall I do, sahib?"

Ameera was lying in the room in which Tota had been born. She made no sign when Holden entered, because the human soul is a very lonely thing, and when it is getting ready to go away, hides itself in a misty border-land where the living may not follow. The Black Cholera does its work quietly and without explanation. Ameera was being thrust out of life as though the Angel of Death had himself put his hand upon her. The quick breathing seemed to show that she was either afraid or in pain, but neither eyes nor mouth gave any answer to Holden's kisses. There was nothing to be said or done. Holden could only wait and suffer. The first drops of the rain began to fall on the roof, and he could hear shouts of joy in the parched city.

The soul came back a little, and the lips moved. Holden bent down to listen. "Keep nothing of mine," said Ameera. "Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman to-morrow, the pleasure of taking in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee forever. Remember me when thy son is born—the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness—I bear witness"—the lips were forming the words on his ear—"that there is no God but—thee, beloved."

Then she died. Holden sat still, and thought of any kind was taken from him till he heard Ameera's mother lift the curtain.

"Is she dead, sahib?"

"She is dead."

"Then I will mourn, and afterward take an inventory of the furniture in this house; for that will be mine. The sahib does not mean to resume it? It is so little, so very little, sahib, and I am an old woman. I would like to lie softly."

"For the mercy of God be silent awhile! Go out and mourn where I cannot hear."

"Sahib, she will be buried in four hours."

"I know the custom. I shall go ere she is taken away. That matter is in thy hands. Look to it that the bed—on which—on which—she lies—"

"Aha! That beautiful red lacquered bed. I have long desired—"

"—That the bed is left here untouched for my disposal. All else in the house is thine. Hire a cart, take everything, go hence, and before sunrise let there be nothing in this house but that which I have ordered thee to respect."

"I am an old woman. I would stay at least for the days of mourning, and the rains have just broken. Whither shall I go?"

"What is that to me? My order is that there is a going. The house gear is worth a thousand rupees, and my orderly shall bring thee a hundred rupees to-night."

"That is very little. Think of the cart hire."

"It shall be nothing unless thou goest, and with speed. O woman, get hence, and leave me to my dead!"

The mother shuffled down the staircase, and in her anxiety to take stock of the house fittings forgot to mourn. Holden stayed by Ameera's side, and the rain roared on the roof. He could not think connectedly by reason of the noise, though he made many attempts to do so. Then four sheeted ghosts glided dripping into the room and stared at him through their veils. They were the washers of the dead. Holden left the room, and went out to his horse. He had come in a dead, stifling calm, through ankle-deep dust. He found the court-yard a rain-lashed pond alive with frogs, a torrent of yellow water ran under the gate, and a roaring wind drove the bolts of the rain like buckshot against the mud walls. Pir Khan was shivering in his little hut by the gate, and the horse was stamping uneasily in the water.

"I have been told the sahib's order," said he. "It is well. This house is now desolate. I go also, for my monkey face would be a reminder of that which has been. Concerning the bed, I will bring that to thy house yonder in the morning. But remember, sahib, it will be to thee as a knife turned in a green wound. I go upon a pilgrimage, and I will take no money. I have grown fat in the protection of the Presence, whose sorrow is my sorrow. For the last time I hold his stirrup."

He touched Holden's foot with both hands, and the horse sprang out into the road, where the creaking bamboos were whipping the sky, and all the frogs were chuckling. Holden could not see for the rain in his face. He put his hands before his eyes and muttered, "Oh, you brute! You utter brute!"

The news of his trouble was already in his bungalow. He read the knowledge in his butler's eyes when Ahmed Khan brought in food, and for the first and last time in his life laid a hand upon his master's shoulder, saying: "Eat, sahib, eat. Meat is good against sorrow. I also have known. Moreover, the shadows come and go, sahib. The shadows come and go. These be curried eggs."

Holden could neither eat nor sleep. The heavens sent down eight inches of rain in that night and scoured the earth clean. The waters tore down walls, broke roads, and washed open the shallow graves in the Mahommedan burying-ground. All next day it rained, and Holden sat still in his house considering his sorrow. On the morning of the third day he received a telegram which said only, "Ricketts, Myndonie. Dying. Holden. Relieve. Immediate." Then he thought that before he departed he would look at the house wherein he had been master and lord. There was a break in the weather. The rank earth steamed with vapor, and Holden was vermilion from head to heel with the prickly-heat born of sultry moisture.

He found that the rains had torn down the mud pillars of the gateway, and the heavy wooden gate that had guarded his life hung drunkenly from one hinge. There was grass three inches high in the court-yard; Pir Khan's lodge was empty, and the sodden thatch sagged between the beams. A gray squirrel was in possession of the veranda, as if the house had been untenanted for thirty years instead of three days. Ameera's mother had removed everything except some mildewed matting. The *tick-tick* of the little scorpions as they hurried across the floor was the only sound in the house. Ameera's room and that other one where Tota had lived were heavy with mildew; and the narrow staircase leading to the roof was streaked and stained with rain-borne mud. Holden saw all these things, and came out again to meet in the road Durga Dass, his landlord—portly, affable, clothed in white muslin, and driving a C-spring buggy. He was overlooking his property to see how the roofs withstood the stress of the first rains.

"I have heard," said he, "you will not take this place any more, sahib?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Perhaps I shall let it again."

"Then I will keep it on while I am away."

Durga Dass was silent for some time. "You shall not take it on, sahib," he said. "When I was a young man I also— But to-day I am a member of the Municipality. Ho! ho! No. When the birds have gone, what need to keep the nest? I will have it pulled down; the timber will sell for something always. It shall be pulled down, and the municipality shall make a road across, as they desire, from the burning ghat to the city wall. So that no man may say where this house stood."

THE END

THE HONEY-MOON.

When the clover's in its prime,
Then's the sweetest marriage-time.
They the longest honey-moon
Have who marry now in June,
When the earth's been wooed and won,
And the summer's just begun;
When the daylight loves to stay,
And steals half the night away;
And the moonbeams shine so deep
That there seems no time for sleep;
When the air throbs with the gush
Of the silver-throated thrush,
And the soil has felt the thrill,
And bursts into bloom at will,
Imitating every shade
That the skies have ever made;
When the perfume, songs, and light,
Earth's fulfilment of her plight,
Steal into the human heart,
Making all the love chords start
Into harmonies so sweet
That there seemeth no retreat
But to sing and blossom, too,
Just as birds and flowers do.

Mary A. Mason.

MR. SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF LA CARMENCITA.

The full-length portrait, by Mr. John S. Sargent, of La Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, of which we give a reproduction, was shown at the recent Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and attracted a great deal of favorable notice. It is one of the most brilliant productions of a painter who is chiefly known by his remarkable works in portraiture, and it illustrates in an eminent degree the striking characteristics of his art. The subject is one that is well suited to his powers. The picturesque young woman, whose grace in the movements of her peculiar dance has called forth such admiration from artists as well as from the public, is shown just as, with her hands resting on her hips, her head thrown back, and her right foot a little forward, she is beginning the graceful changes of posture that will fascinate the spectators before her. She wears a dress of yellow satin, which is seen through an over-skirt of white lace, and a scarf of the same diaphanous material is thrown across her arms and bust. Her youthful and expressive face is of the Spanish type of beauty, and her dark hair and eyes and red lips are in harmony with her rich complexion. The artist has well indicated the sense of movement in her posture, and the figure as well as the countenance of the dancer is full of expression, and both are painted with extraordinary breadth and freedom.

It will be remembered that it was through Mr Sargent's admirable treatment of a similar subject that his skill in this direction was first brought to the notice of lovers of art in America. "El Jaleo," which was exhibited after his return from Spain, some ten years ago, represented a woman dancing in a Spanish *posada*, while a group of her companions, ranged against the wall, accompany her with guitar, tambourine, and castanets. The present work, while possessing much of the extraordinary power and dash of the earlier picture, is far more pleasing in its subject. It is remarkable for its harmony of treatment as well as for the breadth and vigor which characterize it, and the lithe, graceful figure that is so strikingly portrayed will not easily be forgotten by those who have seen the picture. Like "El Jaleo" and the works of a similar character from Mr. Sargent's brush, this portrait shows the influence upon him of Velasquez, and it worthily reproduces for us some of the most admirable characteristics of the great Spaniard's art.

Mr. Sargent was born in Florence, of American parents, thirty-five years ago. In his twentieth year he went to Paris, and entered the studio of Carolus Duran, whose portrait he soon afterward painted in a style that attracted favorable notice. His works, many of which have been shown in the Salon, have been marked by such vigor and brilliancy of treatment as to place him among the foremost of American painters. The pictures which he contributed to the recent Exhibition of the Society of American Artists illustrated the versatility as well as the brilliancy which are among the qualities of his art. He has been called a "painters' painter," and it is true that the technical excellence of many of his works that have been seen in the exhibitions appeals more especially to the artist than to the general spectator. Yet such a picture as this portrait of La Carmencita can hardly fail to win the admiration of the casual observer.

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON.

There are not less than fifteen gentlemen, and on one young lady their thirty eyes are focused. A mob of men two ranks deep rise and desire presentation. It is evident that the prelude to the dance has just been floating through the rooms. You will observe the methods employed so as to obtain recognition. Poses are various, and crush-hats are sported by the suitors in different ways. The engaging youth with the eye-glass handles his hat as if it was a salver, while there is an imploring, supplicating manner about one gentleman who holds his hat before him. The sensation the American girl makes goes beyond those who are nearest to her. Away beyond, where there are six men and three ladies, the attention of five of the men is directed toward the same young lady. And how does the American girl take all this homage? There is no expression of surprise. She has often been subjected to the same conditions. She looks supremely cool, not exactly indifferent. She might have an instant's hesitation—an *embarras de choix*, let us say—but just before she rose, having first with a graceful pat arranged her skirt, she had cast her eyes over the lot (she says "lot," that being very English), and had made her decision.

Mr. Hyde shows very properly all the little by-play of the situation. There are whisperings arising from the three young ladies in the front of the sketch. Of course, behind their fans they have scanned the American as to looks, set of gown, and can find nothing to disparage. As to that group in the distance, one young woman shows mitigated dislike as she stares into vacancy, while the other young person to the extreme right is in high dudgeon. It is wretched to be a wallflower, and exhibitions of temper under such circumstances are to be forgiven. What is amusing to the American girl, who is conscious of her social success, is the staid ceremonial which accompanies such so-called festivities. Its solemnity ought to impress her. It has quite the contrary effect. Something she is entirely wanting in is pity for the others, those young ladies, who, if they do not remain exactly fixtures, at least are asked to dance after her. She rather likes having the first choice of cavaliers. That is what she was born for. Under such circumstances commiseration for others is out of place. What that girl has is a certain charm of her own, a wonderful good taste in dress, an *aplomb* which forces consideration (something English people invariably bow before), and then again she can dance, and dance as few can. And talk! Just let her have a sympathetic partner, and when the dance is over, the fortunate man will say: "There is more real fun in that American girl than in a roomful of English ones. It's style and action that conquer England to-day."

JOHN JASPER, CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

John Jasper, who at the last meeting of the Board of Education of New York city was elected City Superintendent of Schools for a sixth term, is a man still in the prime of life, being now in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was born on Manhattan Island, and after a preparation in the public schools, was admitted to the Free Academy, now the College of the City of New York, from which he was graduated in 1856. After a year's experience as assistant engineer on the Central Park survey under General Viele, he was appointed an assistant teacher in Grammar School No. 9, and in 1864 he succeeded to the Principalship. His efficient management of this small school gained him promotion to the Principalship of Grammar School No. 51 in 1866.

In 1872 the growth of the school system called for the appointment of two additional Assistant Superintendents, and Principal Jasper was one of the two selected by the Board of Education. While acting in this capacity he was intrusted with the duty of supervising and directing the work of the teachers in introducing a new and extended course in drawing. Under the heavy strain of his duties his health broke down, and he spent a short time in Florida. His recovery was rapid, and on his return to New York, he resumed his labors with his accustomed energy. In September, 1879, he was elected to succeed Henry Kiddle, who had resigned his position as City Superintendent of Schools.

Mr. Jasper had been teacher and Principal in the evening schools, and teacher and Principal in the Evening High-school, and this, coupled with his experience in the other positions held by him, had given him an insight into the school system in all its phases and details. He was thus enabled to bring to the use of the Board of Education and its committees a large fund of practical knowledge, and in accordance with his suggestions and recommendations salutary changes have been made in the courses of study, and improved methods of instruction have been introduced.

THE GREAT GERMAN SHOOTING FESTIVAL.

The tenth Deutsche Bundesschiessen, or German Shooting Festival, will be held at Berlin in July, and promises to be the greatest meeting of riflemen and members of shooting clubs ever seen. A central committee of all the Schuetzen corps of Germany and Austria arranges such a meeting once in three years, and this year the invitations sent to German riflemen all over the world have been so generally accepted that the committee estimates that no less than sixty thousand men will take part in the contests. Unlike the English and Americans, who devote themselves exclusively to making scores when they go to shooting matches, the Germans introduce the element of sociability into their sports, take their wives and children to the rifle range, have parades and banquets, and get a great deal of all-round enjoyment out of their meetings.

A great many German-American shooting societies will be represented at Berlin, and most of the members who go to the meeting will be accompanied by their families, and make their trip a holiday excursion to the father-land. The steam-ship *Wieland* was chartered by the New York Independent Schuetzen Corps, to sail for Europe on the 12th of June with several hundred shooters and their families as passengers. Thirty-five members of the New York Central Schuetzen Corps and the representatives of the New-Yorker and New York City Corps went by the regular line steam-ships at an earlier date. All will meet in Hanover on July 3d, and proceed directly to Berlin, where they will find all arrangements made for them by an advance committee consisting of Messrs. William V. Weber, Alexander Stein, and Gus Zimmermann.

Matches will be shot in Bremen and Hamburg before the grand festival, and some of the American representatives will take part in them. When the corps go to Berlin they will enter the Unter den Linden by the Brandenburg Thor, march to the palace, with American, German, and corps flags flying, and listen to a speech of welcome from the Emperor. Afterward they will march to the City Hall, where they will be received by the Mayor.

The Independent Corps will give a banquet at the Kaiserhof on the evening of the Fourth of July. They will entertain 100 guests of honor, and they expect the Emperor to attend, although that point is not definitely settled. Minister Phelps will be present, and will respond to a patriotic American toast. Mr. William V. Weber, the Festpraesident, will preside at the banquet.

On the 5th of July there will be a grand parade in Berlin of all the Schuetzen corps, and the Americans will have a great open-air reception in Kroll's Garden, near the Thiergarten. The shooting will begin at five o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, July 6th, and continue until the 13th.

The programme of the festival shows that the Schuetzen corps take little or no interest in long-range shooting. All their matches will be shot off-hand at ranges of 175 and 300 metres, equivalent to 200 and 328 yards. There will be 112 targets for the use of the riflemen, divided equally between the two ranges, and nearly $100,000 worth of prizes will be distributed among the contestants at the end of the festival. The target at the 300-metre range is oblong in shape, 90 centimetres high, and 45 centimetres wide. The black centre is 57 centimetres high and 12 centimetres wide. A shot in the black counts 2 points, and in the outer part of the oblong it counts 1 point. The 175-metre target has a round bull's-eye 30 centimetres in diameter, with an inner ring of 15 centimetres. Most of the fine sharp-shooting will be at the shorter range. A great variety of special targets will be used also, such as the running deer, at 60 metres; the jumping hare, at 35 metres; and disappearing targets, to test quickness of sight, etc.

On Tuesday, July 8th, the sharp-shooters who have entered their names within a prescribed time will contest for supremacy in rapidity and accuracy of fire. The man who makes the greatest number of bull's-eyes within a certain number of minutes, or a certain number of points in the shortest time, will win the first prize. Ten cups are the prizes offered in this quick shooting contest. Most of the contests are open to all comers upon payment of a small entrance fee. A fee of six marks will secure an admission card for the whole festival, and any foreigner not a member of a Schuetzen corps can become a member and engage in the field shooting by paying three marks.

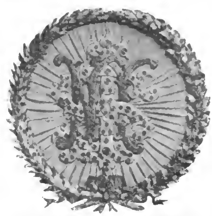
The rules of the range admit any kind of rifle weighing not more than 12½ pounds. Plain open sights must be used at the 300-metre range, but at 175 metres a peep sight is allowed. The front sight must be open at all ranges. The three-pound trigger-pull rule is not in favor with the Germans, and they admit hair and set triggers without discrimination.

Several targets will be devoted to revolver and pistol shooting at a distance of 38 yards, and it is expected that many army officers will take part in the revolver matches. No professionals will be allowed to participate. The Schuetzen corps have not paid much attention to revolver practice, however, and only a few members of the American societies will shoot at the pistol range. Mr. Alexander Stein, who is the best marksman with a revolver in the Seventh Regiment, is probably the only one who will try to win a prize with the smaller weapon.

The American contingent hopes to achieve the most fame in the team matches, and with that object in view a number of the best marksmen have been selected from the various corps to shoot for places in a team of five men. Mr. Weber, the Festpraesident; Captain Diehl, of the Independent; Captain Sieburg, of the New York Central; Captain Meyer, of the New York City; and Captain Wehrenberg, of the New Yorker Schuetzen Corps, are fair shots, but they do not aspire to places in the team, which probably will be made up from the following list: Gus. Zimmermann, Bernard Walther, Alex. Stein, David Miller, F. W. Hofele, G. Hoenighausen, A. Begerow, S. Kraus, and Mr. Fischer. If Strecher and Jacoby, of San Francisco, go to Berlin, they will be added to the list. Strecher is one of the best off-hand marksmen in the country, and was credited last winter with the best score on record at 200 yards.

Gus Zimmermann is Captain of the Bull's-Head Rifle Club, and a member of the Zettler, New York Independent, New York Central, and German American Sharp-shooters. In the contest at the American Institute in 1889 he won the first prize by a score of 2604 bull's-eyes, the next highest being Frank Ehret's string of 1604. In a match with Hofele, at 200 yards, Zimmermann made 601 bull's-eyes in three hours, his opponent making 325. The Tiffany cup was won by Zimmermann at Creedmoor last year.

Bernard Walther is President of the Zettler Rifle Club, and a member of the New York City, German American, and Bull's-Head clubs. Mr. Walther's record places him among the best off-hand marksmen in the country. He defeated Sergeant T. Dolan in the off-hand matches at the last fall meeting at Creedmoor. With a repeating rifle he has made 232 points out of a possible 250 in 1 minute 32 seconds.



TROPHY PRESENTED BY THE INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.

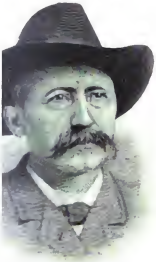
Alex. Stein, shooting-master of the Bull's-Head Club, is the high-score man of the Seventh Regiment. He has made a good record with the military rifle at Creedmoor, and is expert with the revolver.

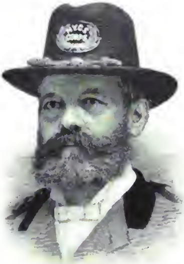
David Miller, of Hoboken, is a veteran sharp-shooter, and being steady and reliable in team shooting, he probably will be one of the five.

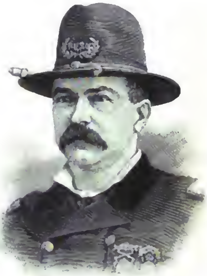
Messrs. Hofele, Kraus, Fischer, Begerow, and Hoenighausen are all excellent marksmen.

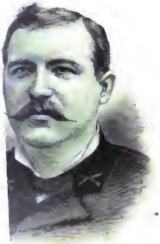
The team selected to represent the German American societies will shoot a match at Bingen, after the festival, with the best team of any German club. The last contest of all will be at Neustadt, where a day will be spent in individual prize and team shooting.

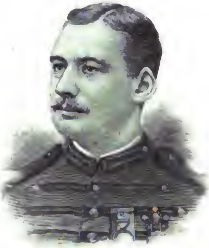
The Californians who will compete in Berlin for honors and prizes are Philo Jacoby, John Utschig, Captain F. A. Kuhls, Jacob Iloff, Fritz Boeckmann, F. Plagermann, and F. Gerecken, all members of the California Schuetzen Club and expert marksmen. Mr. Jacoby is President of the club, and one of the best shots in the country with either the German target rifle or the military weapon. He was born in Prussia, and has been a citizen of San Francisco for thirty years. He is the editor of a weekly paper called *The Hebrew*, and is prominent in all athletic affairs, being one of the founders and ex-director of the famous California Athletic Club. Mr. Jacoby's record as a rifleman is as follows: Took first prizes at the great United States shooting festival in Jones's Wood, New York, in 1868, first prize in Germany in 1868, and received there a needle-gun from the War Department of Prussia; took first prize at

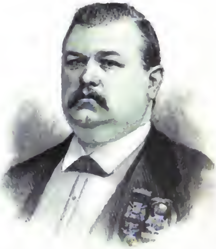

ORY, OF THE CALIFORNIA SCHUETZEN CLUB.

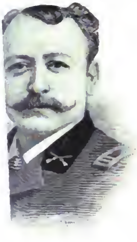

CAPTAIN JOHN C. MEYER, NEW YORK CITY SCHUETZEN.


CAPTAIN GEORGE WEHRENBERG, NEW-YORKER SCHUETZEN CORPS.


ORGE SIEBURG, NEW YORK CENTRAL SCHUETZEN CORPS.


ALEXANDER STEIN, INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.


CAPTAIN J. J. DIEHL, INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.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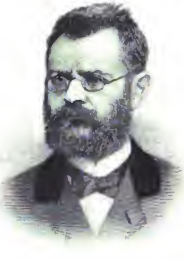
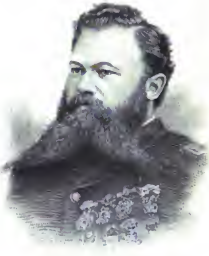

WILLIAM V. WEBER (FESTPRAESIDENT), INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.


B. WALTHER, INDEPENDENT NEW YORK SCHUETZEN.

RMAN-AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES AT THE GERMAN SHOOTING FESTIVAL TO BE HELD AT BERLIN IN JULY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 467.]

oting King at Washington, D. C., 1870;
irich, Switzerland, 1873, first prize in
ival at World's Fair, 1873, took first
hooting King in German shooting fes-
873, commanded California Schuetzen
ntennial shooting match at Philadel-
team took the champion cup, and Ja
nedal for the highest score of the team
twenty-four silver goblets, many med-
ip belt. In the Berlin shooting he will
r single loader. The Californians ex
l work in the matches with the open
tch with the famous Nevada military
team twenty men of the California Schuetzen Club made the unprecedented average of 87½ per cent.

The prize contributed by the Californians consists of a large vellum sheet, upon which, in the shape of a five-pointed star, are gold and silver coins of the United States, each point containing a $20, $10, $5, and $2 50 gold piece. The German and American colors are combined in the star, and above is the inscription:

> „Ehrenpreis für das deutſche Bundesſchießen für die Schützende „Deutſchland," gewidmet von deutſchgeborenen und deutſchfreundlichen Bürgern San Franciscos."

The New York Independent Schuetzen Corps also contributes a handsome prize, consisting of the corps monogram in red, white, and blue velvet ornamented with gold pieces to the value of $600. The trophy is three feet square.

The Californians will carry in the parade in Berlin a silk flag designed by Jacoby to combine the colors of the State and the United States. It has the regulation thirteen stripes, but in place of the blue field is the grizzly bear of California.

The marksmen who arrive early in Europe will take part in the Bremen festival on June 15th, and the Hanover festival on June 22d. After the great festival in Berlin some of them will go to Switzerland, to compete in the Federal shooting festival at Frauenfeld on July 20th.

that there are points of scientific play which serve to make it a subject of close study, and render possible constant improvement. There are a few rules which underlie good bowling.

Alleys are provided with balls from about two pounds to slightly less than sixteen pounds in weight. The beginner should take a small ball that is easily controlled, gradually increasing the size to the largest that can be used effectively. Put the thumb and third finger in the holes, and stand just back of the regulation line. Hold the arm perfectly straight, and let it swing like a pendulum. Swing the ball backward until the arm is on a level with the shoulder, then bring the ball downward so that it comes within an inch of the floor, and, if possible, just brushes the alley. At this very instant release the ball, when it will go without jar or bound. One of the most common mistakes of bowlers is that the moment of delivery of the ball is postponed until it is on the upward swing, when it is thrown rather than bowled, and goes bounding down the alley. The bowler should not lose control of the ball at the moment of delivery. In order to make a "strike," the ball should not hit the head pin directly in the centre, but a trifle to one side, between the first and second pins; otherwise a path is quite likely to be cut through the triangle, leaving some pins standing on both sides, and consequently a difficult "spare."

Finally, in order that the pins may be scattered as much as possible, a twist should be put on the ball at the instant of delivery. A great question among bowling experts is as to the relative excellence of the centre ball, which is rolled straight down the alley, and the cross ball rolled from the side. Opinion is about equally divided on the subject, and a somewhat critical analysis of the last season's playing fails to show any marked superiority in the work of either style of bowlers. The cross ball obviously is the more difficult. Perhaps the work of straight-ball rollers is more steady, while that of the cross-ball rollers is at times more brilliant, occasionally high scores being made, and often poor ones. There are a few who roll a curved ball, but as this style of play depends on the power of the ball to catch the wood, it is evident that until all alleys are of uniform smoothness, like a billiard table, this style of play cannot be rendered scientific. It requires, of course, considerable skill to roll a ball sixty feet and hit the head pin, but it requires more to pick off the difficult "spares"; and it is here that pretty and scientific play comes in.

That the game has the elements of enduring popularity is shown by the fact that clubs like the Out Club, the American Bowling Club, and others, have been organized for several years, and have continued to play season after season with but slight change of membership. The pastime has, besides, many features to commend it. The elements of scientific play and skill are applied to a sport of a not too violent nature, and there is an entire absence of danger. In driving balls with precision at a distant point there is required keenness of vision and coolness of control, and there comes greater muscular development and an increased grace and freedom of carriage. Some sports require more skill, others more exertion, but few, if any, unite these qualities so admirably. The game is adapted alike to women, men of sedentary habits, and to those most proficient in athletic sports. There is, further, a clearly defined limit to team records—a limit that may be more and more nearly approximated, but doubtless never reached. It may be said in this connection that the Phœnix Club of this city has a record of 1885 out of a possible 3000 points. While it would be hazardous to say that this has not been excelled in some remote alley or unheard-of game, yet it is regarded as about the record score of a ten-man team made on a regulation alley. In the recent *Herald* Amateur Bowling Tournament, which doubtless brought together the best individual bowlers and teams that ever met in a bowling contest, the highest record for a five-man team was 969 out of a possible 1500, and the highest individual record was 258 out of a possible 300. The Jersey City Athletic Club won the championship with an individual average of 175 4-45. In Brooklyn the Echo Club has done some notable bowling during the past season, as has the Phœnix Club, of this city.

An especially interesting fact about bowling is that the best bowlers are found not among the professionals, but among those strictly amateurs. This fact has been potent in giving a high standard to the game, and in making it popular with all classes. Aside from a multitude of independent clubs, there are clubs formed from various organizations. It is almost needless to say that every athletic club has its picked team of representative bowlers. The Produce Exchange has an excellent team, so has the Consolidated Stock Exchange; and there are teams selected from the big houses of Wall Street, from the national banks, from the silversmiths, and a host of other organizations, many of the representatives being expert bowlers. There is also much bowling in the city clubs, and some of them, like the University Club, of this city, and the Lincoln Club, of Brooklyn, hold elaborate tournaments.

Nor is bowling confined to men. Women have recently taken it up, and have shown an ability to surmount those difficulties which are supposed to obtain against their acquiring proficiency in sports requiring free play of the arm, as in throwing the ball. Some excellent bowling has been done during the season by women. The new Ladies' Berkeley Athletic Club has some finely constructed alleys devoted exclusively to women's use. Some very creditable scores have been made also at the Knickerbocker Bowling Club's tournament by the women as well as the men. The number of clubs composed of both women and men is very large, bowling parties having become a social feature, alleys being rented one evening each week.

So popular, indeed, has the sport become that even now, before the season has fairly closed, most of the alleys have been engaged for next season, new ones are being projected, new clubs are forming, and everything indicates increased prosperity and interest in the game.

CHARLES S. REINHART

We Americans are accused of making too much ado about our celebrities, of being demonstratively conscious of each step that we take in the path of progress; and the accusation has its ground doubtless in this sense, that it is possible among us to-day to become a celebrity on unprecedentedly easy terms. This, however, at the present hour is the case all the world over, and it is difficult to see where the standard of just renown remains so high that the first stone may be cast. It is more and more striking that the machinery of publicity is so enormous, so constantly growing, and so obviously destined to make the globe small, in relation of the objects, famous or obscure, which cover it, that it procures for the smallest facts and the most casual figures a reverberation to be expected only in the case of a world-conqueror. The newspaper and the telegram constitute a huge sounding-board, which has, every day and every hour, to be made to vibrate, to be fed with items, and the diffusion of the items takes place on a scale out of any sort of proportion to their intrinsic importance. The crackle of common things is transmuted into a thunder, which is perhaps louder in America than elsewhere for the reason that the sheet of tin shaken by the Jupiter of the Press has been cut larger. But the difference is only of degree, not of kind; and if the system we in particular have brought to perfection would seem to be properly applied only to Alexanders and Napoleons, it is not striking that these adequate subjects present themselves even in other countries. The end of it all surely no man can see, unless it be that collective humanity is destined to perish from a rupture of its tympanum. That is a theme for a later hour, and meanwhile perhaps it is well not to be too frightened. Some of the items I just spoke of are, after all, larger than others; and if, as a general thing, it is a mistake to pull up our reputations to see how they are growing, there are some so well grown that they will bear it, and others of a hardy stock even while they are tender. We may feel, for instance, comparatively little hesitation in extending an importunate hand toward the fine young sapling of which Mr. Reinhart is one of the branches. It is a plant of promise, which has already flowered profusely, and the fragrance of which it would be affectation not to notice. Let us notice it, then, with candor, for it has all the air of being destined to make the future sweeter.

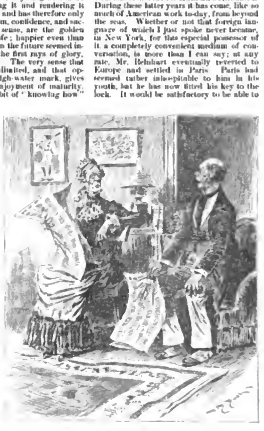
The plant in question is of course simply the art of illustration in black and white, to which American periodical literature has lately given such an impetus, and which has returned the good office by conferring a great distinction on our magazines. In its new phase the undertaking has succeeded; and it is not always that fortune descends upon so deserving a head. Two or three fine talents in particular have helped it to succeed, and Mr. Reinhart is not the least conspicuous of these. It would be idle for a writer in these pages to pretend to any diffidence of appreciation of his work; for they are studded, from many years back, with the record of his ability. Mr Reinhart took his first steps and made his first hits in Harper, which owes him properly a portrait in return for so much portraiture. I may exaggerate the charm and the importance of the modern illustrative form, may see in it a capacity of which it is not yet itself wholly conscious, but if I do so Mr Reinhart is partly responsible for the aberration. Abundant, intelligent, interpretative work in black and white is, to the sense of the writer of these lines, one of the pleasantest things of the time, having only to rise to the occasion to enjoy a great future. This idea, I confess, is such as to lead one to write not only sympathetically but pleadingly about the artists to whom one looks for confirmation of it. If at the same time as we commemorate what they have done we succeed in enlarging a little the conception of what they may yet do, we shall be repaid even for having exposed ourselves as fanatics—fanatics of the general manner, I mean, not of particular representatives of it.

May not this fanaticism, in a particular case, rest upon a sense of the resemblance between the general chance, as it may be called, of the draughtsman in black and white, with contemporary life for his theme, and the opportunity upon which the literary artist brings another form to bear? The forms are different, though with analogies; but the field is the same—the immense field of contemporary life observed for an artistic purpose. There is nothing so interesting as that, because it is *ourselves*; and no artistic problem is so charming as to arrive, either in a literary or a plastic form, at a close and direct notation of what we observe. If one has attempted some such business in a literary form, one cannot help having a sense of union and comradeship with those who have approached the question with the other instrument. This will be especially the case if we happen to have appreciated that instrument even to envy. We may as well say it outright, we envy it quite unspeakably in the hands of Mr. Reinhart and in those of Mr. Abbey. There is almost no limit to the service to which we can imagine it to be applied, and we find ourselves wishing that these gentlemen may be made adequately conscious of all the advantages it represents. We wonder whether they really *are* so; we are disposed even to assume that they are not, in order to point the moral, to insist on the lesson. The master whom we have mentally in view—Mr. Reinhart is a near approach to him—may be, if he will only completely know it, so prompt, so copious, so universal—so "all there," as we say nowadays, and indeed so all everywhere. There is only too much to see, too much to do and his process is the one that comes nearest to minimizing the quantity. He can touch so many things, he can go from one scene to another, he can sound a whole concert of notes, while the painter is setting up his easel. The painter is majestic, dignified, academic, important, superior, anything you will; but he is, in the very nature of the case, only occasional. He is "serious," but he is comparatively clumsy; he is a terrible time getting under way, and he has to sacrifice so many subjects while he is doing one. The illustrator makes one immense sacrifice, of course—that of color; but with it he purchases a freedom which enables him to attack ever so many ideas. It is by variety and numerosity that he commends himself to his age, and it is for these qualities that his age commends him to the next. The twentieth century, the latter half of it, will, no doubt, have its troubles, but it will have a great compensatory luxury, that of seeing the life of a hundred years before much more vividly than we—even happy we—see the life of a hundred years ago. But for this our illustrators must do their best, appreciate the endless capacity of their form. It is to the big picture what the short story is to the novel.

It is doubtless too much, I hasten to add, to ask Mr. Reinhart, for instance, to work to please the twentieth century. The end will not matter if he pursues his present very prosperous course of activity, for it is assuredly the fruitful vein, the one I express the hope to see predominant, the portrayal of the manners, types, and aspects that surround us. Mr Reinhart has reached that happy period of life when a worker is in full possession of his means, when he has done for his chosen instrument everything he can do in the way of forming it and rendering it complete and flexible, and has therefore only to apply it with freedom, confidence, and success. These, to our sense, are the golden hours of an artist's life; happier even than the younger time when the future seemed infinite in the light of the first rays of glory, the first palpable hits. The very sense that the future is not unlimited, and that opportunity is at its high-water mark, gives an intensity to the enjoyment of maturity. Then the acquired habit of "knowing how" must simplify the problem of execution and leave the artist free to think only of his purpose, as befits a real creator. Mr. Reinhart is at the enviable stage of knowing in perfection how; he has arrived at absolute facility and felicity. The machine goes of itself; it is no longer necessary to keep lifting the cover and pouring in the oil of fond encouragement; all the attention may go to the idea and the subject. It may, however, remain very interesting to others to know how the faculty was trained, the pipe was tuned. The early phases of such a process have a relative importance even when, at the time (so gradual are many beginnings and so obscure many a morrow), they may have appeared neither delightful nor profitable. They are almost always to be summed up in the single precious word practice. This word represents, at any rate, Mr. Reinhart's youthful history, and the profession in which, though no doubt occasionally disguised, the boon was supplied to him in the offices of this periodical. There is nothing so innate that it has not also to be learned, for the best part of any aptitude is the capacity to increase it.

Mr. Reinhart's experience began to accumulate very early, for at Pittsburgh, where he was born, he was free to draw to his heart's content. There was no romantic attempt, as I gather, to nip him in the bud. On the contrary, he was despatched with almost prosaic punctuality to Europe, and was even encouraged to make himself at home in Munich. Munich, in his case, was a *pis-aller* for Paris, where it would have been his preference to study when he definitely surrendered, as it were, to his symptoms. He went to Paris, but Paris seemed blocked and complicated, and Munich presented advantages which, if not greater, were at least easier to approach. Mr. Reinhart passed through the mill of the Bavarian school, and when it had turned him out with its characteristic polish he came back to America with a very substantial stock to dispose of. It would take a chapter by itself if we were writing a biography, this now very usual episode of the return of the young American from the foreign conditions in which he has learned his professional language, and his position in face of the community, whom he addresses in a strange idiom. There has to be a prompt adjustment between ear and voice, if the interlocutor is not to seem to himself to be intoning in the void. There is always an inner history in all this, as well as an outer one—such, however, as it would take much space to relate. Mr Reinhart's more or less alienated accent fell, by good fortune, on a comprehending listener. He had made a satirical drawing, in the nature of the "cartoon" of a comic journal, on a subject of the hour, and addressed it to the editor of Harper's Weekly. The drawing was not published—the satire was perhaps not exactly on the right note—but the draughtsman was introduced. Thus began, by return of post, as it were, and with preliminaries so few that they could not well have been less, a connection of many years. If I were writing a biography, another chapter would come in here—a curious, almost a pathetic one; for the course of things is so rapid in this country that the years of Mr. Reinhart's apprenticeship to pictorial journalism, positively recent as they are, already are almost prehistoric. To-morrow, at least, the complexion of that time, its processes, ideas, and standards, together with some of the unsophisticated who carried them out, will belong to old New York. A certain mollifying dimness rests upon them now, and their superseded brilliancy gleams through it but faintly. It is a lively span for Mr. Reinhart to have been at once one of the unsophisticated and one of the actually modern.

That portion of his very copious work to which, more particularly, I apply the latter term has been done for Harper's Magazine. During these latter years it has come, like so much of American work to-day, from beyond the seas. Whether or not that foreign language of which I just spoke never became, in New York, for this especial possessor of it, a completely convenient medium of conversation, is more than I can say; at any rate, Mr. Reinhart eventually reverted to Europe and settled in Paris. Paris had seemed rather inhospitable to him in his youth, but he has now fitted his key to the lock. It would be satisfactory to be able to



SEASONABLE.

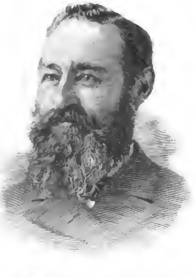
"P. L., Mrs. Simpkins."
"No, sir; N. L."
"P. L., I say."
"Now here, Hezekiah Simpkins, if you dare to say P. L. to me again, you won't see a game of base-ball this season! I'll stop your weekly allowance."

CHARLES S. REINHART, ARTIST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

atifically the reasons why, as a g, the American artist, as well as ' of many another land, carries on with less sense of resistance han elsewhere. He likes Paris t is not scientific. The differ- though theoretically the produc- res is recognized in America and In Paris it is recognized both and practically. And I do not simply that pictures are bought e not, predominantly, as it hap- at they are more presupposed. s implied in the French concep- s, and the studio is as natural a of it as the post-office is of let- Vivid representation is the gen- rench language and the need of aind. The people have invented it than any other, and as these p a large part of the artist's life, best home to be in the place ds them most. He may begin lth that home on the day a com- introduced by the question of ll represent—a totally different from that of the method; but hart this question has not yet able difficulties. He represents he has accepted so general an ing as his countrymen flock to ve in a homogeneous procession es, there is not the smallest dif resenting *them*. When the case they shall be taken in connec- r native circumstances and seen dent air, he is prepared to come ve several months to the task, as ion of Mr. Dudley Warner's his- r among the watering places, to rnished so rich and so curious a mpaniment Sketch-book in akes himself, according to need, to England, to Italy, to Spain of HARPER'S will have forgot- rable pictorial notes on the po- at Berlin, so rich and close in ion To the *Spanish Vistas* of throp he contributed innumer- delightful notes of an artist's sketchable, many of which are l pictures. The "Soldiers Play- " at a cafe is a powerful page Reinhart has, of course, interpreted many a fictive scene—he has been repeatedly called upon to make the novel and the story visible. This he most energetically does; though of course we are unable to say whether the men and women he makes us see are the very people whom the authors have seen. That is a thing that, in any case, one will never know, besides, the authors who don't see vaguely are apt to see perversely. The story teller has, at any rate, the comfort with Mr. Reinhart that his drawings are constructive, and that he produces life. He likes to represent character—he rejoices in the specifying touch.

The evidence of this is to be found also in his pictures, for I ought already to have mentioned that, for these many years (they are beginning to be many), he has painted as well as worked in black and white. It is not probable that he regards himself in the first place as an illustrator, in the sense to which the term is usually restricted He is a very vigorous and various painter, and at the Salon a constant and conspicuous exhibitor He is fond of experiments, difficulties, and dangers, and I divine that it would be his preference to be known best by his work in color, in which he handles landscape with equal veracity. It is a pity that the critic is unable to contend with him on such a point without appearing to underestimate that work Mr. Reinhart has so much to show for his preference that I am conscious that it takes some assurance to say that I am not sure he is right This would be the case even if he had nothing else to show than the admirable picture entitled "Washed Ashore" ("Un Épave") which made such an impression in the Salon of 1887. It represents the dead body of an unknown man whom the tide has cast up, lying on his back, feet forward, disfigured, dishonored by the sea. A small group of villagers are collected near it, divided by the desire to look and the fear to see. A gendarme, official and responsible, his uniform contrasting with the mortal disrepair of the victim, takes down in his notebook the *procès verbal* of the incident, and an old sailor, pointing away with a stiffened arm, gives him the benefit of what *he* knows about the matter. Plain, pitying fish wives, hushed, with their shawls in their mouths, hang back, as if from a combination too solemn—the mixture of death and the law. Three or four men seem to be glad it isn't they. The thing is a masterpiece of direct representation, and has wonderfully the air of something seen, found without being looked for. Excellently composed but not artificial, deeply touching but not sentimental, large, close, and sober, this important work gives the full measure of Mr. Reinhart's great talent, and constitutes a kind of pledge. It may be perverse on my part to see in it the big bank-note, as it were, which may be changed into a multitude of gold and silver pieces. I cannot, however, help doing so. "Washed Ashore" is painted as only a painter paints, but I irreverently translate it into its equivalent in "illustrations"—half a hundred little examples, in black and white, of the same sort of observation. For this observation, immediate, familiar, sympathetic, human, and not involving a quest of style for which color is really indispensable, is a mistress at whose service there is no derogation in placing one's self. To do little things instead of big may be a derogation; a great deal will depend upon the way the little things are done. Besides, no work of art is absolutely little. I grow bold and even impertinent as I think of the way Mr Reinhart might scatter the smaller coin. At any rate, whatever proportion his work in this line may bear to the rest, it is to be hoped that nothing will prevent him from turning out more and more to play the rare faculty that produces it. His studies of American manners in association with Mr. Warner went so far on the right road that we would fain see him make all the rest of the journey. They begot an inevitable requisition for more, and were full of intimations of what was behind. They showed what there is to see—what there is to guess. Let him carry the same inquiry farther, let him carry it all the way. It would be serious work, and would abound in reality; it would help us, as it were, to know what we are talking about. In saying this I feel how much I confirm the great claims I just made for the revival of illustration.

HENRY JAMES.



JOHN JASPER, M.A., SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 467.]

THE PREVENTIVE OF A TERRIBLE DISEASE.
No disorders, excepting the most deadly forms of lung disease, involve such a tremendous destruction of organic tissue as those which fasten upon the kidneys. Such maladies, when they become chronic—and none are so liable to assume that phase—completely wreck the system. To prevent this terrible disease, recourse should be had, upon the first manifestation of trouble, to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which experience has proved to be highly effective as a means of imparting tone and regularity to the organs of urination, as well as to the liver, stomach, and bowels. Another beneficial result of this medicine, naturally consequent upon its diuretic action, is the elimination from the blood of impurities which beget rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, dropsy, and other maladies. By increasing the activity of the kidneys, it augments the depurative efficiency of these organs, which are most important outlets for the escape of such impurities.—[*Adv.*]

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

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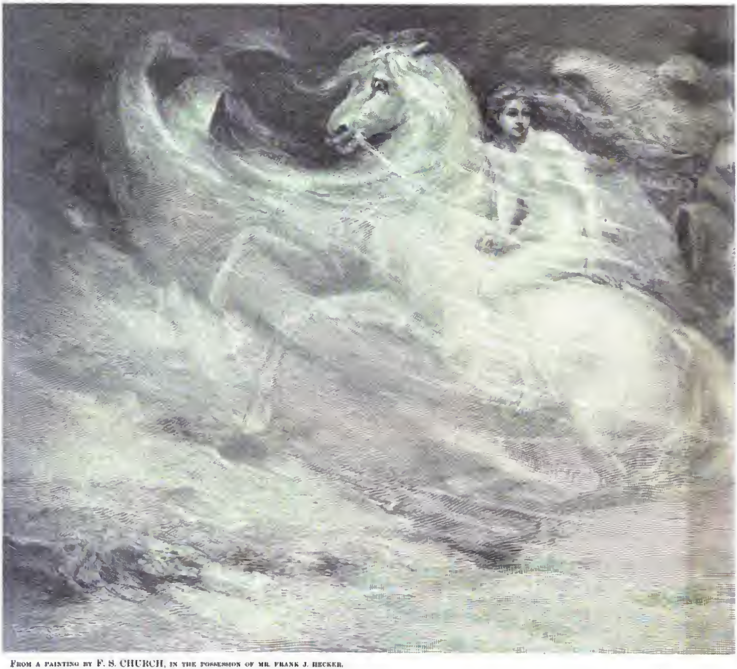

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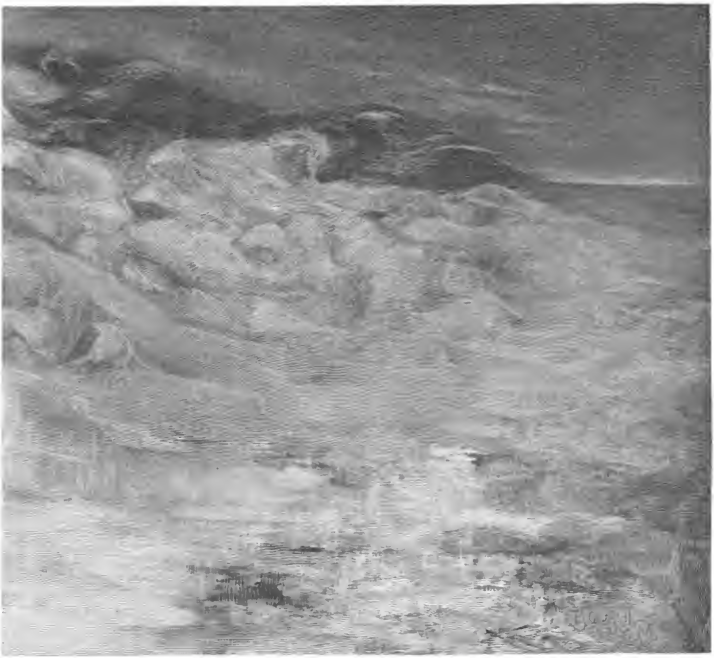

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING. SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, JUNE 14, 1890

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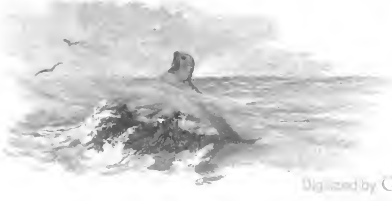


ATHLETICS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK.

BY WALTER KERSHAW.

THERE is a season for rowing, and a season for base-ball; a season for tennis, and a season for foot-ball; but for general athletics there is no particular season. Gymnastics may be practised the year round. Men can walk and run and jump almost as well in-doors as out, and swimming-tanks have made exercise in the water as practicable in winter as in summer. Most clubs now have both winter and summer "meetings"—competitions, that is to say, open either to members of the club or to all amateurs. In winter their energies are apt to be mainly directed to bowling and general gymnastics; in summer more attention is paid to base-ball, rowing, yachting, and tennis. The late fall is the season for foot-ball, and in a winter like the one just past cross-country runs may be held every week.

The past ten years have seen a most remarkable development of athletics in this neighborhood. Twenty years ago only two of the present athletic clubs were in existence—the Scottish-American and the New York. Fifteen years ago there were more, but they have not survived. The Manhattan, Staten Island, and American athletic clubs were founded in 1877; the Elizabeth, Pastime, and Jersey City in 1878; the Williamsburg in 1879, the Palma in 1882, the Nassau in 1885, the Orange in 1886, and the New Jersey in 1887; the Berkeley in 1888, the Acorn in 1889, and the Actors in 1890.

Now there are in this city, Brooklyn, and the neighborhood, within fifteen miles, including Newark, Orange, and Elizabeth, some thirty clubs recognized by the Amateur Athletic Union, not to mention the hundreds of separate bowling and tennis and base-ball clubs. It has become fashionable to be an athlete, and there is many a man who would be called a dude east of the Bowery that is prouder of his muscle than of his clothes, and that could "put up his hands" with any of the brawny denizens of the east side. It is said by those who know that New York has more active members of athletic clubs, both absolutely and in proportion to population, than any other large city in the world.

Perhaps a fair measure of the interest taken in such matters may be obtained from the fact that in the cross-country run, held by the National Cross-country Association at Morris Park, March 15th, there were 114 starters, belonging to twenty-two different clubs, all of them in or near the city. It may be worth while to mention just here that the American champion, "Willie" Day, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, not only beat all his native competitors, but also outran Sidney Thomas, the English cross-country champion—who was entered by the Manhattan Club—by more than two minutes on an eight-mile course.

Of all our indigenous athletic associations the New York Athletic Club is the oldest, as it is about the largest and best established. It was founded twenty-four years ago by William B. Curtis, John C. Babcock, and Henry E. Buermeyer in a back parlor on Sixth Avenue. It was in this year that amateur athletics began to become prominent in England. The first Oxford-Cambridge athletic contest was held in March of that year, and the first amateur championship meeting was given in the same month. It was the accounts of these competitions that inspired the young athletes already mentioned to renewed efforts.

The first public contests of the New York Athletic Club were held in the American Institute building, on Third Avenue, November 11, 1868. Since that time its progress has been rapid. It now has over two thousand members; it owns one of the largest, best-appointed, and most complete club-houses in the world, and besides that has a country house at its summer resort of Travers Island which is itself as fine a club-house as could be desired. At Travers Island are the field and track where the out-door competitions are held, and the course where boat-races are rowed and sailed. There are the tennis grounds and base-ball grounds; while the house itself contains every appliance for in-door comfort, pleasure, and exercise.

As would naturally be expected from its age and size, the New York Club has produced many champion athletes, and many more who rank with the champions. Among the "best-on-record" performances of its members are those of F. G. Saportas, 75 yards, 7⅗ seconds; Wendell Baker, 80 yards, 8 seconds, 100 yards, 10 seconds, 125, 130, 180, and 220 yards at the same rate of ten yards a second, and a quarter-mile in 47⅘ seconds; R. L. La Montagne, 101 yards, 10 seconds; W. C. Wilmer and E. J. Wendell, 100 yards, 10 seconds. All these but the 75, 150, and 220 yards are world's records. Among other best American records of New York members have been those of Mr. E. C. Carter at all distances from one mile to ten; Mr. A. A. Jordan's 16⅕ seconds for 120 yards over ten hurdles; Mr. M. W. Ford's running and standing broad jumps (these being also world's records) of 23 feet 3 inches and 10 feet 9¾ inches; Mr. C. A. J. Queckberner's and Mr. W. L. Condon's performances with the shot and hammer; Mr. H. E. Toussaint's swimming, 25 yards in 15 seconds; and Mr. G. D. Phillips's skating at various distances. The present President of the Club is Mr. Walter G. Schuyler, and the Captain Mr. G. Johnston Bradish.

The only rival of the New York Club in numbers, wealth, and influence is the Manhattan, whose magnificent new club-house was illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY at the time its corner-stone was laid. The club was not legally incorporated until 1878, but it took a prominent place from the start. Its leaders secured a track and grounds within the city limits, and made the track one of the very best and fastest in the country. They devoted much energy to the development of athletes who would make records and bring glory to the club. They gave handsome prizes and held frequent meetings. Their success was wonderful, and in 1880, 1881, and 1882 the Manhattan athletes won against all comers the handsome stand of colors offered by G. M. L. Sacks for the club winning the most points at the championship meeting of the National Association. It still holds the grounds on the block bounded by Eighth and Ninth avenues, Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh streets, and their convenience and the excellence of the track help to account for the club's great success in all out-door sports.

Manhattan's most distinguished athlete is undoubtedly Mr. L. E. Myers, whose career was one almost unbroken success for six years, and who made new records at almost every distance from fifty to twelve hundred yards, both in England and America. His quarter-mile in 48⅘ seconds and his half in 1.55⅖ stood as the record for years; his 350 yards in 38⅘ seconds is one of the most wonderful performances ever known. His records at 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, and 1000 yards still stand. Among other Manhattan runners the best known are T. P. Conneff, who has held the record at 1½ and 1¾ miles; A. B. George, once champion at 2½ miles; P. D. Skillman, for various long distances; Sidney Thomas, an English importation, who has made new records between 8 and 15 miles, and A. G. Waldron, H. Fredericks, and F. Westing for the shorter distances. Among the walkers are Purdy, Lange, and Hart; among the hurdlers are Copeland and Jordan; at swimming, Meffert has made records from 220 yards to a mile; at skating, Donohue and Craft have distinguished themselves. Finally, at the running high jump, Mr. W. Byrd Page has beaten the world's record out of sight. The club now contains about eighteen hundred members. The present President of the club is Mr George W. Carr.

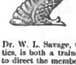
One of the best "all-round" clubs is the Staten Island. Most of the clubs, especially the smaller ones, confine their efforts largely to one or two branches of sport. Thus the Palmas are mostly given to shooting and bowling, the Crescent to foot-ball and base-ball, the Star and National to boxing, the Jersey City to bowling, the Elizabeth to bowling and base-ball, the Turnverein to gymnastics proper; but the Staten Islanders do a little of everything, and do it pretty well. They have some good performers on field and track athletics; they have a good crew; they keep up canoe races and yacht races; they have tennis tournaments every year; their lacrosse team is one of the best in the country; and they are making a fine record as base-ball players. The club property is valued at $100,000. There is a good house, a boat-house, a track, a ball-ground, and tennis grounds. Among the club champions have been, among the runners, Messrs. J. H. Rimmer, Fred. W. Janssen, M. W. Ford, George Schwegler, E. J. Hoep, and H. E. Hallock; among rowing men, Harry Janssen and W. C. Rowland; among bicyclers, A. B. Rich, sometime champion of America; and among the heavy-weights, C. A. J. Queckberner. Mr. Eberhard Faber has been President of the club for the past two years.

The Pastime Athletic Club, founded in 1878, early earned for itself the title of the "Nursery," because it produced so many good athletes who afterward joined larger and wealthier organizations. The social feature is perhaps not quite so prominent in the Pastime as in some of the others. Its club-house is an old church, more or less surrounded by gravestones, and it has not the advantages of some other clubs. Notwithstanding this fact, and the drain of some of its best athletes, it still maintains a good standing, and some of its men are always among the prize-winners at meetings of the A. A. U. Among its prominent athletes at present are Capt. J. H. Hughes, who has gained distinction as a wrestler; Mr. A. J. Murberg, the sprinter; Mr. M. O'Sullivan, a heavy-weight; Messrs. T. Murphy and D. O'Brien, boxers; and Messrs. J. E. Sullivan, W. R. Burckhardt, H. Dimse, and W. F. Pallman, pedestrians. Among the prominent men whom it has "graduated" are Messrs. F. L. Lambrecht, the heavy-weight; H. Fredericks, A. G. Waldron, and E. C. Carter, runners; and the Ellingsworth brothers, known everywhere as expert boxers.

Of the younger athletic organizations none is now more prominent and promising than the New Jersey Athletic Club, which has its headquarters at Bergen Point. It was incorporated two years and a half ago, the Bergen Point Base-ball Club, and the Argonauts and Viking rowing associations joining in its formation. Since then the Olympic Athletic Club and the Claremont Cricket Club have cast in their fortunes with it. It has about 550 members, a good club-house, a fine field and track, and an excellent rowing course on Newark Bay. Its President is Mr. A. C. Stevens, and Mr. A. M. Sweet is chairman of the Athletic Committee. Mr. E. Hjertberg is captain of its cross-country team, which won the championship at the great meeting of the National Cross-country Association on March 15th. Among its more prominent athletes are Messrs. W. D. Day, who holds running records from 1½ to 4 miles, and at 10 miles, and the individual cross-country championship; Mr. J. H. Mitchell, the heavy-weight hammer-thrower; Mr. T. Sherman, the pedestrian; Mr. F. G. Brown, the bicycler; Mr. Wm. Halpin, the jumper; Mr. F. Schroeder, the expert swinger of Indian clubs, and Mr. Hermann Braun, the champion swimmer. The champion cross-country team contains, besides Messrs. Day and Hjertberg, C. B. Gardiner, John Rumpf, W. S. French, and A. Gray.

The Acorn Athletic Club is only a year old, but it is already prominent. Its club-house and grounds are in South Brooklyn, at Fifty-sixth Street and Second Avenue. It has a good cross-country team, and cultivates general athletics. Mr. M. A. Cuming is the President, and F. L. Lambrecht the Captain. Among its prominent members are Messrs. John Nolan, boxer and cross-country runner; E. Edwards, Chas. O'Malley, Jun., and G. Jackson, sprinters; and Arthur C. Cole, tug-of-war man.

The Crescent Athletic Club is devoted mainly to foot-ball and base-ball. Its house and grounds are at Bay Ridge, on Narrows Avenue, between Eighty-third and Eighty-fifth streets. Its President is Mr. Chas. M. Bull. Among its leading members are Harry Beecher, the famous quarter-back of Yale, and William Bull, the equally famous full-back, Messrs. Terry and Edwards, half-backs, and Mr. W. H. Ford, centre rush and captain. The foot-ball team has won the amateur championship ever since it began to play, and last year "whitewashed" all its opponents. The base-ball team, of which Mr. W. H. Halstead is captain, was second in the Athletic Club League last year. It has almost 600 members.



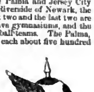
One of the most complete of all the clubs is the Berkeley, which is eminently a college men's club, and which prides itself on its freedom from "professionalism." It contains now 600 members; it has a fine club-house on Forty-fourth Street, and its grounds, the Berkeley Oval, at Morris Dock, is known far and wide as one of the finest in the world. The object of the club is not to bring out champions, but to cultivate all its members. Dr. W. L. Savage, who has charge of the in-door gymnastics, is both a trained athlete and a physician, and is able to direct the members in their work so as to obtain the best results in general development.

Besides the departments of gymnastics and general athletics, the club cultivates cricket, base-ball, foot-ball, rowing, canoeing, swimming, bowling, and billiards, and pays some attention to whist and chess. There are committees also on art, music, and the drama, and the club theatre is widely known. Among the athletes are Mr. Wendell Baker, who is chairman of the committee on out-door athletics, Mr. H. S. Brooks, the famous Yale sprinter, and Mr. William Windle, who has made records on the bicycle from half a mile to ten miles. The Berkeley is a young club, but it already owns property valued at $410,000. Its President is Mr. John S. White.

The St. George Athletic Club is one of the many organizations started by Dr. Rainsford, the energetic rector of St. George's Church. Its head-quarters are in the St. George Building, on Sixteenth Street. It has about two hundred members, and has made a creditable showing in the cross-country runs of the past season. The President is Mr. Robert Conn, and the Captain Mr. M. J. Rawlinson.

No account of the athletic clubs of New York could be complete without a reference to the Actors' Club—the "five A's." This was founded by Messrs. Barr McIntosh, De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Charles Thomas, and Robert Hilliard. It has now 400 members, including all the well-known actors. Among those prominent as athletes besides those mentioned are Francis Wilson, who is an expert boxer and fencer, Maurice Barrymore, and John Drew, an artist with the foils. Many of the members are confirmed base-ball "cranks," and they are heart and soul with the Brotherhood in its new venture.

Among the prominent clubs in New Jersey, beside the New Jersey Athletic Club, are the Palma and Jersey City of Jersey City, the West Side and Riverside of Newark, the Orange, and the Elizabeth. The first two and the last two are largely given to bowling, but all have gymnasiums, and the Orange Club has base-ball and foot-ball teams. The Palma, Jersey City, and Orange clubs have each about five hundred members.



The growth of athletics has been nowhere more clearly manifest than in our militia regiments. The building of such immense armories as those of the Seventh in New York and the Thirteenth in Brooklyn has given the regimental athletes room enough to hold games in-doors, and has greatly stimulated winter exercises of all sorts. Nearly all the regiments now have athletic clubs, the most notable of which are those of the Seventh, the Twenty-second, the Twelfth, and the Thirteenth. The Seventh contains many members who belong also to the New York or Manhattan or other local clubs. An idea of the variety and excellence of its games may be had from a mere list of the events and some of the principal competitors in the meeting of Saturday, April 5th. Here is the programme: 1000-yard run, 220-yard run, half-mile walk, putting 16-pound shot, 440-yard run, 220-yard hurdle, running high jump, wheelbarrow race, half-mile roller-skating race, three-legged race, and 2-mile bicycle race. Among the entries were such well-known athletes as C. A. J. Queckberner, A. A. Jordan, A. W. S. Cochrane, A. B. Rich, E. A. Powers, and P. A. Ware.

The Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn devotes less attention to general athletics than the Seventh; but the interest in base-ball is very strong, and games have been played all winter in the armory. The Twenty-second has some excellent athletes, and the general average of its men as to physical condition is high.

It is easily seen that the encouragement of athletic sport among members of the National Guard is an excellent thing for that important branch of the service. Young men who keep "in condition," and who are trained to walk and run and jump and play ball, are certainly capable of better service in the field than they could render without such training.

The Prospect Harriers devote themselves to cross-country running, and last year they were the champions. They have a very strong team, and number among their members some well-known runners, among whom are Messrs. J. D. Lloyd, S. T. Freeth, W. W. and F. Kuhlke, P. Dolan, J. S. H. McGregor, and S. T. Stagg.

Among the other clubs more or less prominent in the neighborhood are the American, the Amity, the Down-Town, the Grayling, the Hoboken, the Yonkers, the Sylva, the Star, the Allerton, the Brighton, the Union, the West End, the Titan, and last, but oldest of all, the Scottish-American. Altogether there are about thirty, besides the "Y. M. C. A.'s," and they own property to the aggregate value of over $2,500,000.

The "Y. M. C. A.'s" deserve a separate article to themselves. Almost every well-organized Young Men's Christian Association in the city and neighborhood has now its athletic department, and many of them have gymnasiums. It is the muscular form of Christianity that seems to take best among young men. The New York Y. M. C. A. is the oldest and best known, and its gymnasium has been celebrated these fifteen years. Last year there was a flourishing Y. M. C. A. base-ball league of some twenty or thirty clubs, and this year the interest bids fair to be still greater.

As will be seen by the table of "fixtures," the Turners are represented. These German societies afford excellent

ining, and their athletes always distinguish
the more purely gymnastic games.
arious ways of estimating the progress of ath-
om year to year. That it has improved in
fficiently shown by the existence within the
ares of thirty clubs with 15,000 members in
t one-third the number in 1880. The improve-
may be inferred from a comparison of the
t the first out-door meeting in 1868 with those
ere is the list:

	Then.	Now.
....	9 sec.	7⅘ sec.
....	28 sec.	21⅘ sec.
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....	7 m. 50¼ sec.	6 m. 29⅗ sec.
ace...........	24 sec.	16 sec.
amp (weight)	11 ft. 6 in.	12 ft. 9½ in.
"	4 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 1½ in.
p...........	17 ft.	23 ft. 3 in.
....	5 ft. 2 in.	6 ft. 4 in.
l hammer..	73 ft.	123 ft. 6½ in.
hot........	33 ft. 5 in.	45 ft. 2 in.

been added a number of competitions;
at it was their first meeting, the New
a pretty good variety. The 100-yard
sprint race, and a one-mile run is now
t in every meeting. The hurdle races
by introducing two heights of hurdles,

no less awkward, but theoretically it ought to be better than the other, for in striding the swing of the arms is in the opposite direction from that of the legs; and if the right arm, being extended, is drawn back at the same time the right leg comes forward the runner should get into his stride at once. A third way of starting is to stand with both feet on the line, and bend forward slightly at the word "ready," so as to jump at the report of the pistol. The great objection to this style of start is that the runner is very apt to "beat the pistol"—that is, to get under way before the pistol really goes off; and a false start penalizes the starter for the next attempt. Some years ago the practice of "beating the pistol" was very common in sprint races, and it is only a very cool-headed and determined and quick-eyed starter who can keep his men under control. Among the fastest performances at 100 yards besides those already mentioned, are the following: 9⅘ seconds, John F. Owen, Jun., and 10 seconds, V. E. Schifferstein, W. C. Wilmer, F. Westing, and L. H. Carey. Mr. C. H. Sherrill has done 150 yards in 14⅘ seconds, and 125 yards in 12⅘ seconds. At 220 yards, Mr. John F. Owen, Jun., holds the record with 21⅘ seconds, made at Detroit last fall. The quarter-mile world's record is held by Mr. Wendell Baker with 47¾ seconds, and the 600-yard world's record by L. E. Myers and W. C. Downes, with 71⅘ seconds.

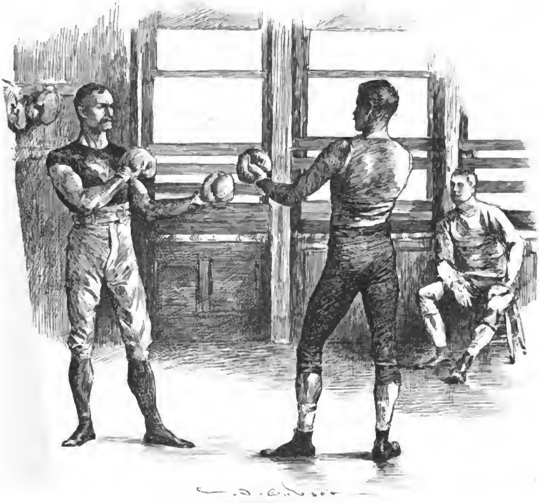
If there is anything prettier than a hundred-yard or furlong dash it is a hurdle race. The speed is of course not quite so great, but the jumping diversifies the action; and when the runners are dressed in bright-colored suits they make a beautiful picture. As may be imagined, hurdling is somewhat more difficult than ordinary sprinting. The runner must

fast runner can cover the distance without any hurdles at all. Occasionally three-foot hurdles are used, and the number is sometimes varied all the way from eight to twenty, but ten is the standard number. The record at 120-yard hurdles is now held by Mr. H. L. Williams, of Yale, 16 seconds, and at 220 yards by Mr. J. P. Lee, of Harvard, 25⅘ seconds.

Jumping has always been a favorite form of athletic exercise. To go no farther back than the middle of last century, we find that George Washington "held the record" in his time; and if we are to believe what Harry Warrington says, his record stood until very recently. In his account of the great jumping match he had with Lord March at Tunbridge Wells, Harry wrote to his mother:

"I had the *gratafaction* of beating his lordship by more than two feet—viz., two feet nine inches—me jumping twenty-one feet three inches by the drawer's measured tape, and his lordship only eighteen six." A little farther on he adds: "I told them that there was a gentleman at home who could beat me by *a good foot;* and when they asked who it was, and I said Colonel G. Washington, of Mount Vernon—as you know he can, and he's the only man in his county or mine that can do it—Mr. Wolfe asked me ever so many questions about Colonel G. W."

This record, although no literary man would think of doubting it, is regarded by modern athletes as somewhat apocryphal in character. Certainly, until very recent years, we have no authentic performances that compare with it. Mr. M. W. Ford is the only man in America that has a record better than 23 feet, although Mr. J. S. Voorhees has come within 4½ inches of it. If "Gascoyne, the Sandalwood Trader," were still alive, he might be able to do better than Mr. Ford; but Gascoyne's performance is even more apocryphal than the great Virginian's, and cannot be allowed to go on record.



SPARRING.

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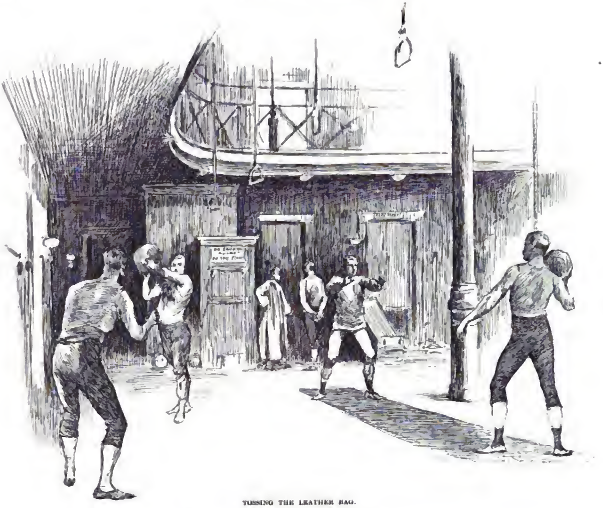
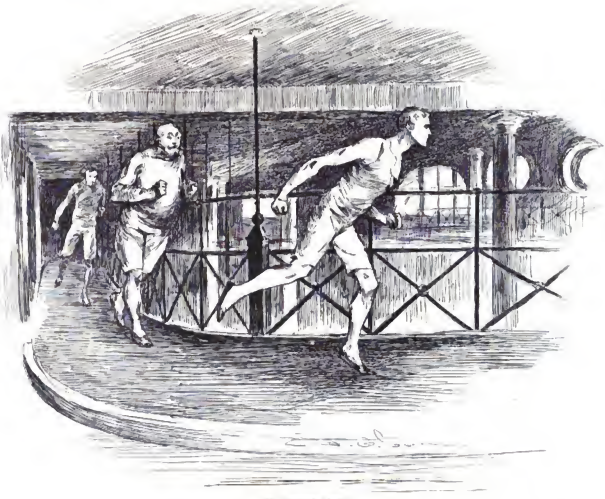
find out by practice just where it is best for him to "take off" for the jumps, just how many steps he can take with most advantage between hurdles, and just what proportion of force can most economically be expended in jumping. It is of much more importance that the jumper should alight in a position that will help him to keep on running without a break than that he should make a long jump. The problem to be solved is how to expend the least force on the jumping consistent with clearing the hurdles and keeping up the momentum. The 30-inch hurdles are comparatively a slight obstruction, as may be seen by comparing the time of hurdle and flat races for the same distance. There is only about three seconds difference. A good sprinter will cover the 120 yards flat in a little less than thirteen seconds, and a good hurdler will cover the same distance in less than sixteen seconds. The 42 inch hurdles are a greater obstacle, but the time is only about one second slower for the distance. The jump must of course be higher, and is generally of a somewhat different character. The runner seems to skim over the lower hurdles, taking long low jumps that seem to delay his progress scarcely at all, while over the higher hurdles the jump is seen to be a more decided hinderance. For the benefit of those who have never seen a hurdle race it may be well to explain that the hurdles are placed ten yards apart, with a run of ten yards at the start and one of twenty yards at the finish. If the course is longer, there are still ten hurdles, placed farther apart. Two hundred and twenty yards over 42 inch hurdles have been run by A. F. Copeland, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, in 26⅘ seconds; and 440 yards—a quarter of a mile—over the same obstacles, in 61⅗ seconds, by L. E. Myers of the same club—about as fast as an ordinarily

The running high jump is in great favor just now, for there are fashions in athletics as in everything else. The performances of the present champion of the world, Mr. Page, who put the record about 5 inches higher than it ever had been before, doubtless helped to create a *furor* for this game. Still, it is a pretty sport, and its intrinsic merits will probably keep it in favor. Most beginners at this sport take a run directly at right angles with the bar, and try to go over it straight, with both feet together. This style is very pretty to look at, but its votaries seldom do as well as those who cultivate the sidewise fashion. The best jumpers generally run toward the bar diagonally; and in "taking off" throw first one foot and then the other higher than the body in going over. In all styles the bar is oftener knocked down by the arm or body of the jumper than by his feet or legs. Anything over 5 feet is a good high jump, but it must be over 5 feet 6 inches to be very good, and Mr. Page's record stands at 6 feet 4 inches—a height that seems more wonderful from the fact that the champion himself is only 5 feet 6 inches high.

The running hop, step, and jump, so great a favorite with school-boys, does not appear to any great extent in recent competitions. Why, it is difficult to tell, for it is an attractive sport. The American record, made by Mr. M. W. Ford, stands at 44 feet 1½ inches, and the Irish, which is the best, at 50 feet 1½ inches. Anything over 40 feet is very good. The proportion of the different parts to one another varies



TOSSING THE LEATHER BAG.



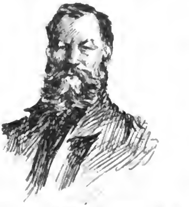
THE RUNNING TRACK.

ATHLETES IN TRAINING.—Drawn by C. D. Gibson erent athletes, but the usual proportion in a ɪrmance would be about 14 feet for the hop, and 17 for the jump.

It is rather a complicated performance. The he pole with hands about three feet apart and from the lower end, takes a run, plants his s legs and body upward, and just as he is go- r lets go his pole, giving it a little push back- olds on too long, the pole falls against the go too soon, he hits the bar himself. There is in the styles adopted by vaulters. In Eng- common to "climb the pole" while in the air. us say, ten feet high; the vaulter himself is If he grasps the pole more than his own e lower end, it will be hard for him to go up must raise himself somehow at least four feet to clear the bar. If the lower hand is six end, and the upper hand ten feet, he must y his arms to the height of the upper hand. to "climb the pole" hand over hand while in ery likely to come to grief. It is a difficult nd one in which eminence can be acquired derable skill, agility, and practice. The best port is 11 feet 6½ inches, made by Mr. H. H.

ning is not so popular with spectators—un- ors are themselves athletes—as sprinting, be- l is not so great, and there are not so many Still, it is one of the most important branches l the half-mile, mile, and three-mile running retty regularly at all the open games. In especially in the longer ones, there is a con- tunity for "jockeying"—not in the unfair ml necessarily—and the runner must work well as with his legs. Some distance run- hose who are not very good sprinters, think the pace" from the start, having found out st how fast they can go at a steady gait for ce. Others prefer to take a comparatively e first half or three-quarters, and reserve for a spurt at the finish. This style is more the other, and when it succeeds, always s applause from the gallery; but it requires tion and a pretty good knowledge of your ow just how far it is safe to let them get when to begin to "make your run." Rec- ave been brought down steadily for twenty under 5 minutes is still considered good, der 4.40 to be very good. The present rec- by W. G. George, in England.

ecord has been brought down below 2 min- rs, whose best (1.55⅗) long stood as the l and America; but anything under 2.10 is Mr. Myers's time was beaten, Mr. F. J. K. istance in 1.54⅗ in England, and Mr. W. ere. The three-mile is a hard race. There seventeen years old who can run three t a good deal of training. The speed that what training will do. The record now es 29⅗ seconds in England, and 14 min- America; but anything under 17 minutes D. Day, of the New Jersey A. C., who ust named, and others from 1½ to four en miles (52.38⅘), is the champion 'cross-



GEORGE GOLDIE, INSTRUCTOR IN ATHLETICS IN THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

country runner. His other records are: 1¼ miles, 6 minutes 8 seconds; 1½ miles, 8 minutes 2⅗ seconds; 1¾ miles, 8 minutes 18⅖ seconds; 2 miles, 9 minutes 32⅘ seconds.

Fast walking is a sport which is not so generally popular as running. There is the same difference between the two that there is between a race between thorough-breds and a "hoss trot." Fast walking is no doubt an artificial gait. Most men, if they have a mile to go, and eight or nine minutes to do it in, would run, just as most horses would run in order to do a mile under 2.30; but, after all, trotting races have their fascination, and fast walking has its charms also, not only for the walker, but for the spectator. It is a sort of technical pleasure that a walking race affords—a pleasure that is only real after the spectator has been trained to understand the difficulties that the good walker overcomes; just as the theatre-goer must have a certain training before he can appreciate good acting.

Persons who have never been trained to walk fast generally quicken their gait by bending forward and lengthening the stride, at the same time bending the knees very much at each step. It is pretty safe to say that no one can possibly adopt this style and keep a fair walk at a faster gait than six miles an hour. The fast walker must keep himself erect, his shoulders back, and chest thrown out. He must put down his forward foot heel first, and with the leg straight. He must take strides so quick that they look short. He must, if he expects to get a good stride, work his hips considerably, overcoming the sidewise tendency of the hip movement by a compensatory swinging of the arms. The length of stride in fast walking is astonishing to those who look at it. A little figuring will make it clear why this is so. There are 1760 yards in a mile, or 1760 strides 3 feet long. To do a mile in 8 minutes, a walker must cover 220 yards a minute, or 11 feet a second. Now 220 steps a minute—nearly four a second—is pretty quick work, as any one may discover for himself. Even three steps a second, or 180 to the minute, seems quick. The chances are that your 8-minute man, although his legs move so quickly that the steps seem short, is not doing as many as 200 steps to the minute, and consequently that the stride is at least 3 feet 6 inches. With a little practice a man 6 feet high can easily maintain a 4-foot stride for half a mile.

It is true that fast walking is an artificial gait; but it is also true that practice at fast walking will quicken a man's unartificial gait. One who can do his mile in 7.30 in racing trim and on the cinder path, can walk in the street at a six-mile gait without either getting out of breath or becoming red in the face, and without attracting attention by any peculiarity of his gait except its swiftness. It is a real gain to any man to be able to walk a mile in ten or twelve minutes without over-exertion or fatigue; to be able to walk five or six miles for every four he used to walk without any more conscious effort, and with a sense of enjoyment in the mere exercise that he never had before.

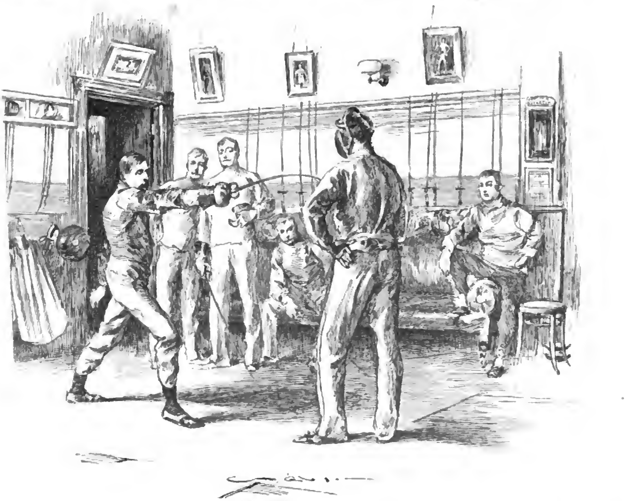
The walking records at some of the ordinary distances stand: One mile, 6 minutes, 29⅗ seconds, F. P. Murray; two miles, 13.48⅗, F. P. Murray; three miles, 21.09⅖, F. P. Murray; five miles, 38.01, W. H. Purdy; seven miles, 54.07, E. E. Merrill; ten miles, 77.40⅘, E. E. Merrill.

For the strong men—the men of 40-inch chests and 15-inch biceps and 175 pounds of weight—the favorite games are putting the shot, throwing the hammer, and the tug of war. The standard weight for the shot is 16 pounds, but nearly all weights are used, from 9 pounds to 56. The record for the 14-pound shot—46 feet 3¾ inches—was held by Mr. F. L. Lambrecht, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, until June 6th, when Mr. Gray made a "put" of 47 feet 7½ inches. For the 16-pound, 18-pound, and 21-pound shots, the records are held by Mr. George R. Gray, of the New York Athletic Club, with "puts" of 46 feet, 41 feet 9¾ inches, and 38 feet 8½ inches respectively. Mr. C. A. J. Queckberner holds the record among our American athletes for throwing the 56-pound weight—26 feet 3½ inches. Among other athletes prominent at this game are Messrs. M. O'Sullivan, of the Pastime Athletic Club, and W. L. Condon, of the Baltimore Athletic Club.

The hammer generally used is one weighing 16 pounds, with a handle 4 feet long. Mr. Condon did hold the American record with 108 feet 3 inches, but the Irish giants—Davin, Mitchell, and Barry—have all done over 120 feet. Mitchell now holds the American record with 133 feet 8 inches, and Condon has thrown it 123 feet 6½ inches this month.

The tug of war is generally done by two teams of four or more on a side, but the individual tug has been reintroduced, and will be pulled off at several meetings this year. The old way of pulling was on sod or dirt. The two sides grasped a 1½-inch rope, all standing. At the word, they began to pull, and each man dug for a foothold, and dropped when it was secured. The end man, or "anchor," wears a belt of leather, and wraps the rope lightly around his waist, pulling in when there is any to spare, and letting out a little if necessary to prevent being pulled out of position. At the end of a certain limit, time is called, and the measure taken from the original centre of the rope to the original centre between the two teams. Now the pulling is done on boards with cleats nailed on 6 feet 6 inches apart, and the teams are "set" from the start.

(Continued on page 490.)



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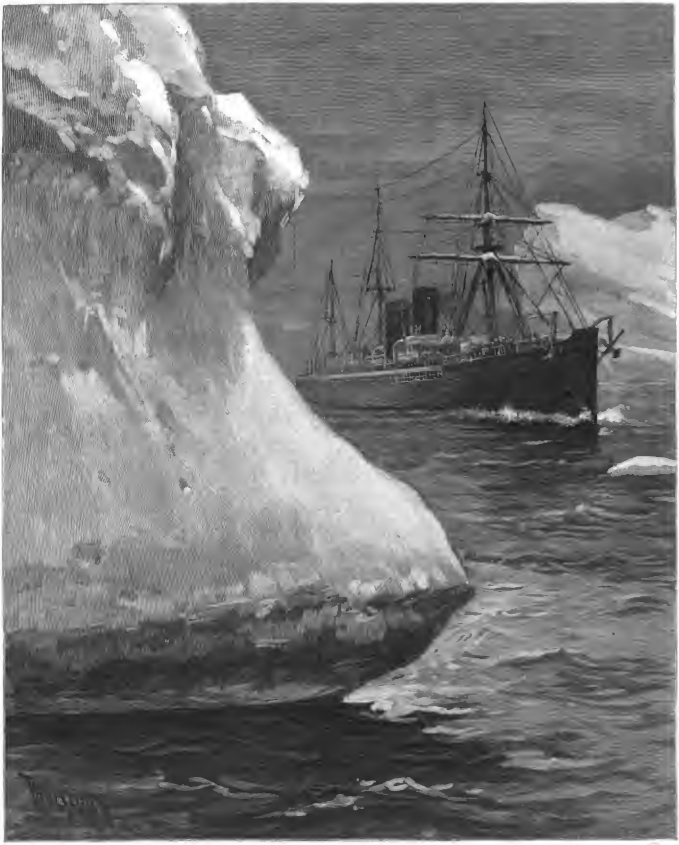

AN OCEAN STEAMER AMONG ICEBERGS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page [illegible].]

ALPHONSE DAUDET'S

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ON A RECENT INCIDENT.

THE laws concerning freedom of speech and of the press in this country leave complete liberty to the speaker and writer outside the line of libel, indecency, or, in some quarters, blasphemy. The rest is left to the good sense and good taste of the citizen. There is no law which prevents any number of citizens assembled for any purpose, religious, political, literary, or whatever else, from objecting to a fellow-citizen's clothes or manners, his food or his drink. It is only a question of propriety and manners upon their part, and also of the golden rule. If the Stock Board or the Board of Education pass a resolution lamenting that Senator EVARTS does not discard his old hat and buy a new one, or declaring that in their judgment the hour has now arrived when Governor HILL should procure a wig, and that official propriety plainly demands that it should be of a sober hue and of a modest price, there is no law prohibiting such action. But the gentlemen who thought fit to publish such declarations would be universally regarded as exceedingly impertinent, and would hear very "plain language" from an independent press.

Distinguished orators have justified personal vituperation as a permissible method of vivid illustration. In the days of the antislavery controversy, when public men were held up to personal contumely and scorn, the orators said that while general condemnation of fugitive slave-hunting, for instance, might command listless assent, the indignant rebuke of the individual slave-hunter by name startled and aroused the community, and shamed the culprit into an abandonment of his evil ways. It was in effect, they said, simply an application of the *ad hominem* sermon—"thou art the man." If it was good in the old prophet, it could not be bad in the modern reformer, and consequently the sinners, as the abolitionists believed the pro-slavery men to be, received no quarter. The orators who did not spare invective alleged that it was not a question of caste or manners, but of human rights, and that if a Senator or a President held slaves he ought to be exposed by name to universal execration as a man who trafficked in human flesh and made merchandise of men and women.

The same argument is urged to cover other cases which are held to involve a similar principle. Tea and coffee are declared by much excellent authority to be injurious to the human system. Tobacco is a poison, as that *arbiter elegantiarum* JAMES the First insisted, and its use is a filthy and disgusting habit. Now if people choose to indulge injurious practices instead of observing noble self-denial, they are sinners and must be dealt with. Let them be publicly censured. Rebuke loves a shining mark. There, for instance, is the President of the United States. If that conspicuous citizen actually takes poisonous coffee at breakfast and poisonous tea in the evening, and solaces his repose with a poisonous cigar, shall we permit his example to contaminate the commonwealth, and insidiously promote the poisoning of the state? Is it not our duty, who prefer raspberry vinegar to coffee, and doughnuts and slack-backed bread to tobacco, by public manifesto solemnly to reprehend him, and admonish him in his evil course? Of course we must expect similar treatment. If some assembly of our fellow-citizens thinks us too careless of bodily exercise, we must not be surprised if they resolve at some length that we neglect the laws of health, and are guilty of bathing in tepid water, and that wisdom and virtue and public decency invoke us to go to the ant as sluggards, and plunge into a cold bath. Of a general freedom of speech like this it might be said, as of Shylock's pound of flesh at Venice, the "law allows it and the court awards it." But if every person and every assembly of citizens should permit themselves publicly and reprovingly to comment upon the dress and manners, the food and drink, of other citizens, the peaceful commonwealth in which at present we are not held accountable to our neighbors for our eating and drinking would very soon resolve into "a circus."

PUBLIC ACCOUNTING FOR ELECTION EXPENSES.

WE are sorry to see that the Massachusetts Senate has defeated the bill providing for the publication of political campaign expenses. There was no partisanship in the large vote which carried the bill in the House, nor in the support of it by the press. But in the Senate only three Republican votes were recorded for the bill. This is an unfortunate defeat, because the most important public question of the moment is that of public corruption, and the measures which command most general and profound public interest are those that aim to deal with it. The deep and universal interest in electoral reform, or the Australian ballot system, springs from the belief that it is a simple and practicable method of diminishing corruption and securing an honest vote. Devoted as we are in this country to party, and unwilling to break with "regularity," even to prevent a serious mischief, there is yet among honest men of all parties a desire to arrest the flagrant corruption which is not only the immediate peril of our politics, but which becomes even more startling when a Senator of the United States tells us that honesty is out of place in politics. It is curious that a Republican Senator, by declaring that morality has nothing to do with politics, should have done his part to justify the old sneer at the party as a party of moral ideas.

One of the most effective methods of arresting and baffling corruption is the publication of the details of campaign expenses. In New York the law applies to candidates, but Governor HILL very properly proposed to extend it to committees, which is the vital provision, because the larger part of the money is expended by committees. When Mr. WANAMAKER raised an enormous sum and paid it to Mr. QUAY, he is said to have remarked that he knew his friend Mr. QUAY would dispose of it properly. Very well, let the law require Mr. QUAY to justify this noble confidence by a publication of the details. Mr. DUDLEY, too, is no doubt equally sure that every dollar was honestly used for legitimate purposes in Indiana. Therefore let the law vindicate Mr. DUDLEY by demanding to know the actual prices of voters in blocks of five. Thousands, even millions of dollars are raised for campaign expenses. If they are honestly paid, there can be no good reason that the accounts should not be published. In 1884 the independent campaign committee in New York received and spent a large sum of money, and after the election it published a detailed itemized statement of the way in which it was spent. Is not every honest Republican or Democrat not only willing, but desirous, that his party committee should do likewise?

Undoubtedly he is. The large favorable vote of the Massachusetts House without regard to party, shows the real feeling of the people. The trouble is that the people are really controlled by politicians, who wish to spend money at elections without accounting for it. Does any intelligent man suppose that Mr. QUAY desires to publish a truthful and intelligible statement of the amount and object of the expenses of a campaign which he conducts? But he is the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Does anybody suppose that Senator INGALLS, who thinks that talk about corrupt politics is wearisome cant, wishes to see the exact cost of a floater blazoned to the country after an election? But Senator INGALLS is elected by the Republican Senate as its President. Unless regard for honest politics has died out of the public mind, and unless parties are not to be estimated by the actions and words of their chosen representatives, these are very damaging facts for the Republican party. Yet undoubtedly there is an immense body of the party which earnestly desires to expose and arrest campaign corruption. It seems as if the Republican members of the Massachusetts Senate, by defeating a bill for so excellent a purpose, has not benefited their party. And it seems also as if the Republicans who do not despise the decalogue even in voting could do their party no greater service than making it the agency to secure honest elections by such means as a public accounting for campaign expenses and similar measures.

ENLARGING THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE New York City Consolidation Commission, of which Mr. ANDREW H. GREEN is chairman, and which is to report to the Legislature upon the question of combining the various adjacent communities around the Bay of New York into one great municipality, is engaged in a very important work. It is a question, however, upon which there is as yet no public opinion. The subject practically is wholly new, and the proposition necessarily shocks and disturbs traditions. But in forming an opinion the experience of other places will be found very serviceable. Boston, for instance, within the last few years has absorbed many of the adjoining towns and villages, which, however, for that reason are not thought to have lost any essential advantage. The towns and villages which have been annexed or consolidated would not probably now vote to return to their former situation. When neighboring towns by a natural extension at last blend and become one, three or four distinct local governments for what is then practically one community may easily be complicated and inconvenient.

This inconvenience is illustrated in a village whose charter permits a division of the common care of the community by wards, which, of course, actually prevents a common care. Thus there is a village in which the line of two adjoining wards runs along the middle of a street or road. If the road needs mending and the trustee of one of the two wards has expended what is called his share of the road money, although there may be unexpended money enough in the hands of the other trustee, the road will not be mended, and the common interest of the village suffers. Two towns or settlements extending toward each other and finally merging are like such wards in a village, and the community which thus becomes one may suffer in the same manner. The various communities around the Bay of New York, many of which practically blend, are divided among two States, four cities, and six counties. When any of them are united by bridges they are substantially one, and if in the same State they will endeavor to devise some method of uniting their local governments.

This is the situation of the shores of the Bay of New York. The shores immediately adjacent to the city have become parts of it, and a united municipal administration is a natural proposition. The extent of its jurisdiction, however, and the details of its organization would be questions not easy of settlement, and the settlement, to be satisfactory, must be the work of citizens of the highest character and ability. It would not follow, for instance, because the union of certain parts is desirable that the union of the whole settlement around the bay would be so. As there would have been no reason in such a proposition while all the communities in question were separate, there is none while any of them are so. It is, in fact, a subject of extreme delicacy and difficulty, and as yet its merits and scope are not by any means completely disclosed. Such a change must be shown to be respectful of really valuable traditions, and to be attainable with entire regard for all just rights. It will be largely a calculation of actual statistics and a collection of the results of similar experience elsewhere. The public convenience and advantage must be demonstrated, but in the demonstration local feeling and tradition must be regarded not as sentimental, but as substantial elements.

THE MOHONK CONFERENCE.

THE recent Mohonk Conference of friends of the colored race was a very interesting and suggestive meeting. Its object was evidently to gather authentic information of the industrial and social condition of the negro, and to compare views as to wise measures for improving it. There were eminent citizens present whose opinions upon the subject are of great weight and value, and the general conclusions of the conference, as stated in a formal declaration or platform, deserve careful attention. The spirit of the assembly was altogether admirable. Friendly, considerate, thoughtful, the proceedings aimed evidently at no other than a common purpose, and assumed the existence of no necessary or invincible local feeling or hostility. It would have been pleasant to see more delegates from the great centres of the colored population, and they need not have been held back by any doubt of entire sympathy in the conference. The results already achieved in the Southern States, and "the noble work" of education in those States, were fully and warmly recognized.

Besides this friendly and wise spirit, the most notable fact of the conference was the apparent absence of any conviction that the demand of the situation is political. Probably much the larger part of the assembly was of Republican sympathy in politics. But there was no suggestion that the thing most to be desired is something else than industry, education, thrift, and morality. While the Republican majority in Congress is devising a national election bill, it was not mentioned by the conference as essential or even desirable for the great end of securing the intelligent self respect and progress of the colored citizen. While every member of the conference would unquestionably approve every honorable means of securing equal rights of every kind for all citizens, white or colored, we presume that the larger part would hold that, under existing circumstances, those equal rights cannot best be secured by action which aims at a political majority in Congress rather than at industrial and moral welfare. In a recent interview in the *World* Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE is stated to have said that a national election law will be soon passed by Congress, and that "with such a bill we shall have fair elections in the South and all over the country, and with fair elections we will continue to hold a majority in Congress."

The Mohonk Conference holds that the negro in this country will generally remain where he is, that no other race ever made such industrial progress in twenty-five years, that there is already an encouraging number of land-owners, and that the welfare of the country requires that the negro should live in relations of good-will and mutual confidence with his white neighbors and fellow-citizens. While very much has been done for education, the common school should be made more effective, and the opportunity of higher education opened more fully to ability. "In a thoroughly Christian education is our hope for this race, as for all races." For the attainment of these ends the conference looks to the enlightened Christian sentiment of all parts of the country. "To the unselfish service of helping the negro to help himself in education, in morality, in religion, and thus in civilization and in fitness for citizenship, we fraternally invite all our fellow-citizens." Probably the conference thought that in this way hostility to the negro vote would disappear more certainly and swiftly than in any other. Certainly the motive is better than that of securing a party majority in Congress. The view of the conference does not mean deliberate submission to any acknowledged and obvious wrong, but it means a different spirit and method in securing a right. The colored citizen, under the Constitution, is the equal of the white citizen. But if any of his rights, or many of them, are practically nullified, a law of Congress will not necessarily provide relief.

BISMARCK AND THE EMPEROR.

It was impossible that the most conspicuous and powerful living political figure should suddenly withdraw from participation in public affairs and that simultaneously all interest in his words should cease. BISMARCK left office, but he became the one private man in Europe whose opinion would be desired and heeded. His will, indeed, can be enforced no longer, but his word will greatly influence the opinion of his country. The new Emperor makes as yet no very definite impression beyond that of a man resolved to rely upon himself, and apparently determined not to be controlled by BISMARCK.

The new Chancellor, CAPRIVI, speaks with careful and probably sincere courtesy of his predecessor, admitting that his retirement has made the transaction of business difficult, and the situation of affairs less secure. The tone of the new Chancellor is wary, and shows great good sense. Let us understand each other in a friendly way, he says to the Reichstag, and wait a little. In a year we shall be ready for what may come. In the mean time I face affairs with some anxiety.

There is politic candor in such a statement. The confidence of the country which BISMARCK had earned cannot be transferred easily to an Emperor young and little known and suspected of wilfulness; still less easily can this be done when the young Emperor seems to cut aloof from the immediate traditions of the imperial greatness. The intimation that he proposed to silence BISMARCK was alarming, and the reason assigned not less so, for it was really an impeachment of the ex-Chancellor's patriotism. But such an impeachment would not be tolerated. BISMARCK may be disappointed or even indignant with the Emperor, but he is not likely to discredit his own work and destroy his own fame.

THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Society of the Army of the Potomac holds its annual assembly this year at Portland, in Maine, when General FRANCIS A. WALKER will deliver the oration, and ex-Postmaster-General HORATIO KING, of Washington, the poem. There is no more respected or representative organization of Union veterans than this society, and no military meetings command more general interest and attention. There is no fear that the literary performances of this year will not be worthy of the society and the occasion, or of the anniversary of Gettysburg on which the meeting is always held.

The society wisely avoids politics, and the proceedings hitherto, so far as we have known them, have been neither sectional nor partisan, but always of the highest and purest tone of patriotism. There is, of course, no unmanly evasion of the fact that the Army of the Potomac stood for a great cause and won a historic victory. This avoidance of politics is in every way admirable. Political partisanship would discredit it. But there is a question upon which the expression of the sentiment of such a body would be most serviceable. It is a public question, but not in its nature political, although circumstances might be thought by wise leaders of the society to have given to it a partisan character.

There is no body of Union veterans from which a clear and comprehensive statement in regard to the just limits of a pension law would be received with more interest as an authoritative declaration than from the society of the Army of the Potomac. To know the spirit and view of that society upon the subject would be of the highest benefit. If it favored, for instance, a service pension, not as relief from the consequences of service, but as a reward for enlistment, it would be fair to assume that such is the general view of all survivors of the war. If, on the other hand, the surviving Army of the Potomac took the view which we confess seems to us more consonant with American character and patriotism, the friends of that view would be greatly strengthened. Under the circumstances, perhaps, such an expression can be hardly anticipated. The society certainly could not be reproached for its silence. But this time speech would be golden.

MR. PLATT AND THE SENATE.

The discipline of party will be exposed to a severe test and strain in the acknowledged Senatorial candidacy of Mr. PLATT. He was elected in 1881 by the power of the machine. Nobody thinks that he became Senator because of recognized or proved public ability, or service of any kind, or of any conceded or known fitness for the office. There was no more reason for his selection than for that of any other active party politician who was unscrupulously clever in managing caucuses and doing the work of a boss. The master of the machine thought him a useful machine agent, and for such reasons, and for no other reasons, Mr. PLATT was made Senator.

During the few weeks of his official service before his resignation, during his struggle at Albany to get back to Washington again, and during the nine years which have since elapsed, if he has proved his possession of the qualities and powers which fit a man for the Senate, if he is known in this State or in any part of the Union except as an adroit, incessant, and clever party politician, but in no sense whatever an accepted personal representative or an able and conspicuous advocate of the higher party principles, character, and traditions, the fact is not familiar.

Everybody knows that he would not depend for success in a Senatorial contest upon public regard for his public services, upon confidence in his public character, or upon admiration for his public abilities, but wholly upon bargains, intrigues, and wire-pulling. No sense of State pride or party enthusiasm, no anticipation of the display of powers in the Senate worthy of that great arena of great debates, no feeling that the standards of public character would be raised, that generous reforms would find in him a champion, and that his party would be morally strengthened, would be gratified by his election. It would be a signal triumph of a party machine, and a striking illustration of the political situation.

THE LATEST ROYAL FARCE.

Our republic had always one fundamental advantage over every other, that we had no pretenders. There were no American Prince CHARLIES or doubtful Dauphins. Royal traditions were remote, and they had had no royal representatives in this country. WASHINGTON put aside the crown, and a royalistic reaction or movement was impossible from the first. But France has had various forms of the pretender since the Revolution. He has been growing constantly thinner and more futile, however, until his last appearance ends in an amused indifference, which shows that he is no longer regarded seriously.

The late performance of the young Duc d'Orleans was really worthy of the comic opera. He came, he said, to serve France as a soldier in the ranks. France at the moment was not at war, and the Prince had been told that he was not wanted. The law was quietly enforced, therefore, and he was placed comfortably in prison. After a few weeks, the law having been vindicated long enough to show that the Duke was not of the slightest importance, the President pardoned him, and he was quietly sent out of the country. The Governor of the prison paid his guest the prettiest compliments as he opened the door: "I am very sorry to lose so amiable a companion in captivity, for I too have been your prisoner." It was neatly turned, and showed the harmlessness of his guest, who offered the Governor a scarf-pin as a souvenir.

Upon leaving the country, the Duke, who is apparently a truly *bougie* personage, issued the inevitable manifesto to his "dear comrades" of the conscription. Pardon, he says, restores to him the sorrows of exile. But nothing can destroy his ardent hope of serving the country. "Keep for me the place which I desired in the ranks, in your midst, near the flag, and I will come and occupy it. Yours for God and for France." And so he goes over the frontier, and some friendly hand, let us hope, waves an adieu, and the orchestra strikes up "Partant pour la Syrie," and the worthy *père de famille* smiles and resumes his evening paper.

PERSONAL.

The people of Marion, Massachusetts, who have come to regard Ex-President CLEVELAND and his charming wife as a part of their summer belongings, are happy over the arrival of their distinguished guests. A reporter chronicles the fact that on the first Sunday after their coming the CLEVELANDS attended the Congregational Church, and joined in the singing. Then they walked home to their cottage on the bluff, a quarter of a mile away, and after lunch the towns-people and summer visitors called to pay their respects; the local postmaster, who must be a "spared monument," doing the honors.

—The greatest man of letters now living in Scotland is probably DAVID MASSON, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Edinburgh University. He is best known by his *Life of John Milton and the History of His Time*, although he is the author of a number of other works that have brought him fame. Professor MASSON was acquainted with DOUGLAS JERROLD, DICKENS, THACKERAY, and CARLYLE, and is said to resemble the last-named in personal appearance. He is an effective lecturer and orator, and has made himself prominent as an advocate of woman's right to higher education and participation in the learned professions. Although sixty-eight years old, he is full of fire and vigor.

—Miss DORA WHEELER, the well-known artist, who has painted the portraits of a number of prominent authors, and has decorated the walls of some of the finest houses in New York and Washington, was married the other day to BOUDINOT KEITH, of New York.

—Miss PHILIPPA FAWCETT, daughter of the late Professor FAWCETT, the blind English philosopher and statesman, has taken the highest educational honor yet won by a woman at Cambridge University. She is twenty-two years old, and her marks in mathematics far surpassed those received by any man at the recent examinations.

—A unique bronze statue of General GORDON has been unveiled at Chatham, England, by the Prince of Wales. The General is represented in his official dress as Governor-General of the Soudan, and as riding on a camel, his own features, the fez on his head, the medals on his breast, and the trappings of the camel being all admirably delineated. The sculptor was E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A., and his work is highly praised.

—The election of Rev. SAM W. SMALL to the Presidency of the Utah University, a Methodist institution at Ogden, and his occupation of the place, caused much surprise among his friends in Georgia. He was a candidate for election to the Georgia Legislature, and had set a day for ordination in the Episcopal Church.

—Rev. VIRGIL MAXEY, a nephew of Ex-United States Senator MAXEY, of Texas, and well known in the South as a Baptist minister and revivalist, is to go on the stage. He will act on week-days and preach on Sundays.

—AMASA PARKER, of Fitzwilliam Depot, New Hampshire, thinks that as he is ninety-nine years old, and was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1815, he is the oldest living college alumnus in this country. He was on the staff of the Governor of New Hampshire when LAFAYETTE visited Concord in 1825.

—Among the graduates of the Medical School in Boston University this year was CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN, a Santee Sioux, who finished the Latin-scientific course at Dartmouth three years ago. It has taken him some years to master the English language, but he has become so fluent in it that at Boston he was made the class orator. With his other studies he has read law, and he goes back to his people now, hoping to teach and help them, and to act as interpreter for them in their dealings with the government.

—Cardinal MANNING has recently observed his silver episcopal jubilee. A testimonial fund, toward which American Roman Catholics have subscribed liberally, has been raised for him.

—The fact that E. T. PAGE, the Democratic postmaster at Ingersoll, Texas, is the father of quadruplets, all promising little girls, as well as a model official, does not seem to have saved him his place when a Republican coveted it.

—The $170,000 paid at Paris by a rich retired draper for Meissonier's "1814" is recorded as the highest price ever given for the picture of a living artist. The painting represents Napoleon on horseback, surrounded by his Generals, on the eve of his abdication. It was painted in 1864, and is thirty inches long by twenty inches high.

—A beautiful album, bearing the signatures of many of the most distinguished personages in this country and England, and containing drawings by a few eminent artists, has been presented to M. PASTEUR, the eminent chemist, as a testimonial. It was originated and successfully carried through by Mrs. PRIESTLY, the wife of the distinguished English physician.

—STAMFORD LEVI LYON, said to be the oldest Freemason in this country, died recently at Rondout, New York, at the age of ninety-eight years. He had been a Mason since 1819.

—Mrs. GROVER CLEVELAND is heir to one-sixteenth of $800,000 worth of real estate in Omaha, Nebraska.

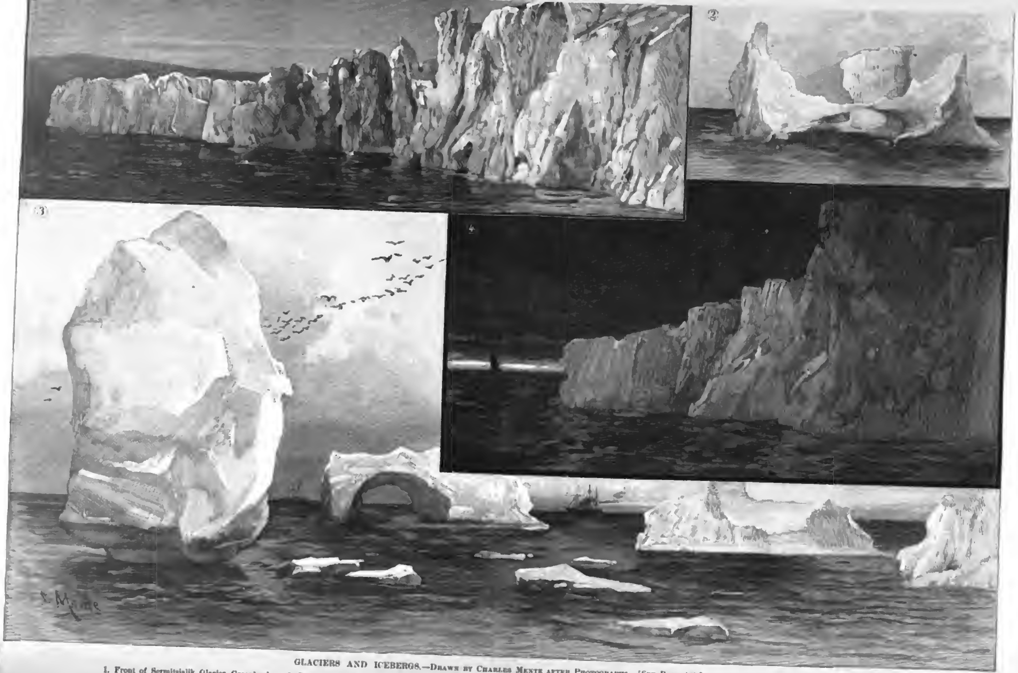
—Dr. L. B. CLIFTON, an English naturalist who devotes particular attention to raising rare moths, has just hatched one which he values at $50.

—Cardinal NEWMAN is eighty-nine years old.

—In the description given of the Drexel Institute, of Philadelphia, in the WEEKLY of June 7th, the name of the firm of architects was omitted. They are the well-known WILSON BROTHERS & Co., and the sketch given in the WEEKLY was made from their drawings.

—ELIZABETH POTTER, a colored woman living in Chatham County, Tennessee, is said to be one hundred and thirty-six years old, and to have 432 descendants. She was married three times, and had twenty-seven children.

—The larynx of the great tenor GAYARRÉ, who died not long ago in Madrid, was removed after his death, and was found to be of such peculiar formation that it will probably be preserved in some Spanish museum. GAYARRÉ received $1400 a night in opera, the largest salary ever paid a tenor, and his fortune is estimated at $800,000. He was the son of a blacksmith, and a common workman when his voice first attracted attention, and he was only forty years old when he died.

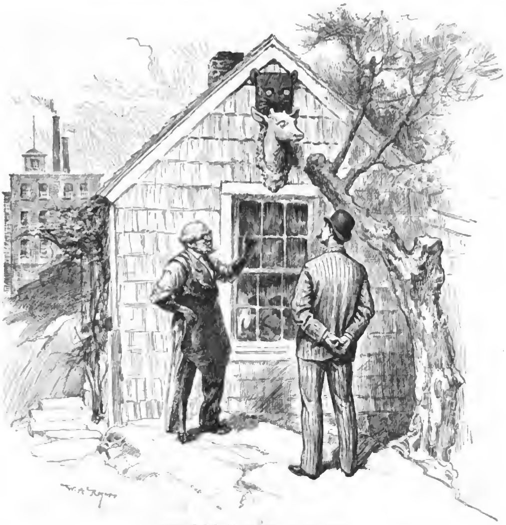


GLACIERS AND ICEBERGS.—Drawn by Charles Mente after Photographs.—[See Page 482.]

1. Front of Sermitsialik Glacier, Greenland. 2. Partly melted Iceberg showing effects of thaw. 3. Various Berg shapes showing Cone, Arch, and old Water-line. 4. Front of Muir Glacier, Alaska.

FROM FISHING SMACK TO SHOE-BENCH.

While the British champion the *Galatea* was lying in the Marblehead Harbor, off the house of the Eastern Yacht Club, we used to read in the newspapers the opinions of the old tars of the old town concerning her prowess. These old tars thought the British yacht a very terror for speed; but they knew that the *Mayflower* was a better boat, and would maintain the honor of the American flag. It must have been a very ancient mariner that the reporters saw, and fished up out of the caverns of the deep at that; for it is many a year since Marblehead was a seafaring town. Yet the flavor of the sea still hangs about it. Its repute is that which its fishermen have made for it upon the water in war and peace, but the quaintness and its peculiarities are departing. It no longer stands unique among the strong and interesting towns of Essex County. The main line of the railroad has reached down two siphons in the shape of branches from Lynn and Salem, and even the recent enterprises of the rare old town seem to have been sucked out of it. The fire which not long ago burned down the shoe factories that were in the heart of the village seems to have worked irreparable damage, for big holes still mark the site where once was housed the whole prosperity of Marblehead. No one knows what now supports the place. Its fishing fleet has departed. Not a vessel sails for the Banks. The people who were employed in the shoe shops travel daily to the two neighboring cities, where they earn wages which they will not be long willing to pay out for railroad fares. In view of the untoward circumstances that have beset this ancient home of one of the most peculiar, industrious, intelligent, and patriotic peoples in New England, one might well believe that its history is its strongest point, unless indeed one happened to know that there is a deal of energy left among the sons of men of the present generation. In the dialect of the place, some of which continues to linger with the descendants of the emigrants from the Channel Islands, no one in Marblehead is "pixilated"—meaning thereby confused by the commercial darkness into which the people have been plunged. The spirit of old Marblehead as well as its dialect is extinct—the spirit that is so graphically portrayed in that most stirring of town histories written by Senator Roads, whose ancestors were among the earliest settlers of the town, and who, besides writing the history of his birthplace, upholds its principles and maintains its traditions as President of the Sea-serpent Club, whose annual picnic is alone sufficient to wipe out all disbelief in the venerable and interesting reptile.



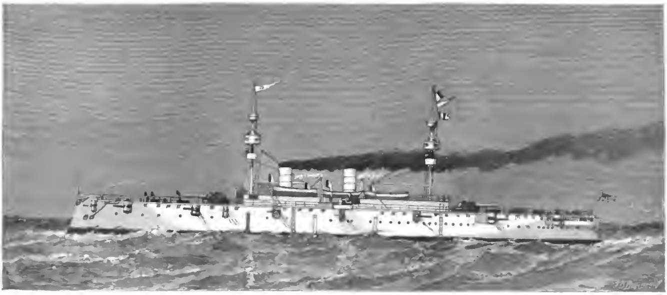
A RELIC OF THE OLD DAYS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

For more than two centuries the life of Marblehead, more than that of any town of the colony and commonwealth, was inspired and stimulated by the limitless freedom of the ocean. Its houses climbed up the steep and rocky hills of its peninsulas, or crept down as near as possible to the waves that lapped the occasional sand beaches. Anything for a whiff of salt air! The men from Jersey, Guernsey, and the western counties of England brought their birthright with them, and transmitted it to those who came after them.

The Marbleheaders were thorns in the sides of the Puritans, who may have looked upon them as intended for their discipline. They treated the degenerate sons of the sea with great harshness. The Marbleheaders were not pleased by the restriction of the suffrage to church members, for as late as the middle of the seventeenth century Marblehead had no church members and maintained no church. It was the subject of special legislation, which sought to provide for the punishment of the reprehensible violators of Puritanical observances when Jacky was ashore. Jacky followed his instincts and drank too much rum, so that the magistrates of Salem were kept busy fining him, much to the scandal of their righteous town, but much also, no doubt, to their delight, insomuch as they were enabled to punish the wicked after the most feeling fashion. So foreign, however, was the spirit of these fishermen to the Puritan principles that Salem finally petitioned the General Court to erect Marblehead into a towne, and the first record of the town concerns fish. It was "agreed by the towne that all such as are strangers fishing or employed about fish shall pay unto the towne for their wood and flake stuffe and other conveniences the sum of ten shillings a year for every man."

And thus Marblehead set out upon its briny career. For a long time its people were prosperous. Fortunes were made from its single industry, and a noble fleet of fishing vessels sailed in and out of the beautiful harbor which is now the resting-place of yachtsmen, and whose shore is yearly becoming more popular for the summer homes of the wealthy. All the energies of these active people were bent to one end. "The whole township," wrote School-master Josiah Cotton, "is not much bigger than a large farm, and very rocky, and so they are forc't to get their living out of the sea, not having room to confound the fisherman with the husbandman, and so spoil both, as they do in some places." When a boy came to the age of eleven or twelve years—sometimes when he was only nine years old, if he were large for his age—he shipped aboard a smack, and became a "cut-tail," which, being interpreted, means that he was paid only for the fish actually caught by him, the tail being cut as the fish was taken from the hook for the purposes of the count. From "cut-tail," through the various grades of "header," "splitter," "salter," to the distinguished rank of "skipper," was a great and dignified career, and many a modern Marbleheader is proud of the long line of skippers that unites him of these days of shoe-pegging to the maritime glories of the past.

How the towne smells of salted fish! The catch was sent to all quarters of the world—to Spain, to the West Indies, to Portugal. Often the sailors married women of the tropics, and to this day dark-faced natives of Marblehead revive the memories of the traffic which built the fine dwellings of the town, still preserved in all their stateliness. Everything spoke of fish, the breeders of wealth. When Lafayette paid his first visit to the town, in 1784, the toast he proposed was, "The town of Marblehead, and success to its fisheries." When the colonies were at the beginning of the dispute with the mother country, the act of Parliament which most aroused



ARMORED CRUISER NO. 2 OF THE NEW NAVY UNDER STEAM.—[See Page 491.]

the stormy wrath of Marblehead was that which forbade the colonists to fish on the Banks of Newfoundland. The Marbleheaders hastened to express their gratitude to John Adams for "preserving to the United States of America the extensive advantage of the cod-fishery." And when the government was finally formed, it was voted at a town meeting, March 6, 1789, "to present his Excellency John Adams, Esq., with six quintals of table fish."

A great race of men was bred up on the sea—bold, active, generous, and apparently made more fond of their country by their constant contact with the provincial fishermen on the Banks. Their town meetings were very whirlwinds of discussion. They were sailors, and had little sympathy with landsmen or their ways. Their town was like no other. It had no streets, paths only, that made their way from the dwelling-places to the water's edge. Each house was placed where the owner saw fit, without any regard to building lines. The paths and lanes bore names, many of them ribald and some of them profane, such as were suggested to the people by the nature of the way, the exceptional experience of some passer, or the character of those who dwelt along the line. It was not only a hardy and independent community, but it was very jealous of its rights, and not seldom was a law unto itself. Once, when an anonymous pamphlet, published in the neighboring town of Salem, denounced the town officers whom the Democrats of Marblehead had elected, very much after the fashion of more modern times, the town meeting ordered "that the Lying Pamphlet . . . be burned by the chimney sweeper." It was burned, however, by the mob, and several leading citizens being indicted by the grand jury for engaging in what was denominated a riot, a town meeting was held at which it was "Voted: That this town has a fellow feeling of sympathy for the good citizens thereof, and that should any of them be indicted, or process of law be commenced against any of them for the doings of that day (March 17th), for burning what was then termed the Lying Pamphlet, this town will in its corporate capacity (agreeable to the laws and Constitution of this Commonwealth), defend and support them in and against any lawsuit that has been or may be commenced in consequence of the proceedings of the 17th of March aforesaid." So stubborn, so determined that their own way was right, and that they should have it, were these sons of the sea, that there was generally a difference of opinion between them and their neighbors, and Marblehead was Democratic while the neighboring towns were Federalist, Whig, and Republican. Its oldest church—St. Michael's—is Episcopalian, the frame of whose building, still in use, came from England in 1714.

It may have seemed to many of their neighbors as though the Marbleheaders were afflicted with that vice which is known to Yankeedom as cantankerousness, but there has never been any such vice in the disposition of the fishermen when war was upon the land. The men who contended with the elements on the ocean in peace, or quarrelled with their neighbors when they had nothing better to do, were the sturdy lovers of a sturdy freedom, and have done much more than their share of the country's fighting. In every conflict from the French and Indian war to the war for the Union, old Fort Sewell, looking outward to the harbor and the ocean, has been manned by the sons of Marblehead. Colonel John Glover's regiment of fishermen was famous in Washington's army. Captain John Manley's schooner *Lee* was the first vessel of the Continental navy, and it was to her Pine-tree flag, so John Adams asserted, that the British flag first struck. It was the *Lee* which captured the British brigantine laden with provisions of war, among them the mortar over which Putnam broke a bottle of rum as he christened it "Congress." And listen to this from General Knox, writing of the terror inspired by the floating ice in the river at Trenton: "I wish that when this occurrence threatened to defeat the enterprise they could have heard that distinguished warrior [General Washington] demand, 'Who will lead us on?' and seen the men of Marblehead, and Marblehead alone, stand forward to lead the army along the perilous path to unfading glories and honors in the achievements of Trenton. There, sir, went the fishermen of Marblehead, alike at home upon land or water, patriotic and unflinching whenever they unfurled the flag of the country."

From Marblehead came Commodore Samuel Tucker, mighty capturer of British prizes, and a host of other gallant sailors. It was a great day for Marblehead when the Revolutionary War was over and the independence of the United States acknowledged. Nearly all her fishermen had taken part in it, and her fleet was destroyed. Poverty and dire distress followed, for the relief of which lotteries and other devices were resorted to, so that in a few years the men of the town were once more making their way to the Banks in search of the profitable cod.

While the Legislature of Massachusetts protested against the embargo, the town of Marblehead resolved, in a special meeting, that the "embargo law was a law of wisdom, and that the President and Congress of the United States are entitled to and shall receive our warmest thanks for their early attention to the independence, liberty, and just rights of the Union."

Marblehead fishermen played a great part in the war of 1812—the war for "Free-trade and Sailors' Rights." When the war was declared, Boston, Salem, and other towns neighboring to Marblehead begged for peace, but the independent fishermen held one of their clamorous town meetings and cheered for the war, declaring it to be "the last resort of a much-injured people." Then they went into the fight. They manned and officered the ships of the navy and the privateers. Eighty of the crew of the *Constitution* in its fight with the *Guerrière* were from Marblehead, and one of them piloted "Old Ironsides" safely into Salem Harbor when she was pursued by the British frigates *Tenedos* and *Endymion*. It was off Marblehead Neck that the battle between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* took place. When peace was declared, more than 700 men of Marblehead were prisoners of war, 500 of them being in Dartmoor prison. To Marblehead the war was emphatically for "Free-trade and Sailors' Rights," and 726 of them engaged in it on privateers, 120 in the navy, 67 in the army, and 100 in the Marblehead Light Infantry. Up in the old burying-ground, which is on one of the rockiest hills in the town, one may read on the tombstone of a typical Marbleheader a legend to the effect that the deceased believed in "Free-trade and Sailors' Rights." But the war was the beginning of the end of the fishing business, which, at least in part, accounted for the free and independent spirit that distinguished the people of Marblehead, and set the seal of peculiarity upon the town. When the released prisoners of war came home, having usurped command of the ship which brought them over because her captain would not carry sail enough to please them, they found that nearly two-thirds of the fishing fleet was destroyed. The embargo and the war which they and their fellow-townsmen had so strongly advocated had ruined them, and had given a terrible blow to their industry. It only needed the great storm of 1846 to thoroughly discourage those who made their livings by fishing, for the Marbleheaders had been beaten by the Gloucester business men, who gradually absorbed the whole trade. When business arts entered in, the bluff Marbleheader, who knew only how to sail his smack and catch his fare, was driven off the Banks. He did not know how to contend with the packers and shippers into whose hands had come the majority of the American fleet. Trawl-fishing was too much for the men who had accepted the innovation of dory methods doubtfully.

In the mean time the shoe industry had made an insidious inroad into the maritime town. All sailors are not agreed in regarding the land as simply a place for fitting out and frolic. Besides, with the rising warehouses of Gloucester grew the fishing interests of the provinces, and fares brought less money than they had when the century was young. Then the share system was abandoned, and the crew were no longer partners in the results of the voyage. Capital took the profits and hired the seamen, so that gradually the native Yankee was superseded by the Nova Scotia man and the Irishman and Swede, for it was difficult, next to impossible even, for the independent citizen of Marblehead to bring himself down to sailing as a hired man, be the skipper a fellow-citizen or foreigner. When the long winters came, and the fishing for the season was finished, the industrious seamen, for some reason or other, possibly on account of the propinquity of the Salem tanneries, had taken to the making of shoes, chiefly of the kind known as "misses' and children's." And these maritime cobblers prospering, their example became contagious, and many a tarry hand turned its cunning to the making of coverings for young feet. By and by these men, who had been accustomed to the division of the crews into "headers" and "splitters" and "salters," and had consequently learned the economic principle which lies at the basis of all modern manufactures, brought their benches together under one roof. Little one-story houses grew up about the streets of Marblehead, and half a dozen shoemakers entered into the business together. The little shops exist to this day. Indeed since the big fire which destroyed all the large shops in the vicinity of the railroad station these little factories are about all that remains of the modern industry of Marblehead. They have no machinery, none of the great patent implements by which a pair of boots can be made for you while you look about the premises. The workmen are Americans who are independent citizens of the town, who probably once upon a time followed the sea and lived upon its inhabitants, whose ancestors at least were fishermen, who can point out to you the house in which the Spanish pirate was captured, and the back yards where other pirates murdered the beautiful woman whose shrieks are still heard on each recurring anniversary of the terrible night. Marblehead, it must be recollected, was a favorite resort for the bloody as well as the peaceful rovers of the sea in the seventeenth century. These native shoemakers are mild-mannered men, who lock up their little factories every day at noon and at six o'clock in the evening, and go home to dinner and tea. Their town meetings are not so tumultuous as they were, although every citizen takes a lively interest in whatever is going on in reference to public matters. That, however, is characteristic of New England rather than peculiar to Marblehead.

The town did not abandon the sea for the factory without a struggle. When it was finally recognized that the fishing fleet and its glory had departed forever from the place to which the sea air had so long been the breath of life, an effort was made to establish the industry of ship-building. It would have been some gratification to the former rovers of the main if, now that their voyaging days were over, they might have furnished to other tarry spirits their stately ships and swiftly sailing smacks. But the ways and docks fell before the deadly shoe peg; not, however, before a new section of the town had stretched out into level land, and modern cottages, facing rectangular streets, had intruded into the ancient borough.

But though there had been a change in the ways and manners of the people, the fire and patriotic spirit of the town had not departed. When Mr. Lincoln made that memorable call for 75,000 men, the militia companies of Marblehead were the first to march into Boston, and during the war for the Union Marblehead furnished about 1000 men in excess of its quota. "For Heaven's sake," Governor Andrew is reputed to have said, "don't send any more men from Marblehead, for it is imposing on your goodness to take so many men as have already come." Marbleheaders fought through the war on sea and land, as they had fought in other wars. The women, who remained at home, went on with the shoe business, and when the struggle was over the troops and sailors who came back found that there was an infusion of foreign element into the life of their old home—an element which was destined to grow more and more important as the factories increased and multiplied. The sea spirit was still preserved among the natives in tradition and history, as is aptly illustrated by the flourishing Sea-serpent Club, which has been spoken of, by the yarns—known of all men whose birthright is citizenship of Marblehead—of the mysterious visits and cruises of pirates, and by the cherished glories won on the battle-fields of the ocean. In front of the Neck is the starting point of the finest ocean racing course in the country, and the regattas of the Eastern Yacht Club have preserved the interest of the population in achievements on the water.

But that a change has come over the spirit of the old fishing port who can doubt? What a sport of nature would it be if the fishing smack and the shoe-bench did not breed different-natured men, and women too! For women and children are affected by this enormous change of pursuit quite as much as the men. The fisherman's wife has her fearful cares and anxieties, but she does not spend her days in the close confinement of a factory; and is not the "cut-tail" who breathes the salt air and is developed by the activities of a sailor's tasks likely to be a man of stronger body than the boy whose early days are spent in the shop?

The influence of the wild free life on the stormy Banks has departed, and instead of the rollicking, independent, strong-headed, obstinate sailors, speaking a dialect of their own which the outside world understood with difficulty, we have the sober and sedate shoemaker, most worthy citizen, most domestic and sometimes most philosophic of men, but not at all unique. There are straight streets now. There are no slop-shops as there were, nor merchants in oil-cloth clothes, nor ship-chandleries, nor red-curtained bar-rooms, nor drunkenness. So that, in some respects, Marblehead is more moral than it used to be when it was a sea city. It is a prohibition town, but the manner in which this result was brought about is indicative of the old town rather than the new. Marblehead is not fond of sumptuary legislation on principle, but it voted prohibition in a fit of popular indignation. A person generically known as a rumseller viciously struck and knocked down another person generically known as a temperance man, and it appearing that all the rumsellers sympathized with the deed, the town voted to close up their shops, and closed they have been ever since that fatal episode. One still hears occasionally the dialect that used to distinguish the native Marbleheader—the quick speech, the cutting off of terminal letters, the oi for i in such words as "wife" and "died." Sometimes the family of Crowninshield is called "Grounsel." Sometimes a housewife speaks of the ceiling as the "planchment," and says, when chill November's wintry blast compels the goose-flesh, that she feels "crimmy." But all this is infrequent, and many an old family name is not to be found in the modern directory.

Not many weeks ago two very old Marbleheaders met on the burying hill. One was the grave-digger. A boxed coffin was lying on the ground before the open door of an old tomb.

"Whose burial box be that, Cyrus?" said the Marbleheader who was not the sexton.

"That's Abigail C——'s."

"Where 'd she doi?"

"She doied 't Boston."

"Whose woife was 't?"

"Wa'n't ner one's woife?"

"'S that so?"

"Um."

"C—— tomb 's ben shut er long time."

"Um."

"W'en was 't open before?"

"Nigh forty year."

"Um. No one's woife!"

Henry Loomis Nelson.

THE ICEBERG'S BIOGRAPHY.

BY CLARENCE DEMING.

It was some eight years ago, during a homeward voyage from Europe in the month of May, that the writer first saw an iceberg. For four days after leaving Queenstown there had been smooth seas, gentle winds, and the balmiest of ocean temperatures. Suddenly there came a change. The ocean remained smooth, but a sharp chill cut the air. The blue skies shifted to a canopy of lead, through which the sharply disked sun struggled, without, as it seemed, either heat or light. Icebergs the weather eye of our captain forecast in this quick change of temperature, and the sharper gaze with which the lookouts scanned the horizon as well as the repeated tests of the sea water by the thermometer, emphasized his judgment. A few hours later the bergs, three in number, came to view miles away on the western sea line—one, a wrinkled cliff of ice; a second, also cliff-like, with a promontory at either end; and a third, rising from the waters as a huge cube, topped at the centre by a truncated cone, which at its crest broke into sharp pinnacles a hundred feet above the ocean-level. In the weird leaden light the three bergs at first took the hue of dull tempered steel. But an hour later, when the sun broke out as we passed them, they put on a garb of fleecy white, fringed at their upper parts with fitful lines of silver, slowly fading out to the northeastward as our swift steam-ship sped past. Not many days later, doubtless, those floating giants went back to their original fluids in the tepid current of the Gulf Stream. We had seen them on their ocean death-bed, and had read but a few lines near the close of their life-story, which had begun years, perhaps generations, before on the arctic plateaus of Greenland.

That mystic country, the great breeding-ground of the icebergs of the North Atlantic, and as their prolific parent second only to the antarctic continent, merits here its brief description. It reaches from a point in north latitude not yet precisely known, but probably about four hundred miles from the pole, southward for some thirteen hundred miles, to the latitude of 60°. Its pear-shaped form on the map spans at its largest diameter, in the latitude of 70°, about seven hundred miles east and west. Of this great country, containing not less than half a million square miles, probably five-sixths is covered by an ice crust with an average thickness of upward of a thousand feet. Only along its shores is a fringe of soil or rock some fifty miles broad at its widest southern point, and diminishing to mere littoral cliffs as the trend of the shores runs northward. We may, in fact, speak of the whole of Greenland's interior as a vast *mer de glace*, with a surface almost nine times the area of New York State and a little less than three and a half times that of Great Britain and Ireland. Explorers who have penetrated its desolate plateaus—Hayes, Nordenskiöld, and Nansen—substantially unite in their descriptions of the Greenland ice cap, a comparatively smooth expanse of ice, rarely broken by crevasses, and sloping up gently toward the interior. Greenland, indeed, may be deemed a survival of the glacial age, when an ice sheet of far greater depth and area swept down over North America to a point about the centre of the United States. Each long arctic winter deposits its heavy snows on the Greenland *mer de glace*, to be transmuted into ice, and finally to be discharged by glaciers through the many fiords which descend to the sea. The middle and upper coasts on the west of the semi-continent are cut thickly by these great ice streams, one of them, the Humboldt, the glacial Amazon of the North, being estimated at from forty to sixty miles in width. They, like the rivers of water which drain away from the lakes of more temperate zones, fulfil the law of circulation in the terrestrial fluids. Let us illustrate that law, as written in icy characters, by tracing briefly the iceberg from its primal unit.

A drop of water forms by night on a leaf, and, as a globule of dew, glistens in the early rays of the sun. As his beams warm it the drop changes into vapor, and its parts rise in air and disperse, each to become a bit of a cloud, or to float in the atmospheric spaces as an invisible watery mote. Then the winds may seize the vapory particle and bear it to the far North, where, joined by countless myriads of others, and congealed as snow, hail, rain, or fog, it may fall on the Greenland ice cap. Next, the particle, under pressure or by frost, is changed to ice itself, and becomes an integral portion of the dismal country's icy crown. Days, years, decades go. Moving slowly but constantly, the particle descends the slope into a fiord, to become a minute factor of the glacier by which the inland ocean of ice finds its outlet to the other ocean of waters. As time goes on, the particle imbedded in the glacier moves down to the coast, where, launched in the berg, it begins the long ocean journey which is to bear it southward to melt in the Gulf Stream, to be drawn up as vapor anew, and repeat the great law of circulation in nature's blood.

Glaciers, their motions and changes, are still the battle-ground of scientific controversy, but from the mass of learned discussion we can distil many proved facts relating to these cold mothers of the berg. They move down their inclined beds at a rate varying from a few inches a day up to the sixty feet a day measured by Helland on the Jakobshavn Glacier of Greenland. As a rule, the larger the glaciers are, the faster they move, owing to the diminished friction at their sides, size being a far more important factor in their rate of speed than the steepness of their gradients. They descend also much faster at their centres than at their edges, where they are checked by the friction of the land; and for the same cause they have more downward motion at their surface than at the base. Solid and inflexible they seem to eye or touch, but under their own momentum they become plastic, shaping themselves to channels, scouring the rocks, and pouring over cliffs in imperfect semblance but complete analogy to the water-fall.

The glacial surface, with its smooth reaches, its wavy rapids, its eddies circling round the jutting rocks of its banks, still further expands its fluvial analogue. But unlike the river of water, the glacier is broken into diagonal crevasses pointing up stream toward the centre, opening when the slope drops, closing together again when the slope rises; it flows with cracking sounds in lieu of the continuous roar of water-fall or the splash of wave; and it has at its tunnelled base a literal stream of running water, a *fluvius in fluvio*, derived largely from the meltings of the surface, which in summer pour in torrents down the cracks, unite below, and rush out in a muddy tumult of waters beneath the glacier's front. On top of the glacier and parallel with its axis of flow are the long lines of mingled rocks and soil styled moraines, over which science has battled so fiercely. When these moraines, scoured from the glacier's shores, trend near the sides, they are "lateral"; passing from branches to the centre of a new and wider glacier, they are "medial"; and deposited in a ridge at the foot, where the glacier melts on land or passes into the sea, they become "terminal," as illustrated strikingly by the moraine at the foot of the Davidson Glacier of Alaska.

The dynamical law by which the glaciers abutting on the sea generate their bergs is still somewhat vague. In earlier days it was held that the glacial tongue broke off by its own weight. To this has succeeded the following explanation, perhaps more popularly than scientifically accepted. Moving down the fiords to the ocean the glacier's front enters the waves, at first ploughing up the sea-bottom into a deep furrow. But as the ice prow pushes out over the sloping ocean floor, the weight resting upon the bottom steadily diminishes. The floating power of the water tends constantly to lift the ice, which is held down by the rigidity of the glacial sheet below its normal sea line. Moving on still, the glacier's front reaches the point in deeper waters where it is lifted from the bottom altogether. Still it remains unbroken, the strength of the sheet, hundreds of feet in thickness, holding it. But as it proceeds, the awful leverage on the unsupported tongue waxes. It is like the van of an army drawn further and further away from its main body, and encountering increasing attacks of the foe. Each surge of the tide, every onset of storm, racks its structure. At last comes the point where the hardly sustained equilibrium of forces ends, and the glacial tip breaks away into the floating berg. Finally we have a third and more recent hypothesis based on the differential movement of the upper and lower parts of the glacier. This latest theory asserts that the glacial front is thrust over from above by the swifter descent of its upper portion—a movement which may be roughly likened to the breaking comb of a sea wave sweeping to the shore.

But whatever the specific direction of the force which expels the berg from the glacier, the grandeur of the phenomena which often attend it is without question. Constantly the brow of the glacier over the sea is shaking off with sharp explosions smaller masses of ice, which drop to the water in cloudlets of spray. Suddenly there comes a set of louder and deeper blasts that blend into a subterranean roar. A great section of the fissured front of the glacier bends, with water-falls pouring from its sides, and obscured in clouds of vapor from the cold surfaces newly exposed to the air. As these clear away, the broken off glacial tongue surges down, forcing up a wave of water dangerous to near vessels, to boats or men at the water's edge. Up and down the new-born berg sways, moving, meanwhile, slowly away from the glacier, and out to sea. It has been born amid the travail of the icy elements to begin its life journey, that is to be long or short according to its own size and the places to which the currents of air and water are to bear it.

The amount of ice thus sent out from the large glaciers which have rapid flow is most amazing. At the Jakobshavn Glacier alone Helland fixes the daily discharge at 432,000,000 cubic feet, and this is but one of the great glaciers, known and unknown, which outflow from the Greenland ice sheet. From the Muir Glacier of Alaska—only one of the several thousand, large and small, in our Northwest Territory, two of them estimated by Lieutenant Schwatka at twenty miles in breadth—Professor G. F. Wright fixed the daily outflow of ice at 200,000,000 cubic feet during the August of 1886, when his examination of the glacier was made. It may be noted, in this connection, that there are few reports of our Alaskan ice rivers discharging large bergs. Authority can be cited to prove that this is due to the irregular grades at which most of the Alaskan glaciers reach their outlets, forming many crevasses, and consequently smaller bergs.

The more massive bergs, once "calved" from the front of their parent glaciers in Greenland, and floating away with almost nine-tenths of their bulk beneath the waves, may have a varied life history. They are assailed instantly by the forces of the sea and air. If born in the summer, their blue sides change quickly to a snowy whiteness that marks the entrance of air into their pores. The arctic sun, which is not to set for months, shoots its rays unceasingly on their exposed surfaces. As the heat increases, pools of water form on their upper levels and overflow in foaming streams down their sides, fluting them in the fall. Under the unequal expansion, not seldom a berg cracks, throwing off great masses, and sometimes, if not of large dimensions, it splits from top to base into smaller bergs. The warm breezes attack it; the sea-waves lash its sides; storms drive it upon other bergs or on the coast, or the ocean currents may start it on a longer journey. From the moment of its noisy birth its biography is a story of decay, with every energy of nature preying upon its life. Moving northward, and stranded on a cold shore, it may endure for years, like the anchored berg two years old measured by Dr. Hayes in 1860, which reached 315 feet above the water-line, half a mile below it, and was three-quarters of a mile long, with a weight of 2,000,000,000 tons, and a mass of 27,000,000,000 cubic feet. Or the berg may be nipped in the swirl of the dreaded "middle pack" of Melville Bay, there also to prolong its life during one or two arctic winters. But more commonly it is caught in the current which sweeps around the lower point of Greenland, runs northward, and crosses Baffin's Bay to join the arctic current, also ice-laden, setting south to Labrador and the Newfoundland Banks. Then the berg, if of great size, outlives its long journey to become the terror of the transatlantic voyager until it vanishes in the warm Gulf Stream.

The Monthly Review of the Signal Service of the United States for January, 1890, as an example, supplies impressive evidence of the amount of arctic ice that makes the long voyage from Baffin's Bay or above it to the routes of the ocean steam-ships. Reports of ice are given for every day except five of that month, and some of them in condensed form may fitly add here their testimony to the photographic print.

January 6th.—Berg from seven to eight hundred feet long and seventy feet high.

7th.—Berg four hundred feet long and one hundred feet high.

8th.—Enormous berg one-fourth of a mile long and two hundred feet high.

9th.—Berg about six hundred feet long and one hundred feet high.

18th.—Field ice studded with large bergs.

20th.—Large berg about two hundred feet high.

21st.—Great quantities of ice with several large bergs. Field ice for fifty-six hours. Densely packed field of ice twenty miles long.

23d.—Field of pack ice twenty-nine miles long.

25th.—Whole eastern coast of Newfoundland blockaded with ice.

27th.—At 8 30 P. M. vessel completely jammed. Engines stopped until 11 30 P. M.

29th.—Large berg one-half mile wide and one mile long.

As indicating the time of the passage of the arctic bergs from upper Baffin's Bay to the Gulf Stream the voyage on an ice floe of the castaway party from the *Polaris* is in evidence. The party separated from their vessel near the upper extremity of Baffin's Bay on the 15th of October, 1872, in latitude about 77° 30′, not far from Northumberland Island. They were rescued off Labrador on the 30th of April, 1873, in latitude 53° 35′. They had drifted in the arctic current a distance of about fifteen hundred miles in 197 days. This would indicate by ratios about 284 days as the period for the passage of field ice from the upper Greenland region to the routes of the ocean steamers after the ice has once entered the arctic current. In the case of the bergs, with almost nine-tenths of their surface submerged in the current and less retarded by winds, this time must evidently be somewhat reduced.

Around the bergs, after they are borne from the glacier, float forms of ice different in origin, less impressive in magnitude, but still in their dynamic manifestations sublime and fearful. Out from the arctic coasts, where the thermometer during the sunless winter months registers at times as low as 70° below zero, and usually ranges between 20° and 40°, there forms the coast ice many feet in thickness, known as the ice foot—the comparatively smooth pathway fast between the shore and the hummocky tidal ice, and along which arctic explorers have so often pushed their sledge parties northward. In summer most of the ice foot detaches from the land, and joined by ice of other seasons and origins, becomes the huge fields of the "pack," spreading often to the horizon. In these expanses of the pack are united many kinds of ice—small bits that have fallen from land cliffs, from the bergs, or from the glacial fronts; the freezings of winter in the ice field itself; old (palæocrystic) floes, or the greater floe bergs so interestingly described by Greely, and attributed by him to the gentler grades of far north glaciers, cubical, stratified, discolored, and the arctic counterparts on a smaller scale of the South polar bergs. As these composite ice fields sweep on before current and gale, impinging on the shore, on the bergs, or on one another, the mighty dynamic energy shapes the surface into manifold and wondrous forms—strata piled one above another, now and then warped into curves by the strain; hummocks rounded, blunted by friction, sharp or focussed into a series of craggy points like the edges of a volcanic crater. All these divergent ice shapes in the field, impelled by the powers of sea and air, join with the other elements in the general attack upon the berg.

What marvel that, as the objective point of assault by all these disintegrating forces of water, of atmosphere, of heat, of the ice itself, ever varying in intensity and exerted from different directions, the berg takes on those strange shapes that the photograph depicts—not so fanciful as the drawings of the imaginative old navigators, but still fantastic, beautiful, awful. Starting at first as an irregular block of ice, the berg, as it is melted, ground, and shattered bit by bit, changes each day its figure. Its centre of poise shifts constantly, presenting gradually new surfaces to the eye, and betimes toppling the mass completely over. At first the berg may assume the form of a huge floating structure fringed with ornamental work at its eaves and ridges. Slowly these upper parts may melt to minarets, to flying buttresses, to castellated turrets, to Gothic spires and arches. Next, these too may fall, and leave the berg lying on the ocean in the likeness of a strange living monster of the deep. Things animate and inanimate without number the berg may counterfeit during its life. Often its whole or part will take the mushroom or conical shape, with clearly outlined stem where the waves have worn its base near the water-line; and at many points in its structure may be traced the old grooves where in earlier days the ocean has wasted it. The arched berg is a not uncommon type, created at times by the action of the waves, but when its curve is lofty attributed more justly to the enlargement of the original arch, in which the frontal glacier split off over the subglacial river—such as was one berg under which Dr. Hayes avers his schooner could have sailed. The rocks and deposits of soil which the berg often bears away from its glacier, and which from time to time it drops into the sea, add to its grotesqueness of shape. Under certain conditions of sunlight they melt into the slope of the berg, giving it an eruptive or pocked aspect. Under other conditions of heat, these land masses appear like a dark human head mounted on a white-cloaked icy column.

Infinite in variety as are its figures, so are the iceberg's tints. In general, under the sunlight it is garbed in the milky whiteness which quickly succeeds the steely blue of the side recently ruptured from the glacier. But this tint itself often receives reflected colorings from the blue of the sky, from the shadow of cloud, from the hues thrown up from the ocean, and from the prismatic effects reflected where the sun-rays touch it at varied angles. On the bergs whose crests break into minarets and sharp lace-work this play of the sunbeam gives coruscations that may make the floating thing like a great diamond cut into a million facets, and dimpling with every prismatic color. When seen directly below water, the ice of the berg is a bluish-white. Over an artificial bottom of this blue-white ice, caused by the projection of the subaqueous part of a berg, one famous arctic explorer passed in his boat for a hundred yards before he reached the ice giant's erect side. In placid arctic waters, which are often so clear that the boat seems hung in air, these color effects of submarine ice are sometimes hardly less striking than those of the berg in the upper sunlight.

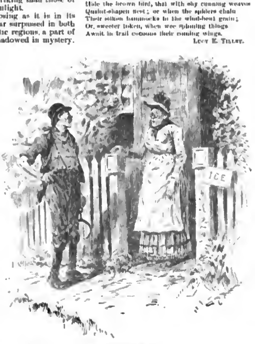
North polar ice, imposing as it is in its forms and motions, is far surpassed in both by the ice of the antarctic regions, a part of the world still deeply shadowed in mystery. What we know of it comes principally from the narratives, penned half a century ago, of Commander Wilkes, of the French explorer D'Urville, and from the more important but far from complete explorations of Sir James C. Ross, the discoverer of the volcanoes Mount Erebus and Mount Terror. From the almost contemporaneous discoveries of these three explorers we can infer that there is a continent surrounding the south pole some thousands of miles in circumference. Thus far it has been untrodden by man, and only seen by him from the decks of his venturous ships. Like Greenland, this continent wears an ice cap, but thicker and more uniform. The fiords and separated glaciers of the arctic region merge at the antarctic in what may be called a single vast and expansive glacier, which pushes its vertical front continuously along the coast for miles out to sea, an insuperable barrier hitherto to explorers. More heavy and more frequent falls of moisture than in the arctic spaces feed the south polar sheet, and give it well-defined strata. When this continental glacier has pushed out to the point of rupture in the ocean, it launches, along with smaller and more variable masses, not the irregular berg of Greenland, but a huge floating table of ice, the stratified "table berg" of Ross and Wilkes, with vertical faces often miles in length; and generally not until this berg has drifted northward to summer latitudes, and has passed the great southern pack which, on his second voyage, detained Ross for fifty-six days, does it become irregular and fantastic in shape, like its icy kinsmen floating from the North. From the antarctic sheet, with its even, gentle slope and probably few crevasses, we should logically infer immense bergs, and some of them the log-books of navigators describe. The records of the British Board of Trade from 1839 to 1867 supply us with the dimensions of a number of these gigantic table bergs, "with one or two exceptions accurately determined by angular measurements." They range from a height of about 400 to 1000 feet above the sea-level, and in cases have a length of several miles, indicating a depth below the water-line sometimes much more than a mile. These icy magnitudes dwarf the largest Greenland bergs, as the latter belittle the bergs of Alaska. They imply parts of the south polar continent still unseen where either the ice sheet reaches a size much larger than the parts that have been explored, or where glaciers attain a thickness wellnigh dazing to the human mind. It is noteworthy also that two of the loftiest bergs recorded in the reports of the British Board of Trade were encountered in latitude so low as about 37° south, corresponding very nearly with the north latitude of Norfolk (Virginia) and Lisbon (Portugal).

In all its mutations of life the berg is a thing haloed by human fancy, or shadowed by human terrors. Blended with its traditions of mortal suffering, of ships crushed and wrecked, of death within the arctic circle, is the mystic fascination of its stupendous size, of its stately voyage over wind-beat seas, of its sunlit beauties, of its varied and fanciful shapes. The devout worshipper may see in these white-faced colossi of the ocean another of those divine orders by which Nature returns to herself and recuperates her own works, the man of science reads on the same floating mountain the story of the glacier, the formulas of the realm of ice, the rules of molecular and cosmic force, and over and above them all the greater law of circulation on the globe and in its atmospheres; and to wellnigh all of us the story of the origin, birth, and life journeys of the bergs is not less moving because they are severed from us by an "enchanted distance" which photography and the pen span but imperfectly at the best.

THE SPINNERS.

They learned their art, these weavers, long ago
In those sweet days when Pan went to and fro
Making all other music strangely mute
Before the sweetness of his reeded flute;
Or when in flaming forge great Vulcan wrought
Achilles' armor, and Athene caught
From off the distaff her fair wroughten weft.
Now when the reeds and thickets are bereft
Of those god wanderers—lo! their old-time ways
Are still revealed in these later days,
When in the long-forsaken haunts young leaves
Hide the brown bird, that with shy cunning weaves
Quaint-shaped nest; or when the spiders chain
Their silken hammocks in the wind-bent grain;
Or, sweeter token, when wee spinning things
Await in frail cocoons their coming wings.

LUCY E. TILLEY.



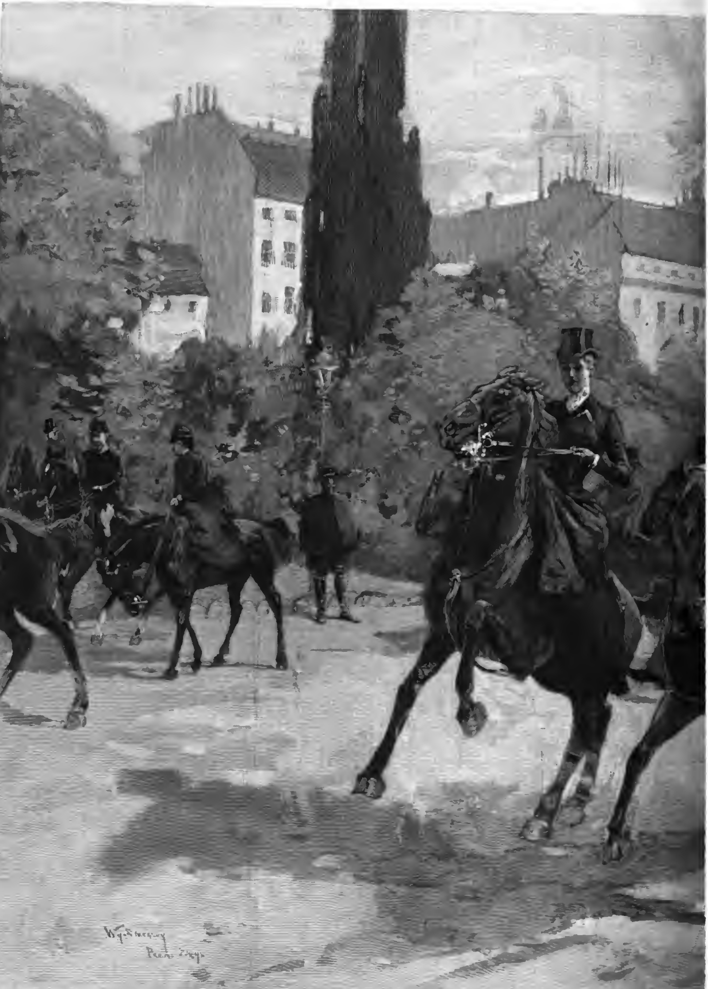
EXPLAINED.

"How much ice did you leave me yesterday?"

"Fifteen poun's, mum."

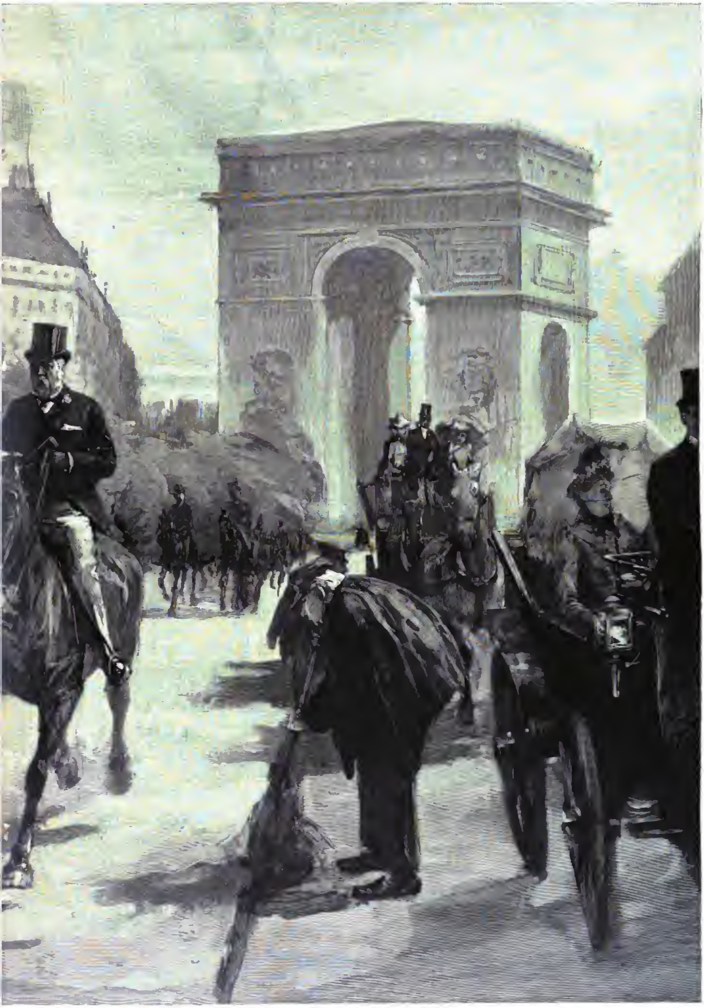
"You did; well, I weighed it the instant you left, and there were seven pounds exactly."

"Yis, mum, we sells it just as we gets it in Maine, mum, widout makin' no allowance for shrinkage in New Yoerrk."



GOING TO THE GRAND PRIX—A BIT OF PARIS

Google



IN JUNE.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 487.]

THE ELECTION.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS.

MATTERS did not go as well with the candidacy of Abner Green as the beginning had promised. He had been nominated unanimously. He had accepted with seeming reluctance. The support in party lines had been solid, and there was a strong Independent sentiment in his favor. The canvass had progressed favorably and everything looked auspicious. And yet in the closing days of the contest a batch of clouds appeared upon the horizon of his hopes.

With his good wife Jane he was sitting in the parlor of his humble house, the lower part of which was a store. He seemed disconsolate. Jane busied herself with sewing, while he gazed alternately at the lamp and floor and cogitated on his prospects.

"Abner," said Jane, "something is troubling you."

"Yes, dear; something usually is."

"You haven't any doubt about your election, have you?"

"Of course not. Did you ever know a candidate to have any doubts except as to the size of his majority?"

"Now I know something's wrong. What is it?"

Abner did not answer. He looked steadily and stupidly at the floor. Jane waited awhile, and then resumed.

"What is it, Abner? You haven't been comfortable since the mail came in yesterday."

Abner glanced up quickly. "Jane," he said, "did you ever see through a brick wall?"

"The idea of such a question! I believe you are losing your mind. You've lost about everything else since you got into politics."

"Yes," responded the candidate for sheriff, gloomily; "and I'm going to lose more."

Jane dropped her sewing and gazed at him in open-eyed dismay. "What!" she asked, "do they want money? Why, they declared it shouldn't cost you anything."

Abner shook his head sadly. "It's always that way," he said. "They sugar-coat you with compliments, and for every compliment they issue a note that you've got to pay before the campaign ends. This politics, Jane, is a great scheme to use a man's vanity for opening his pocket-book. It's got so that I'm afraid to hear a man praise me, lest he should come around afterward to borrow money, and I'm disappointed if he doesn't come, because I feel sure he's going to vote against me."

"Now, Abner, if they said that you would strengthen the ticket, and if that is why they put you on, why don't they go ahead and elect you?"

"Bless your innocent soul, Jane, you don't know politics! Six weeks ago they all said I'd go through with flying colors, and everybody was crowding around promising to put up money and help me, but six weeks in politics is about six years longer than eternity."

"Didn't they contribute as they said they would?"

"Yes, some did. Major Powderdry for one."

"Major Powderdry! Why, Abner, I never knew that he contributed to anything except the size of his debts."

"That's about what he did. It was this way. Three weeks ago the major came around and said he wanted to make a good contribution to the campaign fund, and after a lot of a-hemming and a-hawing he asked me to lend him a hundred dollars on his note. As long as I had taken the nomination from him, and as the money would help my own election, I loaned it to him."

"And he contributed it to the fund?"

Abner smiled grimly. "Yes, twenty-five of it. He put the other seventy-five in his pocket. It was the first time that I ever knew Major Powderdry was a financier."

"A financier!" exclaimed Jane, indignantly. "I call it robbery."

"No, my dear; it's finance. As far as I can see finance is the general barter of humanity, and the biggest financier is the fellow who manages to hold on to the most money. Now old Caxton is another financier. We made him chairman of our first mass-meeting, and gave him enough honor for his whole family. Of course we expected to get a good contribution from him. Well, he promised and promised. Then he kept saying that times was hard, and it all ended by his handing over five dollars out of his fifty thousand. And now he is lending me money, and making me pay twelve per cent. interest on it. The old skinflint will make nearly a hundred dollars out of me."

Jane did not know much about politics, but she had helped Abner in the store enough to understand something about the rules of interest. This disclosure evidently alarmed her.

"Do you mean to say," she asked, "that you have put a thousand dollars into this thing?"

"As the day of execution is near at hand, my dear, I suppose I'd just as well confess. A thousand is about the size of it."

"But, Abner, I don't see where you can use all the money."

"Campaign expenses," he answered, sententiously.

"What are they?"

"Printing tickets and mass-meetings and hiring music, and—and other things."

"What other things? You don't mean to say, Abner, that you pay to get votes?"

"Certainly not, my dear; but some people have to be persuaded."

"Persuaded?"

"Yes, persuaded. There are lots of men who will vote our ticket, but they must be paid for their loss of time. Now, for instance, there is Bill Simpson. Bill will vote for our ticket, but he needs persuasion. He wants five dollars for his loss of time in going to the polls."

"But, Abner, you know that he never does anything, and how can his time be valuable?"

"That's just it. His time isn't valuable except when elections come round. Then everybody finds out that it is a very busy season, and that it will be hard to get to the voting places unless the party does something for them. I went to see Bill. He said he certainly wanted to vote for me, but he did not see how he was going to get away, for he had a big job of work to do, and it would be worth every cent of five dollars for him to lay off and go to the polls. What are you going to do with such a man unless you compromise?"

"Compromise?"

"Yes, compromise. He'll really expect about two dollars. Last year he got one."

"Abner," said Jane, after a pause, "isn't it wrong to do this?"

"It may not be exactly right, dear, but it's painfully necessary. At election time every man is as big as every other man, and his vote counts just the same whether he is a President or a loafer."

Jane paused again while her thoughts struggled for utterance. Presently she said: "Abner, I'd rather see you defeated than do anything that is not right. I hope and pray that you do not think of buying votes."

"Of course not, of course not," he replied, with some warmth. "What put such an idea into your head? And, moreover, what would be the use of trying? The other fellows have got the most money."

"How do you know?"

"That's what the letter said, and that's what has been troubling me. Why, Jane, the unprincipled scoundrels on the other side have got three hundred new two-dollar notes for use on Tuesday. Just think of it! That's enough to carry this district against the Angel Gabriel! And if I lose Sussex, I lose the election and my thousand dollars. It's awful."

Jane quickly jumped from criticism to sympathy. She wanted Abner to be elected, and she had thought he would be until now, when the prospect seemed to change.

"If women only had the right to vote!" was all she could say at first.

Abner smiled sardonically. "Yes," he said, "if they could. It's always 'if.' If wishes were two-dollar notes I'd be satisfied."

In his perturbation he picked up the paper that was lying on the table and began to read, while Jane returned to her sewing. There was silence for some minutes until Abner called for the scissors. Jane handed them to him, and he cut a paragraph from the sheet.

"Jane, how many people around here take the Sussex *Weekly?*"

She named several.

"Well, to-morrow morning I want you to go to all the houses and get the papers. I need them."

"What is it, Abner?"

"Oh, nothing much. You know I always make it a rule to cut things out that strike my fancy, and I find in the long-run that a newspaper is the best investment that I make, because it gives me more new ideas than anything else. I calculate that this little piece of paper is worth a hundred dollars, if not more."

He folded it carefully and placed it in his pocket-book.

The next morning after breakfast Jane started out to visit her neighbors to borrow the Sussex *Weekly*. She succeeded in bringing back five copies. Abner was delighted. At dinner she questioned him again, but his only reply was,

"Come down in the store when I close to-night and you will see."

It was a busy day. The next morning the election was to begin. Visitors came constantly to consult the candidate for sheriff. Tricks and rumors of tricks were in the air. Workers wanted money. All asked favors. Everybody whispered fears of defeat in the private office, and boasted of victory to the crowd in front of the store. Major Powderdry, radiant in his optimism, and exhaustless in his declarations of victory, was there.

"We will sweep the country as clean as the celestial dome," he said, "and proud old Sussex will lead the districts in the great battle of free government and low taxes. Gentlemen"—nodding to several smiling members of the opposition—"you'd better join the army, and march through the sea of politics with the children of Israel, for, sure as you're born, it's going to be a damp season for the Egyptians. Take the advice of a friend, and get in out of the wet by voting for Abner Green."

"Major," replied one of the opposition, "there was an Irishman once who happened in a field where there was a large healthy bull. He pulled out a red handkerchief, and the bull began kicking and bellowing. It was very funny. The Irishman laughed so loud that he had to hold his sides. But suddenly the bull came close, and when Paddy picked himself up on the other side of the fence he said, sadly, 'It's a mighty good thing I got that laugh in first.'"

"My dear fellow," said the major, impressively, "I have profound respect for the age of your story, but excuse me if I say that it doesn't fit the case. To-morrow we shall take that bull by the horns, and lead him to the slaughter like a frightened lamb that has been fed on mint sauce just to whet our appetites."

The major was in his element, and he kept up his fire of repartee with undiminished vigor. The crowds gathered, and everybody talked about the morrow. Presently somebody discovered a newspaper clipping pasted on a board placed rather inconspicuously near the desk of the store.

"Hello, Abner, what's this?"

"What's what?"

"This newspaper article?"

"Oh, that! I suppose it is something that John has stuck up for reference." John was the general factotum who often helped Abner in the store. He was a tomb-like character who always did those things that Abner wanted done without being known.

Of course the people crowded around to see what it was. This is what they read:

"LOOK OUT FOR BAD MONEY!

"We are informed that a lot of counterfeit two-dollar notes are in circulation in this State, and some of them have found their way into this county. The bank officers tell us that they are so clearly and perfectly engraved that it is difficult for anybody who is not an expert to tell the differences from the real article. Of course our readers know that it is a crime punishable by imprisonment to attempt to pass these notes, and there is a reward for the arrest of everybody caught in the act. We advise you all to be careful about this thing. Beware of new two-dollar notes."

They read it carefully, and wanted to know its meaning. Abner was very ignorant about it.

"John's simply stuck it up there, I guess. John's a little absent-minded sometimes, and he wants something to keep him from taking in another counterfeit. He took in one, and he looks as if he'd been to a funeral ever since."

"You don't think that any of the bills are around here?" put in one of Abner's political opponents, rather experimentally.

"No; not that I know of. All the two-dollar notes I've seen this week are old, and of course they're all right."

The hour of breaking up came, and the people started for their homes. As they left the store, Major Powderdry stood on the highest step and indulged in more rhetoric.

"To-morrow's setting sun," he said, "is going to witness a sight that will cast new glory on the American eagle. Victory will perch on our standards, and our ticket will go through like a streak of greased lightning. Sleep well, gentlemen, and be at the polls early."

"We'll be there," shouted the major's opponents.

After they had gone and the shutters were put up, Jane came down stairs. She looked around until she discovered the clipping stuck on the board.

"Is that it?" she asked.

"Yes," said Abner, "that's it."

Good weather blessed the day of election. The people were up early. Around the polls there was plenty of life and noise. An election in a rural district differs entirely from an election in the city. Your city people walk to the polls, cast their ballots, and walk away. The highest privilege of citizenship is a matter for expedition. In the country it is an occasion for assembling, for gossip and argument and entreaty. Along the road are carriages and horses, ox carts, wagons, and all the curious kinds of vehicles of the neighborhood. The voters stop to talk and to consult. No hurry disturbs them. They stand around, some whip in hand, some holding tickets, some smoking bad cigars, and all personally interested in the contest. The fences are the reserved seats of the occasion. Up the road in quiet corners are the practical workers with the sinews of war. Behind trees are jugs and bottles of dangerous inspiration. A mercenary voter is never in haste to vote. He canvasses the situation, finds out the resources of both sides, gets frequent exhilaration from the jugs and the bottles, and finally casts his ballot with the largest pecuniary benefit to himself. The efforts of the workers to monopolize this individual are earnest, prolonged, and untiring.

It was this way in Sussex District. Abner Green's friends made a cordon around the polls. The candidate for sheriff was not present at his polling-place, except for a short time to cast his vote, but he was ably represented. The opponents, however, were just as strong, and were all the more dangerous because they remained in the quiet corners up the road, where they could barter without discovery.

In Abner's store matters were quiet, as the chief interest centred at the polls. John was ostensibly in charge. Abner kept watchfully and quietly in the background. He was waiting for developments. About half past seven o'clock he saw a figure coming from the voting place, and his heart beat more excitedly with anticipation. The man was a surly fellow named Timson, an unconscionable bribe-taker, who had the reputation, to use the phrase of Major Powderdry, "of being able to raise more fuss over a two-cent stamp than Shylock could over a whole carcass."

Timson came into the store, which was the only one near the polls, and bought some tobacco. In payment he proffered a new two-dollar note.

"No, you don't," said John.

"Don't what?"

"We ain't taking no bad money here."

"What do you mean?" said the fellow, with a mixture of indignation and alarm.

"This is what I mean," said John, and taking down the board, he read the article about counterfeits.

Timson was dumfounded. Then he recovered his powers of speech, and deluged the place with his surcharged feelings. In the midst of it, Abner made his appearance.

"Good-morning, Mr. Timson. It's a pleasant day for the election. Have you voted?"

Without replying, Timson called himself various unprintable names, and told Abner how he had been imposed upon by some unnamed scoundrel.

"This is very serious," said Abner. "Of course you thought the money was good, and I don't believe you would want to run the danger of getting arrested by trying to pass a counterfeit. But if I were you I'd make the fellow who gave it to you pay for it with interest."

Timson, with unmistakable emphasis, declared that he would, and left the store in hot haste. He had just disappeared around the bend of the road when Major Powderdry drove up and dismounted. He rushed to the store, and led Abner into the back shed.

"It's all right," he said. "Our men have got the articles at every polling-place, and they're going to raise the devil just as soon as a two-dollar note appears. How are things here?"

"Timson's just been in with a two-dollar note, which we refused to accept."

"Good!"

"And he's gone back to the polls to see about it. He's hotter than a tin roof in August."

"That's simply magnificent. I'm going down there to help him. You stay here."

The major was lost in a cloud of dust. He urged his horse on until he came near the voting place, and then slowed up and approached with an easy dignity which seemed to indicate that he had only a passing interest in the momentous events of the day.

But he did not remain passive. All around him the people were talking excitedly. Timson's voice was loud in anger. His charges were taken up by the other rascals who, like himself, had sold their suffrages for two dollars each. The managers of the opposition tried entreaty and pacification, and it looked as if they were making some headway until Major Powderdry jumped into the breach. His face flushed, his fists beat the air, his voice rang out in fury. The people crowded around him.

"It is the most atrocious outrage I ever heard of," he exclaimed. "These men try to pollute the fame and corrupt the citizenship of this district; they insult every honest voter here; and not only that but they impose on their victims by giving them worthless money. Gentlemen, I repeat that it is the most damnable affront that was ever offered to the decent sentiment of the sovereign people. Where is the man who will swear out warrants against these persons?"

In the face of the indignation the opponents beat a retreat to an obscure corner of the road where they could consult. Major Powderdry took charge of the work. Every arrival was deluged with stories of the worthless money, were told how the opponents of Abner Green were trying to defeat him by debauching and bribing voters and was led to the polls through a line of Abner Green's friends. The other side did not recover from the set back; it could not cope with the tireless energy and exhaustless adjectives of Major Powderdry.

And so the work went bravely on until—until—

Major Powderdry, dust-covered and husky, rushed into the house of Abner Green. It was past sunset, and the voting was over. Abner jumped forward to hear the result.

"Not yet—not yet," exclaimed the major, with a majestic wave of his oratorical arm. "Bring out your demijohn—your large demijohn. I have got four acres of dust and five summer fogs in my throat, and I'm doomed to certain death unless I get a drink within the next five minutes."

Abner supplied the demand with welcome alacrity.

"Consider yourself decorated with a life-saving medal," said the major.

"Now tell me how it all went."

"You know when I left here this morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, as soon as I arrived there I began to raise thunder, and, by Jove, we kept it raised until the polls closed! We simply knocked the other side out on the first round, and then bothered them more. The fates favored us when Timson came up to the store. When he got back, he bellowed like a bull, and the more he bellowed the more we egged him on, and pretty soon we had things our own way. I discovered that about five or ten years ago, Cartridge, who was handling the money for the other side, had got mixed up in some of that green goods business in one of the cities; he was innocent undoubtedly, but that didn't make any difference. I went up to him and whispered, 'Look here,

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Mr. Cartridge, you can't come any of your green-goods game on these people. We want a fair election, and we're going to have it. If you pay out any more of those two-dollar notes, we'll put you in the penitentiary, and keep you there till your head gets bald!"

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. I didn't give him time to say anything. We were too busy keeping up the cry of bribery and counterfeit to discuss side issues. We laid it on heavy. The people backed me up nobly. I talked more than I ever did in all my life. As the voters came up, we never let them go until we gave them the whole story with a lot of ornament. We told them of the plot to defeat you, and let them know plainly that the decent people were not going to allow any such an outrage. And the negroes! Oh, Abner, you ought to have seen how we managed them! I got hold of Big Jim, for I knew he had more influence with his race than any one else, and promised him that you would pay him five dollars to-morrow if he would scare the negroes with the counterfeit story, and keep them away from those new two-dollar notes. It worked beautifully. The other fellows are swearing like pirates. They're beaten. I know that we have carried this district."

"But how about the county?"

"I haven't heard a word. Let's wait awhile, and see if we can get any news."

They waited. In an hour the result of that precinct came in. The counting of the vote had been completed. It gave Abner a majority of 167—fully 100 more than he expected. An hour later a rider brought news from the adjoining voting-place. The counterfeit dodge had worked successfully. Abner had a majority there of 45, when he did not expect more than 15 or 20. Matters looked bright. About ten o'clock a messenger from the opposite direction arrived. He came from the district adjoining the county town. The counterfeit dodge had been a failure. As soon as it was sprung, the workers had rushed on horseback into town, and had their new money changed for old. They got back without much loss of time, and swept the district against Abner by a majority of 284.

"I'm nearly dead," exclaimed the major, "but I can't stand this. I'm going to town."

Others joined him, and off they started at full gallop. Abner remained at home. If he was elected, all well and good; if not, he wasn't going to be in town to let the people see his disappointment.

He and Jane went to bed, but not to sleep. He tried to feel calm, but his mind refused to be quiet. He turned and twisted. His eyes would not stay closed. The clock struck the hours. Time seemed to crawl along. Four o'clock came. Toward five the minutes were travelling when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming at breakneck speed up the road. A minute more there was a halt before his store, and a mighty shout of "Hurrah for Green!"

Above the din was the major's voice, "Come out, Abner."

Abner appeared at the window in short order, and as soon as his white-robed form was seen, the shouts were trebled in vigor. The major tried to make a speech, and his companions tried to help him, but it was not a brilliant success. They were full of very bad liquor, and Abner was full of the emotions of a man who has run his first campaign and won.

"Come away from that window, or you'll catch cold," said a small, shrill voice; but Abner did not hear.

He stood there listening to the revelry. By-and-by the revellers got tired, and with more hurrahs started on their way, making the night hideous as they went with bacchanalian sounds, which might be interpreted into something about not going home until morning.

Abner felt proud of the exhibition, but Jane lost no time in declaring that it was scandalous.

A week later Abner and Jane were sitting in their room. The store had been closed for the night. In the fireplace the logs burned lazily, and the shaded lamp sent its rays upon Jane's knitting and Abner's newspaper.

"I am certainly thankful it's all over," said Jane. "I hadn't any peace from the time the campaign started. But I'm truly glad that you are elected, and it did my heart good to read the fine things that the newspaper said about you. And yet, Abner, I feel rather sorry in having to leave this store and our old friends."

"We won't leave them all, dear. I saw Major Powderdry to-day, and told him that I would like to do something to show my appreciation of his work, but the best I could do was to offer him the position of deputy, which I would be very glad if he would accept."

"Did he?"

"Yes; he accepted. He's been after an office for twenty years, and this is the first real chance that he had had, so he did not let it escape. And speaking of the major reminds me that we took in three of those new two-dollar notes to-day. I gave one to John. Here is one that I want you to frame with that newspaper clipping, as a souvenir of our first campaign."

"And the other?"

"I guess I'll send that to renew my subscription to the Sussex *Weekly*."

GOING TO THE GRAND PRIX.

Le Grand Prix de Paris—that is the greatest of all French events of the turf—compares with the Derby. Hippic reputations are made during that summer meeting at Longchamps. As to the course itself, it is the finest in the world, and is reputed by the knowing ones to be the fastest. On the occasion when the Grand Prix, the prize of prizes, is contested for, it is said that all Paris, half London, and as much of New York as can get there looks on the course.

Mr. Smedley's sketch shows two of a cavalcade *en route* for the Bois de Boulogne, bent on being present at the great race. Certainly *cette belle* demoiselle is an equestrienne of finished grace. She is accompanied by her father. The artist has seized the moment when the lady's horse shows his fine-strung spirits. The rider does not seem surprised or flurried. As a capable horsewoman, she keeps her eyes well ahead of her, in case the animal should feel inclined to bolt. Her pose is charming; so perfect, that a cavalry officer on the sidewalk cannot but admire her. *Monsieur le père* has a good solid seat, that of the cavalier used to the Bois, who has passed around the Arc de Triomphe many a time. He bestrides a more sober steed than the young lady, and the flowers in his button-holes during the canter will not lose a leaflet. From the Barrière de l'Etoile to the entrance of the Bois the distance is short. On such an occasion the broad *allées* are thronged. If "tout Paris" rides on horseback, what remains drives to the race-course. Elegant equipages encumber the way. Mounted police ride up and down, and try their best to prevent entanglements. Perhaps that rougher element found in England has a greater facility in attending race-grounds than the same class in France. The road to the race-course takes, then, a more elegant form in Paris. Has *Monsieur le père* given mademoiselle the proper tip? Has she a favorite? Has she made her book with gloves or bonbons? A good many millions of francs change hands in France on such an occasion, and as to the gloves and sugar-plums, no statistician could ever estimate their quantity.

ANIMALS ON THE MOVE.

From an English review I learn with satisfaction how the great ant-eater, a mere worm for courage, can turn on his tormentor. "Oh!" said the man, whose mission it is to plague animals; "that is just one of those creatures I can bother with impunity. He looks as if made to be provoked. I will proceed at once to annoy him. No keepers around? Here is my chance." Then the party poked the ant-eater with his brand new umbrella. The animal took a prod or two in a subdued manner. Then, quick as a flash, he wound his great flexible tongue around the umbrella, and with a muscular movement of his snout stripped the silk covering of the umbrella clear of its ribs. Then the ant-eater retired in a dignified manner, went sound asleep, and a man left the Zoo with but the skeleton of an umbrella.

Experimenting with animals within certain reasonable bounds has always been a habit of mine. I think the first experiment I ever made was with an elephant. I was then of a tender age. It was at that happy time when peppermint was dropped on paper, like buttons on a shirt front. I had no conception of the greediness of the elephant. I offered him in a guileless way my paper of peppermint drops. He took advantage of my innocence. He was not content with two or three peppermints. He swallowed them, paper and all. I might have been disgusted with his bad manners, but I really was apprehensive that the paper would make him ill. I never heard that he was any the worse for it. Poor old elephant! I followed him in his peregrinations for many years, and it grieved me much when a good while afterward I heard the volley fired into him.

I am, I trust, to be forgiven in later years for having experimented with an ostrich. My punishment was merited. I was turned out of the Royal Amsterdam Zoological Gardens. I think it was Frank Buckland who put me up to it, because he had vaunted the wonderful digestive powers of the ostrich. I do not mean to intimate that he said anything like this: "Try it on those Dutch birds, but not on ours in the Zoo. Whatever an ostrich can swallow, he can digest. It is the bulk of the thing, not its sort, that bothers an ostrich." I had fed the Amsterdam *Struthio camelus* with Dutch buns, and he had bolted an uncommon quantity at my expense; and still he looked Oliver-Twistish. I was watching for that beautiful sliding node formed in the neck when the ostrich makes a large swallow. But the massive cannon-ball Amsterdam buns were as pills for that bird. I had a London *Times*, supplement and all, and I rolled it up into three ovoid forms, and fed them to the ostrich. He made no bones over it. I saw the nodes beautifully accentuated, when the faithful custodians of the Zoolukiljk Zoologish, Genootschap, marched me out. I am pleased to state that the ostrich lived many years afterward. Even more, I was forgiven, or maybe forgotten, because some years ago I was the recipient of a very kind letter from the society for some practical work done in the field of natural history.

The fine condition of the animals at Central Park is indicative of the care taken of them and the good judgment of the superintendent, Mr. W. A. Conklin. The public see and admire the collection, and forget how constant is the vigilance exercised. I am gathering some information from Mr. Conklin in his office, and a keeper comes in, with his face beaming with pleasure, and he says, "The jaguar eat a fair piece of meat, sir, and lapped a lot of water; and I do think he is coming round."

"That case is one of want of care in shipping an animal to us," said Mr. Conklin. "The jaguar was confined in a small box during a long sea-voyage, and has become probably cramped. I have thought that if he were rubbed down with liniment it might do him good. You never saw a jaguar under treatment? Come and look."

It was, of course, novel to witness a jaguar under massage. Three keepers who undertook the task entered the cage, using brooms for purposes of friction. The poor brute was very much used up. He was young, about the size of a mastiff. He did not take to the rubbing of him down with pleasure. He seemed unconscious that it was for his own good. The liniment was poured on his back despite his hissing and snapping. He was neatly and quietly worked over by the three keepers. In case of need, a short iron bar was put in the cage, but there was no necessity to use it. The poor brute was too stiff to offer much resistance.

Animals at particular seasons have to be moved from their winter to their summer quarters in Central Park. This exodus takes place with certain animals about the middle of May, and Mr. F. S. Church's page of illustration gives an excellent idea of it. Tippoo Sahib on such occasions gives his valuable services. On the move, he is worth more than a great many truckmen with their horses. He has in his charge the camel house, a fairly heavy structure, thirty feet long by twenty broad. This was put on rollers, and Tippoo applied his massive forehead and breast to the building, and without much apparent force he shoved it along a distance of 400 yards. Tippoo is a royal Indian elephant, and was a present of some Rajah to Victor Emmanuel. Not being a very amiable brute, at least at certain seasons, he was disposed of by the Italian government after Victor Emmanuel's death, and came into the possession of Mr. Forepaugh, who presented the elephant to the Park. When in the circus business his vast strength was often called on to move vans and wagons which had been mired. Tippoo wears at the tips of his long tusks two brass balls weighing fourteen pounds each. If you look at a massive wooden door which separates Tip from the other two elephants, you can see by the dints in the wood with what prodigious force the animal can drive those pointed ivories. To me an elephant's eye possesses some traits which are almost human. In certain lights it is of a clear hazel, with gray tinges. It is the most thoughtful animal eye I know of. Not placid, not stolid, but ever on the alert. I do not think that it mirrors in the least what is going on in his huge brain. It is not exactly sinister, nor is it an uncanny eye, only suspicious when the animal casts a backward glance at you. Tippoo will balance a weight of 9000 pounds, and has increased 1000 pounds during the last twelve months.

Making alligators change quarters cannot be a pleasant job. Those at the Park are Floridian. The big one, which took four men to move, will weigh two hundred pounds. He has been a New-Yorker for the last two years, but civilization has not improved him. He will eat twenty pounds of horse per diem. It is an art for four men to carry one alligator. If he grows, a fifth man may be necessary so as to become a kind of brake for his tail. If the transfer were made later than June, the trouble would increase, because when warm weather sets in the alligator shakes off his lethargy and becomes active. The smaller 'gators offered little resistance. They weigh from ten to twenty-five pounds. Mr. Church showed me how the small ones all seemed to head up one way, as if following the sun. Mr. Conklin tells me that the little alligators may all be sprawling on the ground, but if there is a shower they at once scuttle for the water.

Make room for the Caliph and his lovely spouse, the Lady Fatima! This is no figurative introduction of the hippopotami at the Park, for when they do move, ample room is given them by the keepers, or to explain it perfectly, those who have them in charge do not care to be too close to them. The way it is done is to make a runway of heavy timbers from their winter-quarters, which are under cover, to their summer ones, which are in the open air. Last year the hippos gave some trouble; this spring none at all. Fatima seemed to remember her last year's experiences. The runway had been prepared the day before, and the big brutes seemed to understand what it meant. Bright and early Fatima sighed, grunted, let me say, to be correct, and rubbed against the bars. The instant the coast was clear off she bolted, followed impetuously by her lord. There was no use of the keeper's acting as fugleman. The charge of that heavy brigade was so precipitous that the keeper, like a bull-fighter, had to leap the barriers so as to get out of the way. The Caliph weighs a solid two tons, and Fatima 600 or 700 pounds less. These hippos are from the Nile. That Fatima had a baby last year is well known. I handled the skull of that little hippo at the Museum of Natural History lately, and a very solid bony structure is it. How wide a hippo can open his mouth, I was curious to learn. Could a flour-barrel find a place there? It looked as big as all out-of-doors. In taking a loaf of bread, chucked into the Caliph's vast gullet, it occupied much less room proportionately than would a small ginger snap in the adult man's mouth.

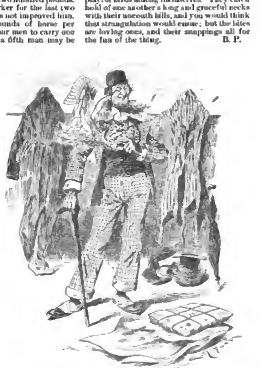
"Oh! he doesn't open his mouth to any extent when he gets his food. It is when he gapes that the stretch of his jaws is superb," said Mr. Conklin, with all the zest of a naturalist. Then Mr. Conklin took a piece of wood two and a half feet long, and held it between the upper and lower jaws of the hippopotamus, and the measure was far too small.

"I should say something over three feet would about measure the width of the opening when Caliph takes a comfortable yawn," said Mr. Conklin, reflectively.

Of a hippo's ability to take a mouthful of boat or canoe there can be no question. The blunt fangs could chew up anything excepting steel plate. Hippopotami are not amiable nor social, and so Caliph is neither taken to be better nor worse tempered than those of his kind. These brutes in their pool, which is twelve feet deep, can stand very comfortably at the bottom of it. Mr. Conklin times their period of submergence at about four minutes. The eye of the hippo may be wonderfully constructed for peculiar conditions; but considered in an artistic sense it is a very ugly eye. It bulges, looks goggled, and is the eye of a drunkard. Having once eaten a portion of perfectly cured and smoked Nilotic hippo, I must declare it to be fairly good and palatable meat, scarcely distinguishable from a rasher of bacon.

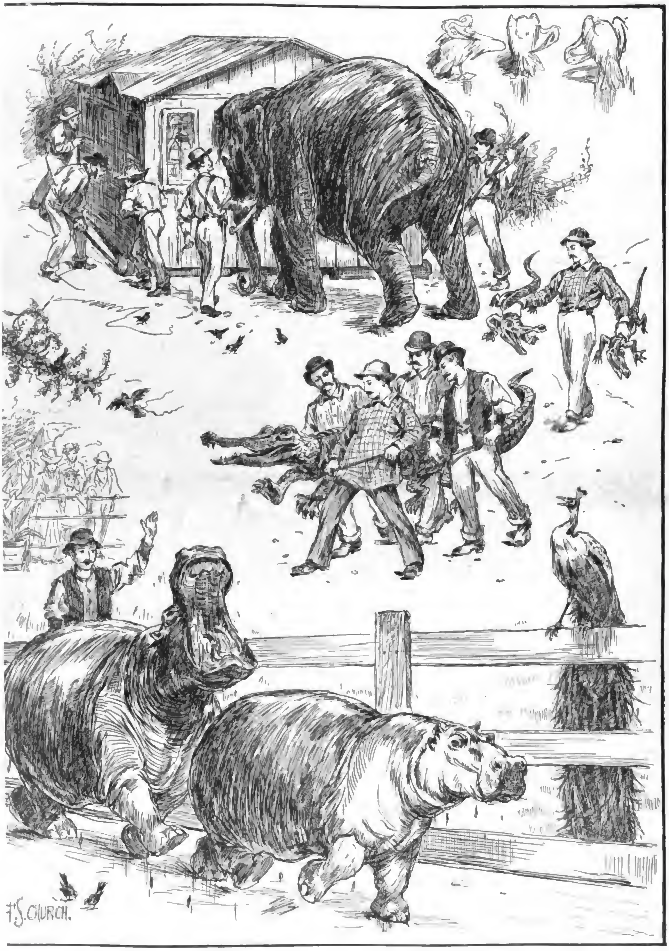
It is amusing to witness the cheekiness of the young sea-lion as he bids the pelicans make way for him. He barks at them in a petulant way, expecting them to skurry. They take little notice of him. If he is too offensive, they indulge in a snap at him with their scissor-like bills, and he immediately subsides. In the Park there are pelicans from Florida, from the West, with some European varieties. The last pelican I killed was on the Gulf side of the Florida coast. I never could have secured him if he had not gorged himself with mullets. Though I wanted him for study, I remembered for a long time the reproachful look he gave me. He stared and stared at me until the death film glazed his great bird eyes. Pelicans are playful birds among themselves. They catch hold of one another's long and graceful necks with their uncouth bills, and you would think that strangulation would ensue; but the bites are loving ones, and their snappings all for the fun of the thing.

B. P.

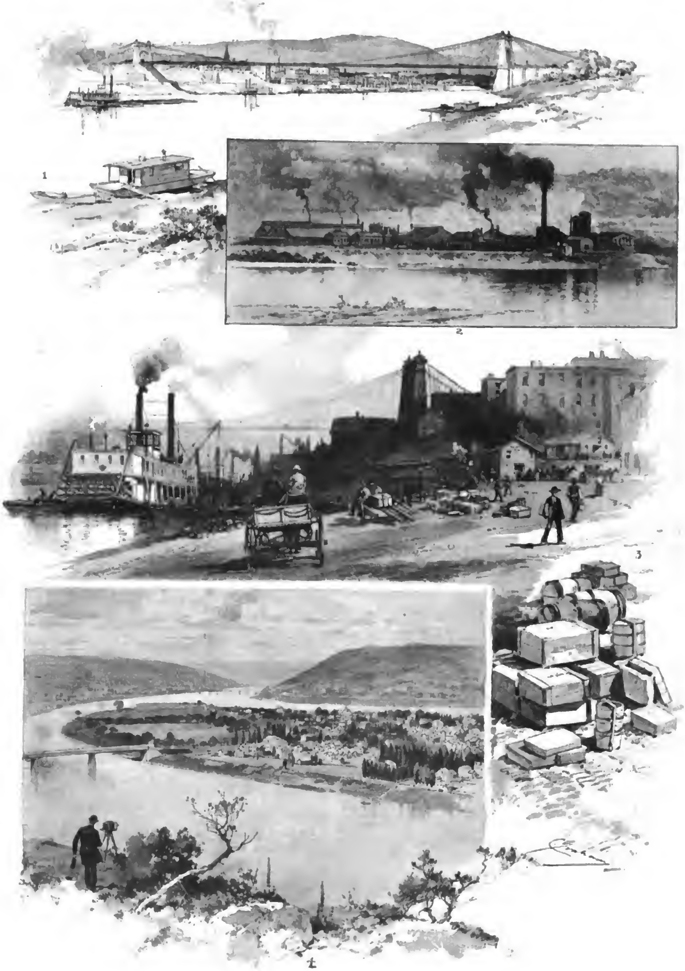


RESULT OF RECENT CUSTOM-HOUSE SEIZURES.

UNCLE SAM. "W-a-a-l, naow! I wonder haow this would strike Wash' Lale, an' the rest of the boys."



REMOVING THE ANIMALS FROM THE WINTER TO THE SUMMER QUARTERS OF THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.
Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 487.]



WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 491.]

1. Distant View of Wheeling. 2. Riverside Steel and Tube Works, at Benwood. 3. The Levee. 4. Wheeling Island, from the Ohio side.

ATHLETICS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 476, Supplement.)

Among the other games sometimes indulged in are rope-climbing, sack races, potato races, three-legged races, the "hitch and kick," throwing the base-ball, and kicking the foot-ball. The sack race, in which each competitor has his lower limbs encased in a sack, holding up the open end with his hands, is farcical, and always amuses the audience. The potato race is generally very funny also, but it is a genuine test of speed. A number of potatoes are placed on the ground at even distances, and the competitors, starting from scratch, must bring each potato separately and place it in a receptacle provided for the purpose. The three-legged race was no doubt originally intended to be simply amusing, but practice has given competitors such skill that falls are rare, and very good time is made. The right leg of one man and the left leg of another are bound together at the ankle and the knee; the two grasp each other about the waist, and run, keeping step "woman fashion," or left with right. Of course if a false start is made, or the partners get out of step, there is a fall.

For five years past a contest has been held for the individual general athletic championship of the United States, each competitor being obliged to reach a certain standard. Here is a list of the events and standards:

1. 100-yards run, 11¼ seconds.
2. Throwing 56-lb. weight, 18 feet.
3. Running high jump, 5 feet.
4. 440-yards run, 58 seconds.
5. Putting 16-lb. shot, 32 feet.
6. Pole-vaulting, 8 feet 6 inches.
7. 120-yds. hurdle race (10 hurdles 42 in. high), 20½ sec.
8. Throwing 16-lb. hammer, 70 feet.
9. Running broad jump, 18 feet.
10. One mile run, 6 minutes 30 seconds.

Mr. Malcolm W. Ford has won the championship four times, and Mr. A. A. Jordan once, their principal competitor being Mr. George R. Gray.

The bad feeling which once existed between the New York and Manhattan clubs, and which led to the formation and the maintenance for several years of separate national organizations, is now happily gone. All the clubs have come together in the Amateur Athletic Union—the "A. A. U.," as it is generally called for short—and harmony prevails throughout the United States. Such an organization is desirable and necessary for many reasons, but mainly because of the good-fellowship it cultivates among athletes everywhere, and because it prevents any conflict of the dates of open meetings. Individual clubs are often dissatisfied with the action of the A. A. U. on some particular point, but the advantages of union are too great to be overbalanced by any temporary injustice, either fancied or real, and there seems to be no reason why the A. A. U. should not live many years. Here are the dates fixed for the open out-door meetings for the season of 1890:

May 10—Manhattan Athletic Club.
May 17—American Athletic Club.
May 24—Staten Island Athletic Club.
May 26—Park Athletic Club.
May 30—New Jersey Athletic Club.
May 31—Intercollegiate Association.
June 7—New York Athletic Club.
June 11—Actors' Amateur Athletic Association.
June 14—Acorn Athletic Club.
June 14—Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy.
June 21—Berkeley Athletic Club.
June 28—Amateur Ath. Union Eastern Championship.
June 29—Lorillard Debating and Athletic Association.
July 4—Scottish-American Athletic Club.
July 5—National Athletic Club.
July 12—Riverside Athletic Club.
July 19—Manhattan Athletic Club.
July 26—Star Athletic Club.
Aug. 2—Lorillard Debating and Athletic Association.
Aug. 9—West End Athletic Association of Newark.
Aug. 16—Pastime Athletic Club.
Aug. 23—American Athletic Club.
Aug. 30—New Jersey Athletic Club.
Sept. 1—Staten Island Athletic Club.
Sept. 6—Riverside Athletic Club.
Sept. 13—A. A. U. Championships at Washington.
Sept. 18—Lorillard Debating and Athletic Association.
Sept. 20—Manhattan Athletic Club.
Sept. 22—New York Turn Bezirk.
Sept. 27—West Side Athletic Club.
Oct. 4—New York Athletic Club.
Oct. 11—Manhattan Athletic Club.

The meetings so far held have been fully attended, and very largely by the same athletes, for they are open to all members of clubs connected with the A. A. U. Some records have already been broken, and some new champions will be developed this season.

After all, however, the real object of athletic organizations should not be, and in most cases is not, to break records and to produce champions. Their main purpose should be the development of healthy bodies in all their members. That club is really the most successful which benefits the most of its members, whether it also and incidentally produces champions or not. These facts are recognized far more generally to-day than they were even as lately as ten years ago. All the good clubs now have their gymnasiums, with varied apparatus for the development of all parts of the body. Some of them have swimming tanks; all have bath-rooms. The better-appointed club-houses contain bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, rooms for fencing and for boxing, a good running track, rowing machines, and all sorts of gymnastic appliances. Most important of all, a few have regular instructors, who are at the club-house every day, and conduct classes and give private advice and instruction to the members. Without such advice and instruction novices nearly always overdo, and so either injure themselves or become disgusted and stop exercising.

Of all such instructors no doubt the best known is Mr. George Goldie, of the N. Y. A. C., formerly instructor in gymnastics at Princeton College, a sketch of whose fine head illustrates our text. Mr. Goldie has been at his present post for about seven years, and to him in no small degree the success of the club is due. Certainly it is mainly due to him that the club is one of the best institutions in the world in which men of ordinary build and no especial athletic proficiency build up their strength and improve their general health. It will astonish any one who has never been inside the club-house to examine the ingenious apparatus—some of it devised by Mr. Goldie himself—for strengthening the neck, the back, the fingers, the wrists, the abdominal muscles—in fact, all parts of the body. The N. Y. A. C. is celebrated for the number of its champions, but it deserves to be still more celebrated for the excellence of its provision for helping its ordinary members. The eminence of the Berkeley Club in this respect has already been referred to. As the clubs become larger and richer, all will be provided with houses containing as good facilities as are now enjoyed by members of the New York, the Manhattan, and the Berkeley. There will be a more general diffusion of athletic education among young men. The result can hardly fail to be the gradual evolution of a higher and better type of physical manhood.

THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

TEN weeks in England will not qualify a man to write laws for the English, but they will give him seventy days in which to observe what goes on about him over there. In that time I saw very little, yet I was more fortunate than most tourists, for I was invited to half a dozen English homes that were representative of the life of the "better classes." I was taken to two or three of the most notable events in the elegant life of London "in the season," and I saw the interiors of several clubs. This is not my boast: it is my authority for what I am about to say.

The typical English home is repellent without, no matter how fascinating its interior. In city, village, and country it is always walled in. I read in my guide-book that "the most stately mansions in May Fair, Belgravia, and Tyburnia contribute to the gay throng in Rotten Row," and then I went to those prettily named regions, only to see rows of great dull houses, usually covered with stucco or painted drab, and with high walls in front of their gardens, when they have gardens. "Exclusiveness" gains a sharper definition to the mind when one has seen these dead-looking houses and walled-in grounds of the aristocrats; a still deeper meaning when one sees the inevitable soldiers, in addition to the walls, wherever royalty is housed, even to the third and fourth generation. But this is worthy of a word more when we come to share the hospitalities behind the walls.

First a few words about the people. While I was waiting to take a train to Brighton one day, the Princess of Wales and her unmarried daughters came flying into the station behind a drab-colored locomotive, which carried the Prince's three feathers in front of the boiler and over each set of driving-wheels. The engine pulled two cars—a parlor coach of mahogany with plate-glass windows, and a baggage coach. On the instant, as the train stopped, servants in gold lace came out of it and swarmed all about it. Four lustrous coaches, in the charge of drivers wearing leather cockades, drew up on the opposite side of the concrete landing-place. The flunkies flew about, and while some talked to the drivers, and others went into the parlor coach, four busied themselves at spreading an enormous roll of purple carpet over the concrete. On purple carpet, wherever it is possible to spread it, royalty always walks when out-of-doors in England. When it walks on the bare ground or stones it is *incog.*, as when it goes shopping, for instance.

Wishing to see whatever was to be seen, I was met by a police inspector, and then I noticed that there were policemen at every few feet between royalty and the people. "I am an American," said I. To say you are an American in England is precisely like saying you are a reporter in America. Rules vanish at the words. The beautiful Princess and her two stocky, German-looking daughters tripped over the carpet and into a carriage just, it seemed to me, as any other ladies would have done. A flunky banged the door with an extra bang, and then took off his cap and received the instructions he was to give to the driver. Those given, away went the carriage, followed by the other carriages with the maids and some of the flunkies. In the mean time there had been rolled out of the baggage car a mountain of bags and trunks and boxes and baskets, all covered with black leather, and all stamped "H. R. H. the Princess This," or "H.R.H. the Princess That," or "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales." It will interest every one to know that each of the ladies carried a bag of pillows, and the Prince carried a basket of newspapers, also that there was at least one flunky for every article of baggage. As for the Princess's car, it was not comparable with a Pullman day car; it was merely a mahogany room on wheels, with tables and chairs scattered about in it.

At Brighton—which is to London what Long Branch would be to New York if the gamblers had not degraded it—I saw thousands of the cultivated and the well-to-do English. The men dressed better than ours do, because the climate permits them to do so. They nearly all wore patent-leather shoes, which keep soft and lustrous in that moist atmosphere, whereas they are cracked here both by our heat and our cold. Old men, who desired to, wore baggy Knickerbockers and long ribbed stockings, and, better yet, they put them on in London when leaving there and wore them back to town again. The young fellows wore suits of flannels and cricket caps in the daytime, and—like the ladies, who put on fur capes or boas over their gingham dresses—they wore overcoats over their flannels if they needed them. The girls under twenty wore their hair down their backs loose, or caught with a ribbon near the bottom. Their mothers wore theirs short behind and banged in front, or drawn tight back from their faces over a coil behind. A great many very "swell" women wore sailor dresses, with low broad collars and with low necks covered by false shirts of striped stuff. They seemed to insist that their gowns should never be made to fit; but this must be said, whether their gowns fitted or not, a lady over there always looked like a lady. Their women walk better than ours—straight and with their heads up and their shoulders back, with steady, fearless eyes and composed features. And then the children. The boys all wore sailor suits if they were small, and "Eton" suits if they were twelve to fifteen years old. You see ten thousand boys so dressed in London. The Eton suit consists of a pot hat, a jacket cut with a point behind, and over the top of it a flat, big, laundried linen collar. The trousers are like any trousers. The little girls always had on the shortest dresses possible to make or imagine, with startling lengths of bare legs, always sun-browned to within two shades of the color of their shoes. The indifference of the women (I am speaking of gentlewomen) to the arrangement of their drapery when they sat down was startling. So it was when they walked in the rain in London. But it was only at first that it startled; afterward one realized that American taste, which prefers draggled skirts, is poor taste, and that American opinion, which views with alarm the display of a shoe top, is not only wrong in itself, but it begets an evil view of a simple neglect, be that neglect inadvertent or be it necessary.

In the first English home I visited the gentleman of the house seemed anxious to get me out into his garden as quickly as possible. I suppose his garden was 70 feet wide by 300 feet deep, yet if I insist that you could never have seen any reason to believe that it was not a mile square in size, had you stood at any point in it, you will understand how ingeniously it was ordered. It is his boast that it was arranged by the contractor who laid out the Crystal Palace grounds. By cutting off a path on either side; by means of tall hedges, and by piling tons upon tons of dirt in tiny hills at either end and in the middle; by growing clumps of trees here and there, with pavilions and bowery seats beneath them—he had totally robbed his guests of the power to measure the enclosure they walked in. You could not see his house once you got twenty-five feet from it, and at no point could you see either end or either side of the grounds. Of course it was a beautiful garden, with lawns like rich carpets, with flowers radiant and luxuriant as in a hot-house, with trees such as only England can boast, massing their foliage in soft and graceful heaps like clouds of greenery.

"Ah," said he, proudly, "it took years to get it, but now we can boast that, no matter who may try, there is no point from which any neighbor or passer-by can see any one in this garden."

"That must be the English idea," said I. "That must account for the walls I see everywhere, even around enclosures so small that they are kept damp and mouldy for want of sun and air. Why do you take such pains to hide your pretty places from your neighbors and the world? It has struck me as the very height of selfishness. I am used to seeing and half enjoying the breathing-grounds of the rich, but your city mansions and country houses compel me to walk forever beside walls that shut you and your finery in, as if you were afraid that the poor or the strangers might rob you of your luxury by looking at it."

"Not rob us," said this gentleman; "but my idea is this: that if a man can't be private in his own house and garden, why live at all? I demand some one place where I may be unobserved, uncriticised, beyond curious, prying eyes. There can be but one such place—a man's own home."

"But see the difference between the countries," said I. "All over America, in hundreds of little cities, a vigorous movement toward removing all front fences has long been revolutionizing and beautifying our country. Furthermore, where I live, in a town of 5000 inhabitants, the houses are all set in a woodland growth, and the woods, cut in blocks between the streets, are the common garden of all the people."

"Monstrous!" said he. "You could not induce my countrymen to live so. The animals in a menagerie have the better of you, for three sides of their cages are walled up, while you are forever on exhibition."

Quite as typical of his nation was this man's knowledge of all the flowers about him, his familiarity with the names and characters of his trees, his love of animals, as seen in the number of cats and dogs around him, and in the number of cages of birds in the windows and on the walls. If the English have emigrated and built up colonies wherever there was earth to seize upon, it is not strange. "Every Englishman wants his acre," and "At forty an Englishman begins to dig," are two of their proverbs. I was told that the hay crop of little England is as great as the rubber crop of South America, and that points the same moral.

The next home I visited had a garden that the owner was equally proud of, but it was the ordinary English garden of flowers and sward, walled in with a tall stone wall. When we Americans say that our home is our castle, we little suspect how true the phrase is to the average Englishman. His home is a castle into which you may not break, nor even peep.

"I have spent about £20,000 upon this house and lot in one way or another," said this second Englishman, a famous scholar and a magistrate, "and the lease has fifty years yet to run."

"Lease!" said I. There was another queer phase of life I was running upon wherever I went. Continually I heard of men beautifying their homes and building magnificent properties to present them some day to a nobleman or landlord of one sort or another. "Then," I added, "this is all to belong to Lord So-and-so in fifty years?"

"Yes," said he. "In that lord's father's time this thickly built and fashionable suburb was all in farms. This lord's son will be one of the great landed proprietors of England. On every hundred feet is a mansion, and every mansion will go to the son or to his son."

"But you, how do you feel about it?"

"I never think about it. If I were an American I suppose it would trouble me, but I was brought up to it. I am a landlord myself in another part of the country. I live here because it is convenient and a respectable neighborhood. I improve the property because I want to be comfortable. When I die my son will not need to spend much money upon it, or if he sells his lease he will get back a great part of what I have spent, for I have spent wisely. You talk of owning your own home. Man alive! if you own your home while you live, and forty years afterward, what on earth do you ask beyond that?"

What an English home would be without tea, I cannot imagine. What England itself would be without that beverage, it is difficult to conceive. It is no exaggeration to say that one might as well try to fancy New York city without a bar-room. They drink enough liquor in England, Heaven knows—enough to float our navy. But the liquor-drinking is incidental, while tea-drinking is apparently essential to the national life. Where we see advertisements of patent medicines in America, they see advertisements of tea. "O & O Tea," "Tip-top Tea," "Wonderful Tea," "Ceylon Tea"—these words stare at the British from every dead-wall, on every 'bus, in every newspaper. And no foreigner can escape the actual substance or fluid any more than the native can avoid the advertisements. You have tea for breakfast, tea for luncheon, tea at late supper. You only miss it at dinner, but mean while you have had it at five o'clock. If you call on your banker in his office, on your friend in his home, on your fellow-lodger in your hotel, he rings a bell, and tea is brought in with thin slices of buttered bread, or, if ladies are present, with tarts.

Why, the editor of one of the principal newspapers in England told me that every man-jack in his establishment—clerks, reporters, publisher, and editors—has tea at five o'clock every day as sure as that hour arrives. "And it is a most excellent practice," said he, sipping from his own cup in his delightful home; "for it brings all the people together as nothing else could do, and we find out from one another just what each one has been doing or is going to do during the day."

Tea! tea! tea! Was ever a nation so enslaved? Whatever they do, wherever they go, they have their tea. There is no commodity or habit in America to liken to that in England. They cannot eat without it, visit without it, assemble at home without it, picnic without it, or attend to business without it.

And such tea! They say we Americans do not know what tea is. If they know, we certainly do not, for never have I tasted such tea as I got nearly everywhere in England—such biting, strong, nerve-murdering, sleep-dispelling, drug-like tea. I had to weaken it at least one-half, and then I found it aromatic and pleasant—that is to say, as nearly pleasant as that sick-room decoction ever can be to a masculine, coffee-drinking American.

Coffee-drinking, did I say? That reminds me that coffee is murdered in England until one would think that all the delightful visions of the mind and all the exquisite sensations of the entire human system which coffee has created would turn into mighty powers of vengeful evil, and crush that clumsy nation for the cruelty of its behavior toward the West-Indian bean. They know no more how to make a cup of coffee in England than they do how to judge an Irishman fairly. Coffee, soup, and the Irish are beyond the capacity and comprehension of the British intellect. I admire England; she gave me a

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delightful vacation, she is the mother of our patriot founders, she is the apostle of Old-World progress, but when the subject of coffee is mentioned in the same breath with a mention of England, my feelings fly away with my judgment, and all I can remark is in keeping with the thought of the American who was told the other day that if America did not do thus and so, England would crush us. "What! *again?*" said the Yankee.

They told me I must go to France to taste coffee properly made. I went to France, and now I know better. America is the only land where coffee is treated with that circumspection, delicate courtesy, and hearty respect which it is capable of extorting from those who have souls to know its worth. They make "black coffee" well in France, and they make that out of a tincture of chiccory called "coffee essence"; but there is a wide difference, in my opinion, between coffee and black coffee. "There are two kinds of good," I once heard a New Jersey farmer say; "good and good for nothing."

As for the drinking of spirits, the thing that surprises an American is the drinking by women in England. I have said that the bar-rooms are often as well patronized by women as by men, and I may add that at Sunday and summer resorts (and on the way to and from them) the frequency with which I met tipsy women astonished me. These were common women, of course, but they were of the class that we denominate "poor" over here. They were not outcasts. But I cannot do justice to that striking phase of life on the other side unless I say that in the fine homes to which I was invited I also found the women drinking. "My wife and I take whiskey," said one gentleman at dinner, "my daughters drink claret; but you have whatever you wish." At one country house which was filled with visitors I lay awake one night when all the ladies came back from a dance. The butler had put upon the dining-room table bottles of whiskey, port, sherry, claret, champagne, gin, and Bass's ale, and as each man or couple came, he asked them what they would have. Of all the ladies, only one declined to take anything. The others took whiskey. The one who declined changed her mind just before retiring, and called to her father from the head of the stairs to bring up a glass of toddy when he came. I mention these two experiences—the lady of the house taking whiskey at dinner, and the bevy of ladies taking whiskey at night—because I never ran across their parallels in this country. The simple facts are, first, that drinking is more general over there, and second, that the human system either requires, or at least can stand, more stimulant in that climate than in this.

The servants are a distinct breed from ours. Their work is performed with cheerfulness, their manners are deferential, their ambition seems to be to keep the family good-will and their own places. I had many talks with men and women about our household service over here, and saw that they knew nothing of what we are experiencing. All hail to caste! A humbug and fraud in every other way, it yet does that much good, it permits servants to be contented, and therefore faithful in their places.

But I had some significant talks with servants who waited upon me at hotels. The girl at Laurence's, in Liverpool, who waits on table in the coffee-room was very anxious to hear about America. Her intended is here, but she was the only servant who spoke to me who was not anxious to come to America. It was *because* her lover is here that she did not want to emigrate. "I'll follow no man that lives," said she. "If I'm not worth fetching, I'm not worth having." But the number of servants, male and female, who managed before I left England to hint that they would like a chance to go to America, and who had "uncles" or "brothers" over here, made a considerable total. One pompous head waiter in London offered to be my valet across the water if I would pay his fare. When it fell out, even upon a chance visit to a friend in lodgings, with whom I took cold luncheon, that the "buttons" who carved the meat desired a "sitooation" in America, I began to feel if George Peabody realized the nature of the choice he had between offering to fit out emigrants to America or building model tenements to keep them at home. It is no wonder he chose the latter course. One more word about English servants. They call themselves so. "I'm only a servant," or, "I went out with another servant," are phrases I heard used as freely as some of ours put on their mistresses' clothing. And they talk about their "characters"—meaning letters of reference—quite in a way to recall old times at home.

If you want a peculiar sensation, find yourself suddenly arm in arm with an English lord without having ever thought how you would address one in such a case. A lord is no better in an American citizen's opinion than a piece of animated clay. He is whatever he proves himself to be—a gentleman, a pleasant fellow, a snob, a blackguard, or whatever. But an American citizen who values himself can never be at ease unless he knows the requirements of the situations in which he finds himself when abroad, and he would be a dullard who would not desire to acquit himself gracefully, whether with a servant or a king. I suddenly found myself arm in arm with a nobleman named Lord Harold Benwick, or so we will call him. He is a bright, witty fellow, has travelled all over the world, has fought tigers, chummed with cow-boys, climbed all the big mountains, lived in the Australian bush, walked across Mexico, bicycled, canoed, jockeyed—done everything a healthy young fellow with plenty of money and no business naturally would do. And now he is devoting himself to public life with such a vengeance that he told me he had not a day in the ensuing three months that did not bring an engagement with it for a meeting of members of Parliament, school boards, charitable societies, or what not. He is a character for fiction, and one that has not been hackneyed. All I can say of the impression he made upon me is that he was as interesting as any man I met, and his title was all that an American could find fault with about him. But when he took my arm there fled from my mind all that I ever knew about how a lord should be addressed, particularly a lord with a courtesy title like his. A noted American told me he was once in the same plight with the Prince of Wales. He'd be hanged if he would call him "Y'r Roy'l Highness," and so he called him "sir," which turned out to be exactly what every gentleman calls him, and what every waiter and servant calls every one else in England.

In my case I would as lief call my companion "your Lordship" as I would call Senator Hiscock "Senator." I would as lief call him "your Sacred Holiness," if that were the thing to do; for in America we probably have more men with titles than there are in any other country in the world, so that any American who thinks to glorify himself by refusing to call a nobleman by his title is inconsistent to the last degree. But what to call Lord Harold, or his Lordship, or Harold Benwick, or Mr. Benwick, or Lord Benwick, I did not know. I solved the problem like a Solomon. I did not call him anything. I behaved toward him as if I had not heard his name. It was at a little place on the Thames, and presently he took a boat with some ladies, and I took another boat with other ladies, and we set out for a turn up the river and back. There were crowds on the river in boats, and Lord Harold, losing sight of us, went toward the wrong side of an island.

"Call to him that he is going wrong," said one of the women in my boat.

"But what on earth shall I call him?" I asked.

"Don't call him 'Lord Harold,' whatever you do," she replied, "or everybody will look at him."

So I called out, "Hello, Benwick!" and he looked around, and all went well. But that, I knew, was too familiar, and what was correct I did not know. Since then, having no more concern about the matter, I have asked no one, so I cannot say yet with positiveness what an Englishman would have called out or called him. But at the time the thing was a bother, and if Americans are going over by the hundred thousand every year I recommend the nobility to wear tags, like the exhibits at a cattle-show, telling citizens of a democracy like me what they consider the proper way of addressing them.

DAY LILIES.

They grew, these lilies, in a tangled skein
Of truant woodbine and of grass half grown;
And when about the new-waked day was blown
In suddenwise a dash of blinding rain,
Three tall white lilies slipped them from their sheath.
Throughout the storm-swept day they stood ablow,
Sweet as if all the way were fair, and lo!
One standing by to whom the years bequeath
Naught of calm weather watched them from her place
Within the shadows. "Shall we know no rest?"
She questioned, as the day sank in the west.
As if in answer, for a moment's space,
One gleam of sunshine from the western deep
Covered the lilies ere they fell asleep.

L. E. T.

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.

Wheeling is the largest city in West Virginia, one of the oldest towns in the Ohio Valley, and has long been the seat of important manufacturing interests. It stands at the mouth of Wheeling Creek, which comes down through the beautiful "bluffs" that form the western foot-hills of the Appalachian Mountains; and a space of flat lands along the Ohio affords a convenient site for factories and business streets, leaving the highlands for the residences of the citizens. The city has now some 35,000 inhabitants, and stretches, more or less compactly, for five miles along the brink of the Ohio. Although a fortified trading-post was built there in Revolutionary times, and a frontier settlement, which was the scene of many desperate adventures, gradually enlarged, the importance of Wheeling began with the completion of the old National Road, which reached the Ohio at this point. It thus became a natural distributing and trafficking point for all the region up and down the Ohio Valley accessible by boats, as well as by wagons, and to this day it retains a large business in freighting and steam-boating upon the Ohio and its connecting waterways.

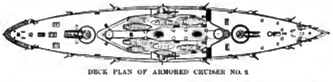
As the town grew the advantages which it enjoyed as a manufacturing point were perceived, and most of the productive industries which now distinguish the place were started at an early day. These advantages were cheap fuel and cheapness of transportation to market. In the early days all carriage of heavy articles, at least, was by boat, and nearly all the consumers lived along the rivers. When, later, railroads superseded to a great extent the river traffic, Wheeling was able to compete with Pittsburgh and other points of production, because the best of furnace coal could be mined only a few miles away by the cheapest methods of level tunnelling and shuting into cars, and because she had a variety of industries which helped one another. The chief of these industries is iron-making. Blast furnaces and rolling-mills are scattered along both sides of the Ohio, and produce vast quantities of bar and sheet iron, and of material for making cut nails, in the manufacture of which Wheeling takes the lead among American cities not only, but leads the world. The iron out of which these spikes and nails are made is manufactured on the spot, out of a mixture of Missouri and Lake Superior iron ores for the most part, and nearly the whole of it is consumed by factories on the spot. In addition to the nail-mills are extensive foundries, and boiler and machine works.

Next to making iron, the glass-works of Wheeling take rank for their importance to the community. As early as 1820 a small factory for making window-glass was set up, and it prospered so well as to attract other makers to the locality, who extended their product to include bottles, cylinders, and a great variety of household articles. The prices of course glass fell so rapidly that the Wheeling factories were soon devoted to making flint, and in a short time acquired a wide reputation. Now, in addition to window-glass, all sorts of fine table-ware, bar-keepers' ware, lamps, and ornamental articles are turned out, which rival in quality of material and in excellence of design and finish anything else of its kind in the country. Thousands of workmen are employed, and the industry is constantly growing.

Tanning leather is another large and natural industry in Wheeling. The best of tan-bark grows in the mountains which lie east and north of the city, and thousands of cords of it are consumed annually in making into harness and sole leather the hides which are gathered from all parts of the country. The making of harness out of this leather gives employment to many workmen. Lumber mills, woollen factories, brick-making, paper-mills, and many other industries might be mentioned among the lesser agencies in the prosperity of the town; and to all of them, as well as to the great iron and glass works, the introduction of natural gas has been an assistance and a comfort. This gas has been brought from the same field which supplies Pittsburgh, and Wheeling has enjoyed all the advantages of fuel, light, and increased household comfort and cleanliness concurrently with the former city.

Finally, in a sketch of the resources of this town, the manufacture of tobacco should not be forgotten. This has grown steadily, and now reaches very large proportions. During the fiscal year of 1889, according to the revenue report to the government, no less than 2,367,270 pounds of smoking tobacco and nearly 6000 pounds of plug were made there. This is an enormous increase since 1875, when the product was only 88,000 pounds. But, in addition to this, the factories of Wheeling sent out something more than half of the 47,000,000 cigars which constituted West Virginia's contribution to the world's supply. Nearly all of these were the famous "stogies"—long, slender cigars, about the size of a lead-pencil, which are made of what is called "Kentucky leaf" tobacco, and are coarse and strong, but inexpensive and genuine.

Wheeling is beautifully situated, its higher streets overlooking the river, up and down, for a long distance. Ranges of hills surround the town, exhibiting upon their slopes a pleasing diversity of cultivated and forested lands, and dotted with fine country residences. The schools of Wheeling were noted long ago among educators, and a free-school system was organized here long before West Virginia became a State, and before any general school system was in operation in the towns of old Virginia. There are also several excellent private academies for both sexes. Under this influence, and fostered by the wealth and assured position of the old families of the locality, a cultivated and interesting social tone dominates the city, and a long list might be made of men of eminence whose early if not their life-long homes were in this pleasant city.



DECK PLAN OF ARMORED CRUISER NO. 2

NEW MEN-OF-WAR.

On the 10th inst. bids were opened at the Navy Department for the construction of three more vessels to be added to our navy register. These three are the last, with two exceptions, for which Congress has made any appropriation to date. The two exceptions are the ram and the submerging monitor, and in the case of each of these there are certain difficulties of construction to be overcome before they can even be offered for contract. So that the three ships referred to—the 5500-ton protected cruiser, the 8100-ton armored cruiser, and the practice ship for the Naval Academy—virtually complete the list of vessels to be added to our naval force until the next naval appropriation bill becomes a law.

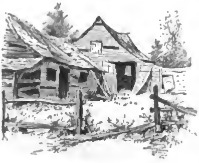
The practice ship is a small vessel, intended, however, to have all the improvements developed by modern naval science, and to be used by the cadets at the Naval Academy instead of the old *Wyoming*, which has for so many years been their sole reliance. The lowest of the two bidders for the construction of this ship was the firm of A. F. Wheeler & Co., of Bay City, Michigan, so that it is probable that this vessel's keel will first touch *fresh* water, and come around by the canals to its permanent home at Annapolis.

For the construction of the 5500-ton cruiser there was but a single bidder, the Union Iron-Works, of San Francisco. A picture of this powerful man-of-war, with a full description, has already been given in the Weekly.

The armored cruiser of 8100 tons—a sketch of which accompanies this article—is the most powerful and the largest vessel yet authorized to be built for our navy, and will be the largest vessel of any kind ever built in this country. To her planning and development Secretary Tracy has given especial personal attention and careful study, and it is believed that she will prove to be the finest vessel of her class afloat. The department gave bidders an opportunity to bid on the plans prepared by Chief Constructor Wilson, carrying out the Secretary's ideas, and which are the ones illustrated this week, and also on their own plans, drawn in accordance with a general circular issued to ship-builders. To give our readers an idea of the expense of preparing such plans, it is said that one firm spent $7000 in preparing their specifications and designs. The Union Iron Works of San Francisco were the lowest bidders ($3,100,000) on the department plans, and W. H. Cramp & Sons ($2,985,000) were the lowest on their own plans. A third firm, Risdon & Sons, from the Pacific coast also, put in a bid of $3,450,000.

One feature of this great ship that is different from any other is the reintroduction of the quarter galleries which used to be so prominent in the old frigates and ships of the line. Armored cruiser No. 2—the *Maine* being No. 1—is to have a length on main water-line of 350 feet; breadth, 64 feet; and draught, 24 feet. Her battery is to be six 8-inch breech-loading rifles of 35 calibres, twelve 4-inch rapid-fire guns, four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 37-millimetre revolver cannon, four rifle calibre machine-guns, six launching tubes for torpedoes. She will require 400 officers and men, must show a minimum rate of speed for four hours of 20 knots, and have a total coal capacity of 1150 tons. The barbette turrets to the forward and aft 8-inch guns will have a thickness of 10 inches, with shields of 7 inches, and the shields protecting the 4-inch guns will be 4 inches thick. The conning tower is to be at least 7½ inches. Six boilers; twin screws; engines triple expansion, four in number, two on each shaft, and in two compartments. The hull is to be of steel, not sheathed, with double bottom. Two military masts with fighting tops, to carry no sail. She is to be fitted as a flag-ship, with admiral's quarters, etc.

Protection of the hull is to be afforded by means of a steel deck, worked from stem to stern, and supported by heavy beams. The edges of this deck amidship are to be 3 feet below the water-line at the centre of the vessel. On the slopes of the deck, over machinery and boilers, the armor is to be 6 inches thick; on the horizontal portions it is to be 3 inches thick; forward and abaft the machinery and boilers, to stem and stern, the deck is to be at the thinnest part at least 2½ inches in thickness. Below its protection are to be placed all that is ordinarily styled "the vitals of a war ship." Protection of the hull against injury to the water-line region is to be afforded by means of an armor belt 5 inches in thickness, extending the entire length of the machinery space. Within this armor belt and skin plating, and above the armor deck, a belt about 3 feet 6 inches wide of woodite (or other water-excluding material) is to extend the whole length of the vessel in depth, from the armor deck to the berth deck.



FARMING.

II.

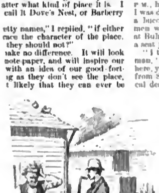
is not always the easiest matter to de-
how to go about a thing after you have
up your mind to do it. Every one
a where to go for the best Spanish olives,
finest hats; but no one that dispenses
seems to have a better reputation for
lity than any one else. The papers are
lly supplied with the cards of people
would like to sell first class farms on
to suit the purchaser, but they are apt
misleading as regards fidelity to facts.
rling crystal stream that meanders over
golden gravel, upon inspection, turns
e too shallow for ducks, and to fur-
ress which generates typhoid fever.
e out-buildings seem to retain their
; attitude by the merest chance, and
y the beholder that cattle should be
side of them for fear of their falling
. The sumptuous farm-house itself
y a rambling structure, heated by
the stoves are sufficiently powerful.
om these facts I knew nothing of

suggestion of Philada I went at
news stand and purchased a morn-

ad better go about it at once," she
fear of changing our minds."
not stay here," I replied, solemnly.
e doctor says I should go to the
It is a duty I owe to you and

is another thing," she went on.
is this, we must give the place a
atter what kind of place it is. I
call it Dove's Nest, or Barberry

etty names," I replied, "if either
ence the character of the place,
they should not?"
nake no difference. It will look
note-paper, and will inspire our
with an idea of our good-fort-
g as they don't see the place,
t likely that they can ever be



vill strike them as being

hey should come out some
o bol to stay in the city—

ell them that the name was
y, for the sake of a joke.
idea of naming places at

r we came to name our

paper was
table, and
ine the ad-
e were all
the easiest
eep farm I
he ground
as partial
farm did
ably, as I
and shoul-
g over a
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we want."
aked, de-

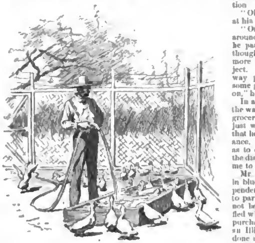
he owner
exchange
When a
hat you

may rest assured that he is very anxious to be rid of his farm."

"Doubtless you are right," I exclaimed, "but I have no city property to offer."

"That has nothing to do with it," she replied, tapping the floor lightly with her slipper. "I think the best thing for you to do is to go out and look at the place."

On the following morning I purchased an excursion ticket for Cranberry Corners, the nearest station to Dove's Nest. I enjoyed the ride very much, as it took me through a farming country. At every station I noticed there were nothing but farmers standing around, looking at nothing in particular, and seeming to be fairly stupid from content and lack of care. This, I concluded, was a proof of the farmer's independence, which before I was unable to appreciate. If he can work a farm, and still spend half his time at the railroad station, and retire for the night at 8 P.M., he indeed, enjoys an ideal existence. I was disturbed in these optimistic visions of a bucolic existence by two men who boarded the train at Bulrush Centre, and took a seat just behind me.



"I tell you," said the first man, "if you ever settle out here, you want to keep away from Swellmore. If the local dealers once get a mortgage on you, you're gone."

"Didn't you live in Swellmore at one time?" asked the second man.

"Yes, for seven years."

"Why did you stay so long?"

"I staid two years because I liked it, and five because I couldn't get out."

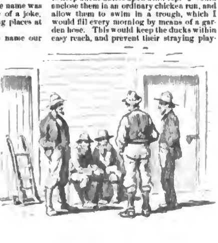
This shattered my popular metropolitan belief that it only costs five hundred dollars per annum to live in the country.

"Did you hear about old Bill Freeman's bad luck last spring?" asked the first man.

"No. What happened to him?"

"Why, all his ducks and geese were swept away in a freshet—never recovered one of them."

I made a memorandum in my mind never to keep ducks unless upon a hill-top. I would enclose them in an ordinary chicken run, and allow them to swim in a trough, which I would fill every morning by means of a garden hose. This would keep the ducks within easy reach, and prevent their straying playfully away to lay eggs on the adjoining farm.



I might have learned more from the men sitting behind me, but just then the conductor shouted, "Cran-berry Cor-ners!"

I stepped off the train and over to the only store in the place in quest of information.

"Can you direct me to Dove's Nest?" I inquired of the neck-whiskered proprietor, in my jubilation forgetting that he would not know the place by the name Philada had selected for it.

"The which?" he inquired.

"W. L. Stoker's farm, I mean."

He led me to the door, and said: "You want to go down that road a mile and a half, until you come to a big oak; then turn to your left and walk down the turnpike two miles, and you will see a little white house. That's where Lem Sikes lives. Lem will tell you where Bill Stoker's is."

"If I could find a conveyance," I said.

This suggested an important business mission.

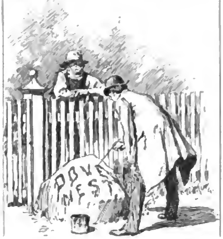
"One o' them lawyer chaps a-comin' up to foreclose on Bill?" he asked, as he stroked his whiskers in deep meditation.

"Oh no! I want to look at his place."

"One o' the finest farms around these parts." Then he paused for a moment, as though there was nothing more to be said on the subject. "I'm goin' down that way pretty soon to deliver some goods, and you can hop on," he continued.

In a short time we were on the way to Dove's Nest. The grocer was so anxious to know just what I was going to do that he was too full for utterance. He was even so kind as to drive me the whole of the distance, and to introduce me to Mr. Stoker.

Mr. Stoker was picturesque in blue overalls and one suspender. Although he wanted to part with his farm, it was not because he was dissatisfied with it. He had recently purchased a windmill from an Illinois concern, and had done so much in the way of praising it that others about the place followed his advice and bought one. This so pleased the Illinois concern that it offered him a good commission to travel in its interest. This, of course, satisfied me that I could make my own terms.



"Suppose I rent the farm just as it stands, stock and all, for a year, with a view of purchasing or giving up at the end of that time? That will be long enough for me to ascertain if I like farming, and for you to learn whether or not you are endowed with the drumming gift."

He ran his fingers through his iron gray hair and filled the air with bran. Then he said, "I'll take your offer."

We walked over the place, and he explained everything. The windmill I liked very much, because it gave the place a Dutch effect. The pigeons were circling in the sun about the walnuts, and the white ducks were floating listlessly on the silent pools in chaste armadas.

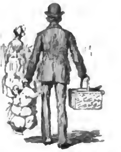
"How soon can I take possession?" I asked, in an outburst of heart-felt enthusiasm.

"Next Monday," he replied.

I then borrowed a pot of black paint from him, and on a large stone at the gateway painted "Dove's Nest," as a surprise for Philada.

That night we sat up in the flat until after midnight, talking the matter over, and on the following Monday our effects rolled gracefully from the flat, the movers, with their usual contempt for care and the elements, having packed the tin and china-ware on the bottom of the truck, and the plush-covered furniture and mattresses on top.

Philada tripped lightly on, holding Philip



by the hand, wishing, as I afterward told her, to impress the public with the idea that she was not even personally acquainted with poor me, who trudged on behind, holding in my left hand a cage containing a petulant parrot, and in my right a basket about two sizes too small for the tomcat within.

R. K. Munkittrick.

Note.—The first article of this series was published in No. 1746 of Harper's Weekly.

WHERE SUMMER BIDES.

Down through the mountain's silver haze,
Down through the song-thrilled wooded ways,
And 'midst the meadow's drenched grass,
The feet of Summer swiftly pass.
"Stay! stay!" the yearning mountains cry.
"Stay! stay!" the drowsy grasses sigh.
But on and on the sweet guest flies,
With wind-blown hair and wide still eyes.
On, on, until her eager feet
Abide amidst the yellow wheat.

Lucy E. Tilley.

WHEREVER MALARIA EXISTS,

The bilious are its certain prey. In intermittent and remittent fever, dumb ague and ague cake, the liver is always seriously affected, and the blood contaminated with bile. One of the chief reasons why Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is such a sure defence against chills and fever and every form of malarial disease is, that it does away with liability to the disease, by reforming irregularity of the biliary organ in advance of the arrival of the season when the disease is prevalent. There is no finer fortifying preparative for those about visiting or emigrating to a locality where the miasma taint exists. There is no certain immunity from disease in an endemic or epidemic form to be secured by the use of the average tonics and antispasmodics. But where quinine fails the Bitters succeeds both in preventing and curing. Moreover, it removes every vestige of dyspepsia, and overcomes constipation, rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, and tranquillizes and strengthens the nervous system.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

Sufferers from sleeplessness, kidney or bladder trouble, or any chronic malady, should address Dr. J. Charles, Richmond, Ind., who will mail to you an illustrated book *free* that will be worth its weight in gold.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

The demand for Nicholson's Liquid Bread is unprecedented. Orders from all parts of the country show its increasing popularity. Try it. Ask your grocer or druggist for it.—[*Adv.*]

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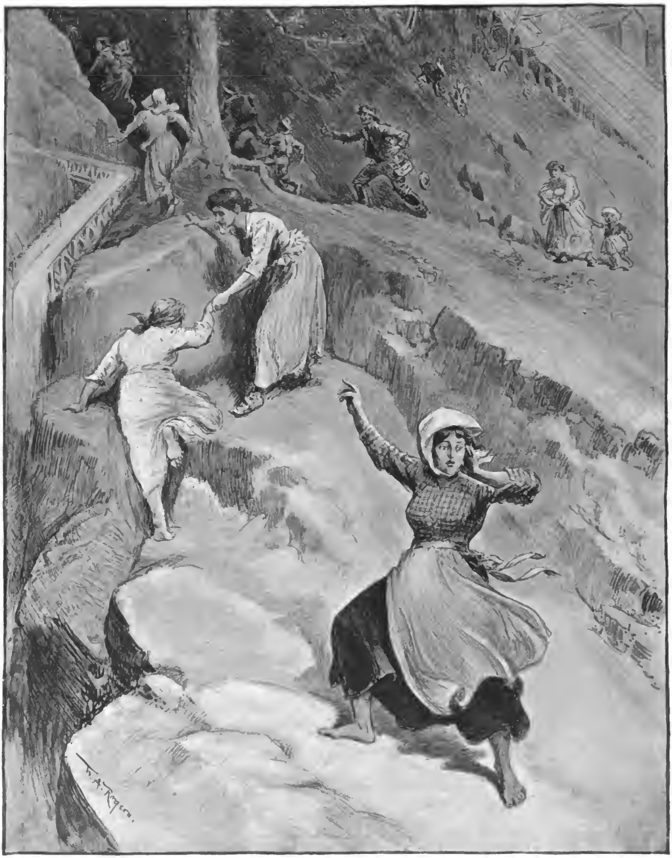

AN INCIDENT IN THE COAL REGIONS—AN ACCIDENT AT THE UPPER SLOPE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 499.]

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THE ELECTION LAW

ONGRESS will undoubtedly pass a national election law like the one now pending. This ought t to be surprising, because the relief of the sup essed vote in certain districts has long been one of e most positive party policies of the majority. The t of the suppression is not denied, but defended e Governor of South Carolina said two years ago at "only a flimsy statute, the eight box law," ood between the white race in the State and black le. The eight box law is a device to annul the lored vote by multiplying ballot boxes, labelling em, and requiring the ballots to be placed in the oper box or thrown out of the count. As the col ed voters are generally illiterate, and as they can helped only by white Democrats, this scheme tends prevent voting, and to throw out much of the vote st. The suppression is not denied, and it affects most exclusively the Republican vote. The Con itution authorizes the regulation by Congress of the times, places, and manner of electing Representatives, and Congress is now controlled by a Republican majority. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that an election bill is proposed.

Speaker REED, in discussing the question, says that the general objection to colored voting that it gives power to a barbarous majority does not apply to national elections, because there is no possibility that negroes should acquire control of Congress. But this argument is irrelevant upon his postulate that the suppression of the colored vote is an intolerable injustice. This implies that, however barbarous it may be, its suppression is not to be tolerated. This, and not the fact that it would not acquire control, is the real argument. The Speaker would hardly offer as a reason for not suppressing a particular lawful vote in Maine that it was not large enough, if cast, to carry the State, because such an argument would imply that if it were large enough it might be suppressed. The only valid reason that could be urged for the proposed law is that it would relieve a suppressed lawful vote, not that the vote, if relieved, would be inconsiderable. If Mr. REED'S implied concession that locally there may be some excuse for the suppression of the colored vote should be accepted, the national constituency might very logically object to the injection of a barbarous element (as the argument claims it to be) into the national council.

The real argument for the bill is not Mr. REED'S. The real argument for any such bill is that there is an acknowledged suppression of a lawful vote for which local law and feeling supply no remedy, that Congress has power to provide a remedy, and that the proposed law will be effective. The last is the chief consideration for Congress. If circumstances, experience, and general knowledge of the situation authorize the belief that the method proposed instead of relieving the situation will make it worse, it would be extremely unwise legislation. Statesmanship consists largely in adapting means to ends, and in the comprehensive and sympathetic knowledge of the circumstances to which laws are to apply. The Republican party is entitled undoubtedly to all its honest votes. Despite "blocks of five" and "soap," it is no more inclined to dishonest voting than Tammany and the Democratic machine. But we have not yet seen the Republican argument which demonstrates that in the present condition of local feeling regarding the colored vote the proposed law will in the slightest degree affect the situation from which the suppression of the vote springs or relieve the vote. Until that is done the proposed election bill is neither wise nor patriotic legislation.

THE CHANCE FOR THE CITY.

IN reply to a question whether he would approve a non-partisan ticket for city officers, Collector ERHARDT is reported to have said that he is a Republican, that he believes in Republicanism, that we want good Republicans nominated for office, and that he had "never been able to see any good come of coquetting." This was not a plain answer, but it shows a disposition, and it is to this precise disposition that the city of New York owes the disgrace of Tammany rule. For if honest citizens, who desire an honest care of the streets and lighting and sewers and all the public services for which a city government is instituted, would select the proper officers with no more regard to their politics than to their knowledge of Greek or music, New York would be a well-governed city. But so long as intelligent New-Yorkers permit their votes for such officers to be determined by a knot of politicians "on the make," they will confirm and perpetuate Tammany rule.

Year before last the nomination of Mr. ERHARDT for the Mayoralty could have, as it had, but one result, the election of the Tammany candidate. If Mr. ERHARDT had declined to accept on the distinct ground that the welfare of the city required the defeat of Tammany and the continuance of Mr. HEWITT in office, Tammany would have been unquestionably defeated. Mr. ERHARDT'S insistence upon the fact that he is a Republican, which is not questioned, is no more relevant to the question of the city government than the fact that he is Collector of Customs or an attendant upon a certain church. To say that his reiteration of the fact that he is a Republican means that he believes any Republican Mayor would be better than any Democratic Mayor is amusing, but not to the point; and to interpret his remark as meaning that in general it is better to have Republicans in office is futile, because if that were the accepted ground of municipal voting there could be no Republican Mayor. The city is overwhelmingly Democratic, and if the citizens are to vote for city officers as partisans, the Mayor will be always Democratic, or Republican only by a bargain.

The difficulty of escaping Tammany domination is shown not only in the reported remarks of Mr. ERHARDT, who is a good representative Republican, but by Democratic remarks. Ex-Secretary WHITNEY is a good representative Democrat. He is reported by cable from Paris to have said that Mr. STEINWAY, another Democrat of the same kind, would be a capital candidate for the Mayoralty. But Mr. STEINWAY declares himself to a reporter as thinking Mayor GRANT "a thoroughly satisfactory Mayor"—a remark that might have been made of DE WITT CLINTON or ABRAM HEWITT. Mr. STEINWAY finds nothing but an excellent joke in Mayor GRANT'S gift as godfather. Now if Mr. WHITNEY and Mr. STEINWAY, who are excellent citizens and reputable Democrats, and Mr. ERHARDT, who is a Republican of the same kind, hold these views, and so tend to prevent any other than merely partisan government of the city, it is encouraging to reflect that the new ballot law makes independent movements much more practicable and promising. In all political movements organization is indispensable for success, but much of the old labor and cost is saved by the provisions of the new law. The proposed union of citizens who are less anxious to be known as Republicans and Democrats than to secure honest and efficient administration of local affairs is not made too soon, and deserves the earnest support of the great body of intelligent New-Yorkers.

A CHARITY SERMON.

THE proposition to establish a co-operative charitable board among the various Episcopal churches in the city as an exchange to promote a general understanding and prevent the enormous waste of money, time, and energy which springs from the want of general understanding and organization, is a good but very imperfect scheme. There is a larger and better one of the same kind already in operation, and the local multiplication of such agencies is not desirable. The ingenious devices of professional pauperism keep pace with those of charity. Nothing, indeed, more nobly distinguishes the last quarter of a century than the immense quickening of the charitable impulse and the enormous annual gifts of private persons for charitable relief. But corresponding to this is the immense waste of this fund of benevolence and the development of the pauper class. Sentimentality greatly perverts and prostitutes the charitable impulse, and although scientific charity is derided as mechanical and heartless, it cannot be doubted that sentimental charity is a greater evil.

It is demonstrable that the larger part of the alms which are ignorantly given promotes drunkenness, poverty, and crime. It is very much easier to give a dime to a beggar in the street than it is to ascertain whether you ought to give it, and whether you are not doing evil instead of good. The duty of giving is not greater than the duty of giving intelligently. Indeed, alms-giving is not necessarily charity, and the Jack Horner emotion of giving a dime, which is immediately changed into a dram, is a ludicrous but very mischievous conceit. But even the highly organized and carefully administered charities of church societies are outwitted by clever professional paupers. There are multitudes of these last who enjoy a regular stipend from several societies, and in this and other ways in which relief is reduplicated the aggregate waste of relief is enormous. As every denomination maintains its own system of charitable relief, each overlapping the other, and all combining not only in a general waste, but in confirmation and extension of every kind of ingenious pauper swindling, the obvious course is a general organization of the work of all such societies to secure the utmost honesty, thrift, and efficiency in charitable relief.

This, as we understand, is the purpose of the Charity Organization Society, which has been established for some years, and with the best results. One of its great virtues is its total freedom from sectarian character or control. It welcomes every denomination by making no denominational distinctions, and it offers to every church, as to every individual, the opportunity of making charity as effective as it is economical. This is the only way to prevent the confusion and waste and mischief of independent sectarian action in such a community as this city. While each denomination maintains the exclusive and even jealous administration of its charities there will be a vast multitude of recipients who live upon the aggregate alms of many churches. But if the ample charitable resources and energy and intelligence of all the churches were combined and organized in a single agency thoroughly manned and equipped, not for sectarian proselyting, but for charitable aid, the present charitable fund of the city, without the addition of a dollar, would be practically doubled, and the moral and social and humane results would be incalculably increased. Something of this may be achieved by the union of the different societies of one denomination. But it would be accomplished very much more completely and satisfactorily by the union of all the societies of all denominations in such an agency as the existing Charity Organization Society.

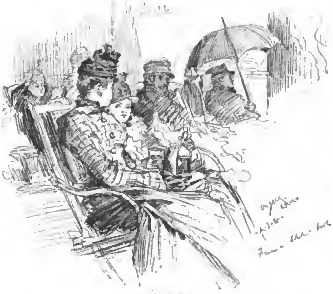
THE TEMPERANCE CONGRESS.

THE late meeting of the National Temperance Congress was a scene of most intemperate rhetoric, and could have been of no service to any good cause. The better method of dealing with the question of drunkenness or the sale of ardent spirits as beverages is a very difficult one, upon which public opinion will not be hectored or bullied. This important fact was

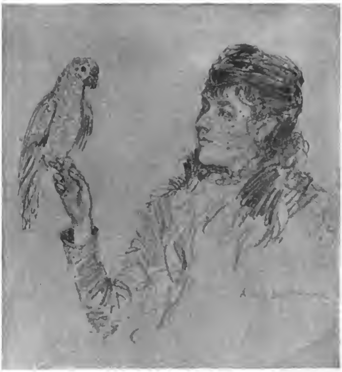
SCENES IN THE STEERAGE.

The steerage from Liverpool to New York is one thing; the steerage from New York to Liverpool another. It is on the first named voyage that one sees the wretched creatures huddling in groups like animals, shivering in abject terror at the motion of the water, croaking hoarsely in the obscure patois of remote European villages, and mumbling prayers at impromptu shrines. But after a few years in America a great change takes place. The men and women—Irish, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Italian, or what not—are no longer slaves to their own ignorance, poverty, and superstition. The women, most of them, have been living out at service, and feel themselves as good as their mistresses, if not better. The men have become American voters, and, as such, the superiors of any; that is to say that each one has probably voted oftener and more effectually than any native-born American of the same age. They own houses and land, and have drawn a little from their balances at the banker's to come over and dazzle the old folks at home. It is not from necessity they travel in the steerage, but because there they can feel at home and smoke their pipes at ease.

Some of the groups seen from the upper deck in daylight have individual character. There is a young fellow with his bride; they are on their wedding tour; in sickness or in health he holds her rough red hand in his, and she clings with equal affection to his horny palm. An alderman, or a cousin of one, is there, accompanied by his slatternly wife and seven small, shrill children. The wife wears showy jewelry, and is too proud to comb her hair. The unkempt children, supposed to be infant Pattis and Tamagnos, pass incredible hours shrieking such songs as "Home, Sweet Home" and "Where did you get that Hat?" They sing from one side of the mouth only, after the manner of Ned Harrigan.



ON DECK



TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

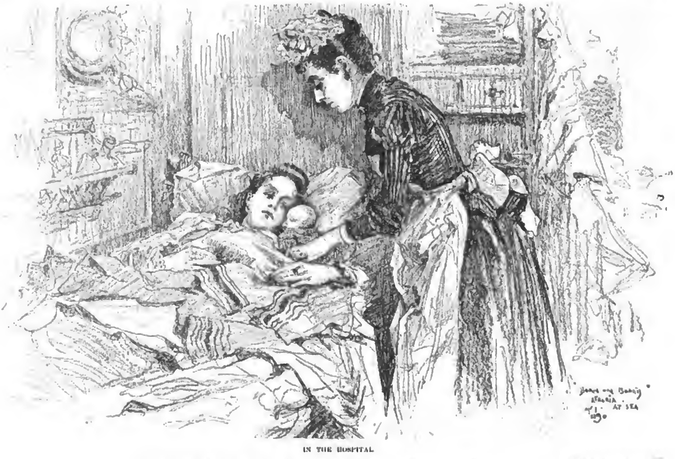
The chamber-maid from Fifth Avenue and the laundry-maid from Gramercy Park chaff the butler from Madison Avenue and the coachman from Washington Square with a finency peculiar to high life below stairs. Here they discuss domestic secrets, and when they feel merry and the weather is fine, give capital imitations of their employers.

A discipline almost military prevails on board the most careful of the Atlantic steam-ships—a discipline absolutely military, so far as the steerage is concerned. The steerage can never be romantic save in the dark. Perhaps the only scene of any poetic interest is the one to be observed when at nine o'clock in the evening comes the order, "All women below." The half veiled moon sheds a pleasant darkness, which is shivered and rent in places by the ship's electric lights. An officer peremptorily enforces the order, and, willy nilly, the women form in line and disappear down the steep gangway that leads to their quarters. Some of the men remain indifferent, but most of them hang about bidding sweethearts, wives, or little ones "Good night." Sometimes they take up the refrain of the old song, "Good night, Ladies," with the last words lost in the swish of the waves as the doors of the hatchway close on the last struggling female form.

Sometimes on board an Atlantic steamer an incident occurs which causes human sympathy to bridge for an instant the gulf between the first cabin and the steerage. As when, for instance, on the first day of May a young married woman in the steerage became the mother of a tiny girl, and in mid-ocean the passenger total was suddenly increased by one.

Great was the excitement among the children in the first cabin when they heard there was a new baby in the steerage.

"It's such a long way for an angel to fly without resting," explained Phyllis, aged six, to Lillian, aged four, "that they don't often bring them to ships. But I s'pose he just felt



IN THE HOSPITAL

SKETCHES ON A CUNARDER, EASTWARD BOUND.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR J. GOODMAN.

like coming, it was such a lovely moonlight night."

"I wish the angel had brung it to me," whimpered Lillian. "I heard the doctor tell mamma that the mother who got it was only a little girl."

"Don't cry, Lillian," says Phyllis. "You know Polly, our stewardess? Well, she says it's awful pink, and they're going to call it Mayflower. Isn't that nice?"

"Oh, my!" says Lillian. "Let's get a lot of presents, and go ask the governess if she won't borrow it and let us baptize it."

The baptism is postponed, but presents arrive, and from all quarters. Flannels, wine, bonbons, and toys find the mother and child in the steerage hospital. The toys are perhaps a little premature for a miss just three days old. But the children who send them refuse to be denied the pleasure of giving, and the prudent grandmother carefully puts them away against the time when they will be needed.

The hospital nurse, a comely young woman in a neat black dress crisp apron, and dainty lace cap, holds the little mite on the pillow by the proud young mother while the ship tolls and tosses, and the artist, braced against the doorway, sketches the sympathetic little group for HARPER'S WEEKLY. The hospital is neat and ship shape, but very small. While the artist sketches, the happy father and doting grandmother stand outside, and vainly try to moderate their delighted smiles. They are all going to visit the old home in Scotland, and the grandmother explains that although little Mayflower "is a wee bit bairnie noo, she'll aye be bigger coomin' back."

MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.

AMERICAN SPORTING CLUBS IN CANADA.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

THE industrial territory of Canada belongs to England; a great portion of the hunting and fishing territory belongs to the United States. New Brunswick and Quebec are for sportsmen the banner provinces. The great St. John River, winding from the sea through the heart of the province, and projecting its streams into Maine, affords almost every kind of exercise for rod and gun together, with scenery alternating from the wildly picturesque to the delicately beautiful. The Miramichi, a great inland sea at its mouth, and bordered along its upper branches with hill, valley, and primeval wood, has been the cradle and the haunt of the finest and most gamy salmon for ages. Then there is the Restigouche, stretching in from the sea in wide, blue, shining coils for hundreds of miles, and sending its feeding streams into regions in Quebec where the sound of the woodman's axe has never been heard. Along these great rivers numerous preserves of well-stocked land and teeming pools are set apart, and by far the greater number and the most important ones belong to sportsmen from every part of the United States. These facts are not known to the Canadian people, nor is there a record of them in the provincial Crown Land offices, for the leases are given and the revenue drawn merely for the sake of adding to the income of the Crown Land Department. They are sore pressed in some of these provinces, notably in Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, to make up an income equal to expenditure, and for this reason the lands of the crown have almost entirely passed into other hands. The disposal of the public lands to American citizens is a subject that the Crown Land offices do not care to discuss; if it comes up in the Legislature, they say that they have no official statistics, and this ends the matter. Moreover, several members not belonging to the government join with other persons in acquiring a tract of sporting territory, disposing of the same afterward, at three or four times the first cost, to Americans of wealth and leisure.

Pre-eminent among all these clubs in Canada stands the Restigouche Salmon Club. Nearly all its members are Americans, and include Henry W. De Forest, secretary, William K. Vanderbilt, Franklin E. Taylor, Philip Schuyler, Goold H. Redmond, Henry T. Sloane, William H. Scott, Stanford White, Arthur D. Weekes, William E. Dodge, Nathaniel K. Fairbank, Robert G. Dun, S. Weir Mitchell, Rev. William S. Rainsford, G. Von L. Meyer, Robert Goelet, Henry B. Hollins, Gilbert E. Jones, Francis L. Higginson, A. Lawrence Mason, John S. Kennedy, William Hall Penfold, James C. McAndrew, Samuel Thorne, Charles P. Horton, James J. Hill, Frank Thomson, J. Hart Welch, Frederic S. G. D'Hauteville, Frederick L. Ames, Bayard M. Brown, Heber R. Bishop, Julius Catlin, Jun., William L. Breese, John L. Cadwalader, Francis Bartlett, William P. Clyde, and Charles Carroll. A large number of these gentlemen are New-Yorkers.

There is not probably anywhere in the world a more picturesque range of territory than that owned by this club. The great river itself, as it progresses toward the sea, becomes leisurely and smooth, and its volume of water is very large from the streams that it receives in its course. The view from the site of the club-house is grand and beautiful, the Restigouche on the one hand treading its shining course through the hills beyond the reach of glass, the Matapediac winding down from its own territory and discharging its water into the main river within gunshot of the home of the clubmen. High cool hills, crowned with fir and pine, birch and maple, rise on either side of the valley, and stretch upward along the shining rivers till lost in soft blue haze. On the hottest day in summer there is a breeze stirring through the valley, and it is always delightful on the hills. You may drink the clear river-water, for it has come from unpolluted regions, through wholesome forests, and over clean rocks and gravel beds.

The railroad station is near at hand, but there are only a few inhabitants. The cluster of buildings belonging to the club-house affords plenty of room for club members and their families, and the household conveniences and table luxuries are almost equal to those in the city. Some clubmen reach the ground early in June. Dr. Rainsford likes to claim the earliest trophies, and he is already announcing his successes. The extent of territory under lease by the club is enormous, and its riparian property along the main river is very valuable. As the question of riparian rights has so long disturbed Canadian settlers who live along the rivers, I may explain that the courts have decided that any person owning a *ripa*, or bank, fronting a river has the right to take fish in the water fronting his property. Murders have been committed in these wildernesses over the question before it was settled. The Restigouche Salmon Club therefore bought the land property along the best fishing parts of the Restigouche, and put the question of their exclusive right to fish beyond dispute. In addition to the Restigouche "privilege," the club holds, under lease, almost all the government lands from the Matapediac to Tracey's Brook on the New Brunswick side, a distance of about fifty miles, and it is also the lessee of the Quatawamkedgwick and Patapedia rivers, both tributaries of the Restigouche. But they do not fish the latter two streams, merely holding them in guardianship, as they are favorite spawning resorts of the Restigouche salmon. The club owns three or four fine lodges, situated in different parts of their territory, now visiting one and now another, according to the condition of fishing in the district.

The men and women usually wear strong light-colored clothing. Some of the ladies are as expert with the rod as the men, but many of them call for assistance before the fish is landed. The thirty-pound salmon does not surrender without a brave struggle, and frequently takes his captor far up or down the river. Many of the men prefer wading, though others, and all the ladies, fish from canoes and other river boats, or from the bank. There are almost as many grilse—the grilse being a year short of salmonhood—in the Restigouche waters each season as full-grown fish.

The chief flies used are the jock scott, silver doctor, black doe, dusty miller, and dark and orange fairies. The abiding places of the salmon are the quiet dark pools to be found along every river, and in one of these you will often see as many as a dozen grilse and salmon. When spawning time comes the old fish move out on the shallow gravelly beds, where they burrow and rub till a hole is made large enough to receive the eggs. Here the ova remain till the following spring, when the little salmon come forth. There is not much poaching on these waters, probably because the club spends about $4000 a year for protection. The largest yield on the main river and its streams for a season was 801 fish, aggregating 14,288 pounds, or an average of about eighteen pounds for a fish. A great many salmon taken there range from thirty to thirty-five pounds. As there is plenty of ice to be had, these fish are carefully packed in refrigerators and sent to the homes of the club people.

When fishing becomes monotonous for the ladies, they take their cameras or sketch-books to the more picturesque places. Sometimes they play tennis, amuse themselves with bow and arrow, or go on botanical excursions. On wet days all remain in-doors, reading and playing different games, or the ladies are busy with their needles. The flies are numerous and bloodthirsty, but a netted head-protector is worn, and very broad-brimmed hats are used for the sun. When the scenery at one place begins to pall, they break up residence, take tents, and go off in their canoes to some spot with fresh charms. Thus is the season spent in one round of exhilarating and delightful change. Every one gets weighed before starting for the fishing-grounds, and weighs again on the return. And what a difference! Several members of this fine club are already on the ground.

Sometimes a piece of wilderness is leased by the Crown Land Office and the officials do not know what the territory contains. I am sure this was the case when Mr. Emile Hartzig became lessee of the Renous River. This place would gladden the heart of any sportsman. The Renous is a branch of the Miramichi, and is resorted to every year by myriads of sea trout, while its upper waters are the spawning and abiding places of vast numbers of speckled trout and sea trout. The main part of the Renous is twenty miles long, and is inhabited for about eight miles up from the mouth. There are two branches, one running north, and the other south, each about thirty miles long. The lease includes all the lakes and ponds discharging water into the river and its branches, and the land lying between. Mr. Hartzig informs me that there are no fewer than twenty good-sized lakes in the territory, all swarming with fish. Only a few of the lakes appear on the government map. The scenery is bold and fine, and the forests in a great many parts of it are in a primitive state. Bears roam through the woods, and the fisherman often sees moose and caribou dash into the water to escape the heat and the flies. The head-quarters are but thirty hours by rail from New York city. Several gentlemen have the use of the grounds, among them being John M. Johnson, of Norwich, Connecticut; Archibald Mitchell, of the same place, Clarence M. Rolf and F. D. Storey, of New York. It is a curious fact that the sea trout, like the salmon, after its long wanderings through the sea, returns to the same brook where it first saw the light. It leaves its cradle waters when a mere baby fish, and wanders hundreds and hundreds of leagues about the sea, but nearly always, with unerring instinct, returns to its native river. Wardens and trained fishermen often see a silver-trout or a grilse, which has mistaken its way, getting into the wrong stream. It swims back and forth in a bewildered way, and after having satisfied itself that this is not its brook, it turns and swiftly makes its way to the coast again, and once more begins to explore. Mr. Hartzig's river is also a very fine salmon resort.

A very attractive stream, which is well stocked with salmon, is the Upsalquitch, a branch of the Restigouche, which river it enters from the New Brunswick side, about six miles above the Matapediac. Ezra Fitch, of Waltham, Massachusetts, is the lessee, and it is frequented in summer by several American fishermen. The surroundings are picturesque, and the water clear, cool, and rapid; but there are many fine pools.

At the mouth of the Upsalquitch is Camp Harmony, a delightful fishing lodge, the property of Dean Sage, of Albany. The salmon run early here, and the fishermen reach the ground in the first part of June. Captain Sweeney, also of Albany, is the riparian owner of several good salmon pools near the mouth of the same stream. He has a comfortable lodge, to which he brings members of his family, and several friends with their families. Canoes, pirogues, and batteaux are used on the river. There is charming scenery for ladies who are expert with the pencil.

Below Captain Sweeney, on the Restigouche, are two fine privileges—one, on the New Brunswick side, held by William H. Sage, of Ithaca, New York, the other, on the Quebec side, being under lease to W. Forest, the actor. The lessees visit these preserves each year, in company with many friends, and several ladies are to be seen in the canoes, rod in hand. Then, a short way up the Upsalquitch, on the New Brunswick side, are the fishing places of Mr. Clyde, of 85 Broadway, New York city, and Messrs. Olcote and Lansing, both of Albany. They own a beautiful lodge with picturesque surroundings. There are several pools in which there are always abundance of grilse and salmon. On the Quebec side of the river is the pretty cottage, waters, hills, and valleys leased by Mr. McAndrews of New York. This lodge and its surroundings form a wild lyric. In the background is a high, steep hill, green the year round; great bowlders have fallen from its side, and gleam among the trees that shade the building. Near by come roaring down the cool waters of Toad Brook. Mr. McAndrews's family and several friends occupy the lodge nearly every summer, and a fleet of Micmac canoes dart hither and thither, with two fisher-folk in each. Along the beach are to be seen several birch-bark camps, but they are screened from the sun by trees. Mr. C. Fearing and some other New York gentlemen own some populous pools on Brandy Brook, about four miles further up. There is a handsome lodge in the heart of the fishing-grounds, and the spot is excellent.

Archibald Rogers, of Crumwold Hall, Hyde Park, on the Hudson, has several large shady pools by riparian proprietorship, just below the wild and picturesque Kedgewick, and is lessee of the ten-mile stretch extending from the latter stream to Tracey's Brook, all being very good salmon water. The scenery is bold and diversified, and the water clear. About four miles above the mouth of the Nepisiquit is an inviting lodge, owned by Ivers W. Adams, of Boston. The pools are the best known on the river, and the fisherman never comes away from them empty-handed. Mr. Ivers usually fishes with Mr. Sampson, of New York, and other friends have the privilege of the waters. But C. B. Burnham, of St. Louis, is the lessee of all the government waters on this river, and he has associated with him several American fishermen. These preserves comprise about all the sporting territory, save that occupied by a few local clubs, in the northwestern part of New Brunswick.

On to the eastern side of the province is the region drained by the Miramichi, and here are several extensive tracts of fishing and hunting territory held under lease and riparian right by Americans. It will be well advanced in June before fishermen and their families go to the Miramichi waters, as neither salmon nor sea trout, as a rule, ascend this river quite so early as they do some others. It is interesting to note that a salmon will not ascend a river except when the water is rising, that is, during and immediately after heavy rainfalls. I suppose this is due to their horror of being left without swimming room over some of the bars and shallows along the river.

Near about Clearwater, on the Southwest Branch, are grouped the properties of several American associations. The place is wild and uninhabited, but the opportunities for fishing are among the best in the province. Mr. A. H. Woods, of Boston, and Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the actor, own a handsome club-house a little above Clearwater, and in the midst of several fine pools. A short distance further up is the fishing stretch owned by Mr. Robinson, his head-quarters being known as Burnt Hill; while further up still is the well-known stretch of river held by H. Sage, of Ithaca, New York. Mr. Sage's four miles of river embraces several of the best-fished pools on the Miramichi. There is a first-rate chance for the formation of a club on this river, as the place may be reached in a day by rail and canoe from Fredericton. The scenery along the river is bold, sloping upward as it runs back, and culminating here and there in high cool mountains with valleys between. Mr. Henry Phair, of the Crown Land Office of New Brunswick, one of the most expert fishermen in Canada, informs me that while club opportunities everywhere are becoming circumscribed, there is an excellent chance for the formation of a club on this river.

In a very charming piece of country is located the grounds of the Tobique Salmon Club. The wilderness here is almost entirely in a virgin state. The club is lessee of all the government lands along the river, and of all the private lands and the domain owned by the New Brunswick Railway fronting good fishing waters. The incorporators are F. W. Cram, Bangor, Maine; William D. Winsor, James M. Rhodes, William H. Ingham, and Charles H. Wurts, of Philadelphia. Several provincial fishermen are members of the organization. The club is building a large house capable of accommodating members and ladies, and it has spared no expense in replenishing and guarding the waters of its excellent property. All kinds of flies are used on the river, and fishing is carried on by wading, in canoes, and from the banks. Poachers here are timid of late.

The Eutopia and Trout, Fish, and Game Association is one of the later organizations. Its waters are fairly well stocked, and there is some game in the woods. Some of the incorporators are Henry P. De Graaf, John H. Barclay, Benjamin F. Vosburg, Albert Darling, J. W. Hausden, John Glass, Jun., all of New York city.

The Tracadie Club is erecting a club-house [illegible] the finely stocked river of that name. The [illegible] is picturesque, being diversified [illegible] and valley, and penetrated by [illegible] small streams. Mr. Edward Jack [illegible] of the stream, and a number of [illegible]merican fishermen are about forming a club. Prominent members of the Miscou Island Goose and Brant Shooting Club are Dr. Orne Green and H. McBeath, of Boston; and Frank Todd and William F. Todd, of Calais, Maine. Probably the best shooting in the province is here, the club owning the greater part of Miscou, a picturesque island rising out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The club is primarily provincial, and its members are said to bag more goose and brant than any other Canadian sportsmen.

Much of the foregoing information would have been inaccessible to me but for the kindness of Mr. Henry Phair, the well-known fisherman, to whom I have already referred.

In Nova Scotia there is not so much attraction for the sportsman, and there is only one American club with regular premises, at Greenfield, Queens County. The Hon. J. W. Longley, Premier of Nova Scotia, himself an expert sportsman, and one of Canada's best chroniclers of sport, informs me that "there are splendid facilities for fishing, moose-shooting, and other sports" in his province.

No fewer than half the incorporated fishing and hunting clubs in the province of Quebec are composed entirely or in part of Americans, the greater number of the clubs being provided with comfortable lodges and other buildings. Perhaps the most notable of these is the Paradise Fin and Feather Club. The president is ex-Judge H. A. Gildersleeve; vice-president, J. C. Davis; treasurer, Kit Clarke; and secretary, J. K. Emmett, Jun. Among members of the club are Grover Cleveland, John Woods, Augustus Piton, James T. Davis, H. C. Miner, William Moet, H. S. Taylor, L. Richardson, Dr. W. F. Duncan, and Dr. E. R. Lewes, of Westerly, Rhode Island. The club-house stands in the centre of the Lac des Grandes Isles, 115 miles north of the city of Quebec. The lake is about twenty-two miles long, but it is so indented with little arms, coves, and inlets that it has over 100 miles of shore. The lake fairly swarms with speckled trout, and no fish, when full grown, runs below a pound. As many as fifty fish have often been taken with the fly in a couple of hours. Away in the distance can be seen the hazy tops of tall Laurentian hills, and the wild forest comes from the distant mountains to the shore from which the angler casts his tackle. The ladies delight to wander and explore through the myriad recesses of this lake, some of them using sculls, others paddles. Many of the ladies show records of good catches in these waters. The tackle used by some of the experts here seems hardly heavy enough to lift the fly, but 8-pound fish can be killed with these 4½-ounce rods. The fish are put on ice and shipped home by rail. The winninish, that curious but handsome fish which fights in the air, can be got after a four hours' ride from Paradise Club.

About twenty miles north of the Paradise Club, on Cedar Lake, is the Metabetchouan Fishing Club, the president being Senator O. H. Platt, Meriden, Connecticut. Other members are Stephen W. Kellogg, Waterbury, Connecticut; John C. Chamberlain, W. B. Briggs, Dr. G. L. Porter, Major D. M. Read, of Bridgeport, Connecticut; A. Chamberlain, John W. Coe, Walter Hubbard, H. W. Lyons, Wm. R. Mackay, Meriden, Connecticut; and Professor W. K. Townsend, of Yale.

On the same river the Springfield Fish and Game Club has its head-quarters, E. S. Brewer, president; David N. Coates, vice-president; and E. M. Coates, secretary-treasurer. The members belong to Springfield, and among them are Frank B. Foote, R. W. Day, Louis Herr, E. C. Barr, Henry S. Dickenson, E. A. Alden, Colonel M. V. B. Edgerly, and D. D. Gillmore. Great hills sentinel the fishing waters, and no voice is to be heard here save those of birds and wild beasts. Game fish are abundant, and there is fight in them from snout to tail. The ladies also find this place bracing and full of wild charm.

The Philadelphia Fishing Club is situated on the Metabetchouan, twenty miles above the club named after that river. There is no diminution in the quantity of fish, no scarcity of pools, of encircling hills, brawling brooks, cascades, and close green forests. Here, as further down, the canoe is to be seen flitting from point to point; and in the early morn you can hardly look at a pool without seeing a struggle there between angler and fish. The president of the club is Amos R. Little, and among the members are George W. Childs and David G. Yates. The club-house is built of logs in an airy spot, with the river in front and forest and hill behind. Ten miles of poling or paddling below takes the members to a railway siding. Among the other American clubs incorporated under provincial acts let me mention the following well-known ones: The Marguerite Salmon Club, Megantic Fish and Game Club, and Amabelish Fish and Game Club, all owning capital preserves with the most delightful surroundings. There are a score of other clubs composed of American and Canadian sportsmen, but I have endeavored in this article to show the enormous extent of sporting territory owned and leased in Canada exclusively by American citizens.

THE LAS VEGAS [illegible] SPRINGS.

Six miles northwest of the town of Las Vegas, in New Mexico, the Rio Gallinas leaves its picturesque cañon valley among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains to emerge upon the plain, and take its course through the meadows that give the town its name. Directly back of the cliffs that guard its entrance the cañon widens into an oval amphitheatre, round the south side of which the river winds. In this basin, surrounded by steep high hills covered with scrub oak and pine trees, are the Las Vegas Hot Springs.

The virtues of these thermal waters have long been known. From the earliest times the Indians of the surrounding region resorted to this place to cure their illnesses, and the tribe which claimed the springs jealously guarded their possession. The Mexicans of an early day came hither horseback, donkey-back, or in carretas (carts), and keeping careful watch against Indian attack, hollowed basins in the earth in which to bathe, drank the hot water, and sometimes, to secure specially good effects, buried themselves to the neck in the warm mud, and remained for hours.

In 1846, the first year of the Mexican war, after New Mexico had been conquered by forces led by Doniphan and Kearny, the United States military authorities established a hospital here—a long one-story adobe house, fronted by a veranda with posts of natural logs. It served for military hospital purposes as late as 1862, and afterward was made a hotel. With the completion of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad to Las Vegas in 1879, a handsome stone hotel and a bath-house were built at the springs; and later, in 1882, after the railroad had bought the property to help its passenger traffic, the Montezuma, a large and elegant wooden hotel, was opened, and many other improvements made. People from all parts of the world visited the springs during the next two years, and the prosperity of the place seemed assured up to the time when the hotel burned to the ground in January, 1884.

The second Montezuma, built to replace the first one, shared the ill fortune of its predecessor, and was burned in the summer of 1885, only a few weeks after its opening. It was rebuilt the next year, and named the Phœnix—a reminder of disaster which has happily been dismissed within a few months by the readoption of its old name. This hotel stands nearly 6800 feet above the sea-level, upon a plateau or shelf of the hill-side overlooking the park below, a massive, spacious, handsome building, built of brownstone, elegantly furnished, and entirely modern in all details. It contains 250 rooms, and is so constructed that nearly every guest-chamber is open to the sunshine at some hour of the day. About the front of the hotel are long verandas, from which may be enjoyed a wide view, embracing in one direction the picturesque Gallinas Cañon, and in the other the green meadows toward the town, the level-topped mesa, and the broad plains beyond. The New Mexican climate, with its cloudless skies, stimulating air, and agreeable temperature, makes out-of-door life a perpetual delight. Owing to the high elevation the summer heat is never excessive at Las Vegas Hot Springs, and the extremes of temperature between summer and winter are not so widely apart as in the corresponding low altitudes. The nights are always cool, and the locality comprises the features of both a winter and summer resort.

The first objects of interest to the invalid are naturally the waters and baths. The springs, which lie on the south bank of the stream, are over forty in number, and about twenty-five of them have been excavated and walled, in order to develop the flow of water and create small reservoirs. The spring known as No. 6 furnishes 30,000 gallons of hot water a day, at a temperature of 140° Fahr., and several of the other springs are of considerable volume and nearly as hot. The waters of the springs are of the class termed alkaline saline, resembling in many respects the hot springs of Töplitz, in Austria, while in the two chief active constituents—the carbonate and sulphate of soda—they much resemble the Carlsbad waters, but are weaker. Among disorders for which these waters are specific when drunk are chronic rheumatism, gout, biliary and renal calculi, and some forms of dyspepsia. Used as baths, they are smooth and agreeable, producing a cosmetic-like effect upon the skin. Their medicinal effect, when used in this way, applies in general to the class of diseases treated by baths in other hot springs establishments. The main bath-house, a long two-story building built of native red sandstone, stands on the brink of the Rio Gallinas, opposite the hotel, and is approached in front by graceful bridges. It is 300 feet long by 42 feet wide, with the baths for males in one wing, and those for females in the other. The capacity of the establishment for baths is 1000 per day, embracing every variety usually found in a complete water-cure establishment, and the attendants, male and female, are carefully selected and well trained.

A notable feature of the Las Vegas Hot Springs is the mud baths. On a part of the ground in which the waters of the springs for centuries have percolated the soil, a thick, black, slippery mud, impregnated with the chemicals of the waters, has formed, and the practice of the old Mexican bathers has been revived in the use of warm mud as a remedial bath. The mud bath house is an irregularly shaped wooden structure of considerable size, containing departments for males and for females. In giving these baths each tub is filled half full of mud, first freed from all foreign substances, and then mixed with warm spring water to the consistency of thin mortar. At the time of bathing the mixture is warmed by steam to the proper temperature, and in it the patient, with only his head in sight, wallows in placid comfort during the time prescribed by his physician. After leaving the tub, from which he emerges with a body painted glossy black with liquid mud, the patient is placed under the graduated douche, thoroughly washed with a hose, rubbed down clean and dry, and taken to a couch in the resting-room, where he enjoys supremely the *dolce far niente* that follows the ablution. In the novice the thought of immersing himself in a tub of black mud arouses a shudder; but once in it, he finds the experiment not unpleasant. The mud, acting like a poultice, produces a profuse perspiration, and has proved efficacious in curing a wide range of physical disorders. At the springs these baths are very popular with members of both sexes, who soon come to regard them as a luxury.

The good effects produced upon patients by the drinking of the waters and by the baths are greatly assisted by the climate, which has a specially beneficial effect on visitors afflicted with consumption, asthma, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. For many people it is enjoyment enough simply to sit on the hotel verandas, or to stroll about the park, with its fountains, trees, grass, and flowers. In improving the grounds thirty carloads of blue-grass sods were brought 800 miles from Kansas to be used in the terrace, and for sodding the flower beds and edges of the lawns. A small herd of deer is kept upon the grounds and across the driveway is a museum of native curiosities. By climbing the hill top in the rear of the hotel a view of seventy miles is obtained; and if one prefer in-door amusement he can repair to the billiard-room and bowling-alleys of the hotel.

A walk or drive up the cañon soon brings one among pine forests, mountains, cliffs, and plateaus—a region filled with novelty and mystery. A rustic road leads along the Gallinas River three miles, then turns to follow a branch stream another mile to its source—a deep and spacious pool formed by numerous rills that flow from beneath a cliff of limestone rock down a bank densely grown with moss and lilies. In the clear cool greenish waters of this pool, known as the Ojo de las Truchas, or Trout Spring, mountain trout may be seen lying at rest or darting away as the shadow of the visitor falls into the depths. But neither at the Ojo de las Truchas nor in the Gallinas, once famous for trout, is the fishing now good. The constant taking of fish, often by unfair means, has nearly exterminated the trout, which are found now only in the upper waters of the streams, and are hard to secure. Under the game and fishing laws now in force in the Territory these waters may be restocked, and afford good sport to the angler once more. Bears and deer no longer venture down to the very Hot Springs grounds as they did at an earlier day, but they are still found in the mountains at the head waters of the Gallinas, fifteen miles above, and one who ventures far enough up the valley and the heights at its sides to command a view of the distant serrated peaks of the snowy range sees a region where the elk and the grizzly still abide. The sight of a hunter winding down the trail with a bear or deer strapped across his burro's back is not uncommon at the Hot Springs, and the hotel table in the season is well supplied with mountain game.

There are many walks and rides to be taken over the bridle-paths among the foot-hills, beneath the pine-trees breathing balsamic fragrance, where the sombre grandeur of the dark forest and cliffs alternates with the sunshine in the open lands. As the excursionist proceeds up the valley there comes into view at its head a high, flat-topped, massive mountain, with almost perpendicular sides. This mountain, in appearance like a vast howitzer, is Hermit Rock, and upon it the Italian religious recluse John Augustani lived for several years in a cave or "dugout," his abode the object of pious pilgrimages by Mexicans of the humbler class, who still hold his memory in sanctity, and make bonfires on the mountain-top in his honor on certain days in the year.

The form of excursion most in favor with the guests at the Hot Springs is made upon the back of burros, or donkeys, and every morning a train of these sure-footed, docile little animals is brought before the door in waiting for the riding parties. The burro carries without remonstrance astonishingly heavy loads, but let him once get it into his thick head that he is overweighted, all ambition ceases within him. The spectacle of a burro subsiding beneath the weight of a stout lady, and settling himself comfortably on the ground with a total dismissal of all idea of rising, is not uncommon in these excursions. In such cases he always carries his point, and nothing but an exchange of riders will induce him to proceed.

A series of observations and records shows that the mean temperature at the Hot Springs during the three winter months is 47° Fahr., with a great proportion of clear days. There is in the winter about holiday-time some cold, overcast weather, with snow, and the winter nights are usually freezing. The rainy season occurs between the middle of June and the middle of September, during which period it rains irregularly in the afternoon and night. Sometimes there will be a shower every day for weeks, and again there may occur an interval of unbroken fairness for several days, with now and then a downright rainy day that sets in for the whole twenty-four hours. The showers alternate with clear skies and sunshine, and during the rainy season the country takes on an unwonted greenness.

The visitors to the Hot Springs represent every part of the continent of America, and nearly every tourist from abroad who crosses the continent by the southerly routes stops there for a time. Eastern men whose business takes them into the mining or cattle country like to make the place a head-quarters. Balls and amateur entertainments of various kinds are frequent during times when guests are numerous. An element of great interest to the Eastern visitor is the surrounding native population and its antique way of living. Between Las Vegas and the springs, on the line of the railroad, are Mexican villages of a primitive type, and in remote mountain hamlets one may still behold the Mexican ploughing with a wooden plough of the pattern of three centuries ago. On the branch railroad line running to the springs the visitors may go at several times in the day to Las Vegas, or, for a more extended excursion, take a trip to the quaint old city of Santa Fe, less than half a day's journey away, and from there ride out to Tesuque, a town of the peaceful Pueblo Indians, of the same race as the Aztecs of old Mexico.

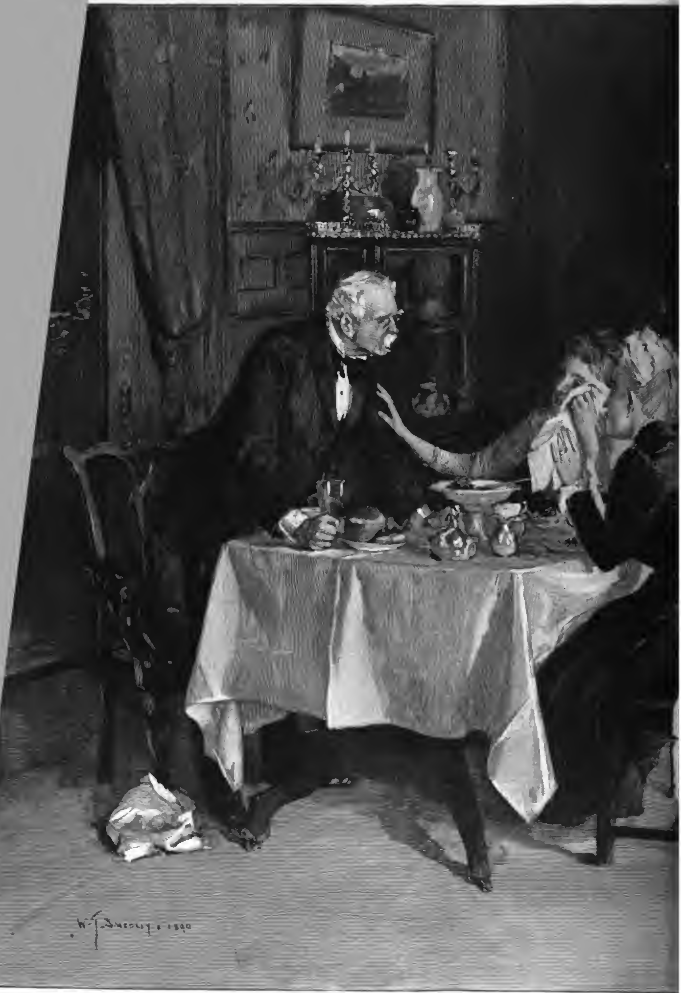
CLARENCE PULLEN.

ACCIDENTS IN THE COAL REGIONS.

If the statistics of mortality in the Pennsylvania coal country were accessible, it would be found that the forces of nature are hardly less destructive to the life of the laborer than war to the life of the soldier. It is quite within the fact to say that mine disaster, floods, railway catastrophes, and storms have done such ravage in the State during the last twelve months as is rarely witnessed by an active campaign in an enemy's country. Though the first reports of the destruction wrought at Johnstown were overstated, the total still remains an impressive evidence of the futility of all our appliances for the safe guarding of life and property against the aberrations of nature. Elsewhere in this issue of the WEEKLY the artist has reproduced the external effect of one of the phases of danger that confront the toiler in a mining country. The history of one disaster is, with slight modification, the history of all disasters. The gaunt armies impressed into the service of the corporations year after year, generation after generation, confront the same conditions of uncertainty, the cumulative chances—from fire-damp, foul air, flimsy and inefficient chambers, imperfect communication—which made mining the work of malefactors in the early stages of civilization. A curious student, journeying through the anthracite and bituminous coal regions of Pennsylvania not long ago, found, on inquiry, that there was not a hamlet from the Lackawanna to the Monongahela where a certain percentage of the homes had not been visited by loss of life in the mines, on the gravity railways, or some one of the innumerable constructures incident to the production of coal. It is no exaggeration to say that there is blood—the blood of the young, the old, the infirm—upon every fireside where the fuel of the mine burns. In other countries disasters are now and then heard of, brought about by causes that the most sagacious foresight may not prevent. But with us it is regarded as a settled matter that every shaft must sooner or later contribute its tale of horror.

It is at once a reproach to the corporation and an evidence of the desperate needs of the millions who toil, that every man engaged in mining feels that he takes his life in his hand when he embarks in the business for his daily bread. Indeed, when the conditions of mining and the bestowal of the miner is examined, it fairly looks as if improvidence and recklessness were deliberately inculcated upon the masses dedicated to the garnering of treasures of the earth. The hamlets housing the miner and his family are capriciously set in narrow gorges which serve as water-ways in seasons of flood, or if not in these death-traps, upon the thin crust of surface covering actual or arched out excavations. Entire cities, like Scranton, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, are built upon thin crusts of rock and soil. When, as often happens, single houses, whole streets cave in, there is little ado made over it, life is lost, property destroyed, there are no words of reproach in the local presses, no awakening of the great corporations to set about a new order of things. *À la guerre, comme à la guerre*, seems to be the maxim of the barons who command the conscripts of Pennsylvania. A mere glimpse at the fabrication and construction of the mountain railways, the hill-side breakers, the subterranean galleries, impresses this upon the observer. Everything is put together for the single object of producing the coal at as small a cost as possible; little or nothing seems to be done to make the mining of it secure, the lives of the toilers easier. The ingenuities of science adapted to speedy results are well paid for by the coal men; but, save in rare cases, there is no spur for those who seek to make life secure for the toilers in the shafts. "Fire-damps," flooded galleries, crumbling supports, are manifestly regarded as major forces of nature that the cunning of man is incapable of contending with. And yet, for more than a thousand years, the salt mines of Bavaria have been worked further into the bowels of the earth than any shafts known in this country, and the records show no accident involving human life. This, however, is not due so much to the more active philanthropy of the owners as to the precision of the laws and their zealous enforcement. There are laws for the security of miners' lives in Pennsylvania, but they are little regarded. The men whose safety and comfort depend upon their enforcement are naturally the least able to get them applied. It might naturally be supposed that under a condition of things where the operators find it for their interest to cease mining three or four months every year, the idle hands might be humanely employed in securing the shafts against such slaughters as those the artist represents.

That it is possible to diminish if not wholly prevent disaster to life, the incident in the Youghiogheny Valley clearly shows. A miner struck his pick into the wall of coal. When he withdrew it, a stream of water gushed out. The men lying on their faces in the narrow vault at once realized their danger, but a new one confronted them. The coal bunkers—a train of small cars lowered and raised by an engine on the surface at the mouth of the pit—coming down at full speed, block the egress. A lad with an exposed wick burning on his cap rushed into the crevice to warn the men. Then followed the usual slaughter. The foul air released with the water filled the cavern with "fire-damp." The place was in an instant a burning brazier, with a dozen men gasping and suffocated. Thirty-five men perished before the wholly inadequate means at the disposal of the rescuers could be brought into use. Fifty families are bereaved. The dead are buried; new men have been sent down to take their places, the widows and orphans will be dispossessed of their scant hovels, and the incident forgotten. Now it is very easy to foresee what must happen when an opening is made in a wall of coal. Why, in such a case, cannot precautions be taken in advance? Why, at such a conjuncture, are the tapers on the miners' caps exposed to the fatal whiff of fire-damp exhaling from the suddenly opened orifice? Such scenes as these, such a record of death in every form that the mind can conceive of as appalling, are a stigma upon the State of Pennsylvania—upon the whole country, in short, for to merely read the tale, shudder over it, and dismiss it is, in a sense, making ourselves responsible for the continuance of a system, or want of system, which makes such constantly recurring slaughter possible.


W. T. Smedley 1890

THE WORK OF THE CENSUS ENUMERATOR.

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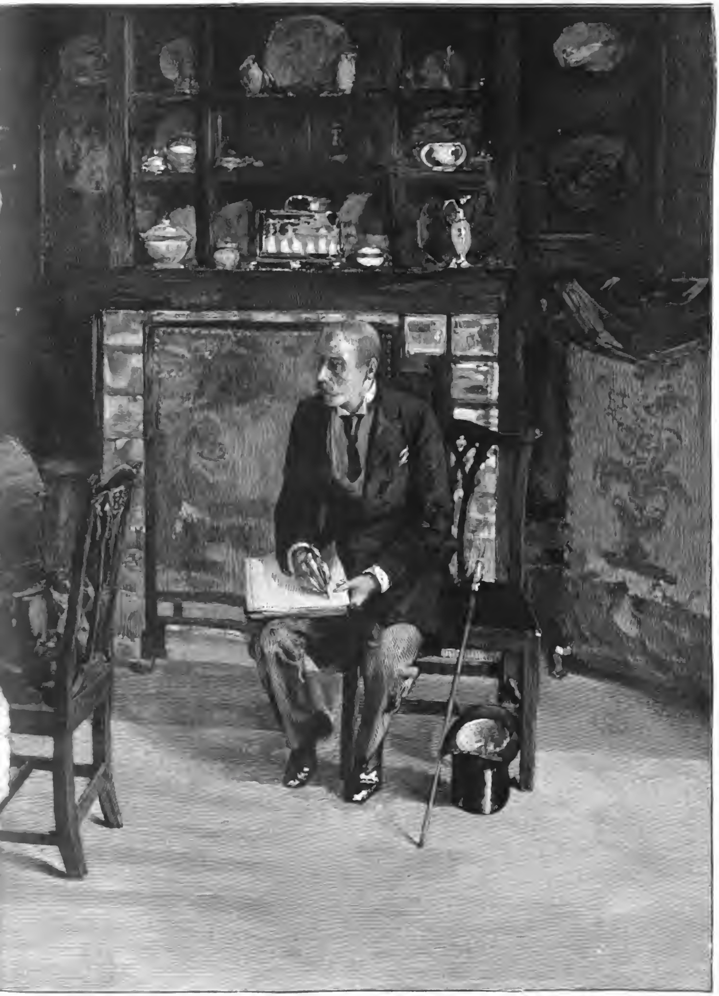


fter the Painting by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 503.]

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

BY GERALDINE BONNER

MR. BERTRAM LAMAR sat on the arm of a chair in the hall of the hotel at Monterey, and idly swung his foot. Mr. Lamar was bored. An extended acquaintance with this young man forces me to confess that he was not often afflicted in that way. We know that no man can aspire to be of the highest fashion without constantly experiencing the pangs of this distinguished ailment, and yet Mr. Lamar was unquestionably of the highest fashion. The most cursory glance would tell you this. Any one could see that he belonged to the best people, that he was used to the best people, that only the best people would be bearable to him. It was therefore with humiliation that he confessed to himself how seldom, how singularly seldom considering all his advantages, he felt the inspiring throes of boredom. Who can guess how hard he tried to crush his exuberant vivacity, to quell his laughter, to extinguish the sparkle in his handsome brown eyes? He could draw amusement from Philadelphia, find diversion at Tadmor in the Wilderness. If you were a true devotee of fashion, his unquenchable spirits would make your hair stand on end.

But now he was genuinely bored, and he felt joyously that any one could see he was. Ladies passed—old ones, who swept up the dust with trains, and who creaked as they moved, as if they wanted oiling; young ones in light frocks, and wide flowered hats which cast a shadow over the clearest eyes. They kept banging open the glass doors and going out into the blaze of sun beyond, with a bursting into bloom of lace parasols, or coming into the cool of the hall, with the rustling, silken sheathing of the parasols suddenly furled, and the tapping of little heels on the hard floor. He never glanced at them. But they did at him—swiftly, obliquely—from under the hat brim out of the shadow. He looked away, with raised chin and indolently drooped eyelids; but about his heart he began to feel a little creeping, warm titillation of interest, a premonition that he was not going to keep bored very much longer. There was one girl—she kept going to and fro—and as he looked on the ground he could see the hem of her dress and her feet. They were pretty feet in yellow shoes, small and pointed. Mr. Lamar found himself ruminating: "Suppose the head is as pretty as the feet. But it never is. There's a law of compensation which prevents that. The head which belongs to those feet is thirty-five—" And he looked up. The head matched the feet to perfection. Mr. Lamar felt that he didn't look bored any longer. Rather, however, than sacrifice this dearly bought and enviable condition of being, he turned his back on that enchanting head, and sauntered into an adjoining room. There would be no one to look at here to destroy the aristocratic vacuity of his mind.

The room was empty, cool, and dim. It had oak chairs and tables and writing desks, sea-green walls, and a great window opening on the balcony. Outside there were old ladies sitting under a forest of parasols. Beyond were velvety sweeps of close-cropped turf, dappled with short shadows shrinking to the tree roots. Splinters of dusty sunlight crept down the boles of the stately cedars and trembled on the white dresses of passing girls. There were glimpses of spiked unfolding fan-palms and rustling melancholy dracænas, fat Arizona cactuses of an unhealthy morbid hue, and little squat, flat, prickly green things growing in irritable confusion. Mr. Lamar felt that he might gaze upon this prospect for an infinitude of time and remain bored.

But fate willed otherwise. As he entered the room he saw something on the floor near the table. He picked it up. It was a band about an inch and a half wide, covered with a puckered yellow ribbon, and with one end run through a clasp of dull silver showing a monogram in small diamonds. There was a bunch of narrower yellow ribbon beside the clasp, each end finished with a little tongueless silver bell. It appeared to Lamar from some hanging filaments of thread that the two ends of this band had once been stitched together. He looked curiously at his find.

"What can it be?" he mused, staring at it. We have said that he was young, and came of the best people, and with the best people there is always a doubt as to whether they wear such vulgar things as stockings or possess such unmentionable things as legs. "Wings, not legs and feet, shall move them," as the poet gracefully expresses it.

Lamar first thought he would take it to the office. But curiosity impelled him to study it. It might be worn round the neck; but no; it was not long enough. He drew the severed ends together, and held it off from him, eying it dubiously, and reflectively pulling his small mustache. Oh yes, of course. Now he saw. How dense he'd been! A bracelet. Holding it together, he pushed his hand through it, and it swung on his wrist.

"I don't think I ever saw a bracelet just like that before," he thought, moving it round and looking at it with his head on one side.

And then, as he looked at it, came a sudden flash of wakening light, and for a moment he stood staring at it in stupefied horror as it hung over his wrist. With the return of consciousness he crumpled it up and crushed it into his pocket. What should he do with it? If he took it to the office, it's owner would never dare to claim it. If he found out who she was, he would never dare to offer it.

He could imagine the scene: A lovely and youthful lady is discovered walking in the corridors. To her appears Mr. Bertrum Lamar in full evening dress with a white pink in his button-hole. Making toward her, he executes one of those majestic yet easy bows for which the Lamar family have been famous ever since their illustrious founder came over in the *Mayflower*, and stepping ashore on Plymouth Rock, which has since bashfully retired before the advances of the boisterous Atlantic, greeted the Indian chief Walla Walla with so elegant a salute that the rancor of that untamed barbarian melted like snow before thaw. Then drawing a package from his pocket, Mr. Lamar presents it to her, murmuring, "Yours, I believe," and vanished through a trap-door. He might give it to her, and then pretend to be prostrated by the heat, and fall on the floor with his eyes shut, to avoid embarrassing her by witnessing her inevitable confusion. The Lamars were also famous for their chivalrous attitude toward the sex. But can a man be prostrated by heat on a day when the thermometer in its most ambitiously soaring moments can only struggle up to 75°? What should he do to spare her feelings and his own? And he turned the cause of his perturbation over in his pocket.

Just then he heard a step outside—a feminine frou-frou. With a guilty start, he retreated from the table, fell into a chair, and seized the morning paper, in which he buried his head. Any one noting this fact would of course imagine that he slumbered, and feel themselves safe from espial.

"It is she," thought Bertram, ...zed with guilty tremors. "She has come to hunt for it," and he remained motionless.

So did she. There was not the smallest vibrating rustle from her silent figure. Bertram rattled the paper, stabbed a little hole through it with his finger, and peeped at her. She was standing in the doorway, peering about the room, and she was the young lady with the yellow shoes. She was charmingly pretty in a light dress of striped flannel and a loose skirt of thin silk made like a boy's. Under the turned-down collar was knotted a four-in-hand necktie of white piqué, and about her waist was a woven silk belt clasped with a silver S. She was slowly sweeping the room with a long glance, only her head moving, her figure finely erect, her right thumb in her belt, and her left hand hanging by her side, and lightly clasping a little leathern thong which was wound about her knuckles. As to her head—that lovely head with strong brown hair curling up crisply under her sailor hat, delicately rounded cheeks, and gravely pouting lips—it was an image of soft, delicious beauty. At her side sat a little pug-dog on its haunches, gasping and rolling its eyes.

She cast a hurried glance at the gentleman reading the paper, and walked into the room, looking intently about the floor.

"What would she say," thought Bertram, as she passed him in her search, "if I were to innocently ask her what she's looking for, and gallantly offer to help her find it? But I'll spare her that, even though I do appear a clown," and the hero peeped again.

She was certainly hunting thoroughly. She moved several of the chairs, drew up the lace curtains and looked under them, peered into all the corners and under the tables and round the desks.

"What the deuce could she have been doing?" thought the young man. "She must have been playing puss in the corner or forfeits. I'll burst with curiosity soon, and hit her with one of the pieces."

When she had searched everywhere she straightened herself with a sigh, threw one last reluctant look about the room, and calling to the pug, "Come along, dearest; it isn't here," departed.

Bertram laid down the paper and looked after her. She appeared to him to have a singular amount of *sang-froid*, also a very graceful back. How well she walked! How proudly she carried her small dark head!

When she was out of sight he cautiously drew forth the yellow band and studied the monogram. It was exceedingly complicated, and seemed to him to consist mainly of large B's, with small O's distributed about them.

"B & O," said he, musingly. "Baltimore and Ohio! Perhaps her papa is a railway man, and this is a touching evidence of filial devotion. What a sweet girl!"

Mr. Lamar was not bored that afternoon. He was consumed with perplexity. How could he return the lost treasure to its owner without causing her embarrassment, without making her his enemy for life? If it had been anything else, how delightfully he could have broken the ice with it! But to break the ice with that historic emblem—impossible! It would have exactly the opposite effect, and cause the ice to form as beneath a breath from the Arctic.

He roamed about listlessly. It was a warm afternoon, and outside the glass doors there was a great blaze and glare of sun. After lunch the guests dispersed. The dowagers lumbered up stairs to appear resplendent at dinner time, and sit along the ballroom walls, watching three gyrating couples try to imagine, like the ambitious little goats who endeavored to persuade themselves that they were cows, that they were attending a large and select ball of the most brilliant gayety and fashion. The younger married women also withdrew to lounge away the afternoon in golden-tinted gloom behind drawn blinds. Driving parties started out with laughter and gay voices, the snapping of whips, and the grinding of gravel under revolving wheels. Away they whirled down the drive, streaked with already lengthening shadows, to range along winding yellow roads beside the many-sounding sea, where dark, writhing cypresses crouched before the angry breezes, or steal through noiseless, dim, dun-colored woods, silent and dripping with funereal mosses, the sad ghosts of once green and whispering forests. Some of the young ladies strolled over the lawn, away through light and shade, parasol on shoulder, book in hand.

Then it grew very hot and still. The surf boomed faintly on the distant shore. There was the long roll and crash of balls from the bowling-alley, and a gentle, occasional clicking from the billiard-room. The clerk read a novel with his feet on the desk; down in the barber's shop the barbers were all sitting in white jackets reading papers. In the glass-covered end of the balcony enormous flies buzzed ceaselessly, and bees swung in the cups of the huge drowsy-headed poppies. The shadows stole across the velvet sward, a leaf circled languidly downward through sun and shade. The afternoon was steeped in the strange silence which broods over the Californian landscape. Here was a condition of things to have bored a newly liberated convict, to have subdued the high spirits of a miss fresh from the convent.

But Mr. Lamar was not bored. He even didn't care whether he looked so or not. His pride was shattered. He sat on the balcony, and there being no one to dispute his loneliness, he put both his legs over the arm of his chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and tilted his hat on to the bridge of his nose. From under the hat brim rose occasional thin spirals of smoke and long sighs.

"I must give it to her this evening," he thought. "I'll wrap it up in paper and tie one of the ribbons round it that are on that mouchoir case Milly gave me. Then, if she asks me—as of course she will—what it is, I'll say, carelessly: 'Oh, nothing! Just a little trifle I think belongs to you. Don't hurry to open it. Have you noticed what a beautiful night it is?' And so I'll engage her in absorbing conversation. But if the conversation is not sufficiently absorbing and she begins to open it, I must flee from the wrath to come. And when next I meet her, dying to speak or even bow to her, there will be a wall of ice raised between us. She will turn her profile toward me and become engrossed in the beauties of the landscape. Such is the irony of fate."

The languorous afternoon burned itself away in loitering stages of deepening light and color to a smouldering crimson sunset. Dinner loomed in the near distance, and was awaited with fond expectancy. At seven o'clock Mr. Lamar came slowly down the broad stairs, looking as handsome as the young Dionysius in his dress suit, his shining shirt bosom, and a white pink in his button-hole. The hall was full of moving figures and a blaze of light and color. Gay running laughter and broken ends of sentences detached themselves from the hum of voices. Splendidly dressed ladies passed and repassed in couples, in threes, in long lines, or stood in groups, with the gas-light breaking in myriad little splinters on their tumbled trains of soft silk, and sliding with glossy radiance along their half bared arms. There was a fluttering and sweeping of fans, a rustling of rich crushed fabrics.

Outside there was still light. Through breaks in the foliage gleamed the fiery eye of the angry sunset. The summits of the taller trees were touched with a lingering brightness, but in their odorous shadows lurked the reluctant dewy dusk. Mr. Lamar was too perturbed in mind to care to mingle with the gay, loud-voiced, laughing crowd. He wished for solitude, and directed his steps toward the little writing-room. He had not wrapped the treasure in paper, nor tied it up with a ribbon from his mouchoir case. He had not done anything with it. He did not dare. The sight of its owner might inspire him to the desperate pitch of boldly offering it to her, or suggest to him some cunning way of returning it without betraying the identity of the finder. With these ideas in his mind he carried it still in his pocket, in company with his keys, jingling on the end of a chain.

The gas in the writing-room was not lit. Red gleams shot in from between the great boles of the cedar trees and touched the sea-green walls. Mr. Lamar liked the softened light and the pensively faint prospect, and went to the open window. Just outside it, on the balcony, in a Shaker rocking-chair, was the young lady who had worn the yellow shoes. She was reading and rocking, her pug in her lap, and if she was pretty in her flannel morning dress, words cannot describe her in a mist of fine black gauze cut square round her neck, and showing her arms to the elbow. Her skin was as white and flawless as a blanched almond. There was the gleam of a gold pin from the shadow of her dark hair, and a jewel hung round her neck rose and fell with her quiet breath. As she read she absently pulled the pug's ears, which drowsed with its eyes half open and its head against her arm.

Lamar looked. She turned the page. The pug, disturbed, rose to its fore paws, gazed at her with an expression of idiotic fondness, and tried to lick her chin. She avoided this demonstration of affection by moving her chin from side to side, keeping her eyes still on the book. The pug continuing, she struck it gently, observing,

"Don't, you bad little abominable dog!"

"I beg your pardon," said Lamar suddenly from the window.

The lady looked up with the raised eyebrows of polite inquiry.

"I have something of yours," said the young man desperately, and in a low tone.

"Yes? What is that?"

"I—I—don't quite know. Or rather—Well— But— Um! I didn't like to leave it at the office. I thought—yes—I thought—" He leaned out of the window, with his closed hand extended. "Here it is."

She held out her hand, and he dropped it in. She looked, and gave an exclamation of joy that caused the pug to jump to the ground.

"Oh, how glad I am! Thanks so much. Thanks awfully! I was so afraid it was lost. Isn't that lucky?" And she looked affectionately at the returned treasure with her head on one side.

There was light enough to see her face distinctly. She did not exhibit a sign of embarrassment, not the ghost of a blush. Lamar felt a sudden chill of disappointment and disapprobation.

"You found it in there?" she said, indicating the writing-room, and looking up at him with frank, candid eyes. "Yes, that's where it was lost."

"I—I supposed so," said Lamar, with a wan smile.

"I looked for it myself this morning all over," she continued; "under everything; but it was gone."

"Yes?" said the young man, with a fatuously inquiring air. "If she knew I was behind the paper, she'd ask me why I didn't give it to her then and there; and what the deuce would I say? I couldn't tell her that I was afraid she would be embarrassed, for such an idea has apparently never entered her head. I must dissemble," thought he.

"I value this very much," she went on, turning it over in her hand.

"I should imagine so."

"You see there is only one like it. There is not a single duplicate anywhere."

She looked smilingly into his face. Lamar stared at her in stupefied horror.

"Only one—did you say?" he managed to articulate in a faint voice.

"Only one," she repeated, nodding her head. "It was made to order."

There was a moment of silence. Lamar made no comment, but continued to stare vacantly at her. He was thinking: "It must have been an accident. She can't be a veteran of the war. I might have known it—the law of compensation again. Such a lovely face as that must have some counter-balancing defect."

"When you have only one—and that such a pet," she continued, not noticing his silence—"you like to have everything as pretty as possible."

"Yes, yes. Of course, of course," ejaculated Lamar, laughing idiotically. "If you have only one, I expect it must be somewhat of a treasure," he thought. Then he added boldly, but with the air of confiding a piece of news, "I have two."

"Two?" said the young lady, with vivacious interest. "What kind?"

Lamar looked askance at her, in alarmed silence. Was she doubly afflicted? She was stroking the pug with the tips of her fingers, and there was nothing in her placid expression to suggest mania of any form.

"The same as everybody else's," he answered, with some hauteur. "Are the people in this part of the country in the habit of managing with one?"

"As a rule, they have only one; it's so much less bother. Though, to be sure, I have a friend who has—let me see—yes, eleven."

"*She* must be a centipede," thought Lamar. "I seem to be encountering remarkable freaks of nature. There is a fortune waiting here for any one who wants to start up a dime museum." Then he remarked aloud, regarding her with his head on one side, a tolerant, fond smile on his lips, "That must be quite an *embarras de richesse*, especially when you're walking."

"They do get rather in the way," admitted the young lady; "but most of them are very well trained."

"Very clever of them, I am sure," murmured Lamar, leaning against the window-frame, and feeling that he was about to swoon.

There was another short silence, during which the girl continued to examine her restored treasure. Presently she said, musingly: "I see the threads are broken. She has broken them once before, though I don't see how she can possibly do it."

Lamar only stared and swallowed. She held his glance with a horrible, eerie fascination.

"You know she loves to run about so," she prattled on. "She ran away from me this morning, and when she came back it was gone. She must have crept under the table, and not come out until she had got it off."

"Who is *she?*" asked Lamar, in a voice from the tombs.

"She? Why, Bobo—my pug. Isn't she a beauty? Come up here, Bobo"—patting her knee. "I want to put your collar on, and

Google

show this gentleman, who was kind enough to return it, how pretty you look when you're all dressed up." She held the band round the dog's neck, and, turning to Lamar, said, with laughing archness, "Isn't it becoming?"

Lamar sat down on the window-sill. He was not bored, but he took up the morning paper, which lay on an adjacent desk, and began to fan himself with it, though the evening had grown cool.

"WAIT DES A MINIT."

I have a gallant lover,
He's true as true can be;
But it's come to this when I want a kiss
He always says to me,
"Wait des a minit."

He does not love another;
His heart is all my own;
Yet I grieve to know, when he treats me so,
That mine to him has flown—
"Wait des a minit."

His face is very fair;
His eyes are violet blue;
And the light they send as on me they bend
'Most breaks my heart in two—
"Wait des a minit."

His hair is like the sun
That shines upon the dew;
But he likes not girls, and he shakes his curls,
With words that pierce me through—
"Wait des a minit."

Whenever I talk of love,
In moonlight or by day,
He just looks at me, and in mocking glee
Remarks, and runs away,
"Wait des a minit."

I'll tell you what I'll do
To punish this young man:
When he wants a wife, if it takes his life,
I'll say to the young woman,
"Wait des a minit."

Sandy Broad.

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

Whichever of the thirty questions—"the want to knows, you know"—embodied in the schedule of the Eleventh Census of the United States was it that aroused the wrath of the gray headed gentleman? Did he take in high dudgeon the nineteenth one, "Was he able to read?" Perhaps it was the one as to his naturalization which irritated him. More probably it was the twenty-second question which touched him to the quick, for just then he might have had a twinge of gout, and so he answered that and the twenty-third one in a most conclusive manner, showing that he was neither "defective in mind, sight, hearing, or speech."

The census young man, who had rather prided himself on his nice get up, had considered himself lucky in having allotted to him the better portion of the city. He certainly is taken aback at the reception he is meeting. He has bearded the lion in his den, for the fretted head of the family looks as if he were inclined to swallow the young census man, portfolio and all. There probably was no reason why Paterfamilias should have fumed so, though a tempestuous manner is often assorted to the part.

Perhaps it was unfortunate for the young searcher after facts to have interrupted that hour, devoted to after dinner coffee. If a man has any sacred right, it would be at that precise time.

There is no reason to suppose that the enumerator asked any impertinent questions. He probably kept within the strict limits of the schedule. It was the suddenness of the outburst, just as Mr. Smedley has sketched it, that agitated the enumerator. It was so entirely unexpected. He had not suspected that a storm was lowering. A schedule is, however, a schedule, and he clings to it, nor will he drop it in his nicely brushed hat and bolt, or call on the authority of the United States to bring this old gentleman to a better comprehension of the amenities of life. We are sorry to suspect "the head of that family" to be a very wrong headed one. It is evident that the gentleman's wife and daughter intercede. The young lady, with an imploring gesture, has her hand on her father's arm, and his wife begs him to mitigate his ire. Don Furioso's fist may make the cups, the saucers, the silver rattle, but that will be the worst of it. There are certain human geysers which must seethe, foam, and spout forth. The pressure being relieved, a calmer period sets in. It might be that the census man, after the first shock, was so courteous, took the old gentleman's blurt and bluster in so manly a way, youth forgiving the faults of old age, that the young lady found something quite interesting in the enumerator. So she felt doubly obliged to him when he neither smiled when the question of sex (the No. 5) was asked, nor did he simper nor look as if in doubt when the terrible No. 6, her age, was confided to him.

MODERN JAPAN AT THE TOKIO EXHIBITION.

The progress of Japan in the last twenty years or so has inspired on-lookers with sincere admiration for the enterprising little country. The progress of Japan differs from that of other Asiatic countries in kind as well as in degree, being vital and national, and not imposed by foreigners. At first the Japanese resolutely repelled foreign invasion, then, with hardly a pause, they grasped and assimilated foreign ideas. The country itself—tiny, lovely, clean, compact—favors progression. It looks as if it had been made piecemeal, like its fans, cabinets, and crêpes, and with no space for deserts. Man has mastered every spot of it. The very volcanic force, so easily traceable, seems to be disciplined, almost sentient and humorous, and appears as if it exercised its powers in earthquakes and eruptions with the knowledge and consent of the population, whose ancestors, one might fancy, had crept out from daintily moulded grottoes of softly tinted lava buried in some volcanic crater.

In the few years during which they have been taking on the polish of nineteenth century civilization they have done wonders, as their roads, railways, and towns all testify. While their phlegmatic neighbors, the Chinese, have scarcely any show to make for a much longer contact with Western ideas, and palter feebly over introducing a few miles of railway, Japan goes the length of organizing successful exhibitions, the third of which is now being held at Tokio, her large and well laid out capital. It is a great attraction to tourists naturally, and the writer was glad to seize the opportunity of passing through Japan to go and view the exhibition. I reached Tokio after about an hour's railway journey from Yokohama, and on arriving at Shimbashi, the Tokio station, I found there was some distance to go to reach the exhibition. There were street cars running, but we preferred rickshas, as the cars were filled to overflowing. So I and my companion mounted one of these large perambulators pulled by a small fellow-creature in a huge mushroom of a hat, who trotted pluckily the long distance, dodging cars, pedestrians, lamps, shops, and affording us some excitement from hair-breadth escapes. At last trees and flags and booths came in sight, and our man carriage stopped at the entrance to the exhibition.

We dismissed our coolies, and presented our ticket to the official at the gate, and passed in with swarms of natives, whose *geta* (clogs) made a pretty clatter as they walked. The entrance is wide, and leads one up a long street between two rows of buildings. Our first idea being lunch, we looked about for a restaurant, and soon found one conducted on foreign principles, with a clean matted floor, little tables, and a surprisingly cheap *menu*—chicken or beef, eight cents; fish, six cents, and so on, with tea, coffee, chocolate, and Japanese beer to drink. Having made a good meal for about fifty cents, we set off to see the crowds and the exhibition, and followed the stream of natives to the large main building, at the door of which an old Japanese took away our umbrellas with a sweet smile, and gave us a check for them with an obeisance. We went in, and soon saw that the exhibition was not exactly what we had anticipated. Being for the amusement and edification of the Japanese, naturally enough a large amount of space was occupied with exhibits similar to what one sees at home, and not, as we had imagined, with exclusively Japanese articles. There were stuffed animals, skeletons, specimens of modern European silks, wall-papers, and so on, all of which interested us less than it did the natives. Still there were examples of their old rough pottery, their modern ware and lacquer-work and arms, etc. The catalogue not being ready at that date, it was a little difficult to follow things, and the few inscriptions visible consisted mostly of necessary but unenlightening instructions not to touch anything.

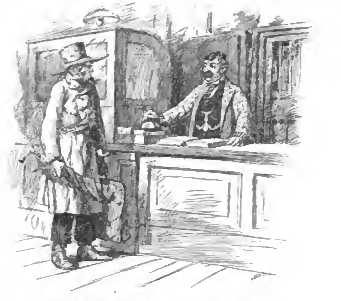
The display of armor was good, and some fine swords attracted us, also the curious carriage belonging to the Mikado. After a short stroll through the different rooms we left the building, first noticing a handsome cabinet in gold lacquer which had a card attached, stating it had been shipwrecked on its way home from the Vienna Exhibition, and had not been injured by going to the bottom of the sea. All the damage perceptible was a slight tarnishing of its metal hinges, corners, etc., the lacquer being none the worse. On regaining the door, we reclaimed our umbrellas and pressed some money on the civil old man, but with a series of elegant court bows he declined. We walked about the beautiful grounds, looking at the tea houses with their little table, on which you sit with your tea. We admired the crowds of natives, who really interested one more than the exhibition did. Every one is familiar with the fashion of Japanese garments, and also with their pretty stuffs, cotton and otherwise; but the full effect of the elegance of the dress can only be appreciated when seen on crowds of natives. The girls nearly all carried a fan and umbrella, and indulged, besides, in a variety of airs and graces, especially when they had extra claims to good looks. They are very picturesque, with a kind of swaying, knock kneed grace admirably in keeping with their garments; but, after all, they are not so very pretty. In fact, few escape downright ugliness in foreign dress. After a walk, we began to do the side shows. One which attracted the natives strongly turned out to be a collection of electro-plated ware.

Passing into another building we came upon some beautiful scrolls and hangings, painted and embroidered, also a fair collection of native oil-paintings, two of which struck us particularly. The first showed a large tree with a heavy branch, on which sat some birds most delicately defined against a clear silvery moonlit sky. The tone of the sky reminded one of Doré's "Dream of Pilate's Wife." The other picture represented a Turneresque marine scene, with a great writhing sea-monster, half dragon, half serpent, fold upon fold of whose scaly length showed through the waves and foam, and upon whose arched and evil-looking neck stood the fair figure of a woman. Both these paintings were eight or ten feet high by four or five feet wide, and would have attracted attention in any European exhibition.

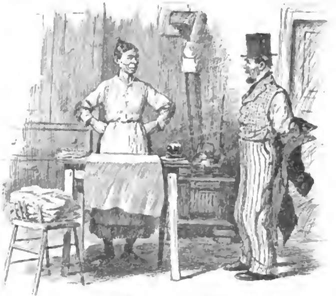
The people behaved like highly bred guests at an extremely select garden party. We felt almost guilty of bad manners in staring at them, and on one occasion, when watching the process of a tiny baby being strapped on to its mother's back with a long silk scarf crossed Greek fashion, I felt like an intruding vandal. Although we were the only foreigners within sight, these gentle Asiatics took no embarrassing notice of us. Just as we left we saw the prettiest dresses of all, on a group of three girls in pale green silk crêpe *kimonas*, with *obis* of cloth of gold. After leaving the exhibition we were glad to arrive at the railway in time for the four o'clock train. It stops at several stations between Tokio and Yokohama, and the Japanese crowded in and out the second and third classes, but only one native appeared in the first class. The carriages are small but clean, and indeed everything in Japan seems clean. It is their standard virtue; and whatever one makes of their godliness, their cleanliness is beyond dispute. Would that the clean-handedness which distinguishes them in their houses were their guiding-star in political and commercial life! A leading San Francisco merchant who has been spending some months in China and Japan for business and pleasure tells me that there is no comparison between the Chinese and Japanese for straight dealing. "A Chinaman," said he, "is a difficult man to bargain with; but once the contract is closed, and his 'chop' on the document, you can be sure that he will treat you fairly. But a 'Jap,' all bows and smiles, promises everything, and the next day stands you out to your face that you misapprehended his meaning." The Chinese expression, "Hua tunghsi" (slippery thing), so often applied to this people, seems to fit them not inaptly, but, like too many unreliable people, they have charming manners, and one forgives them for the sake of their delightful surroundings.

It has been well said that the Japanese are far too picturesque for politics, that they should stick to tea houses and geisha girls, and leave "rings" and caucuses to the ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon. But these things must be faced, and that in a near future. Japan has elected for constitutional government, and her first Parliament is to meet this next September in the handsome building now rapidly approaching completion at Tokio. At a political banquet given some time ago one of the oldest foreign residents said to a distinguished Japanese official, "The first time I saw your Excellency you were wearing two swords, and had given orders to throw all the outer barbarians into Yokohama Bay." The little man bowed, and replied, "Quite true, but that was before we had studied the Constitution of the United States."

There is a key-note in those words. The Japanese are looking toward America in the great domestic struggle that is before them. The old leaven of feudalism is still among them, and the new Constitution has yet to earn its right to the gratitude of the people at large. The first six months of the new Parliament will be watched with eager interest by all the well-wishers of this plucky and go-ahead little nation. Ixuonax.



HOTEL CLERK. "Now, when you retire, don't try to blow out the light."
FARMER. "Why not?"
HOTEL CLERK. "Because it is an electric light, and you can't."



INSURED, BUT NOT ASSURED.

"I'm after gittin' ther house insured for one hundred and fifty dollars, Bridget."
"Arrah! an' where's ther money, Pat?"
"Faix, they won't pay that till ther house is burnt down."
"Och, yer fule, if they won't give it to yez now, divil a cent will they give whin there's no house at all."

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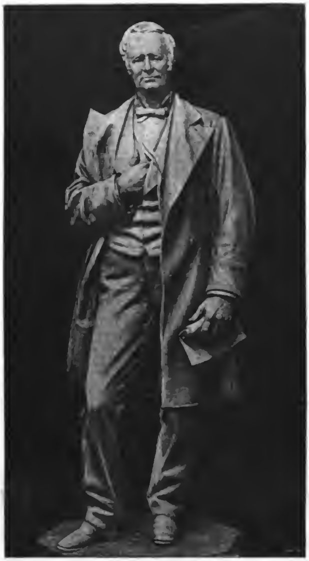
tion of forty feet. It stands in the southeast corner of the spacious grounds around the Capitol, right in the line of approach to that building from Washington Street.

The occasion of the unveiling will be one of marked interest in Indianapolis, and will attract considerable attention throughout the State. The late Vice President was an unexceptionable example of the trite political figure known as a "favorite son"—a phrase which has a stronger meaning in the West than in the East. In the former, public men are more in social touch with the masses, and especially with the better elements of the people, than they are in the latter. The interest in politics and public affairs is more general. Mr. Hendricks possessed traits that rendered him personally popular aside from his official record. He had his ambitions, but cherished no animosities if they were balked. Conrad Baker, a Republican, who defeated him for the Governorship in 1868, subsequently became his law partner. His acceptance of the second place on the Democratic national ticket in 1884 was attended by a deep disappointment that he did not secure the first place, and not without an unfounded feeling that he was entitled to it. At least three times he came almost within reaching distance of the nomination for the Presidency. In 1868 he stood second on the first ballot, and only three votes behind the leader. In 1876 he again came near the goal; but Tilden won, and he took the Vice-Presidential candidacy. If the highest honor in the gift of the nation was to fall to an Indiana Democrat, no one but Hendricks, for the last twenty five years of his life, was seriously thought of as the recipient.

Though born in Ohio, his Hoosierism was not to be impugned. He went to Indiana in 1820, when but six months old, grew up there, and graduated at South Hanover College in 1841. In 1843 he began the practice of law at Shelbyville, and in 1845 was sent to the Legislature. He was elected to Congress in 1850 and 1852, and in 1851 was a member of the Constitutional Convention. During Pierce's administration he was Commissioner of the Public Land Office. In 1860 he was defeated for Governor by Henry S. Lane. From 1863 to 1869 he was United States Senator, and was Governor from 1872 to 1876. His uncle, William Hendricks, represented Indiana in the United States Senate from 1825 to 1837. The name Hendricks came to be regarded as almost an institution in the State.

There was no single act or event of overshadowing importance in the life of Mr. Hendricks that raised him to the marked distinction he enjoyed. He was a man of even abilities, a clear thinker and finished speaker, conservative in temperament, suave in manner, and an eminently prudent leader. His civic virtues were of a high order, and it is to his credit that he died in moderate financial circumstances. He was to the Democracy of his State in his day and generation what his distinguished contemporary, Oliver P. Morton, was to the Republicans; and the fact that his old political opponents as well as his friends will assemble to do honor to his memory at the unveiling of his statue is an eloquent tribute to him as a man and citizen.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

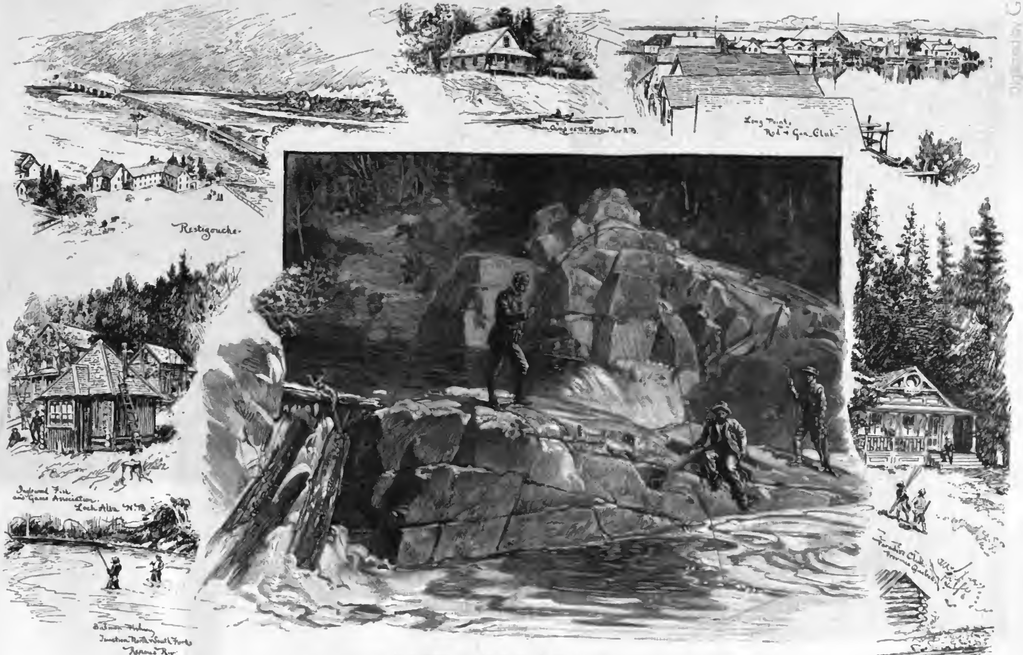


THE STATUE.

GORICAL FIGURE OF JUSTICE

ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF HISTORY

NT TO THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, TO BE UNVEILED AT INDIANAPOLIS ON JULY 1.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.


Restigouche.
Camp on the Nepisiguit Riv. N.B.
Long Point, Rod & Gun Club.
Tobique Fish and Game Association. Loch Alva N.B.
Salmon Fishing Junction North & South Forks Nepisiguit Riv. N.B.
Tourilli Club Quebec
W. A. Rogers.

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN AND SPORTING CLUBS IN CANADA.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers after Photographs.—[See Page 498.]

AMONG THE CORN ROWS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

I.

Rob held up his hands, from which the dough depended in ragged strings.

"'Biscuits,'" he said, with an elaborate working of his jaws, intended to convey the idea that they were going to be specially delicious.

Seagraves laughed, but did not enter the shanty door. "How do you like baching it?"

"Oh, don't mention it!" entreated Rob, mauling the dough again. "Come in an' sit down. What in thunder y' standin' out there for?"

"Oh, I'd rather be where I can see the prairie. Great weather!"

"*Im*-mense!"

"How goes breaking?"

"Tip-top! A *leetle* dry now, but the bulls pull the plough through two acres a day. How's things in Boomtown?"

"Oh, same old grind."

"Judge still lyin'?"

"Still at it."

"Major Mullens still swearin' to it?"

"You hit it like a mallet. Railroad schemes are thicker'n prairie-chickens. You've got grit, Rob. I don't have anything but crackers and sardines over to my shanty, and here you are making soda biscuit."

"I have t' do it. Couldn't break if I didn't. You editors c'n take things easy, lay around on the prairie, and watch the plovers and medder-larks; but we *settlers* have got to work."

Leaving Rob to sputter over his cooking, Seagraves took his slow way off down toward the oxen grazing in a little hollow. The scene was characteristically, wonderfully beautiful. It was about five o'clock in a day in late June, and the level plain was green and yellow, and infinite in reach as a sea; the lowering sun was casting over its distant swells a faint impalpable mist, through which the breaking teams on the neighboring claims ploughed noiselessly, as figures in a dream. The whistle of gophers, the faint, wailing, fluttering cry of the falling plover, the whir of the swift-winged prairie-pigeon, or the quack of a lonely duck, came through the shimmering air. The lark's infrequent whistle, piercingly sweet, broke from the longer grass in the swales near by. No other climate, sky, plain, could produce the same unnamable weird charm. No tree to wave, no grass to rustle; scarcely a sound of domestic life; only the faint melancholy soughing of the wind in the short grass, and the voices of the wild things of the prairie.

Seagraves, an impressionable young man (junior editor of the Boomtown *Spike*), threw himself down on the sod, pulled his hat rim down over his eyes, and looked away over the plain. It was the second year of Boomtown's existence, and Seagraves had not yet grown restless under its monotony. Around him the gophers played saucily. Teams were moving here and there across the sod, with a peculiar noiseless, effortless motion, that made them seem as calm, lazy, and unsubstantial as the mist through which they made their way; even the sound of passing wagons was a sort of low, well-fed, self-satisfied chuckle.

Seagraves, "holding down a claim" near Rob, had come to see his neighboring "bach" because feeling the need of company; but now that he was near enough to hear him prancing about getting supper, he was content to lie alone on a slope of the green sod.

The silence of the prairie at night was wellnigh terrible. Many a night, as Seagraves lay in his bunk against the side of his cabin, he would strain his ear to hear the slightest sound, and be listening thus sometimes for minutes before the squeak of a mouse or the step of a passing fox came as a relief to the aching sense. In the daytime, however, and especially on a morning, the prairie was another thing. The pigeons, the larks, the cranes, the multitudinous voices of the ground birds and snipes and insects, made the air pulsate with sound—a chorus that died away into an infinite murmur of music.

"Hello, Seagraves!" yelled Rob from the door. "The biscuit are 'most done."

Seagraves did not speak, only nodded his head, and slowly rose. The faint clouds in the west were getting a superb flame-color above and a misty purple below, and the sun had shot them with lances of yellow light. As the air grew denser with moisture, the sounds of neighboring life began to reach the ear. Children screamed and laughed, and afar off a woman was singing a lullaby. The rattle of wagons and voices of men speaking to their teams multiplied. Ducks in a neighboring lowland were quacking. The whole scene took hold upon Seagraves with irresistible power.

"It is American," he exclaimed. "No other land or time can match this mellow air, this wealth of color, much less the strange social conditions of life on this sunlit Dakota prairie."

Rob, though visibly affected by the scene also, couldn't let his biscuit spoil, or go without proper attention.

"Say, ain't y' comin' t' grub?" he asked, impatiently.

"In a minute," replied his friend, taking a last wistful look at the scene. "I want one more look at the landscape."

"Landscape be blowed! If you'd been breakin' all day— Come, take that stool an' draw up."

"No; I'll take the candle box."

"Not much. I know what manners are, if I am a bull-driver."

Seagraves took the three-legged and rather precarious-looking stool and drew up to the table, which was a flat broad box nailed up against the side of the wall, with two strips of board nailed at the outer corners for legs.

"How's that f'r a lay out?" Rob inquired, proudly.

"Well, you *have* spread yourself! Biscuit and canned peaches and sardines and cheese. Why, this is—is—prodigal."

"It ain't nothin' else."

Rob was from one of the finest counties of Wisconsin, over toward Milwaukee. He was of German parentage, a middle-sized, cheery, wide-awake, good-looking young fellow—a typical claim-holder. He was always confident, jovial, and full of plans for the future. He had dug his own well, built his own shanty, washed and mended his own clothing. He could do anything, and do it well. He had a fine field of wheat, and was finishing the ploughing of his entire quarter section.

"This is what I call settin' under a feller's own vine an' fig tree"—after Seagraves's compliments—"an' I like it. I'm my own boss. No man can say 'come here' 'n' 'go there' to me. I get up when I'm a mind to, an' go t' bed when I'm a mind to."

"Some drawbacks, I s'pose?"

"Yes. Mice, f'r instance, give me a devilish lot o' trouble. They get into my flour barrel, eat up my cheese, an' fall into my well. But it ain't no use t' swear."

"'The rats and the mice they made such a strife
He had to go to London to buy him a wife,'"

quoted Seagraves. "Don't blush. I've probed your secret thought."

"Well, to tell the honest truth," said Rob, a little sheepishly, leaning across the table, "I ain't satisfied with my style o' cookin'. It's good, but a little too plain, y' know. I'd like a change. It ain't much fun to break all day, and then go to work an' cook y'r own supper."

"No, I should say not."

"This fall I'm going back to Wisconsin. Girls are thick as huckleberries back there, and I'm goin' t' bring one back, now you hear me."

"Good! That's the plan," laughed Seagraves, amused at a certain timid and apprehensive look in his companion's eye. "Just think what a woman 'd do to put this shanty in shape; and think how nice it would be to take her arm and saunter out after supper, and look at the farm, and plan and lay out gardens and paths, and tend the chickens!"

Rob's manly and self-reliant nature had the settler's typical buoyancy and hopefulness, as well as a certain power of analysis, which enabled him now to say: "The fact is, we fellers holdin' down claims out here ain't fools clear to the *rine*. We know a *couple* o' things. Now I didn't leave Waupac County f'r fun. Did y' ever see Waupac? Well, it's one o' the handsomest counties the sun ever shone on, full o' lakes and rivers and groves of timber. I miss 'em all out here, and I miss the boys an' girls, but they wa'n't no chance there f'r a feller. Land that was good was so blamed high you couldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole from a balloon. Rent was high, if you wanted t' rent, an' so a feller like me had t' get out, an' now I'm out here, I'm goin' t' make the most of it. Another thing," he went on, after a pause—"we fellers workin' out back there got more 'n' more like *hosses*, an' less like human beings. Y' know, Waupac is a kind of a summer resort, and the people that use' t' come in summers looked down on us cusses in the fields an' shops. I couldn't stand it. By God!" he said, with a sudden impulse of rage quite unlike him, "I'd rather live on an iceberg and claw crabs f'r a livin' than have some feller passin' me on the road an' callin' me 'fellah!'"

Seagraves knew what he meant, and listened in astonishment at this outburst.

"I consider myself a sight better 'n' any man who lives on somebody else's hard work. I've never had a cent I didn't earn with them hands." He held them up, and broke into a grin. "Beauties, ain't they? But they never wore gloves that some other poor cuss earned."

Seagraves thought them grand hands, worthy to grasp the hand of any man or woman living.

"Well, so I come West, jest like a thousand other fellers, to get a start where the cussed European aristocracy hadn't got a holt on the people. I like it here—course I'd like the lakes an' meadows of Waupac better—but I'm my own boss, as I say, an' I'm goin' to *stay* my own boss if I haf to live on crackers an' wheat coffee to do it; that's the kind of a hair-pin I am."

In the pause which followed, Seagraves, plunged deep into thought by Rob's words, leaned his head on his hand. This working farmer had voiced the modern idea. It was an absolute overturn of all the ideas of nobility and special privilege born of the feudal past. Rob had spoken upon impulse, but that impulse appeared to Seagraves to be right.

"I'd like to use your idea for an editorial, Rob," he said.

"*My* ideas!" exclaimed the astounded host, pausing in the act of filling his pipe. "My ideas! Why, I didn't know I had any."

"Well, you've given me some, anyhow."

Seagraves felt that it was a wild grand upstirring of the modern democrat against the aristocratic, against the idea of caste and the privilege of living on the labor of others. This atom of humanity (how infinitesimal this drop in the ocean of humanity!) was feeling the nameless longing of expanding personality, and had already pierced the conventions of society, and declared as *nil* the laws of the land—laws that were survivals of hate and prejudice. He had exposed also the native spring of the emigrant by uttering the feeling that it is better to be an equal among peasants than a servant before nobles.

"So I have good reasons f'r liking the country," Rob resumed, in a quiet way. "The soil is rich, the climate good so far, an' if I have a couple o' decent crops you'll see a neat upright goin' up here, with a porch and a bay-winder."

"And you'll still be livin' here alone, frying leathery slapjacks an' chopping 'taters and bacon."

"I think I see myself," drawled Rob, "goin' around all summer wearin' the same shirt without washin', an' wipin' on the same towel four straight weeks, an' wearin' holes in my socks, an' eatin' musty ginger-snaps, mouldy bacon, an' canned Boston beans f'r the rest o' my endurin' days! Oh yes, I guess *not!* Well, see y' later. Must go water my bulls."

As he went off down the slope, Seagraves smiled to hear him sing:

"I wish that some kind-hearted girl
Would pity on me take,
And extricate me from the mess I'm in.
The angel—how I'd bless her,
If this her home she'd make,
In my little old sod shanty on the plain!"

The boys nearly fell off their chairs in the Western House dining-room, a few days later, at seeing Rob come in to supper with a collar and neck-tie as the finishing touch of a remarkable outfit.

"Hit him, somebody!"

"It's a clean collar!"

"He's started f'r Congress!"

"He's going to get married," put in Seagraves, in a tone that brought conviction.

"What!" screamed Jack Adams, O'Neill, and Wilson, in one breath. "That man?"

"That man," replied Seagraves, amazed at Rob, who coolly took his seat, squared his elbows, pressed his collar down at the back, and called for the bacon and eggs.

The crowd stared at him in a dead silence.

"Where's he going to do it?" asked Jack Adams. "Where's he going to find a girl?"

"Ask him," said Seagraves.

"I ain't tellin'," put in Rob, with his mouth full of potato.

"You're afraid of our competition."

"That's right; *our* competition, Jack; not *your* competition. Come, now, Rob, tell us where you found her."

"I ain't found her."

"What! And yet you're goin' away t' get married?"

"I'm goin' t' bring a wife back with me ten days fr'm date."

"I see his scheme," put in Jim Rivers. "He's goin' back East somewhere, an' he's goin' to propose to every girl he meets."

"Hold on!" interrupted Rob, holding up his fork. "Ain't quite right. Every *good-lookin'* girl I meet."

"Well, I'll be blanked!" exclaimed Jack, impatiently; "that simply let's me out. Any man with such cheek ought to—"

"Succeed," interrupted Seagraves.

"That's what I say," bawled Hank Whiting, the proprietor of the house. "You fellers 'ain't got no enterprise to yeh. Why don't you go to work an' help settle the country like men? 'Cause y' ain't got no sand. Girls are thicker 'n huckleberries back East. I say it's a dum shame!"

"Easy, Henry," said the elegant bank clerk, Wilson, looking gravely about through his spectacles. "I commend the courage and the resolution of Mr. Rodemaker. I pray the lady may not

"'Mislike him for his complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burning sun.'"

"Shakespeare," said Adams, at a venture.

"Brother in adversity, when do you embark? Another Jason on an untried sea."

"Hay!" said Rob, winking at Seagraves. "Oh, I go to-night—night train."

"And return?"

"Ten days from date."

"I'll wager a wedding supper he brings a blonde," said Wilson, in his clean-cut, languid speech.

"Oh, come, now, Wilson; that's too thin! We all know that rule about dark marryin' light."

"I'll wager she'll be tall," continued Wilson. "I'll wager *you*, friend Rodemaker, she'll be blond and tall."

The rest roared at Rob's astonishment and confusion. The absurdity of it grew, and they went into spasms of laughter. But Wilson remained impassive, not the twitching of a muscle betraying that he saw anything to laugh at in the proposition.

Mrs. Whiting and the kitchen girls came in, wondering at the merriment. Rob began to get uneasy.

"What is it? What is it?" said Mrs. Whiting, a jolly little matron.

Rivers put the case. "Rob's on his way back to Wisconsin t' get married, and Wilson has offered to bet *him* that his wife will be a blonde and tall, and Rob doesn't bet!"

And they roared again.

"Why, the idea! the man's crazy!" said Mrs. Whiting.

The crowd looked at each other. This was hint enough; they sobered, nodding at each other.

"Aha! I see; I understand."

"It's the heat."

"And the Boston beans."

"Let up on him, Wilson. Don't badger a poor irresponsible fellow. I *thought* something was wrong when I saw the collar."

"Oh, keep it up!" said Rob, a little nettled by their evident intention to "have fun" with him.

"Soothe him—*soo-o-o-the* him!" said Wilson. "Don't be harsh."

Rob rose from the table. "Go to thunder! you make me tired."

"The fit is on him again!"

He rose disgustedly and went out. They followed him in single file. The rest of the town "caught on." Frank Graham heaved an apple at him, and joined the procession. Rob went into the store to buy some tobacco. They followed, and perched like crows on the counters till he went out; then they followed him, as before. They watched him check his trunk, they witnessed the purchase of the ticket. The town had turned out by this time.

"Waupac!" announced the one nearest the victim.

"Waupac!" said the next man, and the word was passed along the street up town.

"Make a note of it," said Wilson. "Waupac—a county where a man's proposal for marriage is honored upon presentation. Sight drafts."

Rivers struck up a song, while Rob stood around, patiently bearing the jokes of the crowd:

"We're lookin' rather seedy now,
While holdin' down our claims,
And our vittles are not always of the best,
And the mice play slyly round us
As we lay down to sleep
In our little old tarred shanties on the claim.

"Yet we rather like the novelty
Of livin' in this way,
Though the bill of fare is often rather tame;
An' we're happy as a clam
On the land of Uncle Sam
In our little old tarred shanty on the claim."

The train drew up at length, to the immense relief of Rob, whose stoical resignation was beginning to weaken.

"Don't y' wish y' had sand?" he yelled to the crowd as he plunged into the car, thinking he was rid of them.

But no, their last stroke was to follow him into the car, nodding, pointing to their heads, and whispering, managing in the half minute the train stood at the platform to set every person in the car staring at the "crazy man." Rob groaned, and pulled his hat down over his eyes—an action which confirmed his tormentors' words, and made several ladies click their tongues in sympathy—"Tlck! tlck! poor fellow!"

"All *aboo-o-a-rd!*" said the conductor, grinning his appreciation at the crowd, and the train was off.

"Oh, won't we make him groan when he gets back!" said Barney, the young lawyer who sung the shouting tenor.

"We'll meet him with the timbrel and the harp. Anybody want to wager? I've got two to one on a short brunette," said Wilson.

II.

A corn field in July is a hot place. The soil is hot and dry; the wind comes across the lazily murmuring leaves laden with a warm sickening smell drawn from the rapidly growing, broad-flung banners of the corn. The sun, nearly vertical, drops a flood of dazzling light and heat upon the field over which the cool shadows run, only to make the heat seem the more intense.

Julia Peterson, faint with fatigue, was toiling back and forth between the corn rows, holding the handles of the double-shovel corn plough, while her little brother Otto rode the steaming horse. Her heart was full of bitterness, and her face flushed with heat, and her muscles aching with fatigue. The heat grew terrible. The corn came to her shoulders, and not a breath seemed to reach her, while the sun, nearing the noon mark, lay pitilessly upon her shoulders, protected only by a calico dress. The dust rose under her feet, and as she was wet with perspiration it soiled her till, with a woman's instinctive cleanliness, she shuddered. Her head throbbed dangerously. What matter to her that the kingbird pitched jovially from the maples to catch a wandering bluebottle fly, that the robin was feeding its young, that the bobolink was singing? All these things, if she saw them, only threw her bondage to labor into greater relief.

Across the field, in another patch of corn, she could see her father—a big, gruff-voiced, wide-bearded Norwegian—at work also with a plough. The corn must be ploughed, and so she toiled on, the tears dropping from the shadow of the ugly sun-bonnet she wore. Her shoes, coarse and square-toed, chafed her feet, her hands, large and strong, were browned, or more properly *burnt*, on the backs by the sun. The horse's harness "creak-cracked" as he swung steadily and patiently forward, the moisture pouring from his sides, his nostrils distended.

The field ran down to a road, and on the other side of the road ran a river—a broad, clear, shallow expanse at that point, and the eyes of the boy gazed longingly at the pond and the cool shadow each time that he turned at the fence.

"Say, Jule, I'm goin' in! Come, can't I? Come—say!" he pleaded, as they stopped at the fence to let the horse breathe.

"I've let you go wade twice."

"But that don't do any good. My legs is

oogle

all smarty, 'cause ol' Jack sweats so." The boy turned around on the horse's back, and slid back to his rump. "I can't stand it!" he burst out, sliding off and darting under the fence. "Father can't see."

The girl put her elbows on the fence, and watched her little brother as he sped away to the pool, throwing off his clothes as he ran, whooping with uncontrollable delight. Soon she could hear him splashing about in the water a short distance up the stream, and caught glimpses of his little shiny body and happy face. How cool that water looked! And the shadows there by the big basswood! How that water would cool her blistered feet! An impulse seized her, and she squeezed between the rails of the fence, and stood in the road looking up and down to see that the way was clear. It was not a main travelled road; no one was likely to come; why not?

She hurriedly took off her shoes and stockings—how delicious the cool soft velvet of the grass!—and sitting down on the bank under the great basswood, whose roots formed an abrupt bank, she slid her poor blistered, chafed feet into the water, her bare head leaned against the huge tree trunk.

And now as she rested the beauty of the scene came to her. Over her the wind moved the leaves. A jay screamed far off, as if answering the cries of the boy. A kingfisher crossed and recrossed the stream with dipping sweep of his wings. The river sang with its lips to the pebbles. The vast clouds went by majestically far above the tree-tops, and the snap and buzzing and ringing whir of July insects made a ceaseless, slumberous undertone of song solvent of all else. The tired girl forgot her work. She began to dream. This would not last always. Some one would come to release her from such drudgery. This was her constant, tenderest, and most secret dream. *He* would be a Yankee, not a Norwegian; the Yankees didn't ask their wives to work in the field. He would have a home. Perhaps he'd live in town—perhaps a merchant! And then she thought of the drug clerk in Rock River who had looked at her— A voice broke in on her dream, a fresh manly voice.

"Well, by jinks! if it ain't Julia! Just the one I wanted to see!"

The girl turned, saw a pleasant faced young fellow in a derby hat and a fifteen-dollar suit of diagonals.

"Rob Rodemaker! How come—"

She remembered her situation, and flushed, looked down at the water, and remained perfectly still.

"Ain't y' goin' to shake hands? Y' don't seem very glad t' see *me*."

She began to grow angry. "If you had any eyes you'd see."

Rob looked over the edge of the bank, whistled, turned away. "Oh, I see! Excuse *me!* Don't blame yeh a bit, though. Good weather f'r corn," he went on, looking up at the trees. "Corn seems to be pretty well forward," he continued, in a louder voice, as he walked away, still gazing into the air. "Crops is looking first-class in Boomtown. Hello! This Otto? H'yare, y' little scamp! Get on to that horse agin. Quick, 'r I'll take y'r skin off an' hang it on the fence. What y' been doing?"

"Ben in swimmin'. Jimminy, ain't it fun! When 'd y' get back?" said the boy, grinning.

"Never you mind," replied Rob, leaping the fence by laying his left hand on the top rail. "Get on to that horse." He tossed the boy up on the horse, hung his coat on the fence. "I s'pose the ol' man makes her plough same as usual?"

"Yup," said Otto.

"Dod ding a man that 'll do that! I don't mind if it's necessary, but it ain't necessary in his case." He continued to mutter in this way as he went across to the other side of the field. As they turned to come back, Rob went up and looked at the horse's mouth. "Gettin' purty near of age. Say, who's sparkin' Julia now—anybody?"

"Nobody 'cept some ol' Norwegians. She won't have them. Pa wants her to, but she won't."

"Good f'r her. Nobody comes t' see her Sunday nights, eh?"

"Nope, only 'Tias Anderson an' Ole Hoover; but she goes off an' leaves 'em."

"Chk!" said Rob, starting old Jack across the field.

It was almost noon, and Jack moved reluctantly. He knew the time of day as well as the boy. He made this round after distinct protest.

In the mean time Julia, putting on her shoes and stockings, went to the fence and watched the man's shining white shirt as he moved across the corn field. There had never been any special tenderness between them, but she had always liked him. They had been at school together. She wondered why he had come back at this time of the year, and wondered how long he would stay. How long had he stood looking at her? She flushed again at the thought of it. But he wasn't to blame; it was a public road. She might have known better.

She stood under a little popple-tree, whose leaves shook musically at every zephyr, and her eyes through half-shut lids roved over the sea of deep green glossy leaves, dappled here and there by cloud shadows, stirred here and there like water by the wind, and out of it all a longing to be free from such toil rose like a breath, filling her throat, and quickening the motion of her heart. Must this go on forever, this life of heat and dust and labor? What did it all mean?

The girl laid her chin on her strong red wrists, and looked up into the blue spaces between the vast clouds—aerial mountains dissolving in a shoreless azure sea. How cool and sweet and restful they looked! If she might only lie out on the billowy, snow-white, sun-lit edge! The voices of the driver and the ploughman recalled her, and she fixed her eyes again upon the slowly nodding head of the patient horse, the boy turned half about on the horse talking to the white-sleeved man, whose derby hat bobbed up and down quite curiously, like the horse's head. Would she ask him to dinner? What would her people say?

"Phew! it's hot!" was the greeting the young fellow gave as he came up. He smiled in a frank, boyish way as he hung his hat on the top of a stake and looked up at her. "D' y' know, I kind o' enjoy getting at it again. Fact. It ain't no work for a girl, though," he added.

"When 'd you get back?" she asked, the flush not yet out of her face. Rob was looking at her thick fine hair and full Scandinavian face, rich as a rose in color, and did not reply for a few seconds. She stood with her hideous sun-bonnet pushed back on her shoulders. A kingbird was chattering overhead.

"Oh, a few days ago."

"How long y' goin' t' stay?"

"Oh, I d' know. A week, mebbe."

A far-off halloo came pulsing across the shimmering air. The boy screamed "Dinner!" and waved his hat with an answering whoop, then flopped off the horse like a turtle off a stone into water. He had the horse unhooked in an instant, and had flung his toes up over the horse's back in act to climb on, when Rob said,

"H'yare, young feller! wait a minute. Tired?" he asked the girl, with a tone that was more than kindly; it was almost tender.

"Yes," she replied, in a low voice. "My shoes hurt me."

"Well, here y' go," he replied, taking his stand by the horse, and holding out his hand like a step. She colored and smiled a little as she lifted her foot into his huge, hard, sunburned hand.

"Oop-a-daisy!" he called. She gave a spring and sat the horse like one at home there.

Rob had a deliciously unconscious, abstracted, business-like air. He really left her nothing to do but enjoy his company while he went ahead and did precisely as he pleased.

"We don't raise much corn out there, an' so I kind o' like to see it once more."

"I wish I didn't have to see another hill of corn as long as I live!" replied the girl, bitterly.

"Don't know as I blame yeh a bit. But, all the same, I'm glad you was working in it to-day," he thought to himself, as he walked beside her horse toward the house.

"Will you stop to dinner?" she inquired bluntly, almost sullenly. It was evident that there were reasons why she didn't mean to press him to do so.

"You bet I will," he replied; "that is, if you want I should."

"You know how we live," she replied, evasively. "If you c'n stand it, why—" She broke off abruptly.

Yes, he remembered how they lived in that big, square, dirty, white frame house. It had been three or four years since he had been in it, but the smell of the cabbage and onions, the penetrating, peculiar mixture of odors, assailed his memory as something unforgettable.

"I guess I'll stop," he said, as she hesitated. She said no more, but tried to act as if she were not in any way responsible for what came afterward.

"I guess I c'n stand f'r one meal what you stand all the while," he added.

As she left them at the well and went to the house he saw her limp painfully, and the memory of her face so close to his lips as he helped her down from the horse gave him pleasure, at the same time that he was touched by its tired and gloomy look. Mrs. Peterson came to the door of the kitchen looking just the same as ever. Broad-faced, unwieldy, flabby, apparently wearing the same dress he remembered to have seen her in years before, a dirty drab-colored thing; she looked as shapeless as a sack of wool. Her English was limited to, "How de do, Rob?"

He washed at the pump, while the girl, in the attempt to be hospitable, held the clean towel for him.

"You're purty well used up, eh?" he said to her.

"Yes; it's awful hot out there."

"Can't you lay off this afternoon? It ain't right."

"No. *He* won't listen to that."

"Well, let me take your place."

"No; there ain't any use o' that."

Peterson, a brawny wide-bearded Norwegian, came up at this moment, and spoke to Rob in a sullen, gruff way.

"He ain't *very* glad to see me," said Rob, winking at Julia. "He ain't b'ilin' over with enthusiasm; but I c'n stand it, for your sake," he added, with amazing assurance; but the girl had turned away, and it was wasted.

At the table he ate heartily of the "bean swaagen," which filled a large wooden bowl in the centre of the table, and which was ladled into smaller wooden bowls at each plate. Julia had tried hard to convert her mother to Yankee ways, and had at last given it up in despair. Rob kept on safe subjects, mainly asking questions about the crops of Peterson, and when addressing the girl, inquired of the school-mates. By skilful questioning he kept the subject of marriage uppermost, and seemingly was getting an inventory of the girls not yet married or engaged.

It was embarrassing for the girl. She was all too well aware of the difference between her home and the home of her school mates and friends. She knew that it was not pleasant for her "Yankee" friends to come to visit her when they could not feel sure of a welcome from the tireless, silent, and grim-visaged old Norse, if, indeed, they could escape insult. Julia ate her food mechanically, and it could hardly be said that she enjoyed the brisk talk of the young man, his eyes were upon her so constantly and his smile so obviously addressed to her. She rose as soon as possible, and going outside, took a seat on a chair under the trees in the yard. She was not a coarse or dull girl. In fact, she had developed so rapidly by contact with the young people of the neighborhood that she no longer found pleasure in her own home. She didn't believe in keeping up the old-fashioned Norwegian customs, and her life with her mother was not one to breed love or confidence. She was more like a hired hand. The love of the mother for her "Yulyie" was sincere though rough and inarticulate, and it was her jealousy of the young "Yankees" that widened the chasm between the girl and herself—an inevitable result.

Rob followed the girl out into the yard, and threw himself on the grass at her feet, perfectly unconscious of the fact that this attitude was exceedingly romantic and becoming to them both. He did it because he wanted to talk to her, and the grass was cool and easy; there wasn't any other chair, anyway.

"Do they keep up the ly-ceum and the sociables same as ever?"

"Yes. The others go a good 'eal, but I don't. We're gettin' such a stock round us, and father thinks he needs me s' much, I don't git out much. I'm gettin' sick of it."

"I sh'd think y' would," he replied, his eyes on her face.

"I c'd stand the churnin' and house work, but when it comes t' workin' out-doors in the dirt an' hot sun, gettin' all sunburned and chapped up, it's another thing. An' then it seems as if he gets stingier 'n' stingier every year. I 'ain't had a new dress in—I d' —know—how—long. He says it's all nonsense, an' mother's just about as bad. *She* don't want a new dress, an' so she thinks I don't." The girl was feeling the influence of a sympathetic listener, and was making up for her long silence. "I've tried t' go out t' work, but they won't let me. They'd have t' pay a hand twenty dollars a month f'r the work I do, an' they like cheap help; but I'm not goin' t' stand it much longer, I can tell you that."

Rob thought she was very handsome as she sat there with her eyes fixed on the horizon, while these rebellious thoughts found utterance in her quivering, passionate voice.

"Yulie! Kom heat!" roared the old man from the well.

A frown of anger and pain came into her face. She looked at Rob. "That means more work."

"Say! let me go out in your place. Come, now; what's the use—"

"No; it wouldn't do no good. It ain't t'-day s' much; it's every day, and—"

"*Yulie!*" called Peterson again, with a string of impatient Norwegian.

"Well, all right, only I'd like to—"

"Well, good-by," she said, with a little touch of feeling. "When d'ye go back?"

"I don't know. I'll see y' agin before I go. Good-by."

He stood watching her slow, painful pace till she reached the well, where Otto was standing with the horse. He stood watching them as they moved out into the road and turned down toward the field. He felt that she had sent him away; but still there was a look in her eyes which was not altogether—

He gave it up in despair at last. He was not good at analyses of this nature; he was used to plain, blunt expressions. There was a woman's subtlety here quite beyond his reach.

He sauntered slowly off up the road after his talk with Julia. His head was low on his breast; he was thinking as one who is about to take a decided and important step.

He stopped at length, and turning, watched the girl moving along in the deeps of the corn. Hardly a leaf was stirring; the untempered sunlight fell in a burning flood upon the field; the grasshoppers rose, snapped, buzzed, and fell; the locust uttered its dry, heat-intensifying cry. The man lifted his head.

"It's a d—n shame!" he said, beginning rapidly to retrace his steps. He stood leaning on the fence, awaiting the girl's coming very much as she had waited his on the round he had made before dinner. He grew impatient at the slow gait of the horse, and drummed on the rail while he whistled. Then he took off his hat, and dusted it nervously. As the horse got a little nearer he wiped his face carefully, pushed his hat back on his head, and climbed over the fence, where he stood with elbows on the middle rail as the girl and boy and horse came to the end of the furrow.

"Hot, ain't it?" he said, as she looked up.

"Jimminy Peters, it's awful!" puffed the boy. The girl did not reply till she swung the plough about after the horse, and set it upright into the next row. Her powerful body had a superb swaying motion at the waist as she did this—a motion which affected Rob vaguely but massively.

"I thought you'd gone," she said, gravely, pushing back her bonnet till he could see her face dewed with sweat, and pink as a rose. She had the high cheek-bones of her race, but she had also their exquisite fairness of color.

"Say, Otto," asked Rob, alluringly, "wan' to go swimming?"

"You bet!" replied Otto.

"Well, I'll go a round if—"

The boy dropped off the horse, not waiting to hear any more. Rob grinned; but the girl dropped her eyes, then looked away.

"Got rid o' him mighty quick. Say, Julyie, I hate like thunder t' see you out here; it ain't right. I wish you'd—I wish—"

She could not look at him now, and her bosom rose and fell with a motion that was not due to fatigue. Her moist hair matted around her forehead gave her a boyish look.

Rob nervously tried again, tearing splinters from the fence. "Say, now, I'll tell yeh what I come back here fer—t' git married; and if you're willin', I'll do it to-night. Come, now, whaddy y' say?"

"What 've *I* got t' do 'bout it?" she finally asked, the color flooding her face, and a faint smile coming to her lips. "Go ahead. I 'ain't got anything—"

Rob put a splinter in his mouth and faced her. "Oh, looky here, now, Julyie! you know what I mean. I've got a good claim out near Boomtown—a *rattlin'* good claim; a shanty on it fourteen by sixteen—no tarred paper about it, and a suller to keep butter in; and a hundred acres o' wheat just about ready to turn now. I need a wife."

Here he straightened up, threw away the splinter, and took off his hat. He was a very pleasant figure as the girl stole a look at him. His black laughing eyes were especially earnest just now. His voice had a touch of pleading. The popple tree over their heads murmured applause at his eloquence, then hushed to listen. A cloud dropped a silent shadow down upon them, and it sent a little thrill of fear through Rob, as if it were an omen of failure. As the girl remained silent, looking away, he began, man-fashion, to desire her more and more as he feared to lose her. He put his hat on the post again, and took out his jack knife. Her calico dress draped her supple and powerful figure simply but naturally. The stoop in her shoulders, given by labor, disappeared as she partly leaned upon the fence. The curves of her muscular arms showed through her sleeve.

"It's all-fired lonesome f'r me out there on that claim, and it ain't no picnic f'r you here. Now if you'll come out there with me, you needn't do anything but cook f'r me, and after harvest we can git a good lay-out o' furniture, an' I'll lath and plaster the house, an' put a little hell [ell] in the rear." He smiled, and so did she. He felt encouraged to say: "An' there we be, as snug as y' please. We're close t' Boomtown, an' we can go down there to church sociables an' things, and they're a jolly lot there."

The girl was still silent, but the man's simple enthusiasm came to her charged with passion and a sort of romance such as her hard life had known little of. There was something enticing about this trip to the West.

"What 'll my folks say?" she said at last.

A virtual surrender, but Rob was not acute enough to see it. He pressed on eagerly.

"I don't care. Do you? They'll jest keep y' ploughin' corn and milkin' cows till the day of judgment. Come, Julyie, I 'ain't got no time to fool away. I've got t' get back t' that grain. It's a whoopin' old crop, sure's y'r born, an' that means somepin purty scrumptious in furniture this fall. Come, now." He approached her and laid his hand on her shoulder very much as he would have touched Albert Seagraves or any other comrade. "Whaddy y' say?"

She neither started nor shrunk nor looked at him. She simply moved a step away. "They'd never let me go," she replied, bitterly. "I'm too cheap a hand. I do a man's work, an' get no pay at all."

"You'll have half o' all I c'n make," he put in.

"How long c'n you wait?" she asked, looking down at her dress.

"Just two minutes," he said, pulling out his watch. "It ain't no use t' wait. The old man 'll be jest as mad a week from now as he is to-day. Why not go now?"

"I'm of age day after to-morrow," she mused, wavering, calculating.

"You c'n be of age to-night if you'll just call on old Squire Hatfield with me."

"All right, Rob," the girl said, turning and holding out her hand.

"That's the talk!" he exclaimed, seizing it. "An' now a kiss, to bind the bargain, as the fellah says."

"I guess we c'n get along without that."

"No, we can't. It won't seem like an engagement without it."

"It ain't goin' to seem much like one anyway," she answered, with a sudden realization of how far from her dreams of courtship this reality was.

"Say, now, Julyie, that ain't fair; that's purty tough. I—I— You don't seem to understand that I *like* you, but I do."

Rob was carried quite out of himself by the time, the place, and the girl. He had said a very moving thing.

The tears sprang involuntarily to the girl's eyes. "Do you mean it? If y' do, you may."

She was trembling with emotion for the first time. The sincerity of the man's voice had gone deep.

He put his arm around her almost timidly and kissed her on the cheek, a great love for her springing up in his heart. "That settles it," he said. "Don't cry, Julyie. You'll never be sorry for it. Don't cry. It kind o' hurts me to see it."

He didn't understand her feelings. He was only aware that she was crying, and tried in a bungling way to soothe her. But now that she had given way, she sat down on the grass and wept bitterly.

"*Julyie!*" yelled the old Norwegian, like a distant fog-horn.

The girl sprang up; the habit of obedience was strong.

"No; you set right there, and I'll go round," he said. "*Otto!*"

The boy came scrambling out of the wood half dressed. Rob tossed him upon the horse, snatched Julia's sun-bonnet, put his own hat on her head, and moved off down the corn rows, leaving the girl smiling through her tears as he whistled and chirped to the horse. Farmer Peterson, seeing the familiar sun-bonnet above the corn rows, went back to his work, with a sentence of Norwegian trailing after him like the tail of a kite—something about lazy girls who didn't earn the crust of their bread, etc.

Rob was wild with delight. "Git up there, Jack! Hay, you old corn-crib! Say, Otto, can you keep your mouth shet if it puts money in your pocket?"

"Jest try me 'n' see," said the keen-eyed little scamp.

"Well, you keep quiet about my being here this afternoon, and I'll put a dollar on y'r tongue—hay?—what?—onnerstand?"

"Show me y'r dollar," said the boy, turning about and showing his tongue.

"All right. Begin to practise now by not talkin' to me."

Rob went over the whole situation on his way back, and when he got in sight of the girl his plan was made. She stood waiting 'or him with a new look on her face. Her ullenness had given way to a peculiar eager- ess and anxiety to believe in him. She 'as already living that free life in a far off onderful country. No more would her 'ru father and sullen mother force her to ks which she hated. She'd be a member a new firm. She'd work, of course, but it uld be because she wanted to, and not be- se she was forced to. The independence the love promised grew more and more ective. She laughed back with a softer in her eyes when she saw the smiling of Rob looking at her from her sun- et.

ow you mustn't do any more o' this," d. "You go back to the house an' tell y'r mother you're too lame to plough any more to-day, and it's too late, anyhow. To-night!" he whispered, quickly. "Eleven! Here!"

The girl's heart leaped with fear. "I'm afraid."

"Not of me, are yeh?"

"No, I'm not afraid of you, Rob."

"I'm glad o' that. I—I want you to—to *like* me, Julyie; won't you?"

"I'll try," she answered, with a smile.

"To-night, then," he said, as she moved away.

"To-night. Good-by."

"Good-by."

He stood and watched her till her tall figure was lost among the drooping corn leaves. There was a singular choking feeling in his throat. The girl's voice and face had brought up so many memories of parties and picnics and excursions on far-off holidays, and at the same time such suggestions of the future. He already felt that it was going to be an unconscionably long time before eleven o'clock.

He saw her go to the house, and then he turned and walked slowly up the dusty road. Out of the May-weed the grasshoppers sprang, buzzing and snapping their dull red wings. Butterflies, yellow and white, fluttered around moist places in the ditch, and slender striped water-snakes glided across the stagnant pools at sound of footsteps.

But the mind of the man was far away on his claim, building a new house, with a woman's advice and presence.

It was a windless night. The katydids and an occasional cricket were the only sounds Rob could hear as he stood beside his team and strained his ear to listen. At long intervals a little breeze ran through the corn like a swift serpent, bringing to the nostrils the sappy smell of the growing corn. The horses stamped uneasily as the mosquitoes settled on their shining limbs. The sky was full of stars, but there was no moon.

"What if she don't come?" he thought. "Or *can't* come? I can't stand that. I'll go to the old man, an' say, 'Looky here—' 'Sh!"

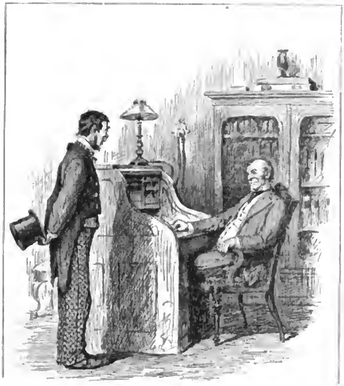
He listened again. There was a rustling in the corn. It was not like the fitful movement of the wind; it was steady, slower, and approaching. It ceased. He whistled the wailing, sweet cry of the prairie-chicken. Then a figure came out into the road—a woman—Julia!

He took her in his arms as she came panting up to him.

"Rob!"

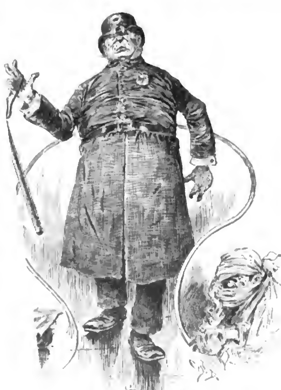
"Julyie!"

A few words, the dull tread of swift horses, the rising of a silent train of dust, and then the wind wandered in the growing corn. The dust fell, a dog barked down the road, and the katydids sang to the liquid contralto of the river in its shallows.



ENGAGING A COACHMAN.

HOLLINGSWORTH. "You say you are an experienced driver?"
PAT. "Yis, sorr."
HOLLINGSWORTH. "Where did you get it?"
PAT. "Oi was a spile-drroiver in th' Boshtan Back Bay for two years, sorr."



E BEST-KNOWN CLUB MEN IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

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If it proves refractory, mild discipline is the thing to set it right. Not all the nauseous draughts and boluses ever invented can do half as much to remedy its disorders as a few wineglassfuls—say three a day—of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will afford it speedy relief, and eventually banish every dyspeptic and bilious symptom. Sick headache, nervousness, sallowness of the complexion, fur upon the tongue, vertigo, and those many indescribable and disagreeable sensations caused by indigestion, are too often perpetuated by injudicious dosing. An immediate abandonment of such random and ill-advised experiments should be the first step in the direction of a cure; the next step the use of this standard tonic alterative, which has received the highest medical sanction and won unprecedented popularity.—[*Adv.*]

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Certainty.—It guarantees a *definite amount* of insurance, and sells it for a *fixed sum*, leaving no opportunity for assessment, disappointment, or dispute.

Honesty.—It never befogs and deceives with preposterous "estimates" which it will not back up. What it will give and do is printed in [illegible] on each policy, and guaranteed by the Company.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

[illegible] Liquid Bread is the beverage for those who are subject to lassitude and debility caused by the advent of warm weather. It is a healthy and invigorating tonic. Grocers and druggists keep it.—[*Adv.*]

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SARSAPARILLA belongs to the smilax family of plants, and is found very generally over the American continent; but the variety that is richest in medicinal properties is the Honduras root, of which the famous Ayer's Sarsaparilla is made.—[*Adv.*]

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DAVIDS ISLAND.

THE ENLISTED MAN OF THE ARMY.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

SMALL as is the army of the United States, it is constantly receiving recruits. If there were no desertions, deaths, or other causes diminishing the rank and file, one-fifth of the effective strength of the service would be annually lost by expiration of the terms of enlistment. As a matter of fact, more than one-fifth of the army is enlisted each year. In 1884 the enlistments were 8775; in 1885, 7164; in 1886, 5327; in 1887, 6168; in 1888, 6693. The present organization of the army demands at least 40,000 enlisted men, while there is a staff organization for 100,000. The limit of 25,000 was first set in an appropriation bill, and has governed ever since. This small body of troops, necessarily having a sufficient number of officers to command a force four times as large, is not only without proper arms, but it is too small to form even the nucleus of an important modern army, while its service is not tempting to men of keen intelligence, the kind of men who must be depended on in the warfare of the future, when the inspiration of courage and confidence that is derived from the touching of elbows will be lacking. It is true that the service secures men of excellent military capacity, and, as a rule, it is probably also true that the general character of the rank and file of the American army is higher than that of any other army in the world, except the German army, in which service is compulsory, in a country where public education is thorough and universal. It is fair to state that American officers who have visited Germany professionally assert that their own men are superior to the German soldiers. However that may be, it is sufficient to know that the American soldier is an excellent specimen of his kind, and it is also true that the very best of the enlisted men remain in the army and often re-enlist. And yet, notwithstanding the apparent paradox, the service does not prove congenial to young soldiers, and this is shown by the very large number of desertions that take place, concerning which there is a discussion in nearly every annual report of division and departmental commanders.

It is the purpose of this article to explain the method by which recruits are obtained for the army, instructed in the duties of soldiers, assigned to regiments and companies, and to follow this with an explanation of the condition of the enlisted man when he reaches the post at which his company is stationed, and is actually a United States soldier.

At the lower end of Long Island Sound, a few miles above Fort Schuyler, which commands the narrow passage connecting the Sound with the East River, is a group of islands. The largest of these is Hart's, formerly a United States military station, under the jurisdiction of the city of New York; Hunter's is the most northerly bit of land in the new Pelham Bay Park; Glen is a summer resort; Davids Island is named from a previous owner, Mr. Thaddeus Davids. It is about twenty-five miles from the Battery, and one and a half miles from the village of New Rochelle, which is on the main shore opposite. It is owned by the government, and is the eastern depot for the recruiting service. There are three depots—two for the general service, at Davids Island and Columbus Barracks, Ohio; and one for the mounted service at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. There are a number of rendezvouses from which recruits are sent to the depots, where they are instructed, and from which they are forwarded to permanent commands. A rendezvous is a recruiting office, the place where enlistments are made. It is under the command of a commissioned officer, who has two or three enlisted men under him, who drum up recruits and do guard and police duty at the rendezvous. A sergeant conducts the recruits to the depot. The latter is under the command of a field officer, with a complement of staff and line officers.

The work of recruiting for the infantry and artillery comes within the jurisdiction of the infantry arm of the service. There are twenty-five regiments of infantry, and each year a line officer from each of half the regiments is detailed for this duty, the odd and even numbered regiments alternating in furnishing the yearly quota. The tour of duty being two years, there are always twenty-five infantry officers serving on regular recruiting details, while there are a number of others who are serving on special details, some of which are obtained by the favoritism and by the civilian interference with the military functions of the army, which has already been described in these columns in an article entitled "The Army and the Politicians." The officers are stationed both at the depot and at the rendezvouses. The whole recruiting service is in charge of a superintendent, with head-quarters at New York. Details are furnished from the permanent party at Davids Island for the following rendezvouses: In this city, two offices; in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, Augusta (Georgia), Brooklyn, Boston, Camden (New Jersey), Providence, and Washington there is one in each city. The rendezvouses are not permanent like the depots. They are closed and opened, or transferred from one city to another, according to the exigencies of the service. For example, in 1888 the rendezvouses at Denver, Atlanta, and Richmond were discontinued because they ceased to be productive; and that at Charleston was closed because the army had received a sufficient number of colored recruits.

The depot at Davids Island receives recruits from all the rendezvouses that are nearer to it than to Columbus Barracks. From Portland to the most Southern recruiting station on the Atlantic coast men who enlist in the infantry or artillery concentrate at this place. The island will be recollected by all who were familiar with this vicinity during the war as a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers. Many an old soldier of the war recalls it as the place where he recovered from the wound which he received at the front. It was rented for hospital purposes by the government in 1862, and was thus occupied until the end of 1866. During that period it was covered with wooden structures, some of them very like those that are still to be seen on Hart's Island. For many years it was an uninviting spot; the buildings were dilapidated, the grounds ill kept, the roads bad. Indeed, it is only within two years that any effective effort has been made to add to the attractions of the island; and to Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Mears, of the Fourth Infantry, who recently finished his tour as commanding officer, is due the credit of putting the post in a condition which makes it worthy of its delightful natural surroundings. Roads have been made, the wharves are excellent, the old officers' quarters have been put in repair, new quarters have been built, new well-ventilated brick barracks add to the comfort of the enlisted men.

Soon after the island was abandoned as a hospital, in February, 1867, Congress passed an act authorizing its purchase for military purposes. The purchase was completed in May of the same year, and in April, 1868, jurisdiction over it was ceded to the United States by the Legislature of New York. At first it was used as a sub-depot for the recruiting service, the main depot being at Governor's Island. At this time, from 1869 to 1878, the recruiting service was not as well organized and managed as it is now, and the men who found their way into the army were of inferior character. In 1878 the general recruiting depot was transferred to Davids Island, and in the next year began the work of making the island habitable. Officers' quarters of the kind familiar to all who have visited army posts, a commissary storehouse, a hospital, and a bakehouse were built. Even to this day, however, the officers' quarters do not reflect credit on the government. Some of them are good, two of them are absurdly small; while there is not an adequate house for the commanding officer, who is lodged in one of the houses of the officers' row which is dignified and enlarged by a wing about large enough for a smoking-room for two.

Since 1886, however, to compensate for its lack of generosity to the officers, the government has been putting up fine brick barracks for the men, one building a year. Two of these barracks are completed, and a third is in process of building. They are one story high, with a central building of two stories, on the lower floor of which is a recreation-room, where the men play cards, checkers, and dominoes, smoke, loaf, and invite their guests. This room is a departure, and thus far it has been found difficult to prevail upon the soldier to use it. He prefers his bedroom. The dormitories are the two one-story wings, each dormitory accommodating forty men. These rooms are very high, and the ventilation, as has been said already, is admirable.

Another building is the mess-hall, which is organized on a new principle. Generally in the army the men mess, as they do everything, in companies. At Davids Island there is what is called the consolidated mess. Between the two completed brick barracks is a brick mess-hall, in which 650 men may be seated at the double line of tables which run transversely down the hall. In the space between the tables are tracks. The kitchen, flagged, and scrubbed with all the vigor that can be inspired by the old sergeant who is in command of the cooks and scullions, is in the rear of the centre of the hall. The cooking is done by steam, and the food is carried into the dining-hall by two double-decked trucks, which run on tracks to a turn-table. Then one truck-load is sent one way down the hall, and the other is sent in the opposite direction. Near the kitchen is the great bakery.

In the dormitories are the lavatories for the men, and there is a bath-house separate. In the head-quarters building is the post library for the enlisted men, one of the largest and best in the army. Upstairs in the same building are the records of the recruiting service, so full and complete that it seems a pity that they should be compelled to encounter the risks of a frame building. These records include the descriptive lists and papers of all men who have served at the depot. In other words, there is at the island the complete military history of every man who has entered the army through this depot. The examining room is in the same building. The parade ground runs from one end of the island to the other, through the centre. It is a very large plot, for the island, containing more than eighty-six acres, and is comparatively long and narrow. At the southwestern corner of the island are woody rocky heights, and on one of them is a great brick reservoir for the water, which is pumped up from a small fresh water pond, the joint product of art and nature. The island will soon be connected with the New Rochelle waterworks. Along the edge of the island that looks across the Sound to the Long Island shore are the old wooden barracks, still occupied by the men who cannot be accommodated in the new brick structures, and for winter drill-rooms. In the gravelled spaces between the old and new barracks the squad drills of the recruits are conducted. Among the trees on the points already mentioned the recruits who are suspected of harboring musical talent practise their ear-splitting discords, and are taught the various trumpet calls which fill the hours at infantry and artillery posts with music. Somewhere, too, on the island drummers and fifers learn the first lessons in rub-a-dub-dub and blowing, but very few civilians have had the courage to search for the spot, lest perchance they should come upon it, and learn too late the fatal power of invincible noise.

This is the home to which the recruit goes for instruction. He finds there a permanent military party, from which are taken the men on duty at the rendezvouses. There are a number of old sergeants, who are serving their second or third enlistments, and who act as instructors of the recruits. These sergeants either ask for the detail on their re-enlistment or enlist at the island for the purpose of remaining there. As a rule, a company officer will keep open a good sergeant's place for him for a month after the expiration of his term of enlistment. If he re-enlists within that time, he continues to wear his chevrons. If he is a first-rate soldier, with the necessary qualifications for giving instruction, he may procure a detail to a recruiting depot. If he does not re-enlist within the month, he may rejoin the service at the depot, with the intention of procuring promotion and serving out his term there. When he once procures the detail, it lasts, as a rule, during his term. In addition to the sergeants, among the permanent party are the extra duty men—the mechanics required at the post, the depot band, cooks, clerks, and messengers. Then there are the dozen or so of commissioned officers. Some of the recruits have served from three to four months. These are ready for assignment. The number of recruits at Davids Island runs from 500 to 800.

The recruit has enrolled his name at the rendezvous. It is not every man who takes it into his head that he would like to be a soldier who is accepted at the rendezvous. Sometimes very few men are needed by the army, or there are enough soldiers of the class usually enlisted at a particular station. Then the recruiting officer is exceedingly careful. Some of the unfortunates are doubtless convinced that the service is altogether too fastidious. There is no dearth of men in the country who are willing to wear the United States uniform. The applications average a larger number than the legal limit of the enlisted strength of the army.

In 1888 there were 24,710 applications for enlistment. Of these 18,017 were rejected. In the last eight years the average number of applications is 26,661; of rejections, 18,946; while, notwithstanding the large number of men offering themselves at the recruiting offices, the army last year lacked 1800 of the legal 25,000. The rejection of nearly 75 per cent. of the men who apply for admission to the rank and file of the army indicates, of course, not only care in the selection of those who are accepted, but also the low character of very many of the applicants. Many men who apply at the rendezvouses are rejected by the officer in command on their appearance. Brutality and dissipation leave unmistakable signs upon the faces of their victims, and the man who bears them does not get as far as the first surgical examination.

The recruit whose appearance satisfies the officer, if men are wanted from the office at which he makes his application, having given his name, birthplace, age, etc., with whatever of his personal history he sees fit to intrust to the keeping of the recruiting officer, is examined by a surgeon. He is then transferred to the depot, and is once more examined, after having been bathed and vaccinated. When he is assigned for permanent duty, he is examined a third time, in the presence of the commanding officer of the depot. The depot examinations are very thorough and minute, and it may be assumed of any enlisted man who receives his uniform and kit that he is a very good specimen of physical manhood.

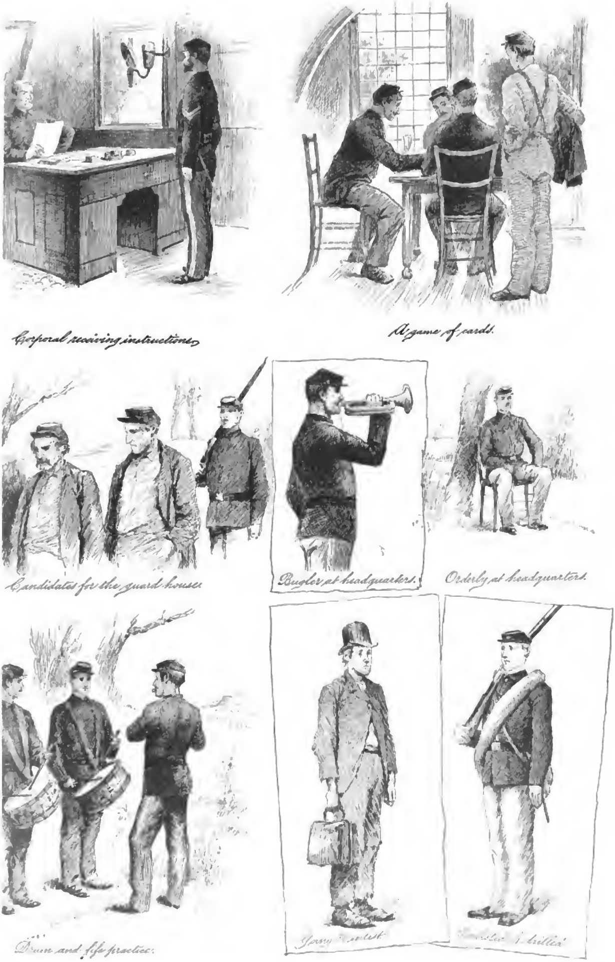
Having been accepted, the recruit at once begins to learn the duties of a soldier. And first comes the setting-up drill. This consists of light gymnastic exercises without dumb-bells, clubs, or other apparatus, and the recruit often receives part of this instruction before he gets his uniform. There are three drills a day, each an hour in duration, and while they are in progress, the recruits may be seen in every stage of soldierly development. The most advanced have their rifles, while the newest recruits are going through the motions which give them their set-up. These last make up the awkward squad. Those who are in citizens' clothes clearly show that it is generally poverty, inability to get on in the world, that drives men into the army. Their garments are in all stages of dilapidation, but the faces, though sometimes deficient in character and sometimes hardened, are generally intelligent, and the new recruit is almost always intensely interested in his novel tasks. He is often found in the hours between drill off in a corner practising what he has been recently taught. It not infrequently happens at Davids Island that a new recruit displays such aptitude for military duties that he is made a corporal within a few weeks of his enlistment.

In an awkward squad some of the men are in uniforms that have not been refitted by the post tailor; some are in ragged citizens' clothes, the coats with frayed edges, the trousers sprung at the knee, wrinkled at the heel, and not long enough by several inches, the hats greasy and worn at the edges, the shoes broken at the toes, while a few are so sleek and well clad as to suggest that poverty is not always the author of soldiers, although it is safe to say that a very large percentage of the rank and file of the army are men who entered the service that the government might take care of them after they were beaten in the struggle with the world. There are cases, however, of the enlistment of men who wish to hide themselves in the army—men who have committed crimes, or who are running away from creditors, or from tiresome or too many wives.

There was a curious instance at Davids Island which shows how undesirable recruits may slip into the service in spite of the utmost care and vigilance of the recruiting officers. A recruit was discovered in the night in the house of his first sergeant, having broken in. The sergeant's watch was found in his possession. The captain of the company examined the thief, and concluding that he was an old offender, notified the civil authorities, with a view of apprehending him in case he had enlisted for the purpose of escaping the consequences of a crime. The result of the inquiry was the discovery that the recruit was a convict serving a term for homicide. He was, moreover, a dangerous lunatic, having fled from the prison asylum. This is, of course, a very extraordinary circumstance, but detectives occasionally find men among recruits who are attempting to evade the police.

The average recruit, however, is a man who is out of employment, who has abandoned hope, and as a last resort, enters the army for the food and protection which the government gives to its soldiers. It must not be supposed, however, that such men enlist with a view of deserting whenever civil employment is offered them. Very few recruits think of desertion. Most of them intend to serve out their terms; and if they do desert, it is not generally because other employment is offered to them. So far as can be ascertained, most deserters have no prospects of employment when they quit the service.

The recruits at Davids Island are divided into four provisional companies, called companies of instruction. The company numbers from 90 to 160 men, being largest from September to February, another indication that most soldiers enlist to be taken care of. They therefore join the army when employment is most needed and also most difficult



Corporal receiving instructions.

A game of cards.

Candidates for the guard-house.

Bugler at headquarters.

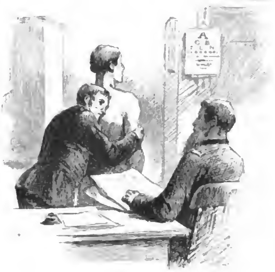
Orderly at headquarters.

Drum and fife practice.

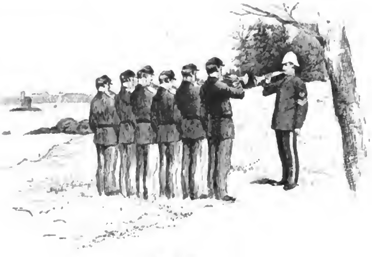
Young recruit.

Recruit drilled.

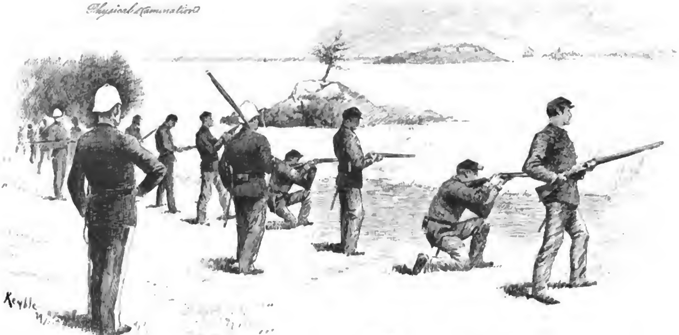
THE TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE ENLISTED SOLDIER.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.



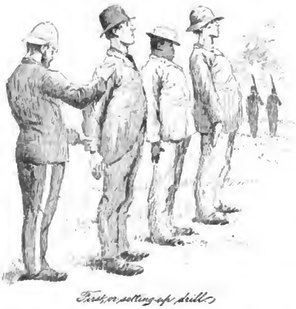
Physical Examination



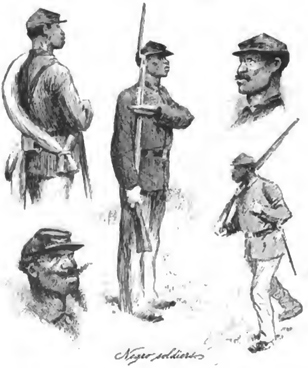
Bugle practice



Skirmish drill,
Davids Island, New York Harbor.



First, or setting-up drill



Negro soldiers

THE RECRUIT AND HIS TRAINING AT DAVIDS ISLAND.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

to obtain. Each company has a first sergeant, seven sergeants, and four corporals. It is made up without regard to the relative proficiency of the men, and the colored recruits are mixed in with the whites indiscriminately. In the army the two races are regimented by themselves; but at the recruiting depot blacks and whites occupy the same dormitories, march and drill together, and mess together. This is as it is in the navy, black and white sailors living peaceably in the same fo'castle together. An officer who has been on duty at Davids Island for a year recalls but one difficulty in that time on the race question. Only once has a white man fought with a black man on this fundamental issue. There are in each company recruits who have served one, two, three, and perhaps four months, so that the squads of each are in every stage of instruction.

The gymnastic drill, as has been said, is carried on without the apparatus. Thus far the government has refused to provide a gymnasium, although it is one of the most essential features of military drill and instruction. There is not a foreign service which does not count greatly for the muscular development of its troops on the gymnasium; nor is there a first class militia armory in our own country without apparatus. A gymnasium is one of the dreams of the officers at Davids Island, and it is quite possible that they may soon be successful in obtaining one. There are gymnasiums at a few posts.

After the recruit has been taught the exercises which tend to the development of his muscles, he is advanced to the squad which is drilling in the facings, marchings, wheelings, etc.; and after he has learned this, a rifle is given him, and he is instructed in the manual of arms. At the end of the month he is fitted to do guard duty. The guard at Davids Island consists of five non-commissioned officers and twenty-one men. When a recruit has been under instruction at the depot for three months he is counted as available for assignment to a regiment.

The depot is drawn upon by the service not only for privates and field musicians, which include trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, but for band musicians, who are also prepared for their duty at the post, and for artificers, such as bakers, cooks, clerks, blacksmiths, carpenters, gardeners, plumbers, painters, tailors, teachers, etc. Among the available privates are not only the recruits who have been at the depot for more than three months, but also the re-enlisted men are available after a few days' probationary service at the depot.

The recruit receives his uniform from the government on terms that will be explained hereafter, when the pay of the soldier is discussed. The government has its own tailor shops—the largest of them is in Philadelphia—where the uniforms are made according to certain sizes which are based on carefully prepared statistics. The uniforms are sent on requisition to the depot, and whatever alterations are required to make them fit better are the work of the post tailors. Uniforms are often sent to a post unsewed, simply cut out, so that the work of the post tailors is greatly simplified, while a much better fit is secured. A soldier of the United States army is well or ill dressed according as his company has an efficient or inefficient tailor.

The United States soldiers come from all countries, but about two-thirds of them are native Americans. From 1880 to 1888, both inclusive, the army received 60,435 recruits. Of these 55,805 were white; 4630 were colored; 37,691 were natives; and 22,744 were foreigners. It is the experience of intelligent officers who have served much with troops that while the men of different nationalities do not differ much in their military capacity, certain general propositions are true. The Englishman is most likely to be insubordinate. He has the habit of pretending to have fallen from a superior station. If he is a deserter from the British army, he is still worse. The Irishman must be closely watched. He is one of the best soldiers when he is good, and one of the worst when he is bad. The Germans and Scandinavians are very trustworthy. The New-Englander is intelligent but opinionated to a degree that sometimes leads him to insubordination. If he is able to control his sprightly independence he is likely to become an excellent non-commissioned officer, and may even secure one of the few commissions that are bestowed upon men of the ranks. The Southerner is more likely to be subordinate. The negro troops are proficient in drill, very docile, exceedingly clean, and are good soldiers. They never lose their fondness for the display of the service. The Northern is better than the Southern negro. The native white soldier is the most restless and the most depressed by the monotony of the army post.

When the average recruit finds himself on Davids Island, he is better housed, better fed, and better clothed than he ever was before in his life. Instead of living in a cheap boarding-house, or knocking about from one lodging-house to another, he sleeps in a great apartment and breathes fresh air. He lies on a clean iron bedstead, on which there are a woven wire mattress, another good mattress, clean sheets, blankets, and pillow cases. During the day the bed is always ready for inspection. He has plenty of water for washing, and he is compelled to take a bath at least once a week. Many recruits have not known what it is to be clean until they joined the army.

They are clothed in good and substantial garments, which they must keep brushed and cleaned. When they work, they are provided with overalls and working blouses. It is probable that boot-blacking is a great hardship to many of the men, and it may be that the requirements of white gloves oppresses some recruited souls but it must be admitted that the obligation of cleanliness tends to advance the civilization of the men who are willing to enter the ranks.

The food of the men is abundant and of excellent quality. It is a delight to visit the mess-hall, kitchen, and bakery at Davids Island, which are now under the supervision of Captain Morris C. Foote, of the Ninth Infantry. The ration of the United States soldier is very much more than he can eat, and the excess is sold solely for his benefit. With the money thus obtained luxuries are purchased. An average dinner at the Davids Island mess-hall consists of a soup, roast or boiled meat, a vegetable, a pudding, a pie. Sometimes there is a stew, in which case there is no soup, and then the men have coffee at the three meals of the day. Ordinarily they have it twice a day. They have meat three times a day. The bread furnished them is as good as can be found on any private table or at any restaurant in New York. It is well made and wholesome, and the only objection that the men can make to it is that it is never served to them when it is hot—an objection that will appeal more strongly to a Southern negro cook than to a healthy stomach.

The recruit is well housed, well fed, and well clothed. He works less than the average laborer, very much less, having six hours off duty; but he is restrained of his liberty. He may go to the library, and read the books and papers, but not many soldiers avail themselves of this privilege. As a rule the recruit prefers to pass his hours of rest and recreation in the room provided for that purpose in his barracks, or at the store of the post trader. He is not permitted to sleep during the day unless he has been on guard the previous night, but he may sit in his quarters if he prefers. At the post trader's store he may buy tobacco and other things that please his fancy or satisfy his needs, and he may procure beer and light wines. The sale of spirituous liquors is forbidden, and the amount of the lighter beverages consumed by the men is regulated by the officers. If a soldier should be permitted to get drunk at the post trader's store, the license of the proprietor to sell beer and wine would be cancelled at once.

The canteen system has not been adopted at Davids Island. That system is simply a co-operative store and club of enlisted men. The capital for its establishment is generally loaned by the officers of the post. One of the commissioned officers is detailed to supervise the canteen, and non-commissioned officers form a committee of management. Such articles as are sold in the store of a post trader are kept in the canteen, and are supplied to the men at a little more than their cost. The margin for expenses is very small, for the government supplies the building, and there are no salaries to pay. Besides the store, a recreation-room is provided at the canteen, which gives to it the character of a club. The system has not been adopted at Davids Island because the men, with the exception of the few who make up the permanent party, do not remain at the post for more than three or four months, and unless a strictly cash system was adopted, which is somewhat difficult in dealing with men who receive so little ready money, the canteen would be ruined by bad debts. At least this seems to be the objection in the minds of officers who are interested in the matter, and who regard the system as a success at regular army posts, where a body of troops remain for several years.

The regularity of the recruit's life, and his inability to spend his evenings where and as he pleases, are the hardships he endures. He is up early in the morning; he is almost constantly under orders during the day; he drills three hours; if the weather is pleasant, and he is so far advanced as to be drilling in the manual of arms, he must be at dress parade in the afternoon; his meals are ready on the stroke of the clock, and he must march to them with his company, he must answer to his name at tattoo—nine o'clock; and he must be in bed half an hour later. In addition to the other material comforts which have been mentioned, it will be seen that he has plenty of sleep, plenty of exercise, and plenty of fresh air. It cannot be denied, however, that to the average American citizen the soldier's life is full of terrible and depressing monotony. The recruit who goes to Davids Island cannot get a pass until he has been at the depot three months, except for very pressing reasons. He must remain at his post and learn his soldierly duties, the most important of which is discipline and its necessity. He must be taught that he is subordinate, and that his desires must yield to the requirements of the service which he has entered. Moreover it is essential that the recruit should possess moral as well as physical and mental qualifications, and he must be tested in this respect by his three months' service at the depot. When he is finally sent to his company after his instruction is completed, he will be able to procure passes oftener, but even then he cannot be as free as the citizen who has not joined the military forces of the government. He has surrendered part of his liberty.

His compensation is comparatively large, but a good many men who join the army do not consider it as much as it ought to be. Of course there is grumbling in the ranks; there is grumbling everywhere—at least wherever the English language is spoken. Some of the men do not like their food, many of them complain of the treatment they receive from their officers, and there are as many causes of discontent as there are incidents and details in a soldier's life. Most of the complaints, however, are so absurdly unjust as to be unworthy of a moment's serious consideration. One monumental and overpowering cause of dissatisfaction is the social position of the enlisted man. This is supposed to induce many of the desertions. It is said that civilians look down upon a man who wears the uniform of an enlisted man; that, being in uniform when they are guilty of their social vices, the black sheep of the service give it its reputation. How far this is true would be very difficult to determine. The soldier doubtless demands a better social position than he was entitled to before his enlistment; for he is, in truth, a very much better man. But he is, and must remain, among the laboring classes, and it is very doubtful if respectable civilian laborers look down upon him if he conducts himself decently. If there is really anything in this complaint, it must be due to the feeling of men who are earning their living while retaining their freedom that the soldier has surrendered his independence because he is unable to maintain his place in the struggle for existence and advancement. Of course, the objecting to the marriage of soldiers is a fruitful source of discontent.

So far as money compensation is concerned, it is ample, the soldier being very much better off than the civilian laborer. A private soldier receives $13 a month for two years, $14 for the third year, $15 for the fourth year, and $16 for the fifth year, the increase being paid to him on his discharge. If he is a mechanic or a teacher, he receives what is known as "extra duty pay," which amounts to fifty cents a day, more than doubling his pay. There are some inequalities and injustices arising from the system of "extra duty pay" which should be remedied. A company cook now receives more pay than the first sergeant under whom he serves. Musicians and trumpeters receive the same pay as privates, but farriers and blacksmiths of cavalry receive $15 at the beginning of their terms. The first pay of a corporal is $15, and of a sergeant $17. A first sergeant receives $22; a sergeant-major, $23. The highest pay that can be earned by an enlisted man is $45 a month for the first two years of his enlistment; this is the pay of a hospital steward, who is especially enlisted to perform the duties of an apothecary. A soldier serving his second five years receives $2 a month more than the highest sum paid to his grade for the first term.

In addition, the soldier has his home, his clothes, his food, and his medical attendance furnished to him by the government. If he is ill, his pay goes on, while the civilian laborer under like circumstances loses his time. Any comparison that can be made will show that the pay of the United States soldier is the best which unskilled labor receives in the country, while the advantages of the soldier in quarters, character of food, clothing allowance, and continuity of pay, make him very much better off than a civilian of the same class.

He has a money allowance of $200 for the five years for his clothes, and it is a poor soldier who cannot save $75 of this. He may leave his money with the paymaster, as in a savings-bank, receiving it, on his final discharge, with four per cent. interest. The deposits, however, are forfeited if the soldier deserts. During his service he may attend the post school and receive a primary education, the teacher being an enlisted man receiving extra duty pay. On his honorable discharge he receives the increased pay for the third, fourth, and fifth years of his service, and his travel pay to the place where he enlisted.

If a soldier remains in the service for thirty years he may be retired upon three-quarters of the pay of the grade then held by him. In addition, an allowance of money is given to him for clothing and subsistence. If after twenty years' service a soldier becomes infirm, or if he is discharged for wounds received or sickness brought on in the service, he is cared for in the Soldiers' Home at Washington. For the maintenance of this institution each enlisted man of the army is taxed twelve and a half cents a month.

When the recruit is ready for service with a permanent command, he goes to his company. He does the ordinary routine work of the post. If he is a cavalryman, his life is not so monotonous as that of the infantryman or artilleryman. The garrison work of the last is the most dismal in the army. In the infantry there is sometimes frontier service to be done, but most of the privates of the army pass their time in sleeping, eating, drilling, police and fatigue work, and guard-mounting. It is doubtless this monotony of existence that leads to most of the desertions. This is the contention of Lieutenant McAnaney in the September number of *The Journal of the Military Service Institution*, who adds useless routine and social position as leading causes; but useless routine goes to make up the monotony, as its chief evil is the prevention of the soldier from seeking amusement outside of the post during the hours that he is off duty. There is great relief already felt from the establishment of the field work, which is now pushed with great energy in nearly every department. It seems that what the soldier needs to make him contented is a greater variety of employment. He soon grows tired of company drill, of practising the facings, wheelings, and the manual of arms. He hails any change with delight. The enlisted man greets with joy any order for a transfer. He loves to go from post to post, therein differing very radically from his officers, to whom change means an expenditure of money that many of them can ill afford.

Recruits and old soldiers do not desert. The former are interested in their work, which is novel to them; while the men who have served three years have overcome the temptation to violate their oath to the government. The number of desertions in 1888 from the army were 2436, and the average for five years is 2673. Adjutant-General Drum estimated that less than eighty per cent. of the enlisted strength of the army served out the term or obtained honorable discharges. The other twenty per cent. desert or are dishonorably discharged. The record at Davids Island, however, is very different. For the last five years it has been as follows:

	Average Strength of Garrison.	Per cent. of Desertions.
1886	580	4.55
1887	667	3.40
1888	684	0.77
1889 (9 months)	601	0.67

In estimating the character of the depot, the excellence of this showing consists in the diminishing percentage of desertions, which is doubtless due to the improved material condition of the recruits. Its bearing upon the general question of desertion lies in its vindication of what has already been said, that new recruits do not desert. It is when the soldier reaches his post that the real hardships of the military life are felt. The novelty has worn off, the routine duties have been learned, and the wearying monotony begins. Then for three years the temptation to desert is always present, and it is within this period that desertions are most numerous. After a service of three years the soldier's life has become so familiar, so part of the man's nature, that restlessness has worn off and comparative contentment begins. Besides, the rewards of service are then beginning to be reached, and the end of the term is near, when the man can quit the service not only with honor, but with a sum of money in his possession which will support him until he is able to find civil employment or re-enlists.

There are many men who live in the army, who serve one term after another, and are content with no other life than that of the soldier. Here is the record for 1888, which shows how many old soldiers were serving in the army:

Men serving thirty-five years	6
" " thirty "	14
" " twenty-five "	86
" " twenty "	603
" " fifteen "	1,160
" " ten "	1,710
" " five "	[illegible]
" receiving re-enlisted pay	456
" " pay for third year	4,866
" " " " fourth "	3,236
" " " " fifth "	2,197
Total	[illegible]

Adjutant General Drum, speaking of this subject, said: "An examination of the data ....shows the continual presence in the ranks of an average of 18,000 men with a service of three years and upward, or 72 per cent. of the legal strength of the army. This fact confirms the statement made by me in previous reports, that the larger proportion of deserters were men of less than three years' service."

There are, of course, various suggestions made to prevent desertions, but with that question this article has nothing to do. The American soldier is well cared for and well paid, but he will continue to be tempted to desert after the novelty of his life has worn off, and until it has become a second nature to him. Deserters are not the unintelligent men. They are the restless, quick-witted, and irresponsible rovers who are always looking out for excitement, and the men who enlist for the purpose of securing transportation to the West, with the intention of deserting. On this point the following note to Lieutenant McAnaney's article is interesting:

"The records of the Judge-Advocate's office, Department of the Missouri, show the following of the first one hundred deserters (in dept.) in 1888, where education was classified by the B of S.: 15 are reported as 'poor' or 'ordinary,' 67 as 'fair' or 'average,' 14 as 'good,' and 4 as 'very good' or 'excellent.' What a board of officers would call a 'fair' education might be called 'good' by others."

This should always be borne in mind by citizens who are in the habit of sympathizing too quickly with tales of the hardships of the soldiers: two causes for desertion that are sometimes given by men when they are caught may be safely set down as lies—one is "bad food," and the other is "cruelty of officers." Some companies undoubtedly live better than others, but "bad food" is very rare in the army, and a cruel officer is even rarer. Officers are ambitious to be popular with their men, and they do not risk their standing in the army and their commissions by harsh treatment of them.

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THE "FOREIGN ELEMENT" IN NEW YORK CITY.

IV.—THE SCOTCH.*

BY JOHN L. WILSON.—ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY W. A. ROGERS, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

AMONG the various nationalities which contribute their quota to the making up of the population of New York city, the most cosmopolitan community probably on the face of the globe, the Scottish nationality ranks among the smallest. It is not strange that it should be so. Scotland has never had a large population. As compared with either of her two nearest neighbors, England and Ireland, with the former especially, Scotland, in point of population, has always been exceedingly small. To-day, with the large increment of Irish to the larger cities, especially in the west, the entire population but slightly exceeds four millions. It has really been wonderful how this small nationality has sent its sons and its daughters in such numbers all over the earth. In every British colony the little kingdom is well represented; and it would be difficult to find a foreign country into which Scotsmen have not forced their way. It is significant also that wherever you find them they are an element of force at or near the front. Macaulay likens the Scotsman, in one of his well-known passages, to a piece of cork. Sink the cork where you may, it will rise to the surface. It is so with the Scot. Plant him where you may, leave him only liberty of action, and he will make his presence felt; he will work his way to the surface of society.

The Scot owes something to nature. There is intrinsic excellence in the race. There is the ring of genuine metal in the material out of which he is made. Whether you regard him as Celt or Saxon, or a qualified compound of both, there is in him superior racial excellence, which time and hard experience, mental, moral, and religious training, have undoubtedly qualified, but have not depreciated. In some of the finer, softer, more amiable, and more attractive aspects of human nature Scotsmen may be found wanting as compared with the men of some other nationalities. But in the various elements which constitute the real worth of the individual man—solidity of character, purpose, energy, resource, determination, endurance, and self-reliance—the typical Scottish man has few if any superiors. He is a debtor to race first of all, afterward to climate, to a niggardly soil, to the Presbyterian Church, and to the parish school. In spite of an inborn stubbornness—an unconquerable unwillingness to be driven, or sold, or played upon, or made use of—he has a faculty of taking advantage of favoring circumstances when they offer; and when he lays hold there is a bull-dog tenacity in his grip. For the use of others, the Scot is not the most adaptable of men. It is to his honor that it is so. For his own purposes, and in pushing his own way, he is adaptable enough. Of the general accuracy of these statements it would not be difficult to multiply proof. In Canada the reins of power have been held by a Scotsman for the best part of two generations. Sir John Macdonald has found but one man worthy to be called a rival, and he has been a countryman of his own. In the older Australian colonies, where they have opportunities similar to those offered in Canada, Scotsmen are more often than otherwise at the summit of power; and they are foremost not so much as politicians, or office-seekers, or self-servers, but as men seeking the welfare and advancement of the colony or community. It is unnecessary, however, to linger in foreign parts seeking examples. We have them in abundance in these United States; and we are far from being without them in the immediate neighborhood, and especially in the city of New York.

WILLIAM WOOD, LATE COMMISSIONER OF COMMON SCHOOLS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

In the early colonial times the Scottish settlers and their near kinsmen, the Scotch Irish from Ulster, formed an important element of the general population; and in what may be called the formative period of the republic they did yeomen's service. Than those of Livingstone, Marshall, Wilson, Hamilton, Gordon, Witherspoon, and many others that might be mentioned, there are no worthier names connected with early American history. In later times they have been less conspicuous in the increasing crowds and the multiplying nationalities; but here and there in town and country, in the State Legislatures and in the halls of Congress, in the various professions, as ministers of the gospel, as physicians and surgeons, and as lawyers, in the ranks of literature, as authors and journalists, in trade and commerce, and in the various branches of industry, Scotsmen and the sons of Scotsmen are giving evidence of the abiding qualities of the race. The nationality is well pronounced, distinct, active, and prominently in view. In the community Scotsmen figure as bankers, brokers, ship-owners, merchants in almost all departments, publishers and booksellers, owners of newspapers, editors and reporters, engineers, mechanics, moulders, brass-founders, builders, stone-masons and carpenters, tanners, gardeners, florists, auctioneers, and in numerous other branches of trade and industry.

In the earlier days of the city the Scottish element was even more strongly pronounced than now. There were no more prominent men in the city than the Livingstones, the Barclays, the Earl of Sterling—long a figure in New York city life—the Coldens, the Middletons, the Rutherfords, the McAdams, the Johnstones, the Maxwells, the Tillaries, the Lenoxes, the Turnbulls, the Taylors, the Auchinroles, and later the Auchincloses, the Grahams, the Haddens, the Douglases, the Maitlands, with many others, the old names reappearing generation after generation, worthy sons following worthy sires, maintaining the reputation of the names alike in social and business capacities. Among the clergy of the earlier times we find such names as the Rev. Dr. J. Mason, Rev. James Wilson, Rev. Mr. Monteith, Rev. John Bissett, Rev. J. M. Mason, Rev. Samuel Miller, Rev. Dr. William Smith, Rev. Dr. McClelland, Rev. Dr. McLeod, Rev. A. Stark, Rev. Dr. W. C. Brownlee, Rev. Dr. J. N. McLeod, Rev. John Lillie, and a few others, names highly honored while their owners lived, and destined some of them to lasting celebrity. Dr. John M. Mason, son of a Scotsman, but born in New York, was educated at Columbia College and at the University of Edinburgh. He succeeded his father as minister of the Associate Reformed Church, a Scottish organization, and was minister of that church continuously from 1793 until 1810. He became Provost of Columbia College in 1811, but resigned in 1816. He was called to the Presidency of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1821. That office he held till 1824, when he resigned, returning to New York, where, in broken health and a mere wreck of his former self, he lived in retirement until his death in December, 1829. Dr. Mason as an ecclesiastic occupied a place in the front rank of the men of his time, and as a preacher he had few superiors. In 1802 he preached the annual sermon before the London Missionary Society, and in the same year in Edinburgh before the Society for Relief of the Destitute. On both occasions it was admitted Dr. Mason reached the very highest standard of pulpit eloquence and power, and the sermons which have been preserved, "Messiah's Throne" and "Living Faith," justify the verdict. Dr. Alexander McLeod, born in the island of Mull, Scotland, came to the United States when young, studied at Union College, Schenectady, and was pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York, from 1801 till his death in 1833. Dr. McLeod was eloquent and powerful in the pulpit, preached to admiring crowds, and enjoyed a wide reputation. As a writer also he won distinction. He was a pioneer of the antislavery movement when antislavery sentiments were far from popular. Among the physicians of those earlier days were Dr. James Tillary, Dr. Hugh McLean, Dr. A. Anderson, Dr. J. B. Stevenson, Dr. J. T. Ferguson, and others, men all of them prominent in their profession. Up till near the middle of the present century the principal builders in

REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., OF THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE

REV. WILLIAM ORMISTON, D.D., LATE OF THE FIFTH AVENUE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH

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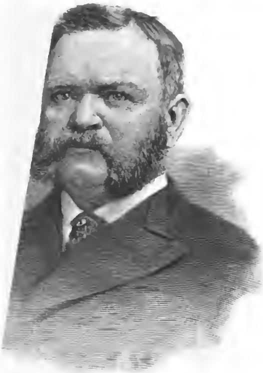
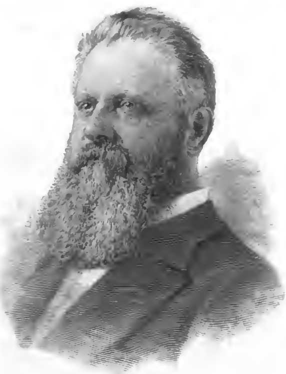
* I. "The Germans," Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of August 4, 1888. II. "Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes," Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 1, 1888. III. "The French," Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 26, 1889.



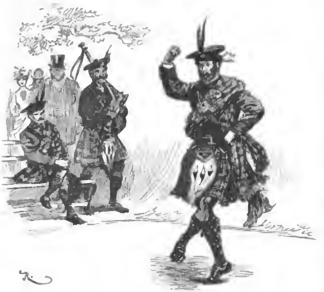
DREW HALLADAY, LATE CHIEF OF THE CALEDONIAN CLUB



WILLIAM COVERLY, NEW YORK MANAGER OF THE ANCHOR LINE OF STEAMERS.

Scotsmen, and in churches and some of the ansions of our merchant princes their monu- in plentiful abundance. In the earlier days of the city had also their meetings, their places , their clubs, their balls, and their social re- ious kinds. To these, however, reference will e.

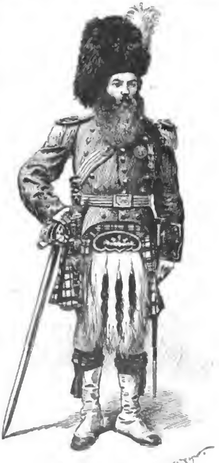
ter times the Scot maintains his character and the midst of us. A visit to Wall Street and streets, or a glance at the city directory, will be show that as bankers the Scotsmen of New old their own. There is the Bank of Montreal, gents of which are both born Scotsmen, Mr. Wal- n and Mr. Alexander Lang There is the bank of J. Kennedy, Todd, & Co., a house which may d as a sort of successor to the house of J S Ken- o., Scottish in its origin, and to a large extent Scot- s present management. There are the banking f John Paton & Co.; Maitland, Phelps, & Co., of r. Robert Gordon, now of London, in the house of Drexel, Morgan, & Co., was long a prominent member, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, with Alexander Laird and William Gray at the head of it, and other houses in which Scotsmen figure as partners or agents. Then there is the Scotch Irish house of J & J, Stuart & Co , a house through which many thousands of dollars have found their way to both Scotland and Ireland. Some of the men named above have become more than representative, they are marked men not only in this community, but in the great world of finance Walter Watson and his partner Mr. Lang are now the New York financial agents of the Canadian Pacific, and the representatives of other important trusts Watson, the son of an Edinburgh banker, was bred to the business in Edinburgh, and spent some years in Canada before he came to New York. Lang is a son of the manse and is a brother of John Marshall Lang, of the Barony parish, Glasgow, the most populous as well as most influential parish in Scotland. John Paton, another son of the manse, was born in Ancrum, Roxburghshire, the original home of the New York Livingstones, where his father was for many years parish minister. In the adjoining parish of Crailing another branch of the Patons have long owned large estates. Mr. Paton was educated and bred to the banking business in his native country, and, like his friend Watson, acquired experience in Canada before settling in New York. As becomes a son of the manse, he has always taken a lively interest in church affairs. He is an elder of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church (Dr. John Hall's). Mr. Robert Gordon is a native of the town of Dumfries. He came to this country when quite young, some thirty odd years ago, formed a connection with the house of Maitland, Phelps, & Co., became an invaluable servant, and was ultimately admitted a partner Mr. Gordon was one of the most popular Scotsmen in the city. A man of fine taste, and a patron alike of art and literature, his company was courted by men of refinement and culture To him the city is largely indebted—he was not alone in the matter—for the statues of Burns and Scott which adorn our Central Park. He was, so long as he remained in the city, a representative Scot—prominent in the St. Andrew's Society, of which he was several times President, prominent in the Caledonian Society, of which he was a liberal patron, and an enthusiast in curling and other out-of-door sports popular with his countrymen. The Gordon medal has done much to make curling popular all over the North.



DANCING THE HIGHLAND FLING.

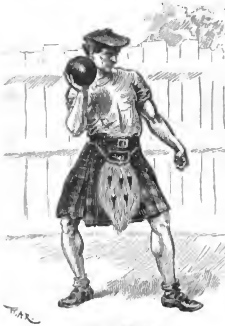
One of the most successful Scotsmen of our time, financially at least, is Mr John S. Kennedy, long and prominently connected with the city. He is a very striking example of Scottish astuteness. Born and educated in Glasgow, he came to this country first some thirty-five years ago, entering one of our down-town banking houses as clerk. It was by-and-by deemed advisable to make him partner, and it was not many years afterward when he was able to strike out for himself. A succession of golden opportunities came to him in iron speculation, first in connection with the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railroad, and later in connection with the Canadian Pacific, of which he became a director. For some years he was the acknowledged representative of that road in this section of the country. He has now to a large extent retired from business, enjoying somewhat of rest after his gigantic labors But he has made his millions, of which he makes fairly generous use He was never a noisy or demonstrative speculator But you have only to look at his large head, his keen eye, his firm-set mouth, and to observe his impatience of whatever is irrelevant to the matter in hand, to discover that you are in the presence of no ordinary man—of a man full of purpose and energy, a man who sees broadly and clearly, who decides quickly, and whose courage and endurance are always equal to the occasion

It would not be difficult to multiply names taken from almost every department of business and intellectual activity. Time would fail to tell of the Lenoxes and the Irvins and the Lauries and the Sloanes and the Whitewrights and the Morrisons, and the others who have been recently removed, but who have left enduring memorials behind them; and of the Brands and Frazers and Lyalls and Callenders and Boyds, and many others who remain, and who are worthily upholding the good reputation of the Scottish nationality in the midst of us. But there are some names and some institutions which it is necessary to emphasize. On the Lenoxes it is the less necessary to dwell that they have left noble and enduring monuments behind them—monuments which will carry blessings with them to many coming generations Laurie and Sloane and Whitewright and Mor-



COLONEL JOSEPH LAING, OF THE DISBANDED 79TH REGIMENT OF SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS, N.Y.S.N.G.

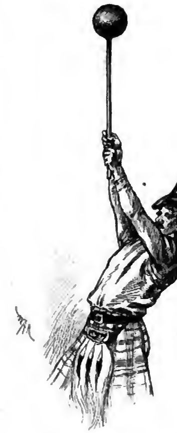
rison will be remembered, among other things, for their bequests to the St. Andrew's Society. But there are living Scotsmen who are building up great industries and great reputations, and there are institutions of which Scotsmen have just reason to be proud.



PUTTING THE STONE.

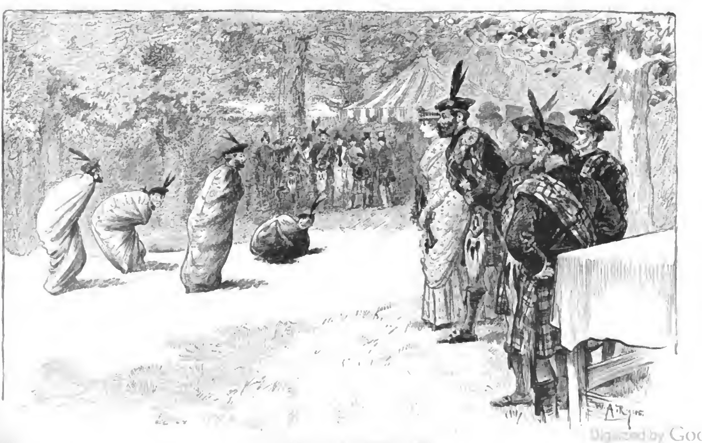
Pittsburgh is a long way from New York, but for many years past Mr. Andrew Carnegie has been more of a New-Yorker in the matter of residence than he has been a Pittsburgher, and of late years few men have been more prominent in New York society. A native of Dunfermline, Scotland, where he spent his boyhood years, and where he imbibed from his father, a pronounced Chartist, those extreme opinions in regard to politics and religion which he has continued through life so far somewhat ostentatiously to profess, he came to this country when quite young, and had to push his own way. Accident or fortune led him in the direction of telegraphy. Brought into contact with some railroad magnates, he was found useful, and won their confidence. We soon find him drifting into the iron trade. Success was rapid. His works at Pittsburgh are now among the largest in the world. His wealth is enormous; away up in the millions. He is an avowed anti-royalist, a declared friend of popular government, a patron of education, and a liberal benefactor of public institutions. His gifts in educational and scientific directions have been numerous both in this country and in the land of his birth, and they have been princely as well as numerous. He is a disciple of Herbert Spencer, and his hopes for humanity lie in the direction of science. He has from the first been a member of the Nineteenth Century Club. He is in many respects a man of mark. Ability of a superior order must be conceded to him. His great success has not been the result of a mere freak of fortune. Amid all the cares of business he has found time to carry on the work of self-education. He speaks and writes the English language with grace and fluency. Culture must be conceded to a man who is admitted into some of the best circles of British society. He enjoys the friendship of Mr. Gladstone, and he was on intimate terms with the late Mr. Matthew Arnold. He companions with great men, not with illustrious nobodies. His coaching tour from London to Inverness, with Mr. Blaine as one of the party, was characteristic. His books have a certain kind of merit. His account of his tour round the world was respectable. His *Triumphant Democracy*, a peculiar and characteristic volume, has had a wonderful success. Some recent essays in *The North American Review* and elsewhere perhaps reveal the thoughts and sentiments of the man to greater advantage.

Among the institutions of the city which owe their origin to Scottish enterprise prominence must be given to the Anchor Line Steam-ship Co. It is essentially a Scottish establishment. It is now a large institution and represents many interests; but the great Scottish house of Henderson Brothers covers all other names and all other interests, and Glasgow is its head-quarters. The Anchor Line represents a shipping interest which is world-wide, and which includes sailing vessels as well as steam-ships. Vessels are consigned to the Henderson Brothers, New York, from all parts of the globe. Dating from 1856, and beginning with the little steamer *Tempest*, which was lost on her second return voyage to Glasgow, it is not a very old line. But how it has grown! It has a larger fleet of steamers than any other line in the world. Its red ensign, the banner of hope, is to be seen in almost every great port, and wherever it is seen it is regarded with pride if not with jealousy. It owns a great ship-building yard in Glasgow, and it has intimate business relations with another great ship-building yard at Barrow-in-Furness. The soul of the company from the start has been Mr. Thomas Henderson, who still bears upon his shoulders the responsibilities which are inseparable from the management of this almost overgrown institution. Sons and nephews and other young men who have grown up with the concern—some in Glasgow, some in London, some in Liverpool, some in Bristol, some in New York, some in the Mediterranean, and some in the far East—share the work and help to lighten the burden. The elder Hendersons have made frequent visits to this port, and the younger men have come and gone so often that most of them are well known to us. The first local manager, the man whose name is indissolubly associated with the earlier and rougher years of the Anchor Line experience in New York, was Mr. Francis Macdonald, an excellent business man, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, whom to know was to love. Mr. Macdonald had acquired his earlier business experience in Glasgow. After years of faithful service, assisted latterly by Mr. Coverly and some one or other of the younger Hendersons, he succumbed to consumption, a disease which seems to find some natural attraction in gentle but ardent natures. Since Mr. Macdonald's death, Mr. Coverly has had the principal charge. He is a nephew of the elder Hendersons, a Glasgow man by birth and training, with some experience of Canadian life. As a manager, Mr. Coverly is both popular and efficient. He is known as "the handsome Scotsman," and, truth to say, there is no finer-looking specimen of the *genus homo* to be seen on the floor of the Produce Exchange or among the shipping men of New York. Over six feet in height, of erect bearing, fully developed, with the red hair and clear complexion of his race, he would, one can imagine, in the costume of the clans, present the *beau ideal* of the Highland chief. Mr. Coverly, in addition to some local partners, has always at his right hand some member of the Henderson family.

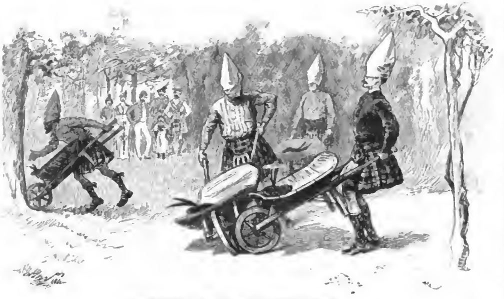


THROWING THE HAMMER.

The Anchor Line has never made speed so much as safety its principal object. Its record is excellent. It was the first steam-ship line which successfully connected the river of Henry Bell with the river of Robert Fulton. It is still the principal line making the connection, although excellent service is rendered by the State Line, managed by the Messrs. Baldwin. It is interesting to bear in mind here that



A SACK RACE AT THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.



A WHEELBARROW RACE AT THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.

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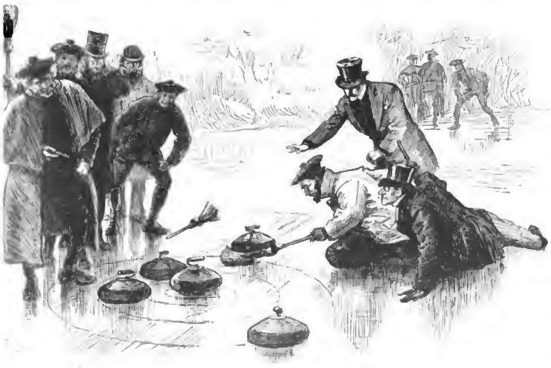
of the Gordons, in the north-
f, in a district, as he was wont

to say, which looked out on the German Ocean, and where the people were, for the most part, Catholics and Jacobites. The region is far away from any of the great literary centres, but, being destined for the priesthood, young Bennett was not without opportunities for study. It is easy to understand how, in spite of his Scottish blood and Scottish surroundings, he felt himself intellectually, at an early age, out of touch with the great mass of his countrymen. Scottish history, especially since the Reformation period, was the story of the triumph of the enemies of his creed; and in Scottish institutions, as they were or promised to be, he could have little delight. Nor for the clerical life did he discover any special liking. He longed for a larger sphere, for a freer atmosphere, and for unconventional work. In this frame of mind he obtained a copy of Franklin's autobiography, and his thoughts were turned to America. Two years later, in 1819, he landed at Halifax. On his early American experience, which was hard enough, but which was contributing to the making of the man, it is unnecessary to dwell. It was not until May 6, 1835, when the first number of the *Morning Herald* appeared, and was issued from a cellar in Wall Street, that he found his proper sphere and his proper work. The day marks an era in American journalism. How the *Herald* prospered, how from a small sheet it assumed its present size, and how it revolutionized the newspaper press—all these are matters of history. Mr. Bennett was in the habit of saying that the people gave him more credit than he deserved; the *Herald* had grown with the city; it had prospered because the city had prospered. The situation, it is true, sometimes makes the man. It is equally true that the man sometimes makes the situation. More often perhaps there is action and reaction; and there can be no doubt that whatever advantages New York offered to Bennett, he was equal to the situation. A change would no doubt have come over American journalism if Bennett had never appeared upon the scene, but it was reserved for him to precipitate the revolution, and to make it a success. To him, therefore, belongs the praise. His methods are no longer a mystery, and need not be dwelt upon. His radical idea was to make a newspaper. He did not despise the editorial or teaching element—far from it—but news was the first requisite, and the *Herald* must have news, no matter what the cost. This characteristic remains with the paper, although it has long since ceased to be an exclusively *Herald* feature. There was genius in the man. He had a habit of looking at things from an angular stand-point; and no matter whether the people happened to be in humor with him or not, it was always a necessity that they should know what this man had to say. Among the secrets of the elder Bennett's power was his skill in using men. In later times, when he made suggestions and superintended rather than wrote, it gave him great pleasure to have his ideas properly expressed, and when an article pleased him, he never failed to say so. He never allowed liberties on the part of his men, and he took none with them; but he was appreciative, kind, and encouraging in a high degree. It resulted that his men loved him, tried to please him, and served him with their best. It would have been strange, all things considered, if the *Herald* had not become a great property and a great power.

Speaking of newspapers, there are numerous Scotsmen on the daily and weekly press of the city, some of them occupying leading positions. Whitelaw Reid has Scottish blood in his veins, so also has John Russell Young, and many others that might be named. The *Scottish-American Journal*, which claims to represent the nationality in America, is published in this city. That one such newspaper should satisfy the nationality is proof that Scotsmen in America are not greatly given to politics. The only use they seem to have for a national newspaper is to get "news from home." Perhaps it is best that it should be so.

Within the limits of this article it is hardly possible to do full justice to the nationality in the city. It is unavoidable that some names be omitted, and that some features be overlooked. In many departments, business and professional, Scotsmen were relatively more numerous in early times than they are now. They are less visible in the growing crowd; but they are there all the same. As builders, stone masons, and carpenters they are plentiful—so plentiful that to mention names would be invidious. As gardeners and seedsmen and florists they are far away in the majority, and they have won the leading positions. Peter Henderson's name is known over the length and breadth of the land. Young & Elliot's (now William Elliot's Sons) auction sales command attention in Europe and Asia as well as throughout this continent. Wilson, of Astoria, whose magnificent establishment was so long a feature of Fourteenth Street, became a sort of household word. And what name is more

(Continued on page 262.)



THE "ROARING GAME" OF CURLING.

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